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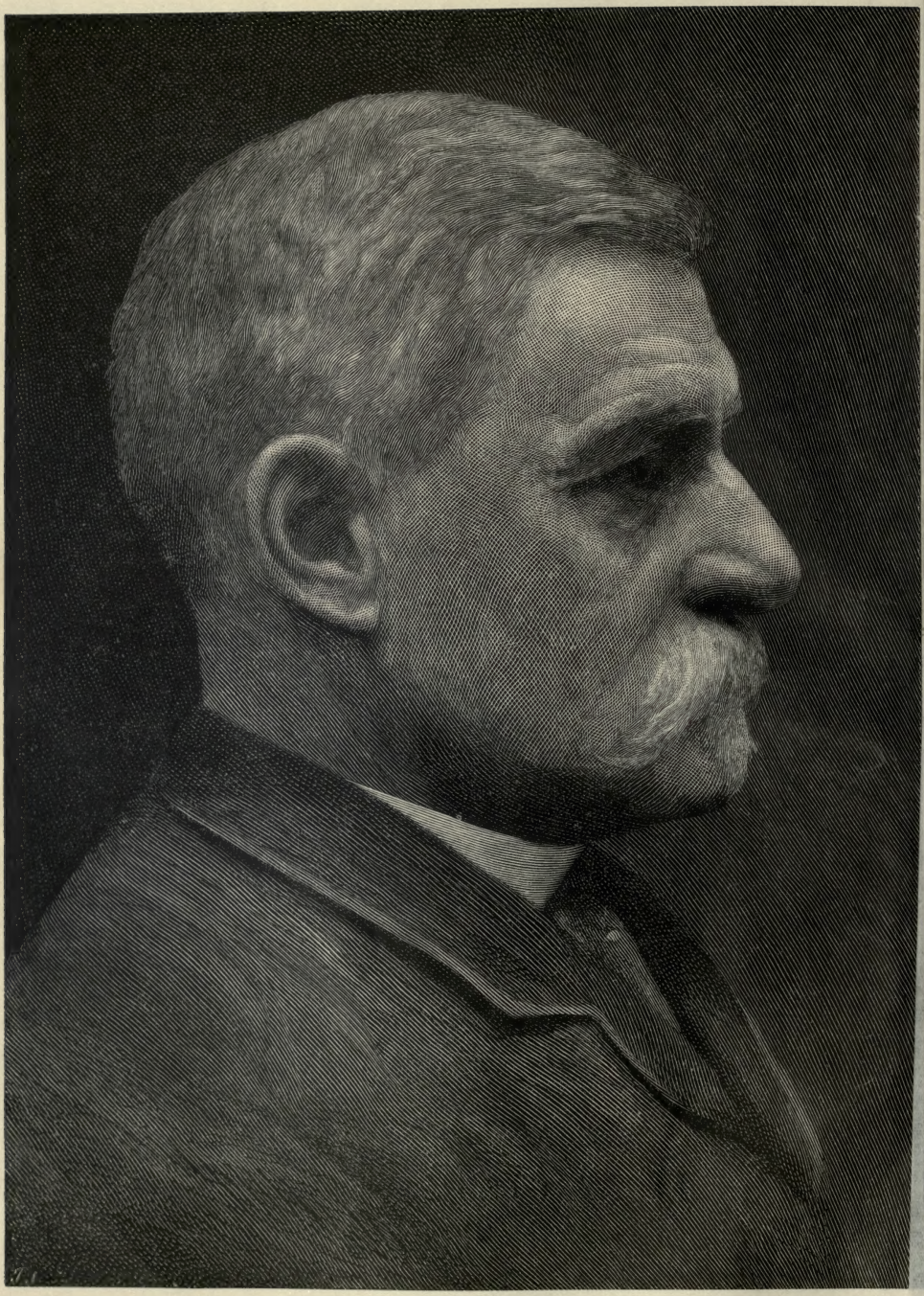

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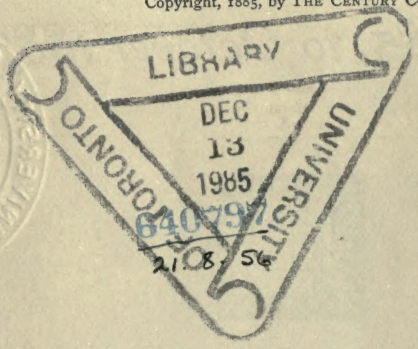

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

At the close of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, there was a general opinion among people familiar with world's fairs that the ambition to assemble the products and arts of the whole earth in enormous aggregations of raw materials, machinery, fabrics, and pictures had culminated and would go no further. Such great and costly displays, it was argued, had had their day and would be seen no more. Yet barely two years later Paris followed and in some respects surpassed Philadelphia; and now comes New Orleans, with seventy-six acres under roofs; and France is already preparing to outdo herself and all the rest of the world by a monstrous exhibition in 1889, to celebrate the Centennial of her Revolution. Evidently the world's fair, as a phase and means of human progress, is not growing obsolete, whatever people may think who turn away weary and sated after efforts to mentally digest miles and miles of merchandise and machinery.

If anything would demonstrate beyond the possibility of question the continued vitality of the universal exhibition idea, it is the fact that such an exhibition has been successfully created on the extreme southern border of the United States, in a city of less than a quarter of a million inhabitants, surrounded by a sparsely peopled country on two sides and by the Gulf of Mexico and its bordering marshes on the other two. Of all great undertakings, the work of forming one of these enormous conglomerate displays is among the most difficult and arduous. It might well be compared to that of organizing an army out of raw levies; but in the case of the new army arbitrary power and military discipline are potent to bring order out of chaos, while in that of the exhibition the schemes, stubbornness, and often the stupidity of thousands of individuals must be dealt with respectfully. The coöperation of a multitude of exhibitors must be secured, and their clashing projects for precedence and advantage harmonized. Then there are always formidable financial difficulties, except when a generous government opens wide its treasury; and if the money required is forthcoming, a thousand obstacles arise to prevent the completion of the plan at the date specified — delays of exhibitors, the slowness of transportation lines, the failures of building contractors to come up to time, the inefficiency of officials, and an enormous amount of raveled threads of detail to carry along and tie at the last moment into the symmetrical knots of the general scheme. All who had obtained much knowledge by experience or observation of the great difficulty of the task of bringing into life a world's fair had grave doubts of the possibility of the success of the ambitious project put forth about two years ago by the ancient, easy-going, semi-tropical city near the mouth of the Mississippi. That this project has succeeded, and in a very notable way too, is due not so much to the efforts of the New Orleans

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people as to the good fortune of very intelligent and energetic direction, and to the rise of a new national idea,— namely, that there are vast and inviting fields to the south of us waiting to be conquered for our industries and our commerce. This idea, which occasionally appears in our politics and governmental relations, has taken strong hold of the manufacturers of the North. They have sent their fabrics and machinery to New Orleans because it is the natural mart of all the regions bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico, in which they hope to find a new outlet for their goods, and because they expect to meet here the people of those regions.

There is still another idea back of this remarkable exhibition, namely, that the Southern States of the Union, having recovered from the ravages of the civil war and mastered, at least for a time, their political and race problems, now stand in the portal of a great industrial development which is to exploit their mines and forests, establish manufactures, revivify their agriculture, and bring them an influx of capital and immigration. An eagerness to show their readiness for this development led the Southern communities warmly to advocate the plan of a great fair which should be largely Southern in its character. It is not, in fact, as markedly Southern as its projectors expected, but this is because the Northern States, and especially the new States of the West, came forward with striking displays of their resources and achievements.

Having thus glanced at the ideas which lay back of the New Orleans Exposition, let us see how the show itself was brought into existence. The first impetus was given by a letter written by Edward Atkinson, the political economist, and published in the "New York Herald" in August, 1880. Mr. Atkinson urged a celebration of the centennial of the cotton industry in the United States by an exhibition in the city of New York. The project was taken up in Georgia, and its immediate result was the Cotton Exhibition at Atlanta in 1881, a very creditable display, of moderate dimensions, followed by a larger one at Louisville in 1883. Neither, however, greatly interested the people of the lower Mississippi Valley, who thought that the proper place to glorify King Cotton was in the chief city of the cotton-belt, and not in a town on the extreme northern border of that belt. This feeling led to an agitation among the cotton-planters of the Valley, who have an association which holds annual meetings. The president of this association, F. C. Morehead of Vicksburg, editor of a journal devoted to the cotton industry, took up the subject, stimulated the agitation, and pushed it forward into a popular demand for a cotton-show in New Orleans.

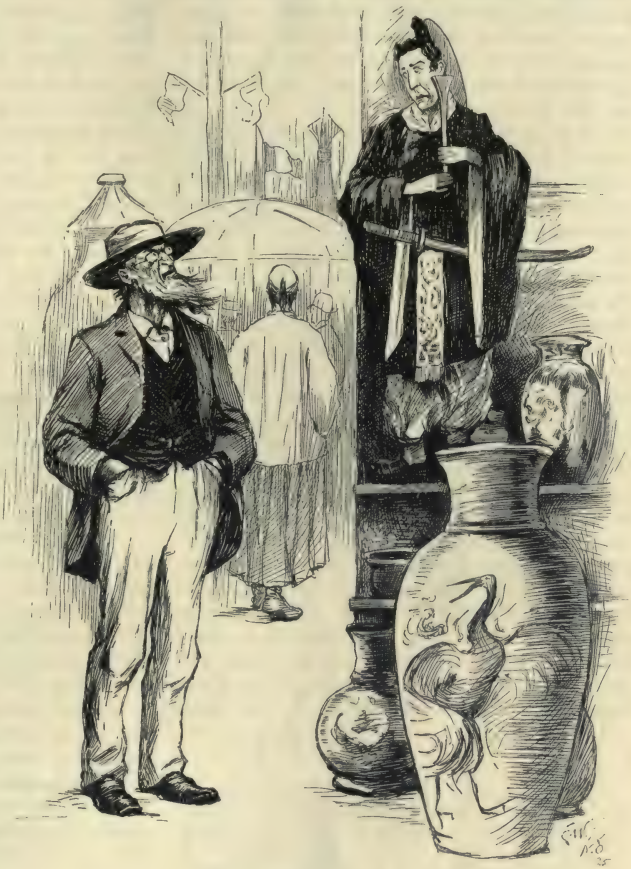
Cotton was first exported from America in the year 1784; so 1884 was the year talked of for the proposed fair. Among the early advocates of the project was E. A. Burke, editor of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" and Treasurer of the State of Louisiana, a man of large activities in politics and public affairs and of wide acquaintance and influence throughout the South. Major Burke, as he is always called, in accordance with the Southern custom of preserving military titles originating in the civil war, had labored zealously with his newspaper to stimulate the industrial and commercial life of the Gulf States, and to foster trade-relations with the natives and colonies of the tropical regions of America. He had dispatched correspondents to Mexico and the Central American republics, and had fitted out an expedition which explored the *terra incognita* of southern Florida. In his active mind the plan of a show of cotton and its manufactures soon broadened into the conception of a universal exhibition in which the Southern States and their foreign neighbors should play the most prominent part, and to which the nations of the earth should be

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

invited—an exhibition which would spread the fame of New Orleans around the globe and emphasize its advantages as the commercial emporium of all the lands and islands surrounding the Gulf of Mexico.

Congress passed a bill in 1883 which in effect placed the Government in the attitude of forming a partnership with the National Cotton-Planters' Association to create the Exposition. It formed a governing body of thirteen directors, six named by the President on the recommendation of the Association, and seven by him on that of a majority of the subscribers to the enterprise in the city where it might be located.

The bill did not establish the exhibition at New Orleans, but left the location to the Board, who determined to give it to the city that would subscribe $500,000. There was no competition for the honor. Half a million was a large sum for any Southern city to raise; besides, public opinion had clearly indicated New Orleans as the proper place for the fair. Of the Board of Directors, Edmund Richardson of Mississippi, the largest planter of cotton in the United States, and with the exception of the Khedive of Egypt the largest in the world, was made President, and Samuel Mullen Secretary. Mr. Morehead, Major Burke, and William B. Schmidt, a public-spirited New Orleans merchant, were made a committee to solicit subscriptions. The first subscription was that of the "Times-Democrat," of $5000. Pledges of about $225,000 were obtained, payable in installments, chiefly from the railroad companies, the banks, and the Cotton Exchange. Some effort was made to obtain Northern contributors to the fund, but only one subscription came from that section —$1000 from Potter Palmer of Chicago. The city government of New Orleans gave $100,000. Thus there was in all $325,000 in sight—a pitiful sum with which to venture upon the gigantic enterprise of creating a world's fair. At that time, however, few people, perhaps nobody besides Major Burke, had any notions beyond a small exhibition like those so successfully conducted at Atlanta and Louisville. The directors offered Burke the management of the enterprise, with the title of Director-General and a salary of $25,000 a year. He was not willing to neglect his newspaper and his other business interests, and declined. They came to him again, saying that they could find no other man in the South competent for the task, and that if he did not accept they would be forced to go North and engage an exhibition expert. He finally told them he would take the place, but with a salary of $10,000 only, which should be invested in exhibition stock and the stock presented to the Agricultural and Mechanical College of the State of Louisiana.

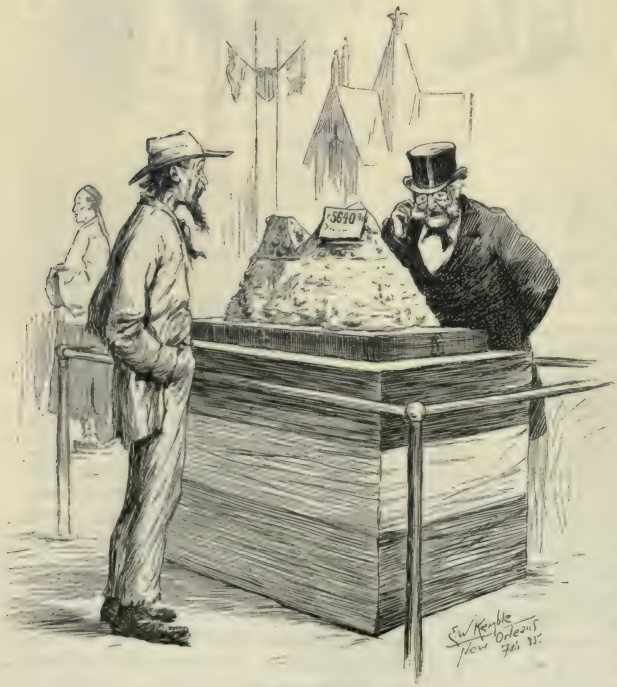


A CORNER IN JAPAN.

Once at the head of the undertaking, Mr. Burke proceeded to expand the original plan from that of a regional show in honor of cotton to the ambitious dimensions of a universal exhibition of all products, industries,

and arts. When there was only $300,000 available in money, and no definite prospect beyond another hundred thousand, he began the erection of a building to cost $325,000. In face of some opposition and much inertia on the part of members of the Board who could not get far beyond the conception of a county fair, he pushed his ideas into execution. Mr. Morehead was made Commissioner-General to travel and interest State governments, manufacturing firms, and foreign nations in making displays. For the money absolutely requisite to go forward with the scheme, Congress was appealed to. Major Burke went to Washington, where his large acquaintance as a politician came into play, aroused an interest in the project among the leaders of both parties, and succeeded, in May, 1884, in having a bill passed loaning the exhibition $1,000,000, to be paid back out of the receipts, if there should be any surplus over expenses. This appropriation gave life to the whole project, which before had been dragged along by the hardest by a few earnest men through many difficulties, the greatest of which was that of awakening a general interest in the public mind. The Congressional fund was tied up by a restrictive clause making it available only when $500,000 had been raised from other sources. Only about $400,000 had been pledged in all, and much of that was to come in in installments. The Director-General hastened to Baton Rouge, where the Legislature of Louisiana was luckily in session, obtained a grant of a hundred thousand from the State, and then persuaded the subscribers to pay up their deferred installments. Much precious time was lost, and it was not until August 7th, 1884, that the million was obtained from the United States Treasury.

In all there was only $1,500,000 with which to create the exhibition—a meager amount, in view of the fact that the buildings alone at the Philadelphia Centennial cost over $5,000,000. Of this scanty fund, $5000 was given to each State and Territory, to be expended, under the direction of the governor, by a commissioner nominated by him and appointed by the President of the United States, in forming a State exhibit. This seeming act of extravagance, which disposed at one stroke of nearly a quarter of a million, was sagacious and far-sighted. It stimulated the State commissioners, who would otherwise have looked upon their appointments as honorary only, to efforts to organize creditable displays of the resources and attainments of their several communities. Five thousand dollars would not go far, but it was a nucleus for a State fund, which was increased by public subscriptions, or by legislative appropriations, where legislatures were in session. State pride was aroused, and the result was a collective national exhibit embracing every State and Territory except Utah. These exhibits constitute the strongest feature of the entire exhibition. Here New Orleans far surpasses the Philadelphia Centennial. Indeed, there have never before been shown under one roof the products of the mines, fields, orchards, and forests of all our American commonwealths, and the attainments of each in education and industry. To contain this display, a second building was erected, almost as large as the first. It was not begun until August, and it was finished in November. The original plan was that the huge Main Building should contain all the exhibits, but by this time the applications for space had shown that it was going to prove wholly inadequate. The act of Congress provided that the Exposition should be held in 1884; and, to comply with this requirement, it



MEXICAN SILVER.

was opened to the public on the 16th day of December, although in a very inchoate condition. Not until about the 1st of February were all departments of the fair brought into a tolerably complete state. At that time a debt of about $300,000 had been incurred by the management beyond the $1,500,000 placed at their disposition and the money obtained from gate receipts and the sale of concessions.

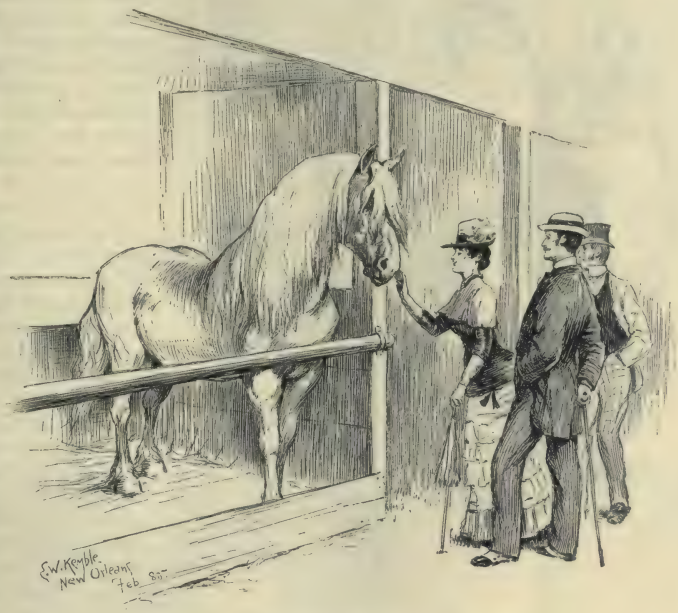
We have thus seen how the Exposition came into existence; now let us glance at the result as a whole. It is manifestly unfair to compare the New Orleans display, made so hastily, with such scanty means and at such a great distance from the chief centers of population, with the Philadelphia Centennial, which was three years in preparation, which was strongly supported by the United States Government, a rich city, and a great State, and had behind it a powerful sentiment of patriotism; and still more unfair to draw the parallel with the last Paris Exposition, of which the French Government took entire charge, and for which it expended more than ten millions of dollars. Yet as far as magnitude is concerned this show in the Far South can well claim rank with the two greatest world's fairs ever held. Witness the following figures as to areas of buildings:

Philadelphia, 1876.	Main Building	..... 20.11	acres
Paris, 1878.	" "	 54	"
New Orleans, 1885.	" "	..... 31.3	"

At Philadelphia the machinery was in a separate structure; at New Orleans it is placed in the Main Building. Perhaps a better comparison is that of the total areas under roof at the three exhibitions.

Philadelphia, 1876.	All buildings	..... 71.5	acres
Paris, 1878.	" "	 100	"
New Orleans, 1885.	" "	 76	"

The area of the principal buildings at Philadelphia was forty-eight acres, a multitude of small structures—restaurants and special buildings erected by exhibitors—making up the total of 71.5 acres. At New Orleans the corresponding principal buildings cover 62 acres. Their several areas in square feet are shown in the following table:



THE WHITE STALLION.

Main Building	1,656,300	sq. ft.
Government Building	616,400	" "
Art Gallery	25,000	" "
Saw-mill Building	36,000	" "
Brick-making Machinery Building	12,000	" "
Machinery Annex	60,300	" "
Horticultural Hall	69,600	" "
Boiler House	20,000	" "
Furniture Pavilion	13,500	" "
2 Pump Houses, 2304 sq. ft. each	4,608	" "
6 Live Stock Stables, 22,800 sq. ft. each	136,800	" "
Wagon Building	23,080	" "
Total amount,	2,673,588	sq. ft. or 62 acres.

The Mexican buildings, restaurants, etc., make up a total area of about 76 acres.

When we come to the cost of the buildings at these three recent world's fairs, New Orleans can boast of having accomplished great results with a surprisingly small outlay. After the French had dismantled and sold their main building, and disposed of the palace of Trocadéro to the city of Paris, the Government was still out of pocket on account of the fair in the round sum of five millions of dollars. The buildings at the Philadelphia Centennial cost $5,242,295, and the improvements of the grounds $922,782. At New Orleans only $978,000 has been spent on both buildings

PIG-SHOW.

and grounds; yet for all practical purposes of housing an exhibition the New Orleans structures are good enough. The rigid economy applied to their construction is apparent in the cheapness of material, the lack of ornamentation, and the bareness of walls and pillars; but here are the enormous areas, well floored, well roofed, and admirably well lighted. Besides, here are stately portals, and the great size of the structures gives them dignity. To have obtained an area of exhibition-space greater than that at Philadelphia at one-fourth the cost is an achievement of which Director-General Burke and his architect, Mr. G. M. Torgersen, have a right to be proud. They have shown that great exhibitions can be effectually housed without the heavy outlay hitherto supposed to be necessary.

This cheapness has not been at the cost of effective equipment in any department. At Philadelphia the great Corliss engine furnished 1400 horse-power, to which about 600 more was added by other engines. At New Orleans the aggregate of motor force is 5500 horse-power, supplied by a group of thirty-two engines of all sizes, from one to five hundred horse-power. This plan enables a number of engine-builders to show their machines in motion. For the electric lights 1900 horse-power is required. Steam is supplied by the largest boiler-plant in the world. So quietly does the two and a half miles of shafting run that it was prematurely set in motion, on the opening day, three minutes before the telegraphic signal came from Washington, without any of the visitors assembled for the ceremonial exercises knowing of the mistake. The water supply comes from the Mississippi River close at hand, and the two Worthington pumps that force the yellow flood to the top of the 100 feet of stand-pipe have a capacity of 4,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. There are over five miles of pipes. Around the two principal buildings are ten-inch mains, and every hundred feet there are four-inch mains running across. Water can thus be thrown on the roof at intervals of one hundred feet, and upon every part of the interior spaces. The Mississippi water carries a large amount of yellow mud, and to purify it the greatest filtering-plant ever constructed is employed, cleansing 80,000 gallons per hour. This is a new feature in exhibition work, and so is the huge refrigerating and cold storage house, inside of the Main Building, which is three hundred and seventy feet long, and which preserves fruits, fish, flowers, and dairy products, and makes five tons of ice a day. Another new feature is the elevator system to convey visitors to the gallery, and at the same time display the various inventions in the way of vertical locomotion. There are eighteen elevators in the Main Building and eight in the Government Building.

We have thus seen that in magnitude of structures and efficiency of motive power the "World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition," as it is officially called, compares very well with the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and has a right to take rank beside the greatest world's fairs of history. Let us carry a little further the comparison with the Philadelphia show, which is still, no doubt, fresh in the memories of thousands of CENTURY readers. In brilliancy of general effect, in variety of interest, and in its foreign features, the New Orleans fair does not equal that held in Fairmount Park. We miss here the multitude of structures erected by the States and by foreign governments, the picturesque restaurants of many nationalities, the costly fabrics and wares displayed from motives of national pride, such as the Sèvres and Limoges porcelains, the Doulton potteries, the Elkington silver, the

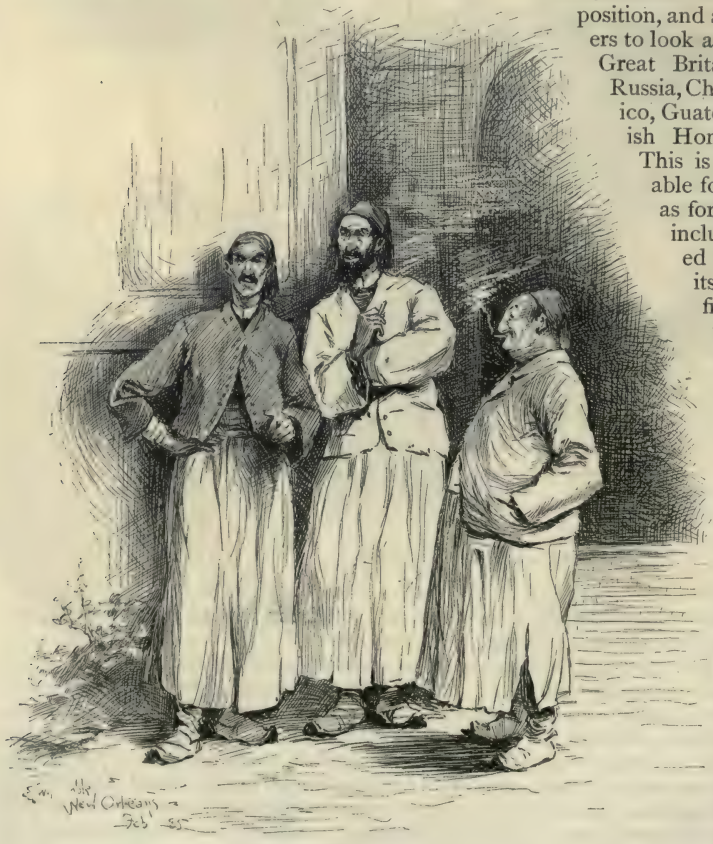
Japanese and Paris bronzes, the tapestries and laces, the diamonds and jewelry. The foreign departments, except those of Mexico and Belgium, are weak and of very slight interest to people who have made a study of the exhibitions at Vienna, Paris, or Philadelphia. What one finds in them is mainly the goods of the shops, displayed with an evident commercial motive. On the other hand, there are some notably strong and original features. The Government Building, with its display from the National Museum in Washington, its departmental exhibits, and its striking arrays of the products and educational achievements of forty-four States and Territories, is itself a university, teaching by object lessons all the essential facts concerning our national resources and national life. Upon its fourteen acres of floor space every important industry can be studied, and all essential information obtained concerning the resources, activities, and social condition of the people of every political division of this great continental republic. Nothing approaching this immense and admirable exhibit was ever before attempted. There is talk of a movement to transfer the whole collection to London, and make of it there a distinctively American exhibition; but for this Congress would have to supply the funds, and Congress will not be in session when the Exposition here closes.

SUGAR-CANE AND RICE-HOUSE.

The general American display in the Main Building is more impressive than that made at Philadelphia, although there are fewer exhibitors. Very liberal allotments of space were made when doubters were arguing that the building could not be filled, and the result is many novel and picturesque methods of display. A severe taste might object to Greek temples of soap and cathedrals of cracker-boxes; to the representation of the

old tower at Newport in spools of thread, and to costumed pigs holding a reception and inviting to a luncheon of cold ham; but it must be borne in mind that the object of an exhibition is to exhibit, and that each exhibitor naturally seeks to catch for his wares the notice of the passing crowd. The view from the galleries in the Main Building over the broad acres covered with exhibits of brilliant colors and novel forms, and over the adjoining acres of machinery in motion, is a fascinating spectacle. These galleries, twenty-three feet wide and encircling the entire building, are one of the best features of the structure. They enable visitors in a lounging mood to escape from the crowds and to look down upon the show with a sense of peaceful superiority.

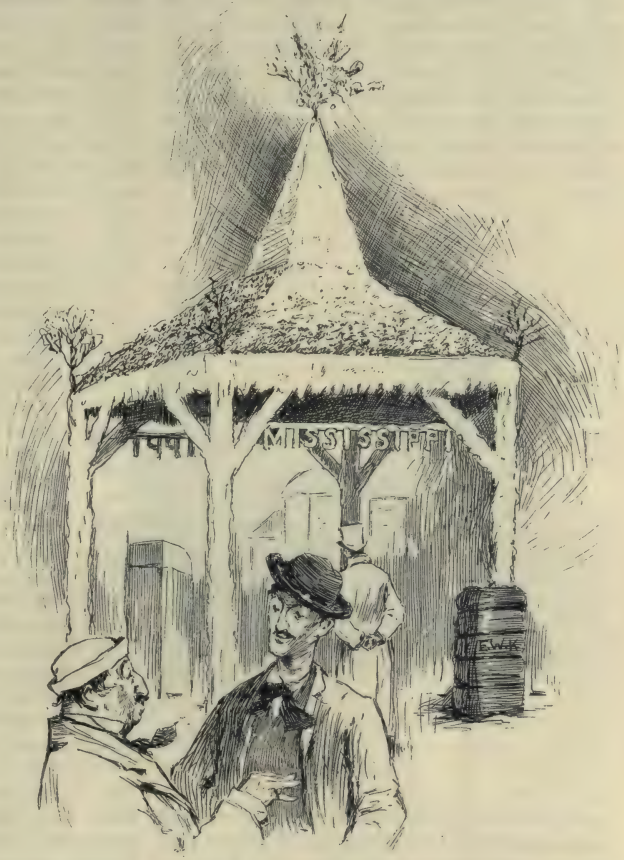
Here is, perhaps, a good place to interject a few words about the floor-plan, arranged and carried out by Mr. Samuel Mullen, Chief of Installation, in the face of much pressure from exhibitors seeking prominent positions. All aisles are fourteen feet wide, and the exhibiting spaces are based on the unit of four feet square, allotments being made in multiples of that space. The aisles have been kept absolutely free, and extend unbroken from end to end of the building, except in the machinery space, where the group of engines obstructs them, and in the center of the edifice, where the gigantic music-hall is a distinct architectural feature. As all are of the same width, there is no main aisle. This detracts from the general effect; for there is wanting the stately central avenue of the Philadelphia Exhibition, with its symbolical national façades and its rich displays. The advantage of this plan is that it relieves the management from the strife of exhibitors for the desirable positions on a central broad aisle, and from resulting accusations of partiality, and facilitates a systematic classification. Another of Mr. Mullen's ideas is not to put exhibits of a kind side by side, but to separate them within the space allotted to the class, in order to produce a varied effect.



AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

The foreign countries which accepted the invitation of the President to the Exposition, and appointed commissioners to look after their exhibits, were Great Britain, France, Belgium, Russia, China, Japan, Siam, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, British Honduras, and Jamaica. This is a curious list, remarkable for its omissions as well as for some of the names it includes. It is supplemented by a number of exhibits made by individual firms without governmental aid, which have been grouped under their respective national banners. Thus there is a very fair display of Italian goods, and especially of Venetian glass, extensive enough to form a creditable Italian department; and Bohemian glass, Viennese bent-wood furniture, and a few other articles are displayed beneath the imperial black and yellow of Austria-Hungary. Bismarck's prejudice against the United States was, perhaps, the cause of Germany's refusal to contribute to the

Exposition; but it has not prevented a number of German manufacturers from grouping their goods into an unofficial German department. Spain, from which much might have been expected on account of the proximity of her colony of Cuba to New Orleans, has done nothing officially, and very little by the private enterprise of her people. A Hawaiian exhibit is coming, but at the time this article is written has not yet appeared. China seems to have read the invitation by its title, and, supposing the show was to be mainly of cotton, has sent an admirable exhibit of cotton in all its forms and fabrics, with life-sized costumed figures, and nothing else. In its way this exhibit is the best thing in the whole Exposition. It is accompanied by a catalogue in Chinese and English, prefaced by a monograph on the cultivation and manufacture of cotton in China, that is so thorough and instructive as to put to the blush all the catalogue-making of the self-styled advanced nations of Europe and America. On one of the screens at the entrance of the yellow-roofed pagoda which is the central object of the display is the following quaint legend: "As from far beyond the clouds in spring, the moon, with liquid refulgence, shines, so the luster of a proper observance of what is right is reflected upon our country and our literature, causing both to flourish."



THE COTTON PAVILION.

Japan has sent an educational exhibit strongly colored by the new Western ideas that have revolutionized life and thought in the ancient empire; to this is added, by the enterprise of two of the great commercial companies, a mercantile exhibit of porcelain and other wares, such as can be found in the Japanese shops in Broadway. Siam has a small display of cotton fabrics.

At the head of all foreign countries in space occupied and liberality shown towards the Exposition is our southern neighbor Mexico, whose exhibit is governmental in its character, thoroughly classified, and comprehensive in its presentation of all national products and industries. The advertising feature so conspicuous in most foreign departments, and so obtrusive in nearly all the American displays, is wholly absent here. One walks among the long lines of uniform black cases containing the Mexican contributions with the satisfactory feeling that his intelligence is alone appealed to, and that an honest effort has been made to instruct him as to what the Mexican people are doing, and what resources their country possesses inviting further development. The Mexican Government has erected two handsome buildings on the exhibition grounds. One is a pavilion in the Moorish style of architecture, containing a display of mining products; the other a graceful and dignified structure forming a quadrangle around a large court-yard in the style of the houses of the wealthy classes, and serving for the offices of the commissioners and for quarters for a detachment of soldiers and a military band. All

this is significant of the new life that is stirring in Mexico since the building of railways from the United States, and of the ambition of the educated element to put their country in line with the forward march of civilization.

Three of the Central American countries, Guatemala, Honduras, and British Honduras, make small but well-classified and instructive exhibits of natural products, giving especial prominence to their native woods, and showing many hard, handsome furniture woods as yet unknown to commerce, besides their mahogany, rose-wood and red-wood. Jamaica sends sugar, rum, coffee, woods, fibers, and fruits, and adds a case of work from the Woman's Self-help Society, whose president is Lady Musgrave, a daughter of David Dudley Field, Esq., of New York. The South American countries are all absent, save Brazil, which shows only coffee; and the movement to extend our commercial relations southward, as symbolized by the Exposition, stops, therefore, at the Isthmus of Panama.

CHINA'S DUMMY.

Returning now to the European departments, one is disappointed to find nothing but an ordinary shop-keeping exhibit of very limited extent and variety from Great Britain, and nothing much better from France, save the excellent educational exhibit sent in charge of a special commissioner, and placed in the gallery of the Government Building. Russia has sent a few fine furs, some costly malachite and lapis-lazuli tables, a number of droll little droskys, sumptuous Moscow fabrics of gold, green, and crimson for wall-hangings, and, most attractive of all, a few admirable *genre* bronzes, representing peasant life and hunting scenes, by Professor Lieberich of St. Petersburg, who died in 1883, and A. Poseneve, of Pultowa, a living artist. Belgium's exhibit occupies more space than at Philadelphia. This busy little hive of varied industry appreciates the commercial value of world's fairs, and is never absent from them. Her display here covers the whole field of her chief manufactures, of iron, cotton, linen, woolen, and glass, and contains examples of the map-making work of her Geographical Society. The Belgian goods have not all emerged from the packing-cases at the time I write, and I hope to be able to return to this praiseworthy department in another article.

In the general exhibit of American manufactures there are many evidences of progress in taste and artistic feeling since the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. This is especially manifest in the Trenton pottery, which has advanced from the production of coarse, stout wares, plain or crudely decorated, to the making of many graceful shapes almost as delicate as porcelain, and beautifully ornamented with original designs. It is equally manifest in the furniture. Chairs and sofas have progressed from stiff and stereotyped forms to things of beauty and individuality, each a separate and original conception of the artisan's brain. Here the West rivals the East, and Cincinnati competes successfully with New York and Boston. I have seen nothing at any world's fair finer than some of the carved walnut and mahogany in the Cincinnati exhibit. Oddly enough, the graceful bent-wood, cane-seat furniture, an Austrian specialty, first introduced in this country in 1876, is now exactly imitated by a factory in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The chief seat of furniture-making in the West is Grand Rapids, Michigan. The manufacturers of that place have joined in the erection of a special building to show their goods. Stained glass is a new art industry which shows decided progress. So does the weaving of silk and of carpets, imitating Oriental fabrics. Other noticeable industries growing out of the new feeling for combining art and utility are the manufacture of encaustic tiles and of terra-cotta architectural ornaments, both of which are strikingly displayed. In the direction of the progress of invention, the striking and only notable feature of the Exposition is the electric lighting, which is applied to buildings and grounds. Never before has a world's fair been brilliantly illuminated throughout at night. The

illumination of the two chief structures is perfect, but it is in the glass palace of the Horticultural Hall that it produces the finest effects, falling upon the luxuriant tropical foliage and the piles and pyramids of fruit. Machinery is amply represented in its chief lines; best of all in those of locomotive and stationary engines, cotton-ginning, milling (and here Hungary competes with Minneapolis), thread-spinning, and wood-working. The machines at work making barbed wire afford a glimpse of a new and important industry which has grown up with the settlement of the treeless plains of the Far West. An electric railway in the grounds is a novelty to most visitors.

Enormous sheds, well lighted, and with broad passages running from end to end, are provided for the temporary displays of live stock and poultry, which have been notably good. The huge Norman and Clydesdale draft horses, sent from the stock-farms of Illinois, amaze the Southern farmers, whose ideas on the subject of draft animals do not go much beyond the lean and stolid mule.

In the Government Building the Federal Government occupies perhaps a third of the floor-space with the great glass globe of the State Department, the Post-Office building, the War and Navy displays, the maps of the Land Department, the striking pictorial presentation of the progress of railway building made by the Commissioner of Railroads, the instructive exhibits of the National Museum and the Agricultural Department, and the melancholy memorials of arctic exploration. The rest of the space is given to the States in varying areas, according to their demands; and they have filled it in various ways, each commissioner doing as he pleased in his little domain, with the means provided him by legislative grants or private subscriptions. The result is an enormous aggregate of interesting objects, and a pleasing absence of monotony in arrangement. One wanders from State to State, sure of finding everywhere something novel and striking, and sure also with a little examination to find much that is characteristic of the life and industry of each division of our great federated Republic. Thus Kansas and Nebraska are rich in wheat and corn; Mississippi erects a pavilion of cotton, and Louisiana a trophy of sugar-cane; while Massachusetts shows her fisheries and the work of her art-schools and benevolent institutions. Vermont raises a marble arch, and Connecticut arrays the multiform products of her manufacturing industries. As a rule all seek to present a few of their natural resources and farm and mine products. Some add educational exhibits and displays of women's work. Ohio makes a cornice for her pavilion of the portraits of her governors. Kentucky shows her towns, scenery, and rural life by transparent photographs. Missouri shows relics of the Mound-builders. Colorado makes of rocks and painted canvas a picture of the Rocky Mountains, and heaps around it her gold and silver ores. Dakota builds a house of corn, arranges a little artificial park with specimens of her wild animals, sets in motion a model of a grain elevator, and under the shadow of her wheat trophy pitches the wigwam of a Sioux war-chief, who sits all day with wife and child to be stared at by the passing multitude.

In the galleries on two sides of the Government Building are the educational exhibits, in the midst of which the hairy mammoth, in the zoölogical collection of Ward of Rochester, looms up. Another gallery space is devoted to the display of the work of the colored race, and the fourth to the Women's Department. I hope to return to these two significant departments when they shall be more fully arranged than they are at this date (February 1st).

The iron building of the Art Gallery is not open to the public at this writing, and more than half the pictures have not emerged from their packing-cases. Of those that are unpacked I have seen enough to say that this department of the fair will be successful. Within rather narrow bounds as to space and foreign coöperation, Belgium, alone of the European countries, has sent a good representative exhibit of the works of contemporary painters. The collection was made up by the Society of Belgian Artists, and was accompanied by a diagram indicating where each picture should be hung. France and England send a few canvases, but by no means enough in either case to form a national collection. Mexico occupies as much space as Belgium, and has formed an interesting historical collection, beginning three centuries ago, and divided into periods of twenty-five years. The older pictures, inspired by the genius of the great Spanish masters, are the best. In the American gallery there are many attractive canvases, and a tolerably good representation of the younger artists of established reputation. A few of the old Academicians have also contributed.

There remain to mention the Exposition grounds, which are as level as a billiard table, and just as green in this midwinter season, and are diversified by groups and avenues of stately, wide-spreading live oaks hung with a profusion of the trailing gray tree-moss which decks all forest growths in the lowland regions of the South. To many visitors, fresh from lands of snow, these magnificent trees and the verdant turf they shade form the most pleasing sight in all the great show. The

grounds front upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, and lie within the upper suburbs of the city, four miles and a half from the heart of the business district. They are reached by steamboats from the foot of Canal street, and by four lines of street railway, upon which the one-mule cars, rarely crowded, travel at a jog-trot, and carry passengers out to the gates in three-quarters of an hour, from the Clay statue in Canal street, the focus of all tramway movement.

It may occur to the reader that it is time something should be said about cotton in a description of a Cotton Centennial Exposition, but there is really little to say. Besides the machinery for ginning and pressing the Southern staple in the annex to the Main Building, and a few attempts to display it symbolically in trophies and decorations in the State departments of the Government Building, no prominence is given to it. Indeed, the grains of the West are much more strikingly presented. The supremacy of King Cotton is audaciously challenged here in the chief city of his dominions by the new State of Nebraska, which proclaims on an enormous screen, in letters of golden ears, that "Corn is King," and shows a huge portrait of the rival sovereign formed of red and yellow kernels. Many other States join in allegiance to maize, or proclaim by trophies and pyramids and emblematic figures the praise of wheat; while Mississippi alone in her pretty temple of white fiber surmounted by the cotton-plant announces in a striking way her fidelity to the old traditions of Southern agriculture.

Eugene V. Smalley.

F. D. L.

(Died February 19th, 1885.)

All praise her goodness, talents, loveliness,
And weep that such should perish; but alone
One thought repeats within me, like the moan
Of the monotonous sea, with surging stress,
Beating upon the wind-swept sand where press
The sobbing waves, with dull persistence thrown
Against the hollow shore when day is flown
And cold night reigns without one star to bless.
I loved her! Oh, I loved her! This one thought
Is all my heart has room for. Let them praise
Who loved her less. I'll sit outside the door
Of him whom most she loved, nor strive to raise
The voice of consolation, for no more
I know: I loved her, and all else is naught.

L.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XV.

LAPHAM'S strenuous face was broken up with the emotions that had forced him to this question: shame, fear of the things that must have been thought of him, mixed with a faint hope that he might be mistaken, which died out at the shocked and pitying look in Corey's eyes.

"Was I drunk?" he repeated. "I ask you, because I was never touched by drink in my life before, and I don't know." He stood with his huge hands trembling on the back of his chair, and his dry lips apart, as he stared at Corey.

"That is what every one understood, Colonel Lapham," said the young man. "Every one saw how it was. Don't——"

"Did they talk it over after I left?" asked Lapham, vulgarly.

"Excuse me," said Corey, blushing, "my father doesn't talk his guests over with one another." He added, with youthful superfluity, "You were among gentlemen."

"I was the only one that wasn't a gentleman there!" lamented Lapham. "I disgraced you! I disgraced my family! I mortified your father before his friends!" His head dropped. "I showed that I wasn't fit to go with you. I'm not fit for any decent place. What did I say? What did I do?" he asked, suddenly lifting his head and confronting Corey. "Out with it! If you could bear to see it and hear it, I had ought to bear to know it!"

"There was nothing — really nothing," said Corey. "Beyond the fact that you were not quite yourself, there was nothing whatever. My father *did* speak of it to me," he confessed, "when we were alone. He said that he was afraid we had not been thoughtful of you, if you were in the habit of taking only water; I told him I had not seen wine at your table. The others said nothing about you."

"Ah, but what did they think!"

"Probably what we did: that it was purely a misfortune — an accident."

"I wasn't fit to be there," persisted Lapham. "Do you want to leave?" he asked, with savage abruptness.

"Leave?" faltered the young man.

"Yes; quit the business? Cut the whole connection?"

"I haven't the remotest idea of it!" cried Corey in amazement. "Why in the world should I?"

"Because you're a gentleman, and I'm not, and it ain't right I should be over you. If you want to go, I know some parties that would be glad to get you. I will give you up if you want to go before anything worse happens, and I sha'n't blame you. I can help you to something better than I can offer you here, and I will."

"There's no question of my going, unless you wish it," said Corey. "If you do——"

"Will you tell your father," interrupted Lapham, "that I had a notion all the time that I was acting the drunken blackguard, and that I've suffered for it all day? Will you tell him I don't want him to notice me if we ever meet, and that I know I'm not fit to associate with gentlemen in anything but a business way, if I am that?"

"Certainly, I shall do nothing of the kind," retorted Corey. "I can't listen to you any longer. What you say is shocking to me — shocking in a way you can't think."

"Why, man!" exclaimed Lapham, with astonishment; "if *I* can stand it, *you* can!"

"No," said Corey, with a sick look, "that doesn't follow. You may denounce yourself, if you will; but I have my reasons for refusing to hear you — my reasons why I *can't* hear you. If you say another word I must go away."

"*I* don't understand you," faltered Lapham, in bewilderment, which absorbed even his shame.

"You exaggerate the effect of what has happened," said the young man. "It's enough, more than enough, for you to have mentioned the matter to me, and I think it's unbecoming in me to hear you."

He made a movement toward the door, but Lapham stopped him with the tragic humility of his appeal. "Don't go yet! I

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can't let you. I've disgusted you,—I see that; but I didn't mean to. I — I take it back."

"Oh, there's nothing to take back," said Corey, with a repressed shudder for the abasement which he had seen. "But let us say no more about it—think no more. There wasn't one of the gentlemen present last night who didn't understand the matter precisely as my father and I did, and that fact must end it between us two."

He went out into the larger office beyond, leaving Lapham helpless to prevent his going. It had become a vital necessity with him to think the best of Lapham, but his mind was in a whirl of whatever thoughts were most injurious. He thought of him the night before in the company of those ladies and gentlemen, and he quivered in resentment of his vulgar, braggart, uncouth nature. He recognized his own allegiance to the exclusiveness to which he was born and bred, as a man perceives his duty to his country when her rights are invaded. His eye fell on the porter going about in his shirt-sleeves to make the place fast for the night, and he said to himself that Dennis was not more plebeian than his master; that the gross appetites, the blunt sense, the purblind ambition, the stupid arrogance were the same in both, and the difference was in a brute will that probably left the porter the gentler man of the two. The very innocence of Lapham's life in the direction in which he had erred wrought against him in the young man's mood: it contained the insult of clownish inexperience. Amidst the stings and flashes of his wounded pride, all the social traditions, all the habits of feeling, which he had silenced more and more by force of will during the past months, asserted their natural sway, and he rioted in his contempt of the offensive boor, who was even more offensive in his shame than in his trespass. He said to himself that he was a Corey, as if that were somewhat; yet he knew that at the bottom of his heart all the time was that which must control him at last, and which seemed sweetly to be suffering his rebellion, secure of his submission in the end. It was almost with the girl's voice that it seemed to plead with him, to undo in him, effect by effect, the work of his indignant resentment, to set all things in another and fairer light, to give him hopes, to suggest palliations, to protest against injustices. It *was* in Lapham's favor that he was so guiltless in the past, and now Corey asked himself if it were the first time he could have wished a guest at his father's table to have taken less wine; whether Lapham was not rather to be honored for not knowing how to contain his folly where a veteran transgressor might have held his tongue. He asked himself, with a thrill of sudden remorse, whether, when Lapham humbled himself in the dust so shockingly, he had shown him the sympathy to which such *abandon* had the right; and he had to own that he had met him on the gentlemanly ground, sparing himself and asserting the superiority of his sort, and not recognizing that Lapham's humiliation came from the sense of wrong, which he had helped to accumulate upon him by superfinely standing aloof and refusing to touch him.

He shut his desk and hurried out into the early night, not to go anywhere, but to walk up and down, to try to find his way out of the chaos, which now seemed ruin, and now the materials out of which fine actions and a happy life might be shaped. Three hours later he stood at Lapham's door.

At times what he now wished to do had seemed forever impossible, and again it had seemed as if he could not wait a moment longer. He had not been careless, but very mindful of what he knew must be the feelings of his own family in regard to the Laphams, and he had not concealed from himself that his family had great reason and justice on their side in not wishing him to alienate himself from their common life and associations. The most that he could urge to himself was that they had not all the reason and justice; but he had hesitated and delayed because they had so much. Often he could not make it appear right that he should merely please himself in what chiefly concerned himself. He perceived how far apart in all their experiences and ideals the Lapham girls and his sisters were; how different Mrs. Lapham was from his mother; how grotesquely unlike were his father and Lapham; and the disparity had not always amused him.

He had often taken it very seriously, and sometimes he said that he must forego the hope on which his heart was set. There had been many times in the past months when he had said that he must go no farther, and as often as he had taken this stand he had yielded it, upon this or that excuse, which he was aware of trumping up. It was part of the complication that he should be unconscious of the injury he might be doing to some one besides his family and himself; this was the defect of his diffidence; and it had come to him in a pang for the first time when his mother said that she would not have the Laphams think she wished to make more of the acquaintance than he did; and then it had come too late. Since that he had suffered quite as much from the fear that it might not be as that it might be so; and now, in the mood, romantic and exalted, in which he found himself concerning Lapham, he was as

far as might be from vain confidence. He ended the question in his own mind by affirming to himself that he was there, first of all, to see Lapham and give him an ultimate proof of his own perfect faith and unabated respect, and to offer him what reparation this involved for that want of sympathy — of humanity — which he had shown.

XVI.

THE Nova Scotia second-girl who answered Corey's ring said that Lapham had not come home yet.

"Oh," said the young man, hesitating on the outer step.

"I guess you better come in," said the girl. "I'll go and see when they're expecting him."

Corey was in the mood to be swayed by any chance. He obeyed the suggestion of the second-girl's patronizing friendliness, and let her shut him into the drawing-room, while she went upstairs to announce him to Penelope.

"Did you tell him father wasn't at home?"

"Yes. He seemed so kind of disappointed, I told him to come in, and I'd see when he *would* be in," said the girl, with the human interest which sometimes replaces in the American domestic the servile deference of other countries.

A gleam of amusement passed over Penelope's face, as she glanced at herself in the glass. "Well," she cried, finally, dropping from her shoulders the light shawl in which she had been huddled over a book when Corey rang, "I will go down."

"All right," said the girl, and Penelope began hastily to amend the disarray of her hair, which she tumbled into a mass on the top of her little head, setting off the pale dark of her complexion with a flash of crimson ribbon at her throat. She moved across the carpet once or twice with the quaint grace that belonged to her small figure, made a dissatisfied grimace at it in the glass, caught a handkerchief out of a drawer and slid it into her pocket, and then descended to Corey.

The Lapham drawing-room in Nankeen Square was in the parti-colored paint which the Colonel had hoped to repeat in his new house: the trim of the doors and windows was in light green and the panels in salmon; the walls were a plain tint of French gray paper, divided by gilt moldings into broad panels with a wide stripe of red velvet paper running up the corners; the chandelier was of massive imitation bronze; the mirror over the mantel rested on a fringed mantel-cover of green reps, and heavy curtains of that stuff hung from gilt lambrequin frames at the window; the carpet was of a small pattern in crude green, which, at the time Mrs. Lapham bought it, covered half the new floors in Boston. In the paneled spaces on the walls were some stone-colored landscapes, representing the mountains and cañons of the West, which the Colonel and his wife had visited on one of the early official railroad excursions. In front of the long windows looking into the square were statues, kneeling figures which turned their backs upon the company within doors, and represented allegories of Faith and Prayer to people without. A white marble group of several figures, expressing an Italian conception of Lincoln Freeing the Slaves,— a Latin negro and his wife,— with our Eagle flapping his wings in approval, at Lincoln's feet, occupied one corner, and balanced the what-not of an earlier period in another. These phantasms added their chill to that imparted by the tone of the walls, the landscapes, and the carpets, and contributed to the violence of the contrast when the chandelier was lighted up full glare, and the heat of the whole furnace welled up from the registers into the quivering atmosphere on one of the rare occasions when the Laphams invited company.

Corey had not been in this room before; the family had always received him in what they called the sitting-room. Penelope looked into this first, and then she looked into the parlor, with a smile that broke into a laugh as she discovered him standing under the single burner, which the second-girl had lighted for him in the chandelier.

"I don't understand how you came to be put in there," she said, as she led the way to the cozier place, "unless it was because Alice thought you were only here on probation, anyway. Father hasn't got home yet, but I'm expecting him every moment; I don't know what's keeping him. Did the girl tell you that mother and Irene were out?"

"No, she didn't say. It's very good of you to see me." She had not seen the exaltation which he had been feeling, he perceived with half a sigh; it must all be upon this lower level; perhaps it was best so. "There was something I wished to say to your father —— I hope," he broke off, "you're better to-night."

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Penelope, remembering that she had not been well enough to go to dinner the night before.

"We all missed you very much."

"Oh, thank you! I'm afraid you wouldn't have missed me if I had been there."

"Oh, yes, we should," said Corey, "I assure you."

They looked at each other.

"I really think I believed I was saying something," said the girl.

"And so did I," replied the young man.

They laughed rather wildly, and then they both became rather grave.

He took the chair she gave him, and looked across at her, where she sat on the other side of the hearth, in a chair lower than his, with her hands dropped in her lap, and the back of her head on her shoulders as she looked up at him. The soft-coal fire in the grate purred and flickered; the drop-light cast a mellow radiance on her face. She let her eyes fall, and then lifted them for an irrelevant glance at the clock on the mantel.

"Mother and Irene have gone to the Spanish Students' concert."

"Oh, have they?" asked Corey; and he put his hat, which he had been holding in his hand, on the floor beside his chair.

She looked down at it for no reason, and then looked up at his face for no other, and turned a little red. Corey turned a little red himself. She who had always been so easy with him now became a little constrained.

"Do you know how warm it is out-of-doors?" he asked.

"No; is it warm? I haven't been out all day."

"It's like a summer night."

She turned her face towards the fire, and then started abruptly. "Perhaps it's too warm for you here?"

"Oh, no, it's very comfortable."

"I suppose it's the cold of the last few days that's still in the house. I was reading with a shawl on when you came."

"I interrupted you."

"Oh, no. I had finished the book. I was just looking over it again."

"Do you like to read books over?"

"Yes; books that I like at all."

"What was it?" asked Corey.

The girl hesitated. "It has rather a sentimental name. Did you ever read it?—'Tears, Idle Tears.'"

"Oh, yes; they were talking of that last night; it's a famous book with ladies. They break their hearts over it. Did it make you cry?"

"Oh, it's pretty easy to cry over a book," said Penelope, laughing; "and that one *is* very natural till you come to the main point. Then the naturalness of all the rest makes that seem natural too; but I guess it's rather forced."

"Her giving him up to the other one?"

"Yes; simply because she happened to know that the other one had cared for him first. Why should she have done it? What right had she?"

"I don't know. I suppose that the self-sacrifice——"

"But it *wasn't* self-sacrifice—or not self-sacrifice alone. She was sacrificing him, too; and for some one who couldn't appreciate him half as much as she could. I'm provoked with myself when I think how I cried over that book—for I did cry. It's silly—it's wicked for any one to do what that girl did. Why can't they let people have a chance to behave reasonably in stories?"

"Perhaps they couldn't make it so attractive," suggested Corey, with a smile.

"It would be novel, at any rate," said the girl. "But so it would in real life, I suppose," she added.

"I don't know. Why shouldn't people in love behave sensibly?"

"That's a very serious question," said Penelope, gravely. "*I* couldn't answer it," and she left him the embarrassment of supporting an inquiry which she had certainly instigated herself. She seemed to have finally recovered her own ease in doing this. "Do you admire our autumnal display, Mr. Corey?"

"Your display?"

"The trees in the square. *We* think it's quite equal to an opening at Jordan & Marsh's."

"Ah, I'm afraid you wouldn't let me be serious even about your maples."

"Oh, yes, I should—if you like to be serious."

"Don't you?"

"Well, not about serious matters. That's the reason that book made me cry."

"You make fun of everything. Miss Irene was telling me last night about you."

"Then it's no use for me to deny it so soon. I must give Irene a talking to."

"I hope you won't forbid her to talk about you!"

She had taken up a fan from the table, and held it, now between her face and the fire, and now between her face and him. Her little visage, with that arch, lazy look in it, topped by its mass of dusky hair, and dwindling from the full cheeks to the small chin, had a Japanese effect in the subdued light, and it had the charm which comes to any woman with happiness. It would be hard to say how much of this she perceived that he felt. They talked about other things awhile, and then she came back to what he had said. She glanced at him obliquely round her fan, and stopped moving it. "Does Irene talk about me?" she asked.

"I think so—yes. Perhaps it's only I who talk about you. You must blame me if it's wrong," he returned.

"Oh, I didn't say it was wrong," she replied. "But I hope if you said anything very bad of me, you'll let me know what it was, so that I can reform——"

"No, don't change, please!" cried the young man.

Penelope caught her breath, but went on

resolutely, "Or rebuke you for speaking evil of dignities." She looked down at the fan, now flat in her lap, and tried to govern her head, but it trembled, and she remained looking down. Again they let the talk stray, and then it was he who brought it back to themselves, as if it had not left them.

"I have to talk *of* you," said Corey, "because I get to talk *to* you so seldom."

"You mean that I do all the talking, when we're — together?" She glanced sidewise at him; but she reddened after speaking the last word.

"We're so seldom together," he pursued.

"I don't know what you mean ——"

"Sometimes I've thought — I've been afraid — that you avoided me."

"Avoided you?"

"Yes! Tried not to be alone with me."

She might have told him that there was no reason why she should be alone with him, and that it was very strange he should make this complaint of her. But she did not. She kept looking down at the fan, and then she lifted her burning face and looked at the clock again. "Mother and Irene will be sorry to miss you," she gasped.

He instantly rose and came towards her. She rose too, and mechanically put out her hand. He took it as if to say good-night. "I didn't mean to send you away," she besought him.

"Oh, I'm not going," he answered, simply. "I wanted to say — to say that it's I who make her talk about you. To say I — There is something I want to say to you; I've said it so often to myself that I feel as if you must know it." She stood quite still, letting him keep her hand, and questioning his face with a bewildered gaze. "You *must* know — she must have told you — she must have guessed ——" Penelope turned white, but outwardly quelled the panic that sent the blood to her heart. "I — I didn't expect — I hoped to have seen your father — but I must speak now, whatever —— I love you!"

She freed her hand from both of those he had closed upon it, and went back from him across the room with a sinuous spring. "*Me!*" Whatever potential complicity had lurked in her heart, his words brought her only immeasurable dismay.

He came towards her again. "Yes, *you*. Who else?"

She fended him off with an imploring gesture. "I thought — I — it was ——"

She shut her lips tight, and stood looking at him where he remained in silent amaze. Then her words came again, shudderingly. "Oh, what have you done?"

"Upon my soul," he said, with a vague smile, "I don't know. I hope no harm?"

"Oh, don't laugh!" she cried, laughing hysterically herself. "Unless you want me to think you the greatest wretch in the world!"

"I?" he responded. "For heaven's sake tell me what you mean!"

"You know I can't tell you. Can you say — can you put your hand on your heart and say that — you — say you never meant — that you meant me — all along?"

"Yes!— Yes! Who else? I came here to see your father, and to tell him that I wished to tell you this — to ask him —— But what does it matter? You must have known it — you must have seen — and it's for you to answer me. I've been abrupt, I know, and I've startled you; but if you love me, you can forgive that to my loving you so long before I spoke."

She gazed at him with parted lips.

"Oh, mercy! What shall I do? If it's true — what you say — you must go!" she said. "And you must never come any more. Do you promise that?"

"Certainly not," said the young man. "Why should I promise such a thing — so abominably wrong? I could obey if you didn't love me ——"

"Oh, I don't! Indeed I don't! Now will you obey?"

"No. I don't believe you."

"Oh!"

He possessed himself of her hand again.

"My love — my dearest! What is this trouble, that you can't tell it? It can't be anything about yourself. If it is anything about any one else, it wouldn't make the least difference in the world, no matter what it was. I would be only too glad to show by any act or deed I could that nothing could change me towards you."

"Oh, you don't understand!"

"No, I don't. You must tell me."

"I will never do that."

"Then I will stay here till your mother comes, and ask her what it is."

"Ask *her?*"

"Yes! Do you think I will give you up till I know why I must?"

"You force me to it! Will you go if I tell you, and never let any human creature know what you have said to me?"

"Not unless you give me leave."

"That will be never. Well, then ——" She stopped, and made two or three ineffectual efforts to begin again. "No, no! I can't. You must go!"

"I will not go!"

"You said you — loved me. If you do, you will go."

He dropped the hands he had stretched towards her, and she hid her face in her own.

"There!" she said, turning it suddenly

upon him. "Sit down there. And will you promise me — on your honor — not to speak — not to try to persuade me — not to — touch me? You won't touch me?"

"I will obey you, Penelope."

"As if you were never to see me again? As if I were dying?"

"I will do what you say. But I shall see you again; and don't talk of dying. This is the beginning of life ——"

"No. It's the end," said the girl, resuming at last something of the hoarse drawl which the tumult of her feeling had broken into those half-articulate appeals. She sat down too, and lifted her face towards him. "It's the end of life for me, because I know now that I must have been playing false from the beginning. You don't know what I mean, and I can never tell you. It isn't my secret — it's some one else's. You — you must never come here again. I can't tell you why, and you must never try to know. Do you promise?"

"You can forbid me. I must do what you say."

"I do forbid you, then. And you shall not think I am cruel ——"

"How could I think that?"

"Oh, how hard you make it!"

Corey laughed for very despair. "Can I make it easier by disobeying you?"

"I know I am talking crazily. But I'm not crazy."

"No, no," he said, with some wild notion of comforting her; "but try to tell me this trouble! There is nothing under heaven — no calamity, no sorrow — that I wouldn't gladly share with you, or take all upon myself if I could!"

"I know! But this you can't. Oh, my ——"

"Dearest! Wait! Think! Let me ask your mother — your father ——"

She gave a cry.

"No! If you do that, you will make me hate you! Will you ——"

The rattling of a latch-key was heard in the outer door.

"Promise!" cried Penelope.

"Oh, I promise!"

"Good-bye!" She suddenly flung her arms round his neck, and, pressing her cheek tight against his, flashed out of the room by one door as her father entered it by another.

Corey turned to him in a daze. "I — I called to speak with you — about a matter —— But it's so late now. I'll — I'll see you to-morrow."

"No time like the present," said Lapham, with a fierceness that did not seem referable to Corey. He had his hat still on, and he glared at the young man out of his blue eyes with a fire that something else must have kindled there.

"I really can't, now," said Corey, weakly. "It will do quite as well to-morrow. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night," answered Lapham abruptly, following him to the door, and shutting it after him. "I think the devil must have got into pretty much everybody to-night," he muttered, coming back to the room, where he put down his hat. Then he went to the kitchen-stairs and called down, "Hello, Alice! I want something to eat!"

XVII.

"WHAT's the reason the girls never get down to breakfast any more?" asked Lapham when he met his wife at the table in the morning. He had been up an hour and a half, and he spoke with the severity of a hungry man. "It seems to me they don't amount to *any*thing. Here I am, at my time of life, up the first one in the house. I ring the bell for the cook at quarter-past six every morning, and the breakfast is on the table at half-past seven right along, like clock-work, but I never see anybody but you till I go to the office."

"Oh, yes, you do, Si," said his wife, soothingly. "The girls are nearly always down. But they're young, and it tires them more than it does us to get up early."

"They can rest afterwards. They don't do anything after they *are* up," grumbled Lapham.

"Well, that's your fault, ain't it? You oughtn't to have made so much money, and then they'd have had to work." She laughed at Lapham's Spartan mood, and went on to excuse the young people. "Irene's been up two nights hand running, and Penelope says she ain't well. What makes you so cross about the girls? Been doing something you're ashamed of?"

"I'll tell you when I've been doing anything to be ashamed of," growled Lapham.

"Oh, no, you won't!" said his wife, jollily. "You'll only be hard on the rest of us. Come, now, Si; what is it?"

Lapham frowned into his coffee with sulky dignity, and said, without looking up, "I wonder what that fellow wanted here last night?"

"What fellow?"

"Corey. I found him here when I came home, and he said he wanted to see me; but he wouldn't stop."

"Where was he?"

"In the sitting-room."

"Was Pen there?"

"*I* didn't see her."

Mrs. Lapham paused, with her hand on the cream-jug. "Why, what in the land *did* he want? Did he say he wanted you?"

"That's what he said."

"And then he wouldn't stay?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you just what it is, Silas Lapham. He came here"—she looked about the room and lowered her voice—"to see you about Irene, and then he hadn't the courage."

"I guess he's got courage enough to do pretty much what he wants to," said Lapham, glumly. "All I know is, he was here. You better ask Pen about it, if she ever gets down."

"I guess I sha'n't wait for her," said Mrs. Lapham; and, as her husband closed the front door after him, she opened that of her daughter's room and entered abruptly.

The girl sat at the window, fully dressed, and as if she had been sitting there a long time. Without rising, she turned her face towards her mother. It merely showed black against the light, and revealed nothing till her mother came close to her with successive questions. "Why, how long have you been up, Pen? Why don't you come to your breakfast? Did you see Mr. Corey when he called last night? Why, what's the matter with you? What have you been crying about?"

"Have I been crying?"

"Yes! Your cheeks are all wet!"

"I thought they were on fire. Well, I'll tell you what's happened." She rose and then fell back in her chair. "Lock the door!" she ordered, and her mother mechanically obeyed. "I don't want Irene in here. There's nothing the matter. Only, Mr. Corey offered himself to me last night."

Her mother remained looking at her, helpless, not so much with amaze, perhaps, as dismay.

"Oh, I'm not a ghost! I wish I was! You had better sit down, mother. You have got to know all about it."

Mrs. Lapham dropped nervelessly into the chair at the other window, and while the girl went slowly but briefly on, touching only the vital points of the story, and breaking at times into a bitter drollery, she sat as if without the power to speak or stir.

"Well, that's all, mother. I should say I had dreamt it, if I had slept any last night; but I guess it really happened."

The mother glanced round at the bed, and said, glad to occupy herself delayingly with the minor care: "Why, you have been sitting up all night! You will kill yourself."

"I don't know about killing myself, but I've been sitting up all night," answered the girl. Then, seeing that her mother remained blankly silent again, she demanded, "Why don't you blame me, mother? Why don't you say that I led him on, and tried to get him away from her? Don't you believe I did?"

Her mother made her no answer, as if these ravings of self-accusal needed none. "Do you think," she asked, simply, "that he got the idea you cared for him?"

"He knew it! How could I keep it from him? I said I didn't—at first!"

"It was no use," sighed the mother. "You might as well said you did. It couldn't help Irene any, if you didn't."

"I always tried to help her with him, even when I ——"

"Yes, I know. But she never was equal to him. I saw that from the start; but I tried to blind myself to it. And when he kept coming ——"

"You never thought of me!" cried the girl, with a bitterness that reached her mother's heart. "I was nobody! I couldn't feel! No one could care for me!" The turmoil of despair, of triumph, of remorse and resentment, which filled her soul, tried to express itself in the words.

"No," said the mother humbly. "I didn't think of you. Or I didn't think of you enough. It did come across me sometimes that maybe—— But it didn't seem as if—— And your going on so for Irene ——"

"You let me go on. You made me always go and talk with him for her, and you didn't think I would talk to him for myself. Well, I didn't!"

"I'm punished for it. When did you—begin to care for him?"

"How do I know? What difference does it make? It's all over now, no matter when it began. He won't come here any more, unless I let him." She could not help betraying her pride in this authority of hers, but she went on anxiously enough: "What will you say to Irene? She's safe as far as I'm concerned; but if he don't care for her, what will you do?"

"I don't know what to do," said Mrs. Lapham. She sat in an apathy from which she apparently could not rouse herself. "I don't see as anything can be done."

Penelope laughed in a pitying derision.

"Well, let things go on then. But they won't *go* on."

"No, they won't go on," echoed her mother. "She's pretty enough, and she's capable; and your father's got the money—I don't know what I'm saying! She ain't equal to him, and she never was. I kept feeling it all the time, and yet I kept blinding myself."

"If he had ever cared for her," said Penelope, "it wouldn't have mattered whether she was equal to him or not. *I'm* not equal to him either."

Her mother went on: "I might have thought it was you; but I had got set—— Well! I can see it all clear enough, now it's too late. *I* don't know what to do."

"And what do you expect *me* to do?"

demanded the girl. "Do you want *me* to go to Irene and tell her that I've got him away from her?"

"Oh, good Lord!" cried Mrs. Lapham. "What shall I do? What do you want I should do, Pen?"

"Nothing for me," said Penelope. "I've had it out with myself. Now do the best you can for Irene."

"I couldn't say you had done wrong, if you was to marry him to-day."

"Mother!"

"No, I couldn't. I couldn't say but what you had been good and faithful all through, and you had a perfect right to do it. There ain't any one to blame. He's behaved like a gentleman, and I can see now that he never thought of her, and that it was you all the while. Well, marry him, then! He's got the right, and so have you."

"What about Irene? I don't want you to talk about me. I can take care of myself."

"She's nothing but a child. It's only a fancy with her. She'll get over it. She hain't really got her heart set on him."

"She's got her heart set on him, mother. She's got her whole life set on him. You know that."

"Yes, that's so," said the mother, as promptly as if she had been arguing to that rather than the contrary effect.

"If I could give him to her, I would. But he isn't mine to give." She added in a burst of despair, "He isn't mine to keep!"

"Well," said Mrs. Lapham, "she has got to bear it. I don't know what's to come of it all. But she's got to bear her share of it." She rose and went toward the door.

Penelope ran after her in a sort of terror. "You're not going to tell Irene?" she gasped, seizing her mother by either shoulder.

"Yes, I am," said Mrs. Lapham. "If she's a woman grown, she can bear a woman's burden."

"I can't let you tell Irene," said the girl, letting fall her face on her mother's neck. "Not Irene," she moaned. "I'm afraid to let you. How can I ever look at her again?"

"Why, you haven't done anything, Pen," said her mother, soothingly.

"I wanted to! Yes, I must have done something. How could I help it? I did care for him from the first, and I must have tried to make him like me. Do you think I did? No, no! You mustn't tell Irene! Not—not—yet! Mother! Yes! I did try to get him from her!" she cried, lifting her head, and suddenly looking her mother in the face with those large dim eyes of hers. "What do you think? Even last night! It was the first time I ever had him all to myself, for myself, and I know now that I tried to make him think that I was pretty and—funny. And I didn't try to make him think of her. I knew that I pleased him, and I tried to please him more. Perhaps I could have kept him from saying that he cared for me; but when I saw he did—I must have seen it—I couldn't. I had never had him to myself, and for myself, before. I needn't have seen him at all, but I wanted to see him; and when I was sitting there alone with him, how do I know what I did to let him feel that I cared for him? Now, will you tell Irene? I never thought he did care for me, and never expected him to. But I liked him. Yes—I did like him! Tell her that! Or else *I* will."

"If it was to tell her he was dead," began Mrs. Lapham, absently.

"How easy it would be!" cried the girl in self-mockery. "But he's worse than dead to her; and so am I. I've turned it over a million ways, mother; I've looked at it in every light you can put it in, and I can't make anything but misery out of it. You can see the misery at the first glance, and you can't see more or less if you spend your life looking at it." She laughed again, as if the hopelessness of the thing amused her. Then she flew to the extreme of self-assertion. "Well, I *have* a right to him, and he has a right to me. If he's never done anything to make her think he cared for her,—and I know he hasn't; it's all been our doing,—then he's free and I'm free. We can't make her happy, whatever we do; and why shouldn't I—— No, that won't do! I reached that point before!" She broke again into her desperate laugh. "*You* may try now, mother!"

"I'd best speak to your father first——"

Penelope smiled a little more forlornly than she had laughed.

"Well, yes; the Colonel will have to know. It isn't a trouble that I can keep to myself exactly. It seems to belong to too many other people."

Her mother took a crazy encouragement from her return to her old way of saying things. "Perhaps he can think of something."

"Oh, I don't doubt but the Colonel will know just what to do!"

"You mustn't be too down-hearted about it. It—it'll all come right——"

"You tell Irene that, mother."

Mrs. Lapham had put her hand on the door-key; she dropped it, and looked at the girl with a sort of beseeching appeal for the comfort she could not imagine herself. "Don't look at me, mother," said Penelope, shaking her head. "You know that if Irene were to die without knowing it, it wouldn't come right for me."

"Pen!"

"I've read of cases where a girl gives up the man that loves her so as to make some other girl happy that the man doesn't love. That might be done."

"Your father would think you were a fool," said Mrs. Lapham, finding a sort of refuge in her strong disgust for the pseudo-heroism. "No! If there's to be any giving up, let it be by the one that sha'n't make anybody but herself suffer. There's trouble and sorrow enough in the world, without *making* it on purpose!"

She unlocked the door, but Penelope slipped round and set herself against it. "Irene shall not give up!"

"I will see your father about it," said the mother. "Let me out now ——"

"Don't let Irene come here!"

"No. I will tell her that you haven't slept. Go to bed now, and try to get some rest. She isn't up herself yet. You must have some breakfast."

"No; let me sleep if I can. I can get something when I wake up. I'll come down if I can't sleep. Life has got to go on. It does when there's a death in the house, and this is only a little worse."

"Don't you talk nonsense!" cried Mrs. Lapham, with angry authority.

"Well, a little better, then," said Penelope, with meek concession.

Mrs. Lapham attempted to say something, and could not. She went out and opened Irene's door. The girl lifted her head drowsily from her pillow. "Don't disturb your sister when you get up, Irene. She hasn't slept well ——"

"*Please* don't talk! I'm almost *dead* with sleep!" returned Irene. "Do go, mamma! I sha'n't disturb her." She turned her face down in the pillow, and pulled the covering up over her ears.

The mother slowly closed the door and went down-stairs, feeling bewildered and baffled almost beyond the power to move. The time had been when she would have tried to find out why this judgment had been sent upon her. But now she could not feel that the innocent suffering of others was inflicted for her fault; she shrank instinctively from that cruel and egotistic misinterpretation of the mystery of pain and loss. She saw her two children, equally if differently dear to her, destined to trouble that nothing could avert, and she could not blame either of them; she could not blame the means of this misery to them; he was as innocent as they, and though her heart was sore against him in this first moment, she could still be just to him in it. She was a woman who had been used to seek the light by striving; she had hitherto literally worked to it. But it is the curse of prosperity that it takes work away from us, and shuts that door to hope and health of spirit. In this house, where everything had come to be done for her, she had no tasks to interpose between her and her despair. She sat down in her own room and let her hands fall in her lap,— the hands that had once been so helpful and busy,— and tried to think it all out. She had never heard of the fate that was once supposed to appoint the sorrows of men irrespective of their blamelessness or blame, before the time when it came to be believed that sorrows were penalties; but in her simple way she recognized something like that mythic power when she rose from her struggle with the problem, and said aloud to herself, "Well, the witch is in it." Turn which way she would, she saw no escape from the misery to come — the misery which had come already to Penelope and herself, and that must come to Irene and her father. She started when she definitely thought of her husband, and thought with what violence it would work in every fiber of his rude strength. She feared that, and she feared something worse — the effect which his pride and ambition might seek to give it; and it was with terror of this, as well as the natural trust with which a woman must turn to her husband in any anxiety at last, that she felt she could not wait for evening to take counsel with him. When she considered how wrongly he might take it all, it seemed as if it were already known to him, and she was impatient to prevent his error.

She sent out for a messenger, whom she dispatched with a note to his place of business: "Silas, I should like to ride with you this afternoon. Can't you come home early? Persis." And she was at dinner with Irene, evading her questions about Penelope, when answer came that he would be at the house with the buggy at half-past two. It is easy to put off a girl who has but one thing in her head; but, though Mrs. Lapham could escape without telling anything of Penelope, she could not escape seeing how wholly Irene was engrossed with hopes now turned so vain and impossible. She was still talking of that dinner, of nothing but that dinner, and begging for flattery of herself and praise of him, which her mother had till now been so ready to give.

"Seems to me you don't take very much interest, mamma!" she said, laughing and blushing, at one point.

"Yes,— yes, I do," protested Mrs. Lapham, and then the girl prattled on.

"I guess I shall get one of those pins that

Nanny Corey had in her hair. I think it would become me, don't you?"

"Yes; but, Irene — I don't like to have you go on so, till — unless he's said something to show— You oughtn't to give yourself up to thinking ——" But at this the girl turned so white, and looked such reproach at her, that she added, frantically: "Yes, get the pin. It is just the thing for you! But don't disturb Penelope. Let her alone till I get back. I'm going out to ride with your father. He'll be here in half an hour. Are you through? Ring, then. Get yourself that fan you saw the other day. Your father won't say anything; he likes to have you look well. I could see his eyes on you half the time the other night."

"I should have liked to have Pen go with me," said Irene, restored to her normal state of innocent selfishness by these flatteries. "Don't you suppose she'll be up in time? What's the matter with her that she didn't sleep?"

"I don't know. Better let her alone."

"Well," submitted Irene.

XVIII.

Mrs. Lapham went away to put on her bonnet and cloak, and she was waiting at the window when her husband drove up. She opened the door and ran down the steps. "Don't get out; I can help myself in," and she clambered to his side, while he kept the fidgeting mare still with voice and touch.

"Where do you want I should go?" he asked, turning the buggy.

"Oh, I don't care. Out Brookline way, I guess. I wish you hadn't brought this fool of a horse," she gave way, petulantly. "I wanted to have a talk."

"When I can't drive this mare and talk too, I'll sell out altogether," said Lapham. "She'll be quiet enough when she's had her spin."

"Well," said his wife; and while they were making their way across the city to the Milldam she answered certain questions he asked about some points in the new house.

"I should have liked to have you stop there," he began; but she answered so quickly, "Not to-day," that he gave it up and turned his horse's head westward, when they struck Beacon street.

He let the mare out, and he did not pull her in till he left the Brighton road and struck off under the low boughs that met above one of the quiet streets of Brookline, where the stone cottages, with here and there a patch of determined ivy on their northern walls, did what they could to look English amid the glare of the autumnal foliage. The smooth earthen track under the mare's hoofs was scattered with flakes of the red and yellow gold that made the air luminous around them, and the perspective was gay with innumerable tints and tones.

"Pretty sightly," said Lapham, with a long sigh, letting the reins lie loose in his vigilant hand, to which he seemed to relegate the whole charge of the mare. "I want to talk with you about Rogers, Persis. He's been getting in deeper and deeper with me; and last night he pestered me half to death to go in with him in one of his schemes. I ain't going to blame anybody, but I hain't got very much confidence in Rogers. And I told him so last night."

"Oh, don't talk to me about Rogers!" his wife broke in. "There's something a good deal more important than Rogers in the world, and more important than your business. It seems as if you couldn't think of anything else — that and the new house. Did you suppose I wanted to ride so as to talk Rogers with you?" she demanded, yielding to the necessity a wife feels of making her husband pay for her suffering, even if he has not inflicted it. "I declare ——"

"Well, hold on, now!" said Lapham. "What *do* you want to talk about? I'm listening."

His wife began, "Why, it's just this, Silas Lapham!" and then she broke off to say, "Well, you may wait, now — starting me wrong, when it's hard enough anyway."

Lapham silently turned his whip over and over in his hand and waited.

"Did you suppose," she asked at last, "that that young Corey had been coming to see Irene?"

"I don't know what I supposed," replied Lapham sullenly. "You always said so." He looked sharply at her under his lowering brows.

"Well, he hasn't," said Mrs. Lapham; and she replied to the frown that blackened on her husband's face, "And I can tell you what, if you take it in that way I sha'n't speak another word."

"Who's takin' it what way?" retorted Lapham savagely. "What are you drivin' at?"

"I want you should promise that you'll hear me out quietly."

"I'll hear you out if you'll give me a chance. I haven't said a word yet."

"Well, I'm not going to have you flying into forty furies, and looking like a perfect thunder-cloud at the very start. I've had to bear it, and you've got to bear it too."

"Well, let me have a chance at it, then."

"It's nothing to blame anybody about, as I can see, and the only question is, what's the best thing to do about it. There's only one

thing we can do; for if he don't care for the child, nobody wants to make him. If he hasn't been coming to see her, he hasn't, and that's all there is to it."

"No, it ain't!" exclaimed Lapham.

"There!" protested his wife.

"If he hasn't been coming to see her, what *has* he been coming for?"

"He's been coming to see Pen!" cried the wife. "*Now* are you satisfied?" Her tone implied that he had brought it all upon them; but at the sight of the swift passions working in his face to a perfect comprehension of the whole trouble, she fell to trembling, and her broken voice lost all the spurious indignation she had put into it. "Oh, Silas! what are we going to do about it? I'm afraid it'll kill Irene."

Lapham pulled off the loose driving-glove from his right hand with the fingers of his left, in which the reins lay. He passed it over his forehead, and then flicked from it the moisture it had gathered there. He caught his breath once or twice, like a man who meditates a struggle with superior force and then remains passive in its grasp.

His wife felt the need of comforting him, as she had felt the need of afflicting him. "I don't say but what it can be made to come out all right in the end. All I say is, I don't see my way clear yet."

"What makes you think he likes Pen?" he asked, quietly.

"He told her so last night, and she told me this morning. Was he at the office today?"

"Yes, he was there. I haven't been there much myself. He didn't say anything to me. Does Irene know?"

"No; I left her getting ready to go out shopping. She wants to get a pin like the one Nanny Corey had on."

"Oh, my Lord!" groaned Lapham.

"It's been Pen from the start, I guess, or almost from the start. I don't say but what he was attracted some by Irene at the *very* first; but I guess it's been Pen ever since he saw her; and we've taken up with a notion, and blinded ourselves with it. Time and again I've had my doubts whether he cared for Irene any; but I declare to goodness, when he kept coming, I never hardly thought of Pen, and I couldn't help believing at last he *did* care for Irene. Did it ever strike you he might be after Pen?"

"No. I took what you said. I supposed you knew."

"Do you blame me, Silas?" she asked timidly.

"No. What's the use of blaming? We don't either of us want anything but the children's good. What's it all of it for, if it ain't for that? That's what we've both slaved for all our lives."

"Yes, I know. Plenty of people *lose* their children," she suggested.

"Yes, but that don't comfort me any. I never was one to feel good because another man felt bad. How would you have liked it if some one had taken comfort because his boy lived when ours died? No, I can't do it. And this is worse than death, someways. That comes and it goes; but this looks as if it was one of those things that had come to stay. The way I look at it, there ain't any hope for anybody. Suppose we don't want Pen to have him; will that help Irene any, if he don't want her? Suppose we don't want to let him have either; does that help either?"

"You talk," exclaimed Mrs. Lapham, "as if our say was going to settle it. Do you suppose that Penelope Lapham is a girl to take up with a fellow that her sister is in love with, and that she always thought was in love with her sister, and go off and be happy with him? Don't you believe but what it would come back to her, as long as she breathed the breath of life, how she'd teased her about him, as I've heard Pen tease Irene, and helped to make her think he was in love with her, by showing that she thought so herself? It's ridiculous!"

Lapham seemed quite beaten down by this argument. His huge head hung forward over his breast; the reins lay loose in his moveless hand; the mare took her own way. At last he lifted his face and shut his heavy jaws.

"Well?" quavered his wife.

"Well," he answered, "if he wants her, and she wants him, I don't see what that's got to do with it." He looked straight forward, and not at his wife.

She laid her hands on the reins. "Now, you stop right here, Silas Lapham! If I thought that—if I really believed you could be willing to break that poor child's heart, and let Pen disgrace herself by marrying a man that had as good as killed her sister, just because you wanted Bromfield Corey's son for a son-in-law ——"

Lapham turned his face now, and gave her a look. "You had better *not* believe that, Persis! Get up!" he called to the mare, without glancing at her, and she sprang forward. "I see you've got past being any use to yourself on this subject."

"Hello!" shouted a voice in front of him. "Where the devil you goin' to?"

"Do you want to *kill* somebody?" shrieked his wife.

There was a light crash, and the mare recoiled her length, and separated their wheels

from those of the open buggy in front which Lapham had driven into. He made his excuses to the occupant; and the accident relieved the tension of their feelings and left them far from the point of mutual injury which they had reached in their common trouble and their unselfish will for their children's good.

It was Lapham who resumed the talk. "I'm afraid we can't either of us see this thing in the right light. We're too near to it. I wish to the Lord there was somebody to talk to about it."

"Yes," said his wife; "but there ain't anybody."

"Well, I dunno," suggested Lapham, after a moment; "why not talk to the minister of your church? May be he could see some way out of it."

Mrs. Lapham shook her head hopelessly. "It wouldn't do. I've never taken up my connection with the church, and I don't feel as if I'd got any claim on him."

"If he's anything of a man, or anything of a preacher, you *have* got a claim on him," urged Lapham; and he spoiled his argument by adding, "I've contributed enough *money* to his church."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mrs. Lapham. "I ain't well enough acquainted with Dr. Langworthy, or else I'm *too* well. No; if I was to ask any one, I should want to ask a total stranger. But what's the use, Si? Nobody could make us see it any different from what it is, and I don't know as I should want they should."

It blotted out the tender beauty of the day and weighed down their hearts ever more heavily within them. They ceased to talk of it a hundred times, and still came back to it. They drove on and on. It began to be late. "I guess we better go back, Si," said his wife; and as he turned without speaking, she pulled her veil down and began to cry softly behind it, with low little broken sobs.

Lapham started the mare up and drove swiftly homeward. At last his wife stopped crying and began trying to find her pocket. "Here, take mine, Persis," he said kindly offering her his handkerchief, and she took it and dried her eyes with it. "There was one of those fellows there the other night," he spoke again, when his wife leaned back against the cushions in peaceful despair, "that I liked the looks of about as well as any man I ever saw. I guess he was a pretty good man. It was that Mr. Sewell." He looked at his wife, but she did not say anything. "Persis," he resumed, "I can't bear to go back with nothing settled in our minds. I can't bear to let you."

"We must, Si," returned his wife, with gentle gratitude. Lapham groaned. "Where does he live?" she asked.

"On Bolingbroke street. He gave me his number."

"Well, it wouldn't do any good. What could he say to us?"

"Oh, I don't know as he could say anything," said Lapham hopelessly; and neither of them said anything more till they crossed the Milldam and found themselves between the rows of city houses.

"Don't drive past the new house, Si," pleaded his wife. "I couldn't bear to see it. Drive — drive up Bolingbroke street. We might as well see where he *does* live."

"Well," said Lapham. He drove along slowly. "That's the place," he said finally, stopping the mare and pointing with his whip.

"It wouldn't do any good," said his wife, in a tone which he understood as well as he understood her words. He turned the mare up to the curbstone.

"You take the reins a minute," he said, handing them to his wife.

He got down and rang the bell, and waited till the door opened; then he came back and lifted his wife out. "He's in," he said.

He got the hitching-weight from under the buggy-seat and made it fast to the mare's bit.

"Do you think she'll stand with that?" asked Mrs. Lapham.

"I guess so. If she don't, no matter."

"Ain't you afraid she'll take cold," she persisted, trying to make delay.

"Let her!" said Lapham. He took his wife's trembling hand under his arm, and drew her to the door.

"He'll think we're crazy," she murmured, in her broken pride.

"Well, we *are*," said Lapham. "Tell him we'd like to see him alone awhile," he said to the girl who was holding the door ajar for him, and she showed him into the reception-room, which had been the Protestant confessional for many burdened souls before their time, coming, as they did, with the belief that they were bowed down with the only misery like theirs in the universe; for each one of us must suffer long to himself before he can learn that he is but one in a great community of wretchedness which has been pitilessly repeating itself from the foundation of the world.

They were as loath to touch their trouble when the minister came in as if it were their disgrace; but Lapham did so at last, and, with a simple dignity which he had wanted in his bungling and apologetic approaches, he laid the affair clearly before the minister's compassionate and reverent eye. He spared Corey's name, but he did not pretend that it

was not himself and his wife and their daughters who were concerned.

"I don't know as I've got any right to trouble you with this thing," he said, in the moment while Sewell sat pondering the case, "and I don't know as I've got any warrant for doing it. But, as I told my wife here, there was something about you — I don't know whether it was anything you *said* exactly — that made me feel as if you could help us. I guess I didn't say so much as that to her; but that's the way I felt. And here we are. And if it ain't all right ——"

"Surely," said Sewell, "it's all right. I thank you for coming — for trusting your trouble to me. A time comes to every one of us when we can't help ourselves, and then we must get others to help us. If people turn to me at such a time, I feel sure that I was put into the world for something — if nothing more than to give my pity, my sympathy."

The brotherly words, so plain, so sincere, had a welcome in them that these poor outcasts of sorrow could not doubt.

"Yes," said Lapham huskily, and his wife began to wipe the tears again under her veil.

Sewell remained silent, and they waited till he should speak. "We can be of use to one another here, because we can always be wiser for some one else than we can for ourselves. We can see another's sins and errors in a more merciful light — and that is always a fairer light — than we can our own; and we can look more sanely at others' afflictions." He had addressed these words to Lapham; now he turned to his wife. "If some one had come to you, Mrs. Lapham, in just this perplexity, what would you have thought?"

"I don't know as I understand you," faltered Mrs. Lapham.

Sewell repeated his words, and added, "I mean, what do you think some one else ought to do in your place?"

"Was there ever any poor creatures in such a strait before?" she asked, with pathetic incredulity.

"There's no new trouble under the sun," said the minister.

"Oh, if it was any one else, I should say — I should say — Why, of course! I should say that their duty was to let ——" She paused.

"One suffer instead of three, if none is to blame?" suggested Sewell. "That's sense, and that's justice. It's the economy of pain which naturally suggests itself, and which would insist upon itself, if we were not all perverted by traditions which are the figment of the shallowest sentimentality. Tell me, Mrs. Lapham, didn't this come into your mind when you first learned how matters stood?"

"Why, yes, it flashed across me. But I didn't think it could be right."

"And how was it with you, Mr. Lapham?"

"Why, that's what *I* thought, of course. But I didn't see my way ——"

"No," cried the minister, "we are all blinded, we are all weakened by a false ideal of self-sacrifice. It wraps us round with its meshes, and we can't fight our way out of it. Mrs. Lapham, what made you feel that it might be better for three to suffer than one?"

"Why, she did herself. I know she would die sooner than take him away from her."

"I supposed so!" cried the minister bitterly. "And yet she is a sensible girl, your daughter?"

"She has more common sense ——"

"Of course! But in such a case we somehow think it must be wrong to use our common sense. I don't know where this false ideal comes from, unless it comes from the novels that befool and debauch almost every intelligence in some degree. It certainly doesn't come from Christianity, which instantly repudiates it when confronted with it. Your daughter believes, in spite of her common sense, that she ought to make herself and the man who loves her unhappy, in order to assure the lifelong wretchedness of her sister, whom he doesn't love, simply because her sister saw him and fancied him first! And I'm sorry to say that ninety-nine young people out of a hundred — oh, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand! — would consider that noble and beautiful and heroic; whereas you know at the bottom of your hearts that it would be foolish and cruel and revolting. You know what marriage is! And what it must be without love on both sides."

The minister had grown quite heated and red in the face.

"I lose all patience!" he went on vehemently. "This poor child of yours has somehow been brought to believe that it will kill her sister if her sister does not have what does not belong to her, and what it is not in the power of all the world, or any soul in the world, to give her. Her sister will suffer — yes, keenly! — in heart and in pride; but she will not die. You will suffer, too, in your tenderness for her; but you must do your duty. You must help her to give up. You would be guilty if you did less. Keep clearly in mind that you are doing right, and the only possible good. And God be with you!"

W. D. Howells.

(To be continued.)

GILEAD.

"And I will bring them into the land of Gilead."

Oh, who will take my hand and let mine eyes have rest,
And lead me like a child into the quiet west,
Until beneath my feet I press the short wild grass,
And feel the wind come shorewards down the granite pass;
So, fashioned darkly round the mirror of the mind,
The solemn forms I loved in infancy to find
Bent down to shut me in, in billowy solitude,—
Harsh tor and quaking sedge and devil-haunted wood,—
Behind the thin pink lids I should not dare to raise,
Would gather and console the turmoil of my days?

A grain of balm has lain within my scentless breast
Through all these roaring years of tempest,—and shall rest,
A single grain, how sweet! but, ah! what perfumes rise,
Where, bathed by sacred dews, the soul's full Gilead lies!

There, with the sands around, and many a mirage faint
To tempt the faded sight of fakir and of saint,
Cool, with their clump of palms, by wells like crystal pure,
The myrrh-trees of the Lord, the dripping boughs endure.

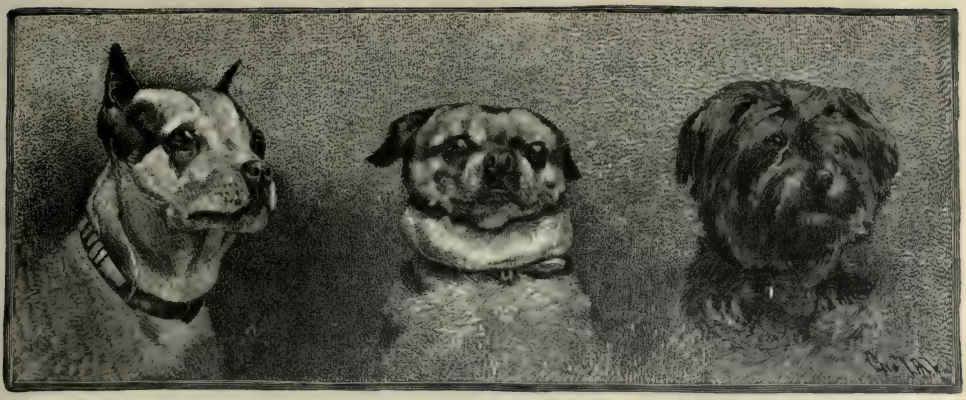
Oh, lead me by the hand, and I with eyelids close
Will hear the wind that sighs, the bubbling stream that flows,
The shrill Arabian sounds of blessed aged men,
And the low cries of weary souls at home again;

Yet never raise my lids, lest all these Eastern things,
These forms of alien garb, these palm-surrounded springs,
Surprise my brain that grew in colder zones of light,
Betray with homeless home my impulse of delight.

But when I think I feel the west wind, not the east,
From drought and chilly blue by soft gray airs released,
I'll bend my hand and touch the country at my feet,
And find the sun-dew there, and moor-ferns coarse and sweet,
And the rough bilberry-leaves, and feel the mountain-moss
Stretch warm along the rock, and cross it, and re-cross.

What we loved first and lost in Nature, yet retain
In memory, prized the most, worn to a single grain,
That scene, though wild and far, and acrid with the sea,
Pilgrim of life, is still Gilead to thee and me;
And there where never yet to break the shadows come
Battalions of the world, with maniac fife and drum,
There, in the ancient hush, the elfin spirit of sleep
Preserves for child-like hearts a pillow broad and deep,
And in a tender twilight, mystic and divine,
The homely scenes we loved take hues of Palestine.

Edmund Gosse.



TYPICAL DOGS.

LUXURIOUS self-gratification, the accompaniment of our growing wealth, is ever seeking new methods for the exhibition of its passing whims and fancies. While in one direction the resources of art and science are exhausted to minister to its wants, in another the animal world is ransacked to pander to its bizarre and eccentric longing for novelty. The extraordinary prominence accorded the canine race emphasizes this tendency. Within a few years the breeding of choice varieties of dogs has assumed remarkable proportions. The best products of the kennels of Europe and quaint sorts from the far East are eagerly sought for by our people, without regard to cost. This rage for superior dogs applies equally to the toy, miscellaneous, and sporting breeds. One need but visit the bench shows held in any of our larger cities, and observe the care bestowed upon the animals on exhibition, to have ample confirmation of this statement. The tender solicitude of which these dogs are the object is not confined to pets dear to the gentler sex, but extends equally to the breeds high in the estimation of their male competitors. Women, however, to whom a dog is significant of a fidelity sometimes lacking in man, carry their adoration to the extreme. Moreover, when a woman falls completely under the control of this canine craze, she demands from all about her an absorbing interest equal to her own. The luxurious appointments of modern days are lavishly bestowed upon these pets. The resources of the furrier and the jeweler are exhausted, the one to provide the costliest clothing, and the other, collars and bracelets which equal in cost those worn by their loving owners. Women go even beyond this; they hold canine receptions at which cards, flowers, and elaborate refreshments are as much *de rigueur* as at their own social reunions. These pets feed off the rarest porcelain on food prepared by a *chef*. When they die their bodies are embalmed and their graves decorated with the choicest flowers.

Men are no less enthusiastic in their love for dogs. This is applicable alike to toy, miscellaneous, and sporting breeds. Every sort has its admirers. The hideous bull-dog, worshiped by some as the apotheosis of comeliness, the majestic St. Bernard and mastiff, the faithful colley, the graceful greyhound, and dozens of other varieties, whether useful or merely ornamental, are bred with a care and discrimination which has resulted in the production of animals of extraordinary beauty and value. One is indeed astonished at the enormous prices asked — and sometimes paid. It is not alone the professional fancier who devotes himself to the breeding of dogs. Men of large wealth are equally successful. They own and maintain extensive kennels, the product of which is eagerly absorbed by an appreciative public.

"Typical dogs" is perhaps rather an elastic term. The points of the same breed of dog are subject to modification and change. Fashion is as important a factor in this direction as in every other. The jaw of the bull-dog, the curve of his fore-legs, the width of his skull; the head of the mastiff, the snake-like cranium of the greyhound, the length of ears of the King Charles spaniel, the nose of the pug, the coloring, markings of the hair,— all these by skillful breeding may be modified to conform to the caprice of the moment. The dog which to-day is considered the model of his kind may to-morrow be looked upon merely as an example of what was considered "good form" in the past. The general charac-

ENGLISH MASTIFF, "DUKE."

teristics are preserved. The changes are subtle, invisible to the layman, but full of significance to the microscopic eye of the fancier.

It is hardly possible for one man to possess a complete knowledge of every breed of dog. As a means of securing within a limited space the most "advanced" views concerning the various breeds, the present article, and other articles which are to follow on the same subject, will be composed of brief papers, each by a writer familiar with the particular variety of which he treats. Later on the portraits of six famous pointers and six equally distinguished setters will be given. Particular mention is made of this on account of the heated controversies which have prevailed on the subject of sporting dogs. The disciples of the various schools will thus have an opportunity of expressing their views in the presence of the audience which THE CENTURY commands.

Gaston Fay.

THE MASTIFF.

THE origin of the English mastiff is so lost in the mists of antiquity, that no positive assertions concerning it should be made. It is evident that dogs with his characteristics existed in Britain when the Romans first landed there. They speak of them as "the broad-mouthed dogs of Britain." Whether these were of the mastiff or bull-dog type, or whether the two breeds have the same origin, cannot be determined. Much written on this subject is necessarily pure conjecture; consequently we need only concern ourselves with the immediate progenitors of the mastiff, and that dog as he exists to-day.

Of all the known canine races the mastiff is the largest and eminently the most massive. Exceptional specimens of the St. Bernard, the boar-hound, and the Siberian blood-hound may exceed in height and weight the average of large mastiffs; but these examples are so rare as not to materially modify the assertion of the superiority of the proportions of the mastiff.

The distinguishing marks of this breed are size, massiveness, dignity, and majesty of appearance. Twenty-eight to thirty-one inches may be accepted as a good average height at the shoulders. The girth of the chest should never be less than one-third more than

the height. The body should be long and well filled out, without any approach to the tucked-up loin of the hound. This is very objectionable. The legs should be straight, with immense bone and muscle; the feet round and close; the tail thick at the root, tapering evenly to a point, and not extending much below the hocks. The head is now the great point with fanciers. It should be broad across the skull, flat to the eyebrow, well indented up the center, with small, close-lying ears, partly erected when attention is aroused; the muzzle broad, short, and square-looking, as though it had been sawed off. Fashion changes much in this direction. The great show dogs of ten years since would stand no chance in a modern competition. A very much shorter, blunter muzzle is now growls. He seldom bites, even under the severest provocation. To guard those living in isolated localities, as a protector of women and children, he is without a peer — the sturdy and faithful watchman of the home.

W. Wade.

THE ST. BERNARD.

To THE visitor at the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, situated at the summit of Mons Jovis in the Alps, is pointed out a very old picture of Bernard de Menthon, accompanied by his dog, who, in the year 962 A. D., founded this hospice for the benefit of pilgrims to Rome. This animal, somewhat resembling a blood-hound, is supposed to be the progenitor of the famous race of St. Bernards,

ST. BERNARD, "BONIVARD."

the standard. Whether the dog of to-day has really gained in appearance by his shorter muzzle is certainly open to doubt. The grand preëminent qualities of the mastiff are shown in his affectionate, true, noble, faithful disposition and even temper. He is above all others *the* watch-dog. Bred for generations for this purpose, his impulses lead him exclusively in this direction — to watch and guard, and to repulse trespassers within his precinct. He accomplishes this end by a resolute and imposing bearing, never resorting to force until repeated gentle warnings have been ignored. Menace to the person of his master the mastiff fiercely resents. His mode of attack is to spring upon an evil-doer, knock him down, and subdue him with significant

now the universal favorites among the large-sized dogs of the day.

The manner in which the Alpine or St. Bernard dog carried food and covering to exhausted travelers is too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say, that while they have been instrumental in saving hundreds of lives, increase of population and modern enterprise combined have rendered their services almost a thing of the past. The law of evolution, in its onward march during the past nine hundred years, would naturally engender some changes in the race. Great loss of life, due to climate, disease, and accident, has necessitated at various times during this period recourse to the owners of private kennels in the adjacent valleys, who,

CHAMPION BULL-DOG, "BOZ."

possessing representatives of the breed in their original purity, purchased when puppies, kindly presented them to the monks to replace those lost. While two varieties, rough and smooth coated, are recognized to an extent sufficient to entitle them to distinct show classes, they differ in no respect from one another except in coat. The former, the preference in temperate climates, is almost useless for hospice purposes, the adhesion of snow and ice to the long hair endangering the life of the dog. Their temper, always gentle, obedient, evincing a particular affection for children, of great intelligence, immense size, and relative contour, all combine to render them extremely valuable as companions. Our engraving of Bonivard (a corruption of Bonnivard, the Prior of St. Victor, immortalized in Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon") may be received as that of a typical rough-coated St. Bernard dog. As the winner of forty-six prizes in England and America, he unquestionably stands near the lead of all dogs of his class. He is now five years of age, in color a rich orange-tawny and brindle, having the white muzzle, white blaze-up poll, white collar, white chest, feet, and tip of tail so highly valued by the monks as representing the vestments peculiar to religious orders. His head is square and massive, with high brow and occipital protuberance, medium-sized ears, and eyes dark and bold, slightly showing the haw. His neck and shoulders are proportionate to an animal of his size; his legs straight, with large feet and double dew-claws. He measures thirty-one and a half inches high at shoulder. Girth of head, twenty-six inches; girth of chest, forty inches; girth of loin, thirty-five inches; total length, seventy-four inches; weight, one hundred and fifty pounds.

Among the smooth-coated variety, Leila is said to be the best female St. Bernard ever reared. She is tawny-brindle in color, with perfectly white markings, and is now three and a half years of age. She is the winner of fourteen prizes, having twice won the hundred-guinea challenge cup abroad. She measures thirty inches high at shoulder. Girth of chest, thirty-nine inches; girth of head, twenty-seven inches. Both Bonivard and Leila constitute part of the Hermitage kennels, owned by a resident of Passaic, N. J., whose kennels, in addition, contain many other choice specimens of the St. Bernard breed.

THE BULL-DOG.

THE bull-dog belongs to one of the oldest races of dogs, as it is evidently this animal which is described under the name of Alaunt in Edmond de Langley's " Mayster of Game," the manuscript of which is now in the British Museum.

To the bull-dog many other species owe some of their best qualities, such as endurance, courage, and perseverance, and it may even with truth be said the very continuance of their existence; for there is scarcely a species of the canine tribe which has not at some period been crossed with the bull-dog, that it might from him imbibe those sturdy and lasting qualities which distinguish it, and also to prevent its becoming extinct when it has deteriorated by in-breeding.

One can scarcely fail to appreciate its worth when one considers for how long and how highly this animal has been prized by the English; indeed, it has become so identified with them that it is frequently used to typify their national character.

It was formerly bred and almost exclusively used for the purpose of bull-baiting, which was not only practiced as a sport, being the favorite pastime of James I., but was also thought to improve the flavor of the bull's flesh by the violent exercise it forced him to take. Scarcely a bull was, therefore, slaughtered in olden times without previously being baited.

For this purpose a dog from about forty pounds to forty-five pounds weight was considered preferable to a larger one, as the mode of attacking the bull was by crawling up to it upon the belly and then springing at its nose, clinging on with determined obstinacy, and, when the bull's energy was exhausted, either holding it perfectly still or throwing it upon its side, according to the word of command. It will thus be seen that a small dog ran less chance of being gored by the bull than a large one.

BULL-TERRIER, "SILK II."

The bull-dog may be almost any color except black, black-and-tan, or blue,—such as brindle and white, white, brindle, fallow, fawn smut, or fawn pied. The general appearance is of a small dog, very compact, and of great strength. One of the leading points is the head, which should be large and square, characterized by a short and *retroussé*

nose, enabling the animal to breathe freely while holding on to anything for an indefinite length of time.

The proverb "dogs delight to bark and bite" holds good in the latter respect only with this breed; for they do not often bark, and give no warning when about to attack.

R. and W. Livingston.

THE BULL-TERRIER.

THE original bull-terrier was, without doubt, produced by a cross between the bull-dog and terrier, resulting in a dog having a longer and more punishing head than the pure bull-dog, and on that account better adapted for fighting, for which purpose, undoubtedly, the bull-terrier was primarily bred. It is, however, more or less a matter of conjecture as to what other elements have assisted in the development of the bull-terrier in his modern and improved form from the old bull-dog and terrier cross; but authorities on the subject seem to agree that in many of the larger specimens there is a dash of greyhound blood, while the smaller breed often show more of the characteristics of the white English terrier than is desirable.

The bull-terrier of the present day may be described as a dog having the full head,— though in a less degree,— the strong jaw, well-developed chest, powerful shoulders, and fine, thin tail of the bull-dog, united with the flat skull, level mouth, long jaw, small eye, and fuller proportions of the hind-quarters of the terrier.

These points, combined into a symmetrical whole,— of any weight, from five pounds up to fifty, with a brilliant white coat, a lively and vivacious disposition, together with a very high degree of courage, intelligence, and affection,— go to make up the modern bull-terrier, the handsomest and best of all terriers, and *the* dog, *par excellence*, for a gentleman's pet and companion both in and out of doors. The generally received impression seems to be that the bull-terrier is a quarrelsome, dangerous, and especially bad-tempered dog. This may be true of his mongrel cousins, the thick-headed, sullen-looking, and many-colored brutes often called bull-terriers, but which are about as much like the bull-terrier of the proper stamp as a Suffolk Punch is like a Derby winner. It certainly is not true of the thoroughbred. The bull-terrier has been slandered in this respect. He has a high temper when roused,— with his great courage it could not be otherwise,— and, like all high-spirited animals, his disposition may be easily spoiled by abuse and bad management; but, when properly trained and kindly treated, his temper is especially good.

No dog exhibits greater affection toward his master; neither is he quarrelsome, and, though at all times ready to defend himself, he seldom begins a fight. Toward strangers he is generally indifferent, nor does he make friends quickly. His qualities are positive; he has strong likes and dislikes; but his confidence and affection once gained, he is exceptionally faithful and steadfast.

In his intercourse with mankind he follows the advice of Polonius:

> "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."

There are few things the bull-terrier cannot do as well or better than any other non-sporting dog. He is an excellent guard, good on rats or other vermin, an especially good water-dog, and easily taught to retrieve from land or water, though too hard-mouthed to make a perfect retriever.

In this country he is not a universal favorite, owing to the prevailing but unfounded belief in his ferocity. Wherever he is well known, however, this prejudice disappears, and closer acquaintance will insure his popularity. The present short sketch of this engaging breed of dog may worthily be concluded by quotations from two of the best authorities on the subject:

> "For thorough gameness, united with obedience, good temper, and intelligence, he surpasses any breed in existence." — J. H. WALSH ("Stonehenge"), "Dogs of the British Isles."

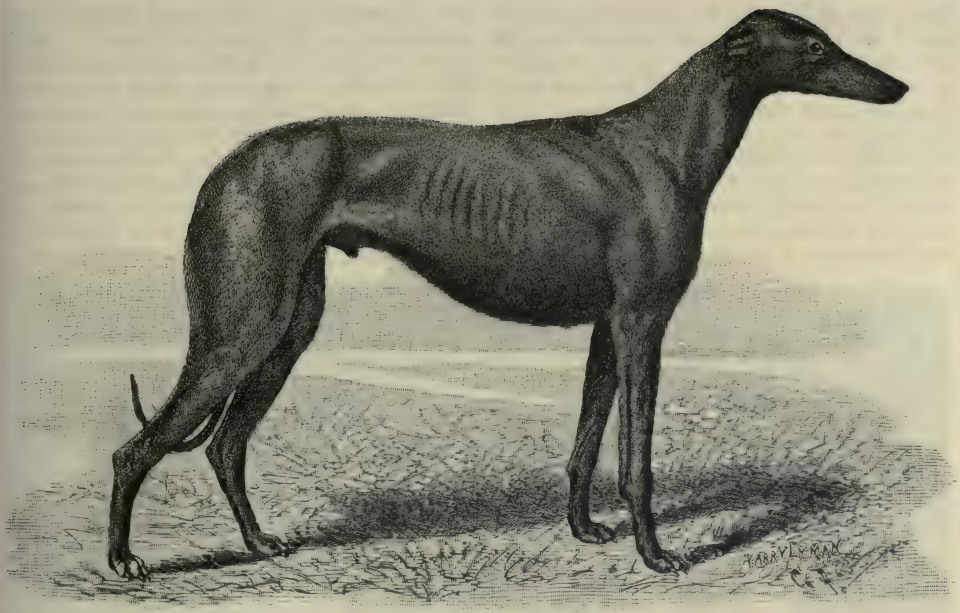
> "Do not frighten him, don't knock him about or ill-use him, and no dog will treat his master with greater love and respect than the game, handsome, intelligent, and lovable bull-terrier."— VERO SHAW, in "The Book of the Dog."

James Page Stinson.

THE GREYHOUND.

UPON the still smooth surface of the monuments that adorn the broad plains of Egypt, erected 1200 B. C., we find chiseled, by the side of his royal master, the form of the greyhound, which from that time to this the sportsmen of the world have associated with them in the pursuit of game. The term greyhound is a corruption of the word gaze-hound, signifying that it pursues its game by sight and not by scent.

Flavius Arrian, 150 A. D., in his "History of Hunting," minutely describes the greyhound and its use. It corresponds with our modern dog, save that the coat is not long and silky. At the present time the same dog exists in Lower Egypt, Arabia, and Persia. In ancient Greece and Rome he was the



"BOUNCING BOY"—GREYHOUND.

companion of the nobles, and no household was considered complete in all its appointments without him. As represented on the monuments, he was not the perfect type of all that is graceful, fleet, and courageous to the same degree as the modern dog. This improvement is due solely to the judicious breeding by the British people, since the sport of coursing became the recognized entertainment of the leisured and wealthy classes. In fact, it is only within a few years, comparatively speaking, that he was allowed to be possessed by any save the princes and nobles. The grand march of liberality and equality, however, has done away with these severe restrictions. In such high esteem was this dog held by the nobles that the killing or even maiming of one was *felony*, punishable with *death*.

At the time when his value for coursing purposes became apparent, he was found to be deficient in two essential qualities, viz., endurance coupled with speed, and courage not only to continue to the end, but to kill. In order to overcome these defects, an infusion of bull-dog blood became necessary. Taking the progeny that showed a predominance of bull-dog characteristics and greyhound form, and breeding back to the latter, we find in the fifth generation a dog which, though robbed of the ferocious tendencies of the bull-dog, still possesses all his courage, stamina, and desire to kill, with the graceful form of the greyhound. Thus we see the dog of three thousand years ago, passing through all the various changes of country and people, not only preserved in its general outline, but improved in form and character, making him, *par excellence*, the dog-companion of the sportsman, and the aristocrat of the canine race.

The use of the greyhound is coursing. The training required to bring him down to a nicety of condition, though long and tedious, is fully compensated as day by day we note the rapid advancement in development of muscle, wind-power, and speed. When thoroughly "conditioned," leashed with another he is taken into a field, there to await the starting-up of the hare by beaters employed for that purpose. The race is not always to the swifter, unless possessed of the greater ability to turn in the shortest space and regain the ground lost by the artful turnings of the hare. The great event in coursing circles in England is the "Waterloo Cup," valued at £500, which is run for at Altcar, near Liverpool, annually.

Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was the first to compile a set of rules governing coursing, whereby points of merit earned in the race could be properly awarded. They are substantially the same as those now in use. The first club devoted entirely to coursing was the Swaffham, of Norfolk, founded by Lord Orford in 1776.

The characteristics, or, in the language of the dog-shows, the "points," of the grey-

hound are as follows: The muzzle is long and lean; the teeth strong and long enough to hold the hare when seized; the eyes small, of a dark color, and very bright; the ears small and fine; and the skull at the base broad. The neck is long, round, and symmetrical; the fore-legs, of good bone, are well set under the shoulders, which are laid obliquely on the body. The back is strong and broad, and the ribs well sprung, showing a proper placement of the vertebræ; the hind-legs well crooked at the stifles, while the hocks are well let down. The tail is long, thin, and gracefully carried. Thus formed, he is the very picture of speed, power, elegance, and poetry of motion.

CHESAPEAKE DUCK-DOG, "CHESS."

Patronized by the nobility, and accepted by every sportsman as the greatest conception of true sport with the dog, coursing has made him *the* dog of the British Isles. California has already enjoyed this invigorating sport; Kansas, too, has adopted it; and so, eastward the greyhound rapidly wends his way in the favor of sportsmen.

H. W. Huntington.

THE CHESAPEAKE DUCK-DOG.

It is sincerely to be regretted, in view of his exceptionally valuable qualities, that so little attention should have been given to the preservation of the purity of blood of that idol of the wild-fowl gunner, the Chesapeake Bay retriever. The origin of this very valuable animal is somewhat uncertain and obscure. It is supposed, however, that his first appearance on the shores of Maryland was coincident with the visit of certain foreign fishing vessels from the far North, in or about the first year of the present century. His close, heavy under fur and color — brown — suggested a close relationship to the otter-dog. His ability as a retriever emphasized this supposition. His superior qualities in this direction were so manifestly phenomenal that the few original specimens were eagerly purchased from their foreign owners by the gunners of Chesapeake Bay. The ability of this dog to withstand cold and exposure was far beyond that of the Irish retriever. Within a brief period he entirely superseded the last-named animal as a water-dog. For some unknown reason the Chesapeake duck-dog never became numerous; hence the owner of a pure-blooded specimen could hardly be induced to part with him at any price. In time this dog so identified himself with the waters of Chesapeake Bay as to be known by no other name than that borne by this estuary. Twenty-

five years ago he was at the apogee of his fame. Nearly every family living in the bay counties of Maryland owned one or more of untainted blood. Through carelessness the breed was allowed to deteriorate; in consequence, to-day few, if any, of pure blood are in existence. A small number, however, remain of sufficient purity of race and perfection of training to almost equal in efficiency their distinguished and untainted ancestors. There were, in reality, two varieties of this dog, the long and the smooth coated, the latter not so popular as the former. The Chesapeake duck-dog is of the same size as the small Newfoundland, head broad, nose sharp, eyes small and bright, ears somewhat insignificant and set high; coat in color dark sedge, strong and tightly curled, with a peculiar under fur, so thick that the dog can remain in the water a long time without his skin becoming wet. The hair on the legs is not so long. It is particularly short about the nose and eyes. The Chesapeake duck-dog is used by sportsmen who shoot wild fowl either from points or from "booby blinds" set in the water a short distance from the shore. This dog so closely resembles the color of sedge-grass as not to be distinguishable except very near by. He remains in concealment until ordered to "fetch." At the command he springs into the water, breaking his way even through ice of considerable thickness. The wounded birds he first retrieves. When these are all gathered in, he secures the dead. Ducks in the Maryland waters generally fly in long strings. It often happens that the gunner, armed with a breech-loader, puts in several shots while the gang of birds is passing. In this case the well-trained and sagacious dog has much hard work to do, particularly if the weather be rough. His endurance, however, is remarkable, and he never seems to tire at his task. This continuous immersion in the water would be impossible to any animal not provided with the thick and almost water-proof under fur of the Chesapeake duck-dog.

With his affectionate disposition, great intelligence, strength, and the peculiar physical qualities which he possesses, adapting him to the retrieving of wild fowl beyond any other known breed, it is a great misfortune that closer attention has not been given to the preservation of the purity of the race.

George Norbury Appold.

MY THOUGHT AND I.

THE clock is ticking the night away,
And oh! what a blessed rest I take;
With nothing more to do or to say
Until the light of the morning break.

The room may be ten by five — no more;
It bounds but the scantiest comforts, too;
But the weights of life are outside its door,
And its rest pervades me through and through.

The breath of my soul comes full and free,
However my body may find the space;
With genius lighting the dark for me,
It is heaven just here my Thought to face.

To-night I belong alone to her,
To-night she is solely and fully mine;
No meeting of lovers could quicker stir
To the sense that *two* make the night divine.

Ah, yes! now that creaky door is still,
And the old bolt slipped, there is nothing missed.
Let the great world go; let it work its will;
Since my Thought and I are keeping tryst!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

WHITTIER.

A PLEASANT story, that went the round shortly after the close of our Civil War, shows the character of Whittier's hold upon his countrymen. It was said that one among a group of prominent men, when conversation on politics and finance began to lag, asked the question, Who is the best American poet? Horace Greeley, who was of the party, replied with the name of Whittier, and his judgment was instantly approved by all present. These active, practical Americans, patriots or demagogues, — some of them, doubtless, of the "heated barbarian" type, — for once found their individual preferences thus expressed and in accord. At that climacteric time the Pleiad of our elder poets was complete and shining, — not a star was lost. But the instinct of these stern, hard-headed men was in favor of the Quaker bard, the celibate and prophetic recluse; he alone appealed to the poetic side of their natures. We do not hold a press-item to absolute exactness in its report of words. The epithet "best" may not have been employed by the questioner on that occasion; were it not for the likelihood that those to whom he spoke would not have laid much stress upon verbal distinctions, one might guess that he said the most national, or representative, or inborn of our poets. The value of the incident remains; it was discovered that Whittier most nearly satisfied the various poetic needs of the typical, resolute Americans, men of his own historic generation, who composed that assemblage.

With this may be considered the fact that it is the habit of compilers and brief reviewers, whose work is that of generalization, to speak of him as a "thoroughly American" poet. An English critic, in a notice marked by comprehension of our home-spirit and with the honest effort of a delicate mind to get at the secret of Whittier's unstudied verse and gain the best that can be gained from it, finds him to be the "most national" of our writers, and the most characteristic through his extraordinary fluency, narrow experience, and wide sympathy, — language which implies a not unfriendly recognition of traits which have been thought to be American, — loquacity, provincialism, and generosity of heart.

In sentiments thus spoken and written there is a good deal of significance. But the words of the foreign verdict cannot be taken precisely as they stand. Has there been a time, as yet, when any writer could be thoroughly American? What is the meaning of the phrase — the most limited meaning which a citizen, true to our notion of this country's future, will entertain for a moment? Assuredly not a quality which is collegiate, like Longfellow's, — or of a section, like Whittier's, — or of a special and cultured class, which alone can enjoy Whitman's sturdy attempt to create a new song for the people before the accepted and accepting time. During the period of these men America scarcely has been more homogeneous in popular characteristics than in climate and topography. I have discussed the perplexing topic of our nationalism, and am willing to believe that these States are blending into a country whose distinctions of race and tendency will steadily lessen; but whether such a faith is well grounded is still an open question. And whatsoever change is to ensue, in the direction of homogeneity, will be the counter-swing of a vibration whose first impulse was away from the uniformity of the early colonies to the broadest divergence consistent with a common language and government. At Whittier's time this divergence was greater than before — greater, possibly, than it ever can be again. In fact, it is partly as a result of this superlative divergence that he is called our most national poet. If his song was not that of the people at large, it aided to do away with something which prevented us from being one people; and it was national in being true to a characteristic portion of America — the intense expression of its specific and governing ideas.

The most discriminating *précis* is that which Mr. Parkman contributed at a gathering in honor of the Quaker bard. The exact eye of the author of "Frontenac" saw the poet as he is: "The Poet of New England. His genius drew its nourishment from her soil; his pages are the mirror of her outward nature, and the strong utterance of her inward life." The gloss of this sentiment belonged to the occasion; its analysis is specifically correct, and this with full recognition of Whittier's most famous kinsmen in birth and song. The distinction has been well made, that the national poet is not always the chief poet of a nation. As a poet of New England, Whittier had little competition from the bookish Longfellow, except in the latter's sincere feeling for the eastern sea and shore, and artistic handling of the courtlier legends of the province.

He certainly found a compeer in Lowell, whose dialect idyls prove that only genius is needed to enable a scholar, turned farmer, to extract the richest products of a soil. And the lyric fervor of Lowell's odes is our most imaginative expression of that New England sentiment which has extended itself, an ideal influence, with the movement of its inheritors to the farthest West. Emerson, on his part, has volatilized the essence of New England thought into wreaths of spiritual beauty. Yet Mr. Parkman, than whom no scholar is less given to looseness of expression, terms Whittier the poet of New England, as if by eminence, and I think with exceeding justice. The title is based on apt recognition of evidence that we look to the people at large for the substance of national or sectional traits. The base, not the peak, of the pyramid determines its bearings. There is, to be sure, as much human nature in the mansion as in the cottage, in the study or drawing-room as in the shop and field. But just as we call those *genre* canvases whereon are painted idyls of the fireside, the roadside, and the farm, pictures of "real life," so we find the true gauge of popular feeling in songs that are dear to the common people and true to their unsophisticated life and motive.

Here we again confront the statement that the six Eastern States were not and are not America; not the nation, but a section,— the New Englanders seeming almost a race by themselves. But what a section! And what a people, when we take into account, superadded to their genuine importance, a self-dependence ranking with that of the Scots or Gascons. As distinct a people, in their way, as Mr. Cable's creoles, old or new. Go by rail along the Eastern coast and note the nervous, wiry folk that crowd the stations; —their eager talk, their curious scrutiny of ordinary persons and incidents, make it easy to believe that the trait chosen by Sprague for the subject of his didactic poem still is a chief motor of New England's progress, and not unjustly its attribute by tradition. This hive of individuality has sent out swarms, and scattered its ideas like pollen throughout the northern belt of our States. As far as these have taken hold, modified by change and experience, New England stands for the nation, and her singer for the national poet. In their native, unadulterated form, they pervade the verse of Whittier. It is notable that the sons of the Puritans should take their songs from a Quaker; yet how far unlike, except in the doctrine of non-resistance, were the Puritans and Quakers of Endicott's time? To me, they seem grounded in the same inflexible ethics, and alike disposed to supervise the ethics of all mankind. Time and culture have tempered the New England virtues; the Eastern frugality, independence, propagandism, have put on a more attractive aspect; a sense of beauty has been developed — the mental recognition of it finally granted to a northern race, who still lack the perfect flexibility and grace observable wherever that sense comes by nature and directs the popular conscience. As for the rural inhabitants of New England, less changed by travel and accomplishments, we know what they were and are,— among them none more affectionate, pious, resolute, than Whittier, beyond doubt their representative poet.

He belongs, moreover,— and hence the point of the incident first related,— to the group, now rapidly disappearing, of which Horace Greeley was a conspicuous member, and to an epoch that gave its workers little time for over-refinement, Persian apparatus, and the cultivation of æsthetics. That group of scarred and hardy speakers, journalists, agitators, felt that he was of them, and found his song revealing the highest purpose of their boisterous, unsentimental careers. These men — like all men who do not retrograde — had an ideal. This he expressed, in measures that moved them, and whose perfection they had no thought or faculty of questioning. Many of them came from obscure and rural homes, and to read his verse was to recall the scent of the clover and apple-bloom, to hear again the creak of the well-pole, the rattle of the bars in the lane,— the sights and freshness of youth passing for a moment, a vision of peace, over their battle-field. They needed, also, their own pibroch and battle-cry, and this his song rang out; their determination was in it, blended with the tenderness from which such men are never wholly free.

His ultimate reputation, then, will be inseparable from that of his section and its class. He may not hold it as one of those whose work appeals to all times and races, and whose art is so refined as to be the model of after-poets. But he was the singer of what was not an empty day,— and of a section whose movement became that of a nation, and whose purpose in the end was grandly consummated. We already see, and the future will see it more clearly, that no party ever did a vaster work than his party; that he, like Hampden and Milton, is a character not produced in common times; that no struggle was more momentous than that which preceded our Civil War, no question ever affected the destinies of a great people more vitally than the anti-slavery issue, as urged by its promoters. Neither Greece nor Rome, not even England, the battle-ground of Anglo-

Saxon liberty, has supplied a drama of more import than that in which the poets and other heroes of our Civil Reformation played their parts.

II.

WHITTIER'S origin and early life were auspicious for one who was to become a poet of the people. His muse shielded him from the relaxing influence of luxury and superfine culture. These could not reach the primitive homestead in the beautiful Merrimack Valley, five miles out from the market-town of Haverhill, where all things were elementary and of the plainest cast. The training of the Friends made his boyhood still more simple; otherwise, as I have said, it mattered little whether he derived from Puritan or Quaker sources. Still, it was much, in one respect, to be descended from Quakers and Huguenots used to suffer and be strong for conscience' sake. It placed him years in advance of the comfortable Brahmin class, with its blunted sense of right and wrong, and, to use his own words, turned him "so early away from what Roger Williams calls 'the world's great trinity, pleasure, profit, and honor,' to take side with the poor and oppressed." The Puritans conformed to the rule of the Old Testament, the Friends to the spirit of the New. One has only to read our colonial annals to know how the Jews got on under the Mosaic law, inasmuch as to the end of the Mather dynasty the pandect of Leviticus, in all its terror, was sternly enforced by church and state. The Puritans had two gods, Deus and Diabolus; the Quakers recognized the former alone, and chiefly through his incarnation as the Prince of Peace. They exercised, however, the right of interference with other people's code and practice, after a fashion the more intolerable from a surrender of the right to establish their own by rope and sword. Whittier's Quaker strain, as Frothingham has shown, yielded him wholly to the "intellectual passion" that Transcendentalism aroused, and still keeps him obedient to the Inward Light. And it made him a poet militant, a crusader whose moral weapons, since he must disown the carnal, were keen of edge and seldom in their scabbards. The fire of his deep-set eyes, whether betokening, like that of his kinsman Webster, the Batchelder blood, or inherited from some old Feuillevert, strangely contrasts with the benign expression of his mouth — that firm serenity, which by transmitted habitude dwells upon the lips of the sons and daughters of peace.

There was no affectation in the rusticity of his youth. It was the real thing — the neat and saving homeliness of the Eastern farm. All the belongings of the household were not the equivalent of a week's expenses in a modern city home, yet there was no want and nothing out of tone. We see the wooden house and barn, set against the background of rugged acres,— indoors, still the loom and wheel, and still the Quaker mother, dear old toiling one, the incarnation of faith and charity, beloved by a loyal, bright-eyed family group. There was little to read but the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and the weekly newspaper; no schooling but in the district school-house; nothing to learn of the outer world except from the eccentric and often picturesque strollers that in those days peddled, sang, or fiddled from village to village. Yet the boy's poetic fancy and native sense of rhythm were not inert. He listened eagerly to the provincial traditions and legends, a genuine folk-lore, recounted by his elders at the fireside; and he began to put his thoughts in numbers at the earliest possible age. A great stimulus came in the shape of Burns's poems, a cheap volume of which fell into his possession by one of those happenings that seem ordained for poets. His first printed efforts were an imitation of the dialect and measures of the Scottish bard, and perhaps no copybook could have been more suitable until he formed his own hand — a time not long postponed. He well might have fancied that in his experience there was much in common with that of his master; that he, too, might live to affirm, though surely in words less grandiloquent, "The Genius of Poetry found me at the plow, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." Of our leading poets, he was almost the only one who learned Nature by working with her at all seasons, under the sky and in the wood and field. So much for his boyhood; his after course was affected greatly by the man then coming into notice as a fanatic and agitator, the lion-hearted champion of freedom, long since glorified with the name he gave to his first pronunciamiento, the Liberator. A piece of verse sent by young Whittier to the Newburyport "Free Press" led Garrison, its editor, to look up his contributor, and to encourage him with praise and counsel. From that time we see the poet working upward in the old-fashioned way. A clever youth need not turn gauger in a land of schools and newspapers. Whittier's training was supplemented by a year or more at the academy, and by a winter's practice as a teacher himself,— fulfilling thus the customary *Lehrjahre* of our village aspirants. In another year we find him the conductor of a tariff newspaper in Boston. Before his twenty-fifth birthday he had experienced the vicissitudes of old-

time journalism, changing from one desk to another, at Haverhill, Boston, and Hartford, still pursuing literature, ere long somewhat known as a poet and sketch-writer, and near the close of this period issuing his first book of Legends, in prose and verse. At Hartford also he edited, with a well-composed preface, the posthumous collection of his friend Brainard's poems.

But the mission of his life now came upon him. He received a call. In 1831 Garrison had begun "The Liberator." He was Whittier's ally and guide; the ardor of the poet required an heroic purpose, and Garrison's crusade was one to which his whole nature inclined him. It was no personal ambition that made him the psalmist of the new movement. His verses, crude as they were, had gained favor; he already had a name, and a career was predicted for him. He now doomed himself to years of retardation and disfavor, and had no reason to foresee the honors they would bring him in the end. What he tells us is the truth: "For twenty years my name would have injured the circulation of any of the literary or political journals in the country." During this term his imaginative writings were to be "simply episodical," something apart from what he says had been the main purpose of his life. He was bent upon the service which led Samuel May to declare that of all our poets he "has, from first to last, done most for the abolition of slavery. All my anti-slavery brethren, I doubt not, will unite with me to crown him as our laureate." Bryant, many years later, pointed out that in recent times the road of others to literary success had been made smooth by anti-slavery opinions, adding that in Whittier's case the reverse of this was true; that he made himself the champion of the slave "when to say aught against the national curse was to draw upon one's self the bitterest hatred, loathing, and contempt of the great majority of men throughout the land." Unquestionably Whittier's ambition, during his novitiate, had been to do something as a poet and man of letters. Not that he had learned what few, in fact, at that time realized, that the highest art aims at creative beauty, and that devotion, repose, and calm are essential to the mastery of an ideal. But he was a natural poet, and, if he had not been filled with convictions, might have reached this knowledge as soon as others who possessed the lyrical impulse. The fact that he made his rarest gift subsidiary to his new purpose, in the flush of early reputation when one is most sensitive to popular esteem, has led me to dwell a little upon the story of his life, and to observe how life itself may be made no less inspiring than a poem. I would not be misunderstood; we measure poetry at its worth, not at the worth of its maker. This is the law; yet in Whittier's record, if ever, there is an appeal to the higher law that takes note of exceptions. Some of his verse, as a pattern for verse hereafter, is not what it might have been if he had consecrated himself to poetry as an art; but it is memorably connected with historic times, and his rudest shafts of song were shot true and far and tipped with flame. This should make it clear to foreigners why we entertain for him a measure of the feeling with which Hungarians speak of Petöfi, and Russians of Turgueneff. His songs touched the hearts of his people. It was the generation which listened in childhood to the "Voices of Freedom" that fulfilled their prophecies.

Garrison started his journal with the watchword of "unconditional emancipation," and the pledge to be "harsh as truth and uncompromising as justice; . . . not to retreat a single inch, and to be heard." Whittier reenforced him with lyre and pen,—though sometimes the two differed in policy,—and soon was writing abolition pamphlets, editing "The Freeman," and active in the thick of the conflict. He was the secretary of the first anti-slavery convention, a signer of the Declaration of Sentiments, and, at an age when bardlings are making sonnets to a mistress's eyebrow, he was facing mobs at Plymouth, Boston, Philadelphia. After seven or eight years of this stormy service, he settled down in quarters at Amesbury, sending out, as ever, his prose and verse to forward the cause. But now his humane and fervent motives were understood even by opponents, and the sweetness of his rural lyrics and idyls had testified for him as a poet. In 1843 the most eclectic of publishing houses welcomed him to its list; the rise of poetry had set in, and Longfellōw, Emerson, Lowell, were gaining a constituency. As he grew in favor, attractive editions of his poems appeared, and his later volumes came from the press as frequently as Longfellow's,—more than one of them, like "Snow-Bound," receiving in this country as warm and wide a welcome as those of the Cambridge laureate. After the war, Garrison—at last crowned with honor, and rejoicing in the consummation of his work—was seldom heard. Whittier, in his hermitage, the resort of many pilgrims, has steadily renewed his song. While chanting in behalf of every patriotic or humane effort of his time, he has been the truest singer of our homestead and wayside life, and has rendered all the legends of his region into familiar verse. The habit of youth has clung to him, and he often misses, in his too facile rhyme and

rhythm, the graces, the studied excellence of modern work. But all in all, as we have seen, and more than others, he has read the heart of New England, and expressed the convictions of New England at her height of moral supremacy, — the distinctive enjoyment of which, in view of the growth of the Union, and the spread of her broods throughout its territory, may not recur again.

III.

It would not be fair to test Whittier by the quality of his off-hand work. His verse always was auxiliary to what he deemed the main business of his life, and has varied with the occasions that inspired it. His object was not the artist's, to make the occasion serve his poem, but directly the reverse. Perhaps his naïveté and carelessness more truthfully spoke for his constituents than the polish of those bred in seats of culture; many of his stanzas reflect the homeliness of a provincial region, and are the spontaneous outcome of what poetry there was in it. His feeling gained expression in simple speech and the forms which came readily. Probably it occurred somewhat late to the mind of this pure and duteous enthusiast that there is such a thing as duty to one's art, and that diffuseness, bad rhymes, and prosaic stanzas are alien to it. Nor is it strange that the artistic moral sense of a Quaker poet, reared on a New England farmstead, at first should be deficient. A careless habit, once formed, made it hard for him to master the touch that renders a new poem by this or that expert a standard, and its appearance an event. His ear and voice were naturally fine, as some of his early work plainly shows. "Cassandra Southwick," "The New Wife and the Old," and "The Virginia Slavemother" were of an original flavor and up to the standards of that day. If he had occupied himself wholly with poetic work, he would have grown as steadily as his most successful compeers. But his vocation became that of trumpeter to the impetuous reform brigade. He supplied verse on the instant, often full of vigor, but often little more than the rallying-blast of a passing campaign. We are told by May that "from 1832 to the close of our dreadful war in 1865, his harp of liberty was never hung up. Not an important occasion escaped him. Every significant incident drew from his heart some pertinent and often very impressive or rousing verses." It is safe to assume that if he had been more discriminating, or had cherished the resolve of Longfellow or Tennyson to make even conventional pieces artistic, many occasions would have escaped him. We see again that Art will forego none of its attributes. Sincerity and spontaneity are the well-springs of its clearest flow; yet, if dependent on these traits alone, it may become cheap and common, and utterly fail of permanence. In the time under notice there was nothing more likely to confuse the imagination than the life of a journalist, especially of a provincial or reform editor. The case of Hood, one of the truest of poets by nature, has shown us something of the dangers that beset a journalist-poet. This Whittier emphatically became, though in every way superior to the band of temperance, abolition, and partisan rhymesters that, like the shadows of his own failings, sprang up in his train. He wrote verses very much as he wrote editorials, and they were forcible only when he was deeply moved by stirring crises and events. Some of his best were tributes to leaders, or rebukes of great men fallen. But he was too apt to write weak eulogies of obscurer people; for every friend or ally had a claim upon his muse.

His imperfections were those of his time and class, and he was too engrossed with a mission to overcome them. He never learned compression, and still is troubled more with fatal fluency than our other poets of equal rank, — by an inability to reject poor stanzas and to stop at the right place. Mrs. Browning was a prominent sufferer in this respect. The two poets were so much alike, with their indifference to method and taste, as to suggest the question (especially in view of the subaltern reform-verse-makers) whether advocates of causes, and other people of great moral zeal, are not relatively deficient in artistic conscientiousness and what may be called æsthetic rectitude.

An occasional looseness in matters of fact may be forgiven one who writes from impulse. We owe "Barbara Frietchie" to the glow excited by a newspaper report; and the story of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," now challenged, if not true, is too well told to be lost. Whittier became, like a mother's careless, warm-hearted child, dearer for his very shortcomings. But they sometimes mar his bravest outbursts. Slight changes would have made that eloquent lyric, "Randolph of Roanoke," a perfect one. Feeling himself a poet, he sang by ear alone, in a somewhat primitive time; but the finest genius, in music or painting for example, with the aid of a commonplace teacher can get over more ground in a month than he would cover unaided in a year; since the teacher represents what is already discovered and established. There came a period when Whittier's verse was composed solely with poetic intent, and after a less careless fashion.

It is chiefly that portion of it, written from 1860 onward, that has secured him a more than local reputation. His ruder rhymes of a day bear witness to an experience which none could better illustrate than by citing the words of the poet himself:

> "Hater of din and riot,
> He lived in days unquiet;
> And, lover of all beauty,
> Trod the hard ways of duty."

In prose he soon became skilled. His letters often are models of epistolary style; the best articles and essays from his pen are written with a true and direct hand, though rather barren of the epigram and original thought which enrich the prose of Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson. "Margaret Smith's Journal" is a charming *nuova antica;* a trifle thin in plot, but such a quaint reproduction of the early colonial period — its people, manners, and discourse — as scarcely any other author save Hawthorne, at the date of its production, could have given us.

IV.

His metrical style, except in certain lyrics of marked individuality, is that of our elders who wrote in diffuse measures, and whose readers favored sentiment more than beauty or wit. It is a degree more old-fashioned than styles which are so much older as to become new by revival; that is to say, its fashion was current within our own recollection and is now passing away. Some forms put on a new type with each successive period, such as blank-verse and the irregular ode-measures in which Lowell, Taylor, and Stoddard have been successful. Whittier uses these rarely, and to less advantage than his ballad-verse. He has conformed less than any one but Holmes to the changes of the day. Imagine him with an etching-needle, tracing the deft lines of a triolet or villanelle! If he could, and would, it would be seen that when one leaves a natural vein, the yield, lacking what is characteristic, is superfluous. Even his recent sonnets, "Requirement," "Help," etc., are little more than fourteen-line homilies. Those who know their author find something of him in them, but such efforts do not reveal him to a new acquaintance. A poet's voice must have a distinct quality to be heard above the general choir.

We turn to his early verse, as still acknowledged, to see in what direction his first independent step was made, and we note an effort to become a true American poet — to concern himself with the story and motive of his own land. For a time it was rather ineffective. The author of "Mogg Megone" and "The Bride of Pennacook" was on the same trail with the New York squadron that sought the red man's path. It is queer, at this distance, to see the methods of Scott and Coleridge applied to the Indian legendary of Maine. Among works of this sort, however, these were the best preceding "Hiawatha." Longfellow had the tact to perceive that if the savage is not poetical his folk-lore may be made so. The prelude to Whittier's "Bridal" is quite modern and natural. It contains a suggestive plea that this experiment in a home field may not seem amiss even to those who are best pleased

> "while wandering in thought,
> Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world."

And, after all, "Mogg" was a planned and sustained effort, and full of promise. Its writer's later management of local themes was more to the point. The "Songs of Labor" are American chiefly in topic,— in manner they are much like what Mackay or Massey might have written,— yet they became popular, and their rhetorical flow adapted them to recitation in the country schools. The poet's distinctive touch first appears in the legendary ballads which now precede the "Voices of Freedom" in his late editions. "The New Wife and the Old" is almost our best specimen of a style that Mrs. Hemans affected, and which Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Browning, and others have employed more picturesquely. It is a weird legend, musically told, and clearly the lyric of a poet. The early Quaker pieces are as good, and have all the traits of his verse written forty years afterward. His first ballads give the clew to his genius, and now make it apparent that most of his verse may be considered without much regard to dates of production. "Cassandra Southwick," alone, showed where his strength lay: of all our poets he is the most natural balladist, and Holmes comes next to him. The manner of that poem doubtless was suggested by Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry," and nothing could better serve the purpose. The colonial tone is well maintained. Here is a touching picture of the inspired maid's temptation to recant, of her endurance, trial, and victory. A group, also, of the populace — cloaked citizens, grave and cold, hardy sea-captains, and others — gathered where

> "on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
> Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land."

The bigoted priest, a "smiter of the meek," is a type that was to reappear in our poet's scornful indictments of the divines who, within pub-

lic remembrance, upheld the slavery system under the sanction of Noah's curse of Canaan. This ballad is well-proportioned, and thus escapes the defect of "The Exiles," which is otherwise a good piece of idiomatic verse.

On the whole, it is as a balladist that Whittier displays a sure metrical instinct. The record of the Quakers has always served his muse, from the date of "Cassandra Southwick" to the recent production of "The Old South," "The King's Missive," and "How the Women went from Dover." Neither Bernard Barton nor Bayard Taylor is so well entitled to the epithet of the Quaker Poet. His Quaker strains, chanted while the sect is slowly blending with the world's people, seem like its swan-song. It is worth noting that of the nine American poets discussed in these essays, one is still a Friend, and two others, Whitman and Taylor, came of Quaker parentage on both sides. The strong ballad, "Barclay of Ury," would be almost perfect but for the four moralizing stanzas at the close. It is annoying to see a fine thing lowered, and even in moral effect, by an offense against the ethics of art. Whittier's successes probably have been scored most often through ballads of our eastward tradition and supernaturalism, such as those pertaining to witchcraft,—a province which, from "Calef in Boston" to "The Witch of Wenham," he never has long neglected. Some of his miscellaneous ballads are idyllic; others, in strong relief, were inspired by incidents of the War, during which our non-combatant sounded more than one blast, like that of Roderick, worth a thousand men. His ballads vary as much in excellence as in kind; among the most noteworthy are "Mary Garvin," "Parson Avery," "John Underhill," and that pure bit of melody and feeling, the lay of "Marguerite." Yet some of the poems which he classes in this department properly are eclogues, or slow-moving narratives. He handles well a familiar measure; when aiming at something new, as in "The Ranger," he usually is less at ease, despite the fact that the nonpareil of his briefer pieces is thoroughly novel in form and refrain, and doubtless chanced to come to him in such wise. "Skipper Ireson's Ride" certainly is unique. Dialect-poems are too often unfaithful or unpoetic. Imagination, humor, and dramatic force are found in the ballad of the Marblehead skipper's dole, and its movement is admirable. The culmination is more effective than is usual in a piece by Whittier. We have the widow of the skipper's victim saying "God has touched him! why should we?"—an old dame, whose only son has perished, bidding them "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run"; and

> "So, with soft relentings and rude excuse,
> Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
> And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
> And left him alone with his shame and sin.
> Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
> Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
> By the women of Marblehead!"

The change of feeling is indicated by the single word "poor." This is only a minor piece, but quantity is the plane, and quality the height, of lyrical verse. Were it not for two of Collins's briefest poems, where would his name be?

A balladist should be a good reciter of tales. Our poet's prose work on "The Supernaturalism of New England" was devoted to the ghost and witch stories of his own neighborhood. In general design his chief story-book in verse, "The Tent on the Beach," like Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn,"—the first series of which it post-dated and did not equal,—follows the oft-borrowed method of Boccaccio and Chaucer. The home tales of this group are the best, among them "The Wreck of Rivermouth" and "Abraham Davenport." Throw out a ballad or two, and, but for a want of even finish, "The Tent on the Beach" might be taken for a portion of Longfellow's extended work. As a bucolic poet of his own section, rendering its pastoral life and aspect, Whittier surpasses all rivals. This is established chiefly by work that increased, after he reached middle age, with a consciousness of his lost youth. In some breathing-spell from the stress of his reform labors, he longed for the renewal of

> "boyhood's painless play,
> Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
> Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
> Knowledge never learned of schools."

His eye fell upon the Barefoot Boy, and memory brought back a time when he too was

> "rich in flowers and trees,
> Humming-birds and honey-bees."

To rate the country life at its worth, one must have parted from it long enough to become a little tired of that for which it was exchanged. The best eclogues are those which, however simple, have a feeling added by the cast of thought. Poets hold Nature dear when refined above her. Goldsmith, after years of wandering; Burns, when too well acquainted with the fickle world. The maker of rural verse, moreover, should be country-bred, or he will fall short. Unless Nature has been his nurse in childhood, he never will read with ease the text of her story-book. The distinction between artifice and sincerity is involved. Watteau's pictures are exquisite in their way, but Millet gave us the real thing. Long-

fellow's rural pieces were done by a skilled workman, who could regard his themes objectively and put them to good use. Lowell delights in outdoor life, and his Yankee studies are perfect; still, we feel that he is, intellectually and socially, miles above the people of the vale. Whittier is of their blood, and always the boy-poet of the Essex farm, however advanced in years and fame. They are won by the sincerity and ingenuousness of his verse, rooted in the soil and native as the fern and wild rose of the wayside. His brother-poets are more exact: which of them would hit upon "Maud" as a typical farm-girl's name? But incongruities are the signs-manual of a rural bard, as one can discover from Burns's high-sounding letters and manifestoes. Whittier himself despises a sham pastoral. There is good criticism, a clear sense of what was needed, in his paper on Robert Dinsmore, the old Scotch bard of his childhood. He says of rural poetry that "the mere dilettante and the amateur ruralist may as well keep their hands off. The prize is not for them. He who would successfully strive for it must be himself what he sings,— part and parcel of the rural life, . . . one who has added to his book-lore the large experience of an active participation in the rugged toil, the hearty amusements, the trials and pleasures he describes." I need not dwell upon our poet's fidelity to the landscape and legends of the Eastern shore and the vales of the Piscataqua and Merrimack. Those who criticise his pastoral spirit as lacking Bryant's breadth of tone, Emerson's penetration, and Thoreau's detail, confess that it is honest and that it comes by nature. His most vivid pictures are of scenes which lie near his heart, and relate to common life — to the love and longing, the simple joys and griefs, of his neighbors at work and rest and worship. Lyrics such as "Telling the Bees," "Maud Muller," and "My Playmate" are miniature classics; of this kind are those which confirmed his reputation and still make his volumes real household books of song.

These rustic verses, as we have seen, came like the sound of falling waters to jaded men and women. Years ago, when "Snow-Bound" was published, I was surprised at the warmth of its reception. I must have underrated it in every way. It did not interest one not long escaped from bounds, to whom the poetry of action then was all in all. And in truth such poetry, conceived and executed in the spirit of art, is of the higher grade. But I now can see my mistake, a purely subjective one, and do justice to "Snow-Bound" as a model of its class. Burroughs well avows it to be the "most faithful picture of our northern winter that has yet been put into poetry." If his discussion had not been restricted to "Nature and the Poets," he perhaps would have added that this pastoral gives, and once for all, an ideal reproduction of the inner life of an old-fashioned American rustic home; not a peasant-home,— far above that in refinement and potentialities,— but equally simple, frugal, and devout; a home of which no other land has furnished the coadequate type.

This poem is not rich in couplets to be quoted for their points of phrase and thought. Point, decoration, and other features of modern verse are scarcely characteristic of Whittier. In "Snow-Bound" he chose the best subject within his own experience, and he made the most of it. Taken as a whole, it is his most complete production, and a worthy successor to "The Deserted Village" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Here is that air which writers of quality so often fail to capture. "Hermann and Dorothea," "Enoch Arden," even "Evangeline," memorable for beauty of another kind, leave the impression that each of their authors said, as Virgil must have said, "And now I will compose an idyl." Whittier found his idyl already pictured for him by the camera of his own heart. It is a work that can be praised, when measured by others of the sort, as heartily as we praise the "Biglow Papers" or "Evangeline," and one that ranks next to them as an American poem. This "Winter Idyl" is honestly named. Under the title, however, is a passage from Cornelius Agrippa on the "Fire of Wood," followed by Emerson's matchless heralding of the snow-storm. Devices of this kind add to the effect of such a poem, only, as "The Ancient Mariner." The texts are needless at the outset of a work whose lovely and unliterary cast is sufficient in itself. From the key struck at the opening to the tender fall at the close, there is a sense of proportion, an adequacy and yet a restraint, not always observed in Whittier. This is a sustained performance that conforms to the maxim *ne quid nimis*. Its genuineness is proved by a severe test, the concord with which imaginative passages glide into homely, realistic verse:

> "The wind blew east: we heard the roar
> Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
> And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
> Beat with low rhythm our inland air.
>
> "Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
> Brought in the wood from out of doors,
> Littered the stalls, and from the mows
> Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
> Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
> And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
> Impatient down the stanchion rows
> The cattle shake their walnut bows."

The gray day darkens to

> "A night made hoary with the swarm
> And whirl-dance of the blinding storm;
> . . . . . .
> The white drift piled the window-frame,
> And through the glass the clothes-line posts
> Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts."

The poet's child-vision makes this fancy natural and not grotesque. The whole transfiguration is recalled:

> "The old familiar sights of ours
> Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
> Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
> Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
> . . . . . .
> The bridle-post an old man sat
> With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
> The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
> And even the long sweep, high aloof,
> In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
> Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

More imaginative touches follow:

> "The shrieking of the mindless wind,
> The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
> And on the glass the unmeaning beat
> Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
> . . . . . .
> From the crest
> Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
> The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
> From sight beneath the smothering bank."

The building and lighting of the wood-fire, the hovering family group that

> "watched the first red blaze appear,
> Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
> On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,"

the rude-furnished room thus glorified and transformed, while even

> "The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
> A couchant tiger's seemed to fall,"—

all this is an interior painted by our Merrimack Teniers. His hand grows free in artless delineations of each sharer of the charmed blockade: the father, with his stories of woodcraft and adventure; the Quaker mother rehearsing tales from Sewell and Chalkley "of faith fire-winged by martyrdom"; then a foil to these, the unlettered uncle "rich in lore of fields and brooks,"

> "A simple, guileless, childlike man,
> Content to live where life began";

the maiden aunt; the elder sister, full of self-sacrifice, a true New England girl; lastly, the "youngest and dearest," seated on the braided mat,

> "Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes."

The guests are no less vividly portrayed. The schoolmaster, distinct as Goldsmith's, is of an orginal type. The group is completed, with an instinct for color and contrast, by the introduction of a dramatic figure, the half-tropical, prophetic woman, who was born to startle,

> "on her desert throne,
> The crazy Queen of Lebanon
> With claims fantastic as her own."

The poem returns to its theme, and records the days of farm-house life during the chill embargo of the snow, until

> "a week had passed
> Since the great world was heard from last."

But the treading oxen break out the highways, the rustic carnival of sledding and sleighing is at hand,

> "Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
> And all the world was ours once more."

From the subject thus chosen and pursued, an unadventured theme before, our poet has made his masterpiece. Its readers afterward loved to hear his voice, whether at its best or otherwise; and the more so for his pleased and assured reflection,

> "And thanks untraced to lips unknown
> Shall greet me like the odors blown
> From unseen meadows newly mown."

A claim that he has found, and preserved in fit and winning verse, the poetic aspect of his own section, can be grounded safely on this idyl. We return from the work in which his taste is most effectual to that inspired by his life-long convictions. It is in this that the faults heretofore noted are most common, but here also his natural force is at its height, and results from what is lacking in some of his group — the element of passion. The verse of his period, especially the New England verse, is barren enough of this. For what there was, and is, of love-poetry we must look south of the region where poets are either too fortunate or too self-controlled to die because a woman's fair. The song of the Quaker bard is almost virginal, in so far as what we term the master-passion is concerned. Its passion comes from the purpose that heated his soul and both strengthened and impeded lyrical expression. Active service in any strife, even the most humane, is unrest, and therefore hostile to the perfection of art. But the conflict often engenders in its cloud the flash of eloquence and song. Three-fourths of Whittier's anti-slavery lyrics are clearly effusions of the hour; their force was temporal rather than poetic. There are music and pathos in "The Virginia Slave Mother," and "The Slave Ship" is lurid and grotesque enough to have furnished Turner with his theme. The poet's deep-voiced scorn and invective rendered his anti-slavery verse a very different thing from Longfellow's, and made

the hearer sure of his "effectual calling." Even rhetoric becomes the outburst of true passion in such lines as these upon "Elliott":

> "Hands off! thou tithe-fat plunderer! play
> No trick of priestcraft here!
> Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay
> A hand on Elliott's bier?"

A little of this, however, goes quite far enough in poetry. As a writer of personal tributes, whether pæans or monodies, the reform bard, with his peculiar faculty of characterization, has been happily gifted. Scarcely one of these that might not be retouched to advantage, but they are many and various and striking. John Randolph lives for us in the just balancing, the masterly and sympathetic portraiture, of Whittier's fine elegy. Channing, Elliott, Pius IX., Foster, Rantoul, Kossuth, Sumner, Garibaldi,—all these historic personages are idealized by this poet, and haloed with their spiritual worth; his tributes are a lyrical commentary, from the minstrel's point of view, upon an epoch now gone by. The wreath his aged hands have laid upon the tomb of Garrison is a beautiful and consecrated offering. One of his memorable improvisations was "Ichabod," the lament for Webster's defection and fall,—a tragical subject handled with lyric power. In after years, his passion tempered by the flood of time, he breathes a tenderer regret in "The Lost Occasion":

> "Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
> Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,—
> The late-sprung mine that underlaid
> Thy sad concessions vainly made.
> . . . . . .
> Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
> O sleeper by the Northern sea,
> The gates of opportunity!"

But the conception of "Ichabod" is most impressive; those darkening lines were graven too deeply for obliteration. In thought we still picture the deserted leader, the shadow gathering about his "august head," while he reads such words as these:

> "All else is gone; from those great eyes
> The soul has fled:
> When faith is lost, when honor dies,
> The man is dead.
>
> "Then, pay the reverence of old days
> To his dead fame;
> Walk backward, with averted gaze,
> And hide the shame!"

Among our briefer poems on topics of dramatic general interest, I recall but one which equals this in effect,—and that, coming from a hand less familiar than Whittier's, is now almost unknown. I refer to the "Lines on a Great Man Fallen," written by William W. Lord, after the final defeat of Clay, and in scorn of the popular judgment that to be defeated is to fall. The merit of this eloquent piece has been strangely overlooked by the makers of our literary compilations.

It is matter of history that our strictest clerical monitors, during the early struggle for abolition, opposed agitation of the slavery question, and often with a rancor that Holy Willie might envy. Not even this one-sided *odium theologicum* could long debar Whittier from the respect of the church-going classes, for he is the most religious of secular poets, and there is no gainsaying to a believer the virtues of one who guides his course by the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. A worshipful spirit, a savor "whose fragrance smells to heaven," breathes from these pages of the Preacher-Poet's song. The devotional bent of our ancestors was the inheritance of his generation. Domesticity, patriotism, and religion were, and probably still are, American characteristics often determining an author's success or failure. A reverent feeling, emancipated from dogma and imbued with grace, underlies the wholesome morality of our national poets. No country has possessed a group, equal in talent, that has presented more willingly whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report. There is scientific value in an influence, during a race's formative period, so clarifying to the general conscience. We have no proof that the unmorality of a people like the French, with exquisite resources at command, can evolve an art or literature greater than in the end may result from the virile chastity of the Saxon mind. Whittier is the Galahad of modern poets, not emasculate, but vigorous and pure; he has borne Christian's shield of faith and sword of the Spirit. His steadfast insistence upon the primitive conception of Christ as the ransomer of the oppressed had an effect, stronger than argument or partisanship, upon the religiously inclined; and of his lyrics, more than of those by his fellow-poets, it could be averred that the songs of a people go before the laws. Undoubtedly a flavor smacking of the caucus, the jubilee, and other adjuvants of "the cause" is found in some of his polemic strains; but again they are like the trumpeting of passing squadrons, or the muffled drumbeat for chieftains fallen in the fray. The courage that endures the imputation of cowardice, as in "Barclay of Ury," the suffering of man for man, the cry of the human, never fail to move him. He celebrates all brave deeds and acts of renunciation. The heroism of martyrs and resistants, of the Huguenot, the Vaudois, the Quakers, the English reformers, serves him for many a song and ballad. At every pause after some new de-

votion, after some supreme offering by one of his comrades, it was the voice of Whittier that sang the pæan and the requiem. His cry,

> "Thou hast fallen in thine armor,
> Thou martyr of the Lord!"

compares with Turgueneff's thought of the Russian maiden crossing the threshold of dishonor and martyrdom, the crowd crying "Fool!" without, while from within and above a rapturous voice utters the words, "Thou saint!" His sympathy flows to prisoners, emancipationists, throughout the world; and in "The May-Flower" he has a lurking kindness even for the Puritans,— but of the sort that Burns extends to Auld Hornie. This compassion reaches a climax in the lyric of the two angels who are commissioned to ransom hell itself. The injunction to beware of the man of one book applies to the poet whose Bible was interpreted for him by a Quaker mother. Its letter rarely is absent from his verse, and its spirit never. His hymns, than which he composes nothing more spontaneously, are so many acts of faith. The emancipationists certainly fought with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other, — and Whittier's hymns were on their lips. The time came when these were no longer of hope, but of thanksgiving. Often his sacred numbers, such as the "Invocation," have a sonorous effect and positive strength of feeling. It was by the common choice of our poets that he wrote the "Centennial Hymn"; no one else would venture where the priest of song alone should go. The composition begins imposingly:

> "Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
> The centuries fall like grains of sand";

and it is difficult to see how a poem for sacred music, or for such an occasion, could be more adequately wrought.

His occasional and personal pieces reveal his transcendental habit of thought. We find him imagining the after-life of the good, the gifted, the maligned. The actuality of his conceptions is impressive:

> "I have friends in spirit-land;
> Not shadows in a shadowy band,
> Not others, but themselves, are they."

The change is only one from twilight into dawn:

> "*Thou livest, Follen!* — not in vain
> Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
> The burthen of Life's cross of pain."

And in "Snow-Bound" he thus invokes a sister of his youth:

> "And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
> Am I not richer than of old?
> Safe in thy immortality,
> What change can reach the wealth I hold?"

Whittier's religious mood is far from being superficial and temporary. It is the life of his genius, out of which flow his ideas of earthly and heavenly content. In outward observance he is loyal to the simple ways of his own sect, and still a frequenter of the Meeting, where

> "from the silence multiplied
> By these still forms on either side,
> The world that time and sense have known
> Falls off and leaves us God alone."

God should be most, he says,

> "where man is least;
> So, where is neither church nor priest,
> And never rag of form or creed
> To clothe the nakedness of need,—
> Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
> I turn my bell-unsummoned feet."

He clings in this wise to the formal formlessness of the Quakers, as he would cling, doubtless, to the usages of any church in which he had been bred, provided that its creed rested upon the cardinal doctrines of the Master. Channing seemed to him a hero and saint, with whom he could enter into full communion:

> "No bars of sect or clime were felt,—
> The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—
> And at one common altar knelt
> The Quaker and the priest."

With thisliberal inclusion of all true worshipers, he is so much the more impatient of clerical bigotry. "Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" has been often on his lips,— sometimes the outbreak of downright wrath:

> "Woe to the priesthood! woe
> To those whose hire is with the price of blood,—
> Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,
> The searching truths of God!"

at other times varied with grim and humorous contempt, as in "The Pastoral Letter" and "The Haschish"; and never more effectively than in the vivid and stinging ballad of the fugitive slave-girl, captured in the house of God, in spite of tearful and defying women's eyes, and of the stout hands that rise between "the hunter and the flying." Down comes the parson, bowing low:

> "Of course I know your right divine
> To own and work and whip her;
> Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
> Before the wench, and trip her!"

The basic justification of Whittier's religious trust appears to be the "inward light" vouchsafed to a nature in which the prophet and the poet are one. This solvent of doubt removes him alike from the sadness of Clough and Arnold and the paganism of certain other poets. In the striking "Questions of Life," a piece which indicates his highest intellectual

mark and is in affinity with some of Emerson's discourse, he fairly confronts his own share of our modern doubts; questioning earth, air, and heaven; perplexed with the mystery of our alliance to the upper and lower worlds; asking what is this

> "centred self, which feels and is;
> A cry between the silences?"

He finds no resource but to turn, from

> "book and speech of men apart
> To the still witness of my heart."

His repose must come from the direction in which the Concord transcendentalists also have sought for it, the soul's temple irradiated by the presence of the inward light. I have seen a fervent expression of this belief, in a voluntary letter of Whittier's, to a poet who had written an ode concerning intuition as the refuge of the baffled investigator. In fine, the element of faith gives a tone to the whole range of his verse, both religious and secular, and more distinctively than to the work of any other living poet of equal reputation. What he has achieved, then, is greatly due to a force which is the one thing needful in modern life and art. Faith, of some kind, in things as they are or will be, has elevated all great works of human creation. The want of it is felt in that insincere treatment which weakens the builder's, the painter's, and the poet's appeal; since faith leads to rapture and that to exaltation,— the *passio vera*, without which art gains no hold upon the senses and the souls of men.

V.

The leaders of our recent poetic movement, with the exception of Longfellow,— who, like Tennyson and Browning, devoted himself wholly to ideal work,— seem to have figured more distinctively as personages, in both their lives and writings, than their English contemporaries. This remark certainly applies to Poe, Emerson, Whitman, Holmes, and Lowell, and to none more clearly than to the subject of this review. His traits, moreover, have begotten a sentiment of public affection, which, from its constant manifestation, is not to be overlooked in any judgment of his career. In recognition of a beautiful character, critics have not found it needful to measure this native bard with tape and callipers. His service and the spirit of it offset the blemishes which it is their wont to condemn in poets whose exploits are merely technical. A life is on his written page; these are the chants of a soldier, and anon the hymnal of a saint. Contemporary honor is not the final test, but it has its proper bearing,— as in the case of Mrs. Browning, whom I have called the most beloved of English poets. Whittier's audience has been won by unaffected pictures of the scenes to which he was bred, by the purity of his nature, and even more by the *earnestness* audible in his songs, injurious as it sometimes is to their artistic purpose. Like the English sibyl, he has obeyed the heavenly vision, and the verse of poets who still trust their inspiration has its material, as well as spiritual, ebb and flow.

It must be owned that Goethe's calm distinction between the poetry of humanity and that of a high ideal is fully illustrated in Whittier's reform-verse. Yet even his failings have "leaned to virtue's side." Those who gained strength from his music to endure defeat and obloquy cherish him with a devotion beyond measure. For his righteous and tender heart, they would draw him with their own hands, over paths strewed with lilies, to a shrine of peace and remembrance. They comprehend his purpose — that he has "tried to make the world a little better, . . . to awaken a love of freedom, justice, and good will," and to have his name, like Ben Adhem's, enrolled as of "one that loved his fellowmen." In their opinion a grace is added to his poetry by the avowal, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833, than on the title-page of my book."

Our eldest living poet, then, is canonized already by his people as one who left to silence his personal experience, yet entered thoroughly into their joy and sorrow; who has been, like a celibate priest, the consoler of the hearts of others and the keeper of his own; who has best known the work and feeling of the humble household, and whose legend surely might be *Pro aris et focis*. He has stood for New England, also, in his maintenance of her ancient protest against tyranny. He is the veteran of an epoch that can never recur; that scarcely can be equaled, however significant future periods may seem from the artist's point of view. The primitive life, the old struggle for liberty, are idealized in his strains. Much of both his strength and incompleteness is due to his Hebraic nature; for he is the incarnation of Biblical heroism, of the moral energy that breathed alike, through a cycle of change from dogma to reason, in Hooker, Edwards, Parker, Garrison, and Emerson. In his outbursts against oppression and his cries unto the Lord, we recognize the prophetic fervor, still nearer its height in some of his personal poems, which popular instinct long ago attributed to him. Not only of Ezekiel, but also of himself, he

chanted in that early time of anointment and consecration:

> "The burden of a prophet's power
> Fell on me in that fearful hour;
> From off unutterable woes
> The curtain of the future rose;
> I saw far down the coming time
> The fiery chastisement of crime;
> With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
> Of falling towers and shouts of war,
> I saw the nations rise and fall,
> Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall."

Oliver Johnson's tribute, a complement to Parkman's, paid honor to "The Prophet Bard of America, poet of freedom, humanity, and religion; whose words of holy fire aroused the conscience of a guilty nation, and melted the fetters of the slaves." This eulogy from a comrade is the sentiment of a multitude in whose eyes their bard seems almost transfigured by the very words that might be soonest forgotten if precious for their poetry alone. I confess to my own share of this feeling. It may be that he has thought too little of the canons which it is our aim to discover and illustrate; yet it was to him above all that the present writer felt moved to dedicate a volume with the inscription "Ad Vatem," and to invoke for him

> "the Land that loves thee, she whose child
> Thou art,—and whose uplifted hands thou long
> Hast stayed with song arising like a prayer."

For surely no aged servant, his eyes having seen in good time the Lord's salvation, ever was more endowed with the love and reverence of a chosen people. They see him resting in the country of Beulah, and there solacing himself for a season. From this comfortable land, where the air is sweet and pleasant (and he is of those who here have "met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage"), they are not yet willing to have him seek the Golden City of his visions, but would fain adjure him,—

> "And stay thou with us long! vouchsafe us long
> This brave autumnal presence, ere the hues
> Slow-fading, ere the quaver of thy voice,
> The twilight of thine eye, move men to ask
> Where hides the chariot,—in what sunset vale,
> Beyond thy chosen river, champ the steeds
> That wait to bear thee skyward."

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE PRINCE'S LITTLE SWEETHEART.

SHE was very young. No man had ever made love to her before. She belonged to the people, the common people. Her parents were poor, and could not buy any wedding trousseau for her. But that did not make any difference. A carriage was sent from the Court for her, and she was carried away "just as she was," in her stuff gown—the gown the Prince first saw her in. He liked her best in that, he said; and, moreover, what odds did it make about clothes? Were there not rooms upon rooms in the palace, full of the most superb clothes for Princes' Sweethearts?

It was into one of these rooms that she was taken first. On all sides of it were high glass cases reaching up to the ceiling, and filled with gowns, and mantles, and laces, and jewels: everything a woman could wear was there, and all of the very finest. What satins, what velvets, what feathers and flowers! Even down to shoes and stockings, every shade and color of stockings, of the daintiest silk. The Little Sweetheart gazed, breathless, at them all. But she did not have time to wonder, for in a moment more she was met by attendants, some young, some old, all dressed gayly. She did not dream at first that they were servants, till they began, all together, asking her what she would like to put on. Would she have a lace gown, or a satin? Would she like feathers, or flowers? And one ran this way, and one that; and among them all, the Little Sweetheart was so flustered she did not know if she were really alive and on the earth, or had been transported to some fairy land; and before she fairly realized what was being done, they had her clad in the most beautiful gown that was ever seen. White satin with gold butterflies on it, and a white lace mantle embroidered in gold butterflies; all white and gold she was, from top to toe, all but one foot: and there was something very odd about that. She heard one of the women whispering to the other, behind her back: "It is too bad there isn't any mate to this slipper. Well, she will have to wear this pink one. It is too big, but if we pin it up at the heel she can keep it on. The Prince really must get some more slippers."

And then they put on her left foot a pink satin slipper, which was so much too big it had to be pinned up in plaits at each side, and the pearl buckle on the top hid her foot quite out of sight. But the Little Sweetheart did not care. In fact she had no time to think, for the Queen came sailing in and

spoke to her, and crowds of ladies in dresses so bright and beautiful that they dazzled her eyes; and the Prince was there kissing her, and in a minute they were married, and went floating off in a dance, which was so swift it did not feel so much like dancing as it did like being carried through the air by a gentle wind.

Through room after room,—there seemed no end to the rooms, and each one more beautiful than the last,—from garden to garden, some full of trees, some with beautiful lakes in them, some full of solid beds of flowers, they went, sometimes dancing, sometimes walking, sometimes, it seemed to the Little Sweetheart, floating. Every hour there was some new beautiful thing to see, some new beautiful thing to do. And the Prince never left her for more than a few minutes; and when he came back he brought her gifts and kissed her. Gifts upon gifts he kept bringing, till the Little Sweetheart's hands were so full she had to lay the things down on tables or window-sills, wherever she could find place for them, which was not easy, for all the rooms were so full of beautiful things that it was difficult to move about without knocking something down.

The hours flew by like minutes. The sun came up high in the heavens, but nobody seemed tired; nobody stopped; dance, dance, whirl, whirl, song, and laughter, and ceaseless motion. That was all that was to be seen or heard in this wonderful Court to which the Little Sweetheart had been brought.

Noon came, but nothing stopped. Nobody left off dancing, and the musicians played faster than ever.

And so it was all the long afternoon and through the twilight; and as soon as it was really dark, all the rooms, and the gardens, and the lakes blazed out with millions of lamps, till it was lighter far than day, and the ladies' dresses, as they danced back and forth, shone and sparkled like butterflies' wings.

At last the lamps began, one by one, to go out, and by degrees a soft sort of light, like moonlight, settled down on the whole place, and the fine-dressed servants that had robed the Little Sweetheart in her white satin gown took it off, and put her to bed in a gold bedstead, with golden silk sheets.

"Oh!" thought the Little Sweetheart, "I shall never go to sleep in the world; and I'm sure I don't want to! I shall just keep my eyes open all night and see what happens next."

All the beautiful clothes she had taken off were laid on a sofa near the bed—the white satin dress at top, and the big pink satin slipper, with its huge pearl buckle, on the floor, in plain sight. "Where is the other?" thought the Little Sweetheart. "I do believe I lost it off. That's the way they come to have so many odd ones. But, how queer, I lost off the tight one! But the big one was pinned to my foot," she said, speaking out loud before she thought. "That was what kept it on."

"You are talking in your sleep, my love," said the Prince, who was close by her side, kissing her.

"Indeed I am not asleep at all. I haven't shut my eyes," said the Little Sweetheart.

And the next thing she knew it was broad daylight, the sun streaming into her room, and the air resounding in all directions with music and laughter, and flying steps of dancers, just as it had been yesterday.

The Little Sweetheart sat up in bed and looked around her. She thought it very strange that she was all alone, the Prince gone, no one there to attend to her; in a few moments more she noticed that all her clothes were gone too.

"Oh," she thought, "I suppose one never wears the same clothes twice in this Court, and they will bring me others. I hope there will be two slippers alike to-day."

Presently she began to grow impatient; but, being a timid little creature, and having never before seen the inside of a Court or been a Prince's Sweetheart, she did not venture to stir or to make any sound, only sat still in her bed, waiting to see what would happen. At last she could not bear the sounds of the dancing, and laughing, and playing, and singing any longer. So she jumped up, and, rolling one of the golden silk sheets around her, looked out of the window. There they all were, the crowds of gay people, just as they had been the day before when she was among them, whirling, dancing, laughing, singing. The tears came into the Little Sweetheart's eyes as she gazed. What could it mean that she was deserted in this way, not even her clothes left for her? She was as much a prisoner in her room as if the door had been locked.

As hour after hour passed, a new misery began to oppress her. She was hungry, seriously, distressingly hungry. She had been too happy to eat, the day before. Though she had sipped and tasted many delicious beverages and viands, which the Prince had pressed upon her, she had not taken any substantial food, and now she began to feel faint for the want of it. As noon drew near, the time at which she was accustomed in her father's house to eat dinner, the pangs of her hunger grew unbearable.

"I can't bear it another minute," she said to herself. "I must and I will have something to eat. I will slip down by some back way to the kitchen. There must be a kitchen, I suppose."

So saying, she opened one of the doors and timidly peered into the next room. It chanced to be the room with the great glass cases full of fine gowns and laces, where she had been dressed by the obsequious attendants on the previous day. No one was in the room. Glancing fearfully in all directions, she rolled the golden silk sheet tightly around her, and flew, rather than ran, across the floor and took hold of the handle of one of the glass doors. Alas, it was locked. She tried another, another; all were locked. In despair she turned to fly back to her bedroom, when suddenly she spied on the floor, in a corner close by the case where hung her beautiful white satin dress, a little heap of what looked like brown rags. She darted toward it, snatched it from the floor, and in a second more was safe back in her room. It was her own old stuff gown.

"What luck!" said the Little Sweetheart; "nobody will ever know me in this. I'll put it on and creep down the back stairs, and beg a mouthful of food from some of the servants, and they'll never know who I am; and then I'll go back to bed, and stay there till the Prince comes to fetch me. Of course he will come before long; and if he comes and finds me gone, I hope he will be frightened half to death, and think I have been carried off by robbers!"

Poor foolish Little Sweetheart! It did not take her many seconds to slip into the ragged old stuff gown; then she crept out, keeping close to the walls, so that she could hide behind the furniture if any one saw her.

She listened cautiously at each door before she opened it, and turned away from some where she heard sounds of merry talking and laughing. In the third room that she entered she saw a sight that arrested her instantly and made her cry out in astonishment: a girl, who looked so much like her that she might have been her own sister, and, what was stranger, wore a brown stuff gown exactly like her own, was busily at work in this room with a big broom killing spiders. As the Little Sweetheart appeared in the doorway, this girl looked up and said, "Oh, ho! There you are, are you? I thought you'd be out before long." And then she laughed unpleasantly.

"Who are you?" said the Little Sweetheart, beginning to tremble all over.

"Oh, I'm a Prince's Sweetheart," said the girl, laughing still more unpleasantly; and, leaning on her broom, she stared at the Little Sweetheart from top to toe.

"But ——" began the Little Sweetheart.

"Oh, we're all Princes' Sweethearts," interrupted several voices, coming all at once from different corners of the big room; and before the Little Sweetheart could get out another word, she found herself surrounded by half a dozen or more girls and women, all carrying brooms, and all laughing unpleasantly as they looked at her.

"What!" she gasped, as she gazed at their stuff gowns and their brooms. "You were all of you Princes' Sweethearts? Is it only for one day, then?"

"Only for one day," they all replied.

"And always after that do you have to kill spiders?" she cried.

"Yes; that or nothing," they said. "You see it is a great deal of work to keep all the rooms in this Court clean."

"Isn't it very dull work to kill spiders?" said the Little Sweetheart.

"Yes, very," they said, all speaking at once. "But it's better than sitting still, doing nothing."

"Don't the Princes ever speak to you?" sobbed the Little Sweetheart.

"Yes, sometimes," they answered.

Just then the Little Sweetheart's own Prince came hurrying by, all in armor from head to foot, splendid shining armor that clinked as he walked.

"Oh, there he is!" cried the Little Sweetheart, springing forward; then suddenly she recollected her stuff gown, and shrunk back into the group. But the Prince had seen her.

"Oh, how d'do!" he said kindly. "I was wondering what had become of you. Good-bye! I'm off for the grand review to-day. Don't tire yourself out over the spiders. Good-bye!" and he was gone.

"I hate him!" cried the Little Sweetheart, her eyes flashing and her cheeks scarlet.

"Oh, no, you don't!" exclaimed all the spider-sweepers. "That's the worst of it. You may think you do, but you don't. You love him all the time after you've once begun."

"I'll go home!" said the Little Sweetheart.

"You can't," said the others. "It is not permitted."

"Is it always just like this, in this Court?" she asked.

"Yes, always the same. One day just like another; all whirl and dance from morning till night, and new people coming and going all the time, and spiders most of all. You can't think how fast brooms wear out in this Court!"

"I'll die!" said the Little Sweetheart.

"Oh, no, you won't," they said. "There are some of us, in some of the rooms here, that are wrinkled and gray-haired. The most of the Sweethearts live to be old."

"Do they?" said the Little Sweetheart, and burst into tears. . . .

Helen Jackson ("H. H.")

BROKEN WINGS.

GRAY-HEADED poets, whom the full years bless
With life and health and chance still multiplied
To hold your forward course — fame and success
Close at your side; —

Who easier won your bays because the fields
Lacked reapers: — time has been your helper long;
Rich are the crops your busy tillage yields —
Your arms still strong.

Honor to you, your talent and your truth.
As ye have soared and sung, still may you sing.
Yet we remember some who fell in youth
With broken wing.

Names nigh forgotten now, by time erased,
Or else placarded o'er by those long known.
Had fate permitted, might they not have blazed
Beside your own?

Ah, yes, due fame for all who have achieved.
And yet a thought for those who died too young —
Their green fruit dropped,— their visions half conceived,—
Their lays unsung!

A tribute song for them! Reach forth, renowned
And honored ones, from your green sunny glades,
And grasp their spirit-hands, the bards uncrowned
Amid the shades!

Not those whom glory follows to a bier
Enshrined in marble, decked with costly flowers.
The loud world speaks their praise from year to year.
They need not ours.

But for the dead whose promise failed through death;
The great who might have been, whose early bloom
Dropping like roses in the north wind's breath,
Found but a tomb.

Yet it may be, in some bright land, unchecked
By fate — some fair Elysian field unknown,
Their brows by brighter laurel wreaths are decked,
Their seat a throne;

While spirits of the illustrious dead, the seers,
Prophets, and poets of the olden days
Mingle, perchance, with theirs, as with their peers,
Immortal lays!

C. P. Cranch.

MOURNING HER BRAVE.

[Engraved by H. Davidson from the painting by George de Forest Brush, in the possession of Thomas B. Clark, Esq.]

AN ARTIST AMONG THE INDIANS.

[THE pictures of one of the younger artists of America, Mr. George de Forest Brush, have attracted attention in recent exhibitions for their original and vigorous rendering of scenes among the aborigines of the North American continent. Two of these paintings in oil we are permitted to reproduce here by means of wood-engraving — "Mourning her Brave," engraved by Mr. H. Davidson, and "The Picture-Writer," engraved by Mr. J. H. E. Whitney. We call attention also to the same artist's illustrations to "How Squire Coyote brought Fire to the Cahrocs," in THE CENTURY for January, 1885. At our request Mr. Brush has written out a few notes with regard to the Indians as subjects of pictorial art. — THE EDITOR.]

EVERY one who goes far West sees about the streets of the little railroad towns a few Indians. The squaws are fat and prematurely wrinkled; the men give the impression of dark-skinned tramps, and we seldom look under their dirty old felt hats to study their features. Certainly, when one first sees these wretched creatures, and recalls the pictures in the geography, the pages of travelers, or the imagery which the musical and high-sounding names — such as Crow Nation or Land of the Dakotas — awoke within him when a boy, there is some reason for feeling as if one had been deceived; as if a false charm had been thrown around these poor brutes. This, indeed, is the feeling of most people in the East to-day regarding Indians. One cannot speak of them without the certain response, "Well, as for me, I have not much faith in the noble red man"; and so deep is the prejudice against them that travelers who are aware of this sentiment, and who have lived long among the aborigines, knowing how much of interest and good there is to be told, are tempted to counterbalance prejudice with over-statement; they exaggerate the beauty and suppress all mention of the ugly that is to be found in their manners and life. In reading Catlin, one is oppressed with a certain partiality, a constant tendency to throw into relief all their good and to subordinate the bad.

It is true that, from the point of view of the civilized merchant, who loves one woman, lives in a stone mansion, and tastes the sweets of intellectual life, they are a sad sight, with their limited enjoyments, licentiousness, and coarse palates that can relish a boiled dog,— their old people blind and dirty, with brutal jaws and uncombed hair, and blood on the faces of old women, who have cut themselves in mourning, and which they refuse to wash off. But the question whether they are fit to enter the kingdom of heaven is apart from that of their artistic interest. Many people fail to see this; but such persons are as badly off as the farmer who lived in the house of a celebrated author which I went to sketch. On learning my errand, the old man eyed the moss-covered shingles and defective chimney with a mixed look of humor and humiliation, and questioned whether it would not be better to return in the spring, when he hoped to have a new house in its place!

All that Rembrandt asked of the human figure was that it might exhibit light and shade; he never looked for pretty people, but found in this aspect of things a life-work. It is not necessary that an Indian learn to spell and make changes before we see that his long locks are beautiful as he rides against the prairie winds. A hawk is cruel, yet who has not loved to watch its spiral course in the summer heavens?

It is also a mistake to suppose that Indians are all homely. A really handsome squaw is rare, but there are more superb and symmetrical men among them than I have ever seen elsewhere, their beardless faces reminding one always of the antique; these are not rare, but are to be seen at every dance, where they are mostly naked, decorated in feathers and light fineries. Their constant light exercise, frequent steam-baths, and freedom from overwork develop the body in a manner only equaled, I must believe, by the Greek.

When we study them in their own homes, see them well fed, independent, unembarrassed, dressed in their elk-skins and feathers, dancing nearly nude when the November snows lie deep upon the ground, smoking their long pipes and chatting with the children about the door of the lodge, or sadly climbing the brown October foot-hills to bury a departed villager on some chosen cliff,— then they are beautiful. It is when we detach them from all thoughts of what we would have them be, and enjoy them as part of the landscape, that they fill us with lovely emotions. The vulgar think that only roses are beautiful; but the weed which we root up also illustrates the divine law of harmony. It is not by trying to imagine the Indian something finer than he is that the artistic sense finds delight in him.

We do not miss human refinement in the sow and her litter; we admire them, as we look over the old fence, simply as pigs, their tiny pink feet plunging into the trough in their

THE PICTURE-WRITER.

[Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney from the painting by George de Forest Brush, in the possession of Washington Wilson, Esq.]

greed, and the little black brother trying to find room. The beauty of the maid who brings their food does not lessen theirs. So the Indian is a part of nature, and is no more ridiculous than the smoke that curls up from the wigwam, or the rock and pines on the mountain-side.

The custom of mourning the dead, as represented in the picture, is common to all the tribes of the North-west, I believe. I have witnessed it daily among the Crows. I know that we do not mourn in this manner, but death and grief we are all acquainted with. In the picture I was afraid of making the body too prominent, on account of the effect in the composition. In the engraving I fear the point is quite lost, and does need explanation. "The Picture-Writer" is supposed to be a scene in the interior of a Mandan lodge. The Mandans were not a roving tribe, but built these large huts of poles and mud, and raised corn.

But in choosing Indians as subjects for art, I do not paint from the historian's or the antiquary's point of view; I do not care to represent them in any curious habits which could not be comprehended by us; I am interested in those habits and deeds in which we have feelings in common. Therefore, I hesitate to attempt to add any interest to my pictures by supplying historical facts. If I were required to resort to this in order to bring out the poetry, I would drop the subject at once.

George de Forest Brush.

MAY-BLOOM.

Oh, for You that I never knew! —
Now that the Spring is swelling,
And over the way is a whitening may,
In the yard of my neighbor's dwelling.

Oh, may, oho! do your sisters blow
Out there in the country grasses —
A-mocking the white of the cloudlet light,
That up in the blue sky passes?

Here in town the grass it is brown,
Right under your beautiful clusters;
But your sisters thrive where the sward's alive
With emerald lights and lustres.

Dream of my dreams! vision that seems
Ever to scorn my praying,
Love that I wait, face of my fate,
Come with me now a-maying!

Soul of my song! all my life long
Looking for you I wander;
Long have I sought — shall I find naught,
Under the may-bushes yonder?

Oh, for You that I never knew,
Only in dreams that bind you! —
By Spring's own grace I shall know your face,
When under the may I find you!

H. C. Bunner.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XV.

TARRANT, however, kept an eye in that direction; he was solemnly civil to Miss Chancellor, handed her the dishes at table over and over again, and ventured to intimate that the apple-fritters were very fine; but, save for this, alluded to nothing more trivial than the regeneration of humanity and the strong hope he felt that Miss Birdseye would again have one of her delightful gatherings. With regard to this latter point, he explained that it was not in order that he might again present his daughter to the company, but simply because on such occasions there was a valuable interchange of hopeful thought, a contact of mind with mind. If Verena had anything suggestive to contribute to the social problem, the opportunity would come — that was part of their faith. They couldn't reach out for it and try and push their way; if they were wanted, their hour would strike; if they were not, they would just keep still and let others press forward who seemed to be called. If they were called, they would know it; and if they weren't, they could just hold on to each other as they had always done. Tarrant was very fond of alternatives, and he mentioned several others; it was never his fault if his listeners failed to think him impartial. They hadn't much, as Miss Chancellor could see; she could tell by their manner of life that they hadn't raked in the dollars; but they had faith that, whether one raised one's voice or simply worked on in silence, the principal difficulties would straighten themselves out; and they had also a considerable experience of great questions. Tarrant spoke as if, as a family, they were prepared to take charge of them on moderate terms. He always said "ma'am" in speaking to Olive, to whom, moreover, the air had never been so filled with the sound of her own name. It was always in her ear, save when Mrs. Tarrant and Verena conversed in prolonged and ingenuous asides; this was still for her benefit, but the pronoun sufficed them. She had wished to judge Dr. Tarrant (not that she believed he had come honestly by his title) to make up her mind. She had done these things now, and she expressed to herself the kind of man she believed him to be in reflecting that if she should offer him ten thousand dollars to renounce all claim to Verena, keeping — he and his wife — clear of her for the rest of time, he would probably say, with his fearful smile, "Make it twenty, money down, and I'll do it." Some image of this transaction, as one of the possibilities of the future, outlined itself for Olive among the moral incisions of that evening. It seemed implied in the very place, the bald bareness of Tarrant's temporary lair, a wooden cottage, with a rough front yard, a little naked piazza, which seemed rather to expose than to protect, facing upon an unpaved road, in which the footway was overlaid with a strip of planks. These planks were embedded in ice or in liquid thaw, according to the momentary mood of the weather, and the advancing pedestrian traversed them in the attitude, and with a good deal of the suspense, of a rope-dancer. There was nothing in the house to speak of; nothing, to Olive's sense, but a smell of kerosene; though she had a consciousness of sitting down somewhere,— the object creaked and rocked beneath her,— and of the table at tea being covered with a cloth stamped in bright colors.

As regards the pecuniary transaction with Selah, it was strange how she should have seen it through the conviction that Verena would never give up her parents. Olive was sure that she would never turn her back upon them, would always share with them. She would have despised her had she thought her capable of another course; yet it baffled her to understand why, when parents were so trashy, this natural law should not be suspended. Such a question brought her back, however, to her perpetual enigma, the mystery she had already turned over in her mind for hours together,— the wonder of such people being Verena's progenitors at all. She had explained it, as we explain all exceptional things, by making the part, as the French say, of the miraculous. She had come to consider the girl as a wonder of wonders, to hold that no human origin, however congruous it might superficially appear, would sufficiently account for her; that her springing up between Selah and his wife was an exquisite whim of the creative force; and that in such a case a

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few shades more or less of the inexplicable didn't matter. It was notorious that great beauties, great geniuses, great characters, take their own times and places for coming into the world, leaving the gaping spectators to make them "fit in," and holding from far-off ancestors, or even, perhaps, straight from the divine generosity, much more than from their ugly or stupid progenitors. They were incalculable phenomena, anyway, as Selah would have said. Verena, for Olive, was the very type and model of the "gifted being"; her qualities had not been bought and paid for; they were like some brilliant birthday present, left at the door by an unknown messenger, to be delightful for ever as an inexhaustible legacy, and amusing for ever from the obscurity of its source. They were superabundantly crude as yet,—happily for Olive, who promised herself, as we know, to train and polish them,—but they were as genuine as fruit and flowers, as the glow of the fire or the plash of water. For her scrutinizing friend Verena had the disposition of the artist, the spirit to which all charming forms come easily and naturally. It required an effort at first to imagine an artist so untaught, so mistaught, so poor in experience; but then it required an effort also to imagine people like the old Tarrants, or a life so full as her life had been of ugly things. Only an exquisite creature could have resisted such associations, only a girl who had some natural light, some divine spark of taste. There were people like that, fresh from the hand of Omnipotence; they were far from common, but their existence was as incontestable as it was beneficent.

Tarrant's talk about his daughter, her prospects, her enthusiasm, was terribly painful to Olive; it brought back to her what she had suffered already from the idea that he laid his hands upon her to make her speak. That he should be mixed up in any way with this exercise of her genius was a great injury to the cause, and Olive had already determined that in future Verena should dispense with his co-operation. The girl had virtually confessed that she lent herself to it only because it gave him pleasure, and that anything else would do as well, anything that would make her quiet a little before she began to "give out." Olive took upon herself to believe that *she* could make her quiet, though, certainly, she had never had that effect upon any one; she would mount the platform with Verena if necessary, and lay her hands upon her head. Why in the world had a perverse fate decreed that Tarrant should take an interest in the affairs of Woman — as if she wanted *his* aid to arrive at her goal; a charlatan of the poor, lean, shabby sort, without the humor, brilliancy, prestige, which sometimes throw a drapery over shallowness? Mr. Pardon evidently took an interest as well, and there was something in his appearance that seemed to say that his sympathy would not be dangerous. He was much at his ease, plainly, beneath the roof of the Tarrants, and Olive reflected that though Verena had told her much about him, she had not given her the idea that he was as intimate as that. What she had mainly said was that he sometimes took her to the theater. Olive could enter, to a certain extent, into that; she herself had had a phase (some time after her father's death,— her mother's had preceded his,— when she bought the little house in Charles street and began to live alone) during which she accompanied gentlemen to respectable places of amusement. She was accordingly not shocked at the idea of such adventures on Verena's part; than which, indeed, judging from her own experience, nothing could well have been less adventurous. Her recollections of these expeditions were as of something solemn and edifying — of the earnest interest in her welfare exhibited by her companion (there were few occasions on which the young Bostonian appeared to more advantage), of the comfort of other friends sitting near, who were sure to know whom she was with, of serious discussion between the acts in regard to the behavior of the characters in the piece, and of the speech at the end with which, as the young man quitted her at her door, she rewarded his civility — "I must thank you for a very pleasant evening." She always felt that she made that too prim; her lips stiffened themselves as she spoke. But the whole affair had always a primness; this was discernible even to Olive's very limited sense of humor. It was not so religious as going to evening service at King's Chapel; but it was the next thing to it. Of course all girls didn't do it; there were families that viewed such a custom with disfavor. But this was where the girls were of the romping sort; there had to be some things they were known not to do. As a general thing, moreover, the practice was confined to the decorous; it was a sign of culture and quiet tastes. All this made it innocent for Verena, whose life had exposed her to much worse dangers; but the thing referred itself in Olive's mind to a danger which cast a perpetual shadow there — the possibility of the girl's embarking with some ingenuous youth on an expedition that would last much longer than an evening. She was haunted, in a word, with the fear that Verena would marry, a fate to which she was altogether unprepared to surrender her; and this made her look with suspicion upon all male acquaintances.

Mr. Pardon was not the only one she knew; she had an example of the rest in the persons of two young Harvard law-students, who presented themselves after tea on this same occasion. As they sat there Olive wondered whether Verena had kept something from her, whether she were, after all (like so many other girls in Cambridge), a college "belle," an object of frequentation to undergraduates. It was natural that at the seat of a big university there should be girls like that, with students dangling after them, but she didn't want Verena to be one of them. There were some that received the Seniors and Juniors; others that were accessible to Sophomores and Freshmen. Certain young ladies distinguished the professional students; there was a group, even, that was on the best terms with the young men who were studying for the Unitarian ministry in that queer little barrack at the end of Divinity Avenue. The advent of the new visitors made Mrs. Tarrant bustle immensely; but after she had caused every one to change places two or three times with every one else, the company subsided into a circle, which was occasionally broken by wandering movements on the part of her husband, who, in the absence of anything to say on any subject whatever, placed himself at different points in listening attitudes, shaking his head slowly up and down, and gazing at the carpet with an air of supernatural attention. Mrs. Tarrant asked the young men from the Law School about their studies, and whether they meant to follow them up seriously; said she thought some of the laws were very unjust, and she hoped they meant to try and improve them. She had suffered by the laws herself, at the time her father died; she hadn't got half the prop'ty she should have got if they had been different. She thought they should be for public matters, not for people's private affairs; the idea always seemed to her to keep you down if you *were* down, and to hedge you in with difficulties. Sometimes she thought it was a wonder how she had developed in the face of so many; but it was a proof that freedom was everywhere, if you only knew how to look for it.

The two young men were in the best humor; they greeted these sallies with a merriment of which, though it was courteous in form, Olive was by no means unable to define the spirit. They talked naturally more with Verena than with her mother; and, while they were so engaged, Mrs. Tarrant explained to her who they were, and how one of them, the smaller, who was not quite so spruce, had brought the other, his particular friend, to introduce him. This friend, Mr. Burrage, was from New York; he was very fashionable, he went out a great deal in Boston ("I have no doubt you know some of the places," said Mrs. Tarrant); his father was very rich.

"Well, he knows plenty of that sort," Mrs. Tarrant went on, "but he felt unsatisfied; he didn't know any one like *us*. He told Mr. Gracie (that's the little one) that he felt as if he *must;* it seemed as if he couldn't hold out. So we told Mr. Gracie, of course, to bring him right round. Well, I hope he'll get something from us, I'm sure. He has been reported to be engaged to Miss Winkworth; I have no doubt you know who I mean. But Mr. Gracie says he hasn't looked at her more than twice. That's the way rumors fly round in that set, I presume. Well, I am glad we are not in it, wherever we are! Mr. Gracie is very different; he is intensely plain, but I believe he is very learned. You don't think him plain? oh, you don't know? Well, I suppose you don't care, you must see so many. But I must say, when a young man looks like that, I call him painfully plain. I heard Doctor Tarrant make the remark the last time he was here. I don't say but what the plainest are the best. Well, I had no idea we were going to have a party when I asked you. I wonder whether Verena hadn't better hand the cake, we generally find the students enjoy it so much?"

This office was ultimately delegated to Selah, who, after a considerable absence, reappeared with a dish of dainties, which he presented successively to each member of the company. Olive saw Verena lavish her smiles on Mr. Gracie and Mr. Burrage; the liveliest relation had established itself, and the latter gentleman in especial abounded in appreciative laughter. It might have been fancied, just from looking at the group, that Verena's vocation was to smile and talk with young men who bent towards her; might have been fancied, that is, by a person less sure of the contrary than Olive, who had reason to know that a "gifted being" is sent into the world for a very different purpose, and that making the time pass pleasantly for conceited young men is the last duty you are bound to think of if you happen to have a talent for embodying a cause. Olive tried to be glad that her friend had the richness of nature that makes a woman gracious without latent purposes; she reflected that Verena was not in the smallest degree a flirt, that she was only enchantingly and universally genial, that nature had given her a beautiful smile, which fell impartially on every one, man and woman, alike. Olive may have been right, but it shall be confided to the reader that in reality she never knew, by any sense of her own, whether Verena were a flirt or not. This young lady could not possibly have told her (even if she herself knew, which she didn't), and Olive,

destitute of the quality, had no means of taking the measure in another of the subtle feminine desire to please. She could see the difference between Mr. Gracie and Mr. Burrage; her being bored by Mrs. Tarrant's attempting to point it out is perhaps a proof of that. It was a curious incident of her zeal for the regeneration of her sex that manly things were, perhaps, on the whole, what she understood best. Mr. Burrage was rather a handsome youth, with a laughing, clever face, a certain sumptuosity of apparel, an air of belonging to the *jeunesse dorée*,—a precocious, good-natured man of the world, curious of new sensations, and containing, perhaps, the making of a *dilettante*. Being, doubtless, a little ambitious, and liking to flatter himself that he appreciated worth in lowly forms, he had associated himself with the ruder but at the same time acuter personality of a genuine son of New England, who had a harder head than his own and a humor in reality more cynical, and who, having earlier knowledge of the Tarrants, had undertaken to show him something indigenous and curious, possibly even fascinating. Mr. Gracie was short, with a big head; he wore eye-glasses, looked unkempt, almost rustic, and said good things with his ugly mouth. Verena had replies for a good many of them, and a pretty color came into her face as she talked. Olive could see that she produced herself quite as well as one of these gentlemen had foretold the other that she would. Miss Chancellor knew what had passed between them as well as if she had heard it; Mr. Gracie had promised that he would lead her on, that she should justify his description and prove the raciest of her class. They would laugh about her as they went away, lighting their cigars, and for many days afterwards their discourse would be enlivened with quotations from the "woman's rights girl."

It was amazing how many ways men had of being antipathetic; these two were very different from Basil Ransom, and different from each other, and yet the manner of each conveyed an insult to one's womanhood. The worst of the case was that Verena would be sure not to perceive this outrage — not to dislike them in consequence. There were so many things that she hadn't yet learned to dislike, in spite of her friend's earnest efforts to teach her. She had the idea vividly (that was the marvel) of the cruelty of man, of his immemorial injustice; but it remained abstract, platonic; she didn't detest him in consequence. What was the use of her having that sharp, inspired vision of the history of the sex (it was, as she had said herself, exactly like Joan of Arc's absolutely supernatural apprehension of the state of France) if she wasn't going to carry it out, if she was going to behave as the ordinary pusillanimous, conventional young lady? It was all very well for her to have said that first day that she would renounce: did she look, at such a moment as this, like a young woman who had renounced? Suppose this glittering, laughing Burrage youth, with his chains and rings and shining shoes, should fall in love with her and try to bribe her, with his great possessions, to practice renunciation of another kind — to give up her holy work and to go with him to New York, there to live as his wife, partly bullied, partly pampered, in the accustomed Burrage manner? There was as little comfort for Olive as there had been on the whole alarm in the recollection of that off-hand speech of Verena's about her preference for "free unions." This had been mere maiden flippancy; she had not known the meaning of what she said. Though she had grown up among people who took for granted all sorts of queer laxities, she had kept the consummate innocence of the American girl, that innocence which was the greatest of all, for it had survived the abolition of the walls and locks elsewhere so jealously maintained; and of the various remarks that had dropped from Verena expressing this quality, that startling observation certainly expressed it most. It implied, at any rate, that unions of some kind or other had her approval, and did not exclude the dangers that might arise from encounters with young men in search of sensations.

XVI.

Mr. Pardon, as Olive observed, was a little out of this combination; but he was not a person to allow himself to droop. He came and seated himself by Miss Chancellor and broached a literary subject; he asked her if she were following any of the current "serials" in the magazines. On her telling him that she never followed anything of that sort, he undertook a defense of the serial system, which she presently reminded him that she had not attacked. He was not discouraged by this retort, but glided gracefully off to the question of Mount Desert; conversation on some subject or other being evidently a necessity of his nature. He talked very quickly and softly, with words, and even sentences, imperfectly formed; there was a certain amiable flatness in his tone, and he abounded in exclamations — "Goodness gracious!" and "Mercy on us!" — not much in use among the sex whose profanity is apt to be coarse. He had small, fair features, remarkably neat, and pretty eyes, and a mustache that he caressed, and an air of juvenility much at variance with his grizzled

locks, and the free familiar reference in which he was apt to indulge to his career as a journalist. His friends knew that, in spite of his delicacy and his prattle, he was what they called a live man; his appearance was perfectly reconcilable with a large degree of literary enterprise. It should be explained that for the most part they attached to this idea the same meaning as Selah Tarrant — the frequentation of the newspapers, the cultivation of the great arts of publicity. For this ingenuous son of his age, all distinction between the person and the artist had ceased to exist; the writer was personal, the person food for newsboys, and everything and every one were every one's business. All things, with him, referred themselves to print, and print meant simply infinite reporting, a promptitude of announcement, abusive when necessary, or even when not about his fellow-citizens. He poured contumely on their private life, on their personal appearance, with the best conscience in the world. His faith, again, was the faith of Selah Tarrant — that being in the newspapers is a condition of bliss, and that it would be fastidious to question the terms of the privilege. He was an *enfant de la balle*, as the French say. He had begun his career, at the age of fourteen, by going the rounds of the hotels, to cull flowers from the big, greasy registers which lie on the marble counters; and he might flatter himself that he had contributed in his measure, and on behalf of a vigilant public opinion, the pride of a Democratic State, to the great end of preventing the American citizen from attempting clandestine journeys. Since then he had ascended other steps of the same ladder; he was the most brilliant young interviewer on the Boston press. He was particularly successful in drawing out the ladies; he had condensed into shorthand many of the most celebrated women of his time,—some of these daughters of fame were very voluminous,— and he was supposed to have a remarkably insinuating way of waiting upon *prime donne* and actresses the morning after their arrival, or sometimes the very evening, while their luggage was being brought up. He was only twenty-eight years old, and, with his hoary head, was a thoroughly modern young man; he had no idea of not taking advantage of all the modern conveniences. He regarded the mission of mankind upon earth as a perpetual evolution of telegrams; everything to him was very much the same, he had no sense of proportion or quality; but the newest thing was what came nearest exciting in his mind the sentiment of respect. He was an object of extreme admiration to Selah Tarrant, who believed that he had mastered all the secrets of success, and who, when Mrs. Tarrant remarked (as she had done more than once) that it looked as if Mr. Pardon was really coming after Verena, declared that if he was, he was one of the few young men he should want to see in that connection, one of the few he should be willing to allow to handle her. It was Tarrant's conviction that if Matthias Pardon should seek Verena in marriage, it would be with a view to producing her in public; and the advantage for the girl of having a husband who was at the same time reporter, interviewer, manager, agent, who had the command of the principal "dailies," would write her up and work her, as it were, scientifically — the attraction of all this was too obvious to be insisted on. Matthias had a mean opinion of Tarrant, thought him quite second-rate, a votary of played-out causes. It was his impression that he himself was in love with Verena, but his passion was not a jealous one, and included a remarkable disposition to share the object of his affection with the American people.

He talked some time to Olive about Mount Desert, told her that in his letters he had described the company at the different hotels. He remarked, however, that a correspondent suffered a good deal to-day from the competition of the "lady writers"; the sort of article they produced was sometimes more acceptable to the papers. He supposed she would be glad to hear that — he knew she was so interested in woman's having a free field. They certainly made lovely correspondents; they picked up something bright before you could turn round; there wasn't much you could keep away from them; you had to be lively if you wanted to get there first. Of course, they were naturally more chatty, and that was the style of literature that seemed to take most to-day; only they didn't write much but what ladies would want to read. Of course, he knew there were millions of lady readers, but he intimated that *he* didn't address himself exclusively to the gynecæum; he tried to put in something that would interest all grades. If you read a lady's letter you knew pretty well in advance what you would find. Now, what he tried for was that you shouldn't have the least idea; he always tried to have something that would make you jump. Mr. Pardon was not conceited more, at least, than is proper when youth and success go hand in hand, and it was natural he should not know in what spirit Miss Chancellor listened to him. Being aware that she was a woman of culture, his desire was simply to supply her with the pabulum that she would expect. She thought him very inferior; she had heard he was intensely bright, but there was probably some mistake; there couldn't

be any danger for Verena from a mind that took merely a gossip's view of great tendencies. Besides, he wasn't half educated, and it was her belief, or at least her hope, that an educative process was now going on for Verena (under her own direction) which would enable her to make such a discovery for herself. Olive had a standing quarrel with the levity, the good-nature of the judgments of the day; many of them seemed to her weak to imbecility, losing sight of all measures and standards, lavishing superlatives, delighted to be fooled. The age seemed to her relaxed and demoralized, and I believe she looked to the influx of the great feminine element to make it feel and speak more sharply.

"Well, it's a privilege to hear you two talk together," Mrs. Tarrant said to her; "it's what I call real conversation. It isn't often we have anything so fresh; it makes me feel as if I wanted to join in. I scarcely know whom to listen to most; Verena seems to be having such a time with those gentlemen. First I catch one thing and then another; it seems as if I couldn't take it all in. Perhaps I ought to pay more attention to Mr. Burrage; I don't want him to think we are not so cordial as they are in New York."

She decided to draw nearer to the trio on the other side of the room, for she had perceived (as she devoutly hoped Miss Chancellor had not) that Verena was endeavoring to persuade either of her companions to go and talk to her dear friend, and that these unscrupulous young men, after a glance over their shoulder, appeared to plead for remission, to intimate that this was not what they had come round for. Selah wandered out of the room again with his collection of cakes, and Mr. Pardon began to talk to Olive about Verena, to say that he felt as if he couldn't say all he did feel with regard to the interest she had shown in her. Olive could not imagine why he was called upon to say or to feel anything, and she gave him short answers; while the poor young man, unconscious of his doom, remarked that he hoped she wasn't going to exercise any influence that would prevent Miss Tarrant from taking the rank that belonged to her. He thought there was too much hanging back; he wanted to see her in a front seat; he wanted to see her name in the biggest kind of bills and her portrait in the windows of the stores. She had genius, there was no doubt of that, and she would take a new line altogether. She had charm, and there was a great demand for that nowadays in connection with new ideas. There were so many that seemed to have fallen dead for want of it. She ought to be carried straight ahead; she ought to walk right up to the top. There was a want of bold action; he didn't see what they were waiting for. He didn't suppose they were waiting till she was fifty years old; there were old ones enough in the field. He knew that Miss Chancellor appreciated the advantage of her girlhood, because Miss Verena had told him so. Her father was dreadfully slack, and the winter was ebbing away. Mr. Pardon went so far as to say that if Dr. Tarrant didn't see his way to do something, he should feel as if he should want to take hold himself. He expressed a hope at the same time that Olive had not any views that would lead her to bring her influence to bear to make Miss Verena hold back; also that she wouldn't consider that he pressed in too much. He knew that was a charge that people brought against newspaper-men — that they were rather apt to cross the line. He only worried because he thought those who were no doubt nearer to Miss Verena than he could hope to be were not sufficiently alive. He knew that she had appeared in two or three parlors since that evening at Miss Birdseye's, and he had heard of the delightful occasion at Miss Chancellor's own house, where so many of the first families had been invited to meet her. (This was an allusion to a small luncheon-party that Olive had given, when Verena discoursed to a dozen matrons and spinsters, selected by her hostess with infinite consideration and many spiritual scruples; a report of the affair, presumably from the hand of the young Matthias, who naturally had not been present, appeared with extraordinary promptness in an evening paper.) That was very well so far as it went, but he wanted something on another scale, something so big that people would have to go round if they wanted to get past. Then, lowering his voice a little, he mentioned what it was: a lecture in the Music Hall, at fifty cents a ticket, without her father, right there on her own basis. He lowered his voice still more and revealed to Miss Chancellor his innermost thought, having first assured himself that Selah was still absent and that Mrs. Tarrant was inquiring of Mr. Burrage whether he visited much on the new land. The truth was, Miss Verena wanted to "shed" her father altogether; she didn't want him pawing round her that way before she began; it didn't add in the least to the attraction. Mr. Pardon expressed the conviction that Miss Chancellor agreed with him in this, and it required a great effort of mind on Olive's part, so small was her desire to act in concert with Mr. Pardon, to admit to herself that she did. She asked him, with a certain lofty coldness,— he didn't make her shy, now, a bit,—whether he took a great interest in the improvement of the position of women.

The question appeared to strike the young man as abrupt and irrelevant, to come down on him from a height with which he was not accustomed to hold intercourse. He was used to quick operations, however, and he had only a moment of bright blankness before replying:

"Oh, there is nothing I wouldn't do for the ladies; just give me a chance and you'll see."

Olive was silent a moment. "What I mean is — is your sympathy a sympathy with our sex, or a particular interest in Miss Tarrant?"

"Well, sympathy is just sympathy — that's all I can say. It takes in Miss Verena and it takes in all others — except the lady correspondents," the young man added, with a jocosity which, as he perceived even at the moment, was lost on Verena's friend. He was not more successful when he went on: "It takes in even you, Miss Chancellor!"

Olive rose to her feet, hesitating; she wanted to go away, and yet she couldn't bear to leave Verena to be exploited, as she felt that she would be after her departure, that indeed she had already been, by those offensive young men. She had a strange sense, too, that her friend had neglected her for the last half hour, had not been occupied with her, had placed a barrier between them — a barrier of broad male backs, of laughter that verged upon coarseness, of glancing smiles directed across the room, directed to Olive, which seemed rather to disconnect her with what was going forward on that side than to invite her to take part in it. If Verena recognized that Miss Chancellor was not in report, as her father said, when jocose young men ruled the scene, the discovery implied no great penetration; but the poor girl might have reflected further that to see it taken for granted that she was unadapted for such company could scarcely be more agreeable to Olive than to be dragged into it. This young lady's worst apprehensions were now justified by Mrs. Tarrant's crying to her that she must not go, as Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie were trying to persuade Verena to give them a little specimen of inspirational speaking, and she was sure her daughter would comply in a moment if Miss Chancellor would just tell her to compose herself. They had got to own up to it, Miss Chancellor could do more with her than any one else; but Mr. Gracie and Mr. Burrage had excited her so that she was afraid it would be rather an unsuccessful effort. The whole group had got up, and Verena came to Olive with her hands outstretched and no signs of a bad conscience in her bright face.

"I know you like me to speak so much — I'll try to say something if you want me to. But I'm afraid there are not enough people; I can't do much with a small audience."

"I wish we had brought some of our friends — they would have been delighted to come if we had given them a chance," said Mr. Burrage. "There is an immense desire throughout the University to hear you, and there is no such sympathetic audience as an audience of Harvard men. Gracie and I are only two, but Gracie is a host in himself, and I am sure he will say as much of me." The young man spoke these words freely and lightly, smiling at Verena, and even a little at Olive, with the air of one to whom a mastery of clever "chaff" was commonly attributed.

"Mr. Burrage listens even better than he talks," his companion declared. "We have the habit of attention at lectures, you know. To be lectured by you would be an advantage indeed. We are sunk in ignorance and prejudice."

"Ah, my prejudices," Burrage went on; "if you could see them — I assure you they are something monstrous!"

"Give them a regular ducking and make them gasp," Matthias Pardon cried. "If you want an opportunity to act on Harvard College, now's your chance. These gentlemen will carry the news; it will be the narrow end of the wedge."

"Not so narrow, sir," Mr. Burrage rejoined, indicating his companion, who made up in thickness what he lacked in another dimension.

"I can't tell what you like," Verena said, still looking into Olive's eyes.

"I'm sure Miss Chancellor likes everything here," Mrs. Tarrant remarked, with a noble confidence.

Selah had reappeared by this time; his lofty, contemplative person was framed by the doorway. "Want to try a little inspiration?" he inquired, looking round on the circle with an encouraging inflection.

"I'll do it alone, if you prefer," Verena said soothingly to her friend. "It might be a good chance to try without father."

"You don't mean to say you ain't going to be supported?" Mrs. Tarrant exclaimed, with dismay.

"Ah, I beseech you, give us the whole programme — don't omit any leading feature!" Mr. Burrage was heard to plead.

"My only interest is to draw her out," said Selah, defending his integrity. "I will drop right out if I don't seem to vitalize. I have no desire to draw attention to my own poor gifts." This declaration appeared to be addressed to Miss Chancellor.

"Well, there will be more inspiration if you don't touch her," Matthias Pardon said to him. "It will seem to come right down from — well, wherever it does come from."

"Yes, we don't pretend to say that," Mrs. Tarrant murmured.

This little discussion had brought the blood

to Olive's face; she felt that every one present was looking at her — Verena most of all — and that here was a chance to take a more complete possession of the girl. Such chances were agitating; moreover, she didn't like, on any occasion, to be so prominent. But everything that had been said was benighted and vulgar; the place seemed thick with the very atmosphere out of which she wished to lift Verena. They were treating her as a show, as a social resource, and the two young men from the College were laughing at her shamelessly. She was not meant for that, and Olive would save her. Verena was so simple, she couldn't see herself; she was the only pure spirit in the odious group.

"I want you to address audiences that are worth addressing — to convince people who are serious and sincere." Olive herself, as she spoke, heard the great shake in her voice. "Your mission is not to exhibit yourself as a pastime for individuals, but to touch the heart of communities, of nations."

"Dear madam, I'm sure Miss Tarrant will touch my heart!" Mr. Burrage objected, gallantly.

"Well, I don't know but she judges you young men fairly," said Mrs. Tarrant, with a sigh.

Verena, diverted a moment from her communion with her friend, considered Mr. Burrage, with a smile. "I don't believe you have got any heart, and I shouldn't care much if you had!"

"You have no idea how much the way you say that increases my desire to hear you speak."

"Do as you please, my dear," said Olive, almost inaudibly. "My carriage must be there — I must leave you, in any case."

"I can see you don't want it," said Verena, wondering. "You would stay if you liked it, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know what I should do. Come out with me!" Olive spoke almost with fierceness.

"Well, you'll send them away no better than they came," said Matthias Pardon.

"I guess you had better come round some other night," Selah suggested pacifically, but with a significance which fell upon Olive's ear.

Mr. Gracie seemed inclined to make the sturdiest protest. "Look here, Miss Tarrant; do you want to save Harvard College, or do you not?" he demanded, with a humorous frown.

"I didn't know *you* were Harvard College!" Verena returned as humorously.

"I am afraid you are rather disappointed in your evening if you expected to obtain some insight into our ideas," said Mrs. Tarrant, with an air of impotent sympathy, to Mr. Gracie.

"Well, good-night, Miss Chancellor," she went on; "I hope you've got a warm wrap. I suppose you'll think we go a good deal by what you say in this house. Well, most people don't object to that. There's a little hole right there in the porch; it seems as if Doctor Tarrant couldn't remember to go for the man to fix it. I am afraid you'll think we're too much taken up with all these new hopes. Well, we *have* enjoyed seeing you in our home; it quite raises my appetite for social intercourse. Did you come out on wheels? I can't stand a sleigh myself; it makes me sick."

This was her hostess's response to Miss Chancellor's very summary farewell, uttered as the three ladies proceeded together to the door of the house. Olive had got herself out of the little parlor with a sort of blind, defiant dash; she had taken no perceptible leave of the rest of the company. When she was calm she had very good manners, but when she was agitated she was guilty of lapses, every one of which came back to her magnified in the watches of the night. Sometimes they excited remorse, and sometimes triumph; in the latter case she felt that she could not have been so justly vindictive in cold blood. Tarrant wished to guide her down the steps, out of the little yard, to her carriage; he reminded her that they had had ashes sprinkled on the planks on purpose. But she begged him to let her alone, she almost pushed him back; she drew Verena out into the freshness of the night, closing the door of the house behind her. There was a splendid sky, all dark blue and silver — a sparkling wintry vault, where the stars were like a myriad points of ice. The air was silent and sharp, and the vague snow looked cruel. Olive knew now very definitely what the promise was that she wanted Verena to make; but it was too cold, she could keep her there bareheaded but an instant. Mrs. Tarrant, meanwhile, in the parlor, remarked that it seemed as if she couldn't trust Verena with her own parents; and Selah intimated that, with a proper invitation, his daughter would be very happy to address Harvard College at large. Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie said they would invite her on the spot, in the name of the University; and Matthias Pardon reflected (and asserted) with glee that this would be the newest thing yet. But he added that they would have a high time with Miss Chancellor first, and this was evidently the conviction of the company.

"I can see you are angry at something," Verena said to Olive, as the two stood there in the starlight. "I hope it isn't me. What have I done?"

"I am not angry — I am anxious. I am so afraid I shall lose you. Verena, don't fail me — don't fail me!" Olive spoke low, with a kind of passion.

"Fail you? How can I fail?"

"You can't, of course you can't. Your star is above you. But don't listen to *them*."

"To whom do you mean, Olive? To my parents?"

"Oh, no, not your parents," Miss Chancellor replied, with some sharpness. She paused a moment, and then she said: "I don't care for your parents. I have told you that before; but now that I have seen them,—as they wished, as you wished, and I didn't,—I don't care for them; I must repeat it, Verena. I should be dishonest if I let you think I did."

"Why, Olive Chancellor!" Verena murmured, as if she were trying, in spite of the sadness produced by this declaration, to do justice to her friend's impartiality.

"Yes, I am hard; perhaps I am cruel; but we must be hard if we wish to triumph. Don't listen to young men when they try to mock you and entangle you. They don't care for you; they don't care for *us*. They care only for their pleasure, for what they believe to be the right of the stronger. The stronger? I am not so sure!"

"Some of them care so much — are supposed to care too much — for us," Verena said, with a smile that looked dim in the darkness.

"Yes, if we will give up everything. I have asked you before — are you prepared to give up?"

"Do you mean, to give *you* up?"

"No, all our wretched sisters — all our hopes and purposes — all that we think sacred and worth living for!"

"Oh, they don't want that, Olive." Verena's smile became more distinct, and she added: "They don't want so much as that!"

"Well, then, go in and speak for them — and sing for them — and dance for them!"

"Olive, you are cruel!"

"Yes, I am. But promise me one thing, and I shall be — oh, so tender!"

"What a strange place for promises," said Verena, with a shiver, looking about her into the night.

"Yes, I am dreadful; I know it. But promise." And Olive drew the girl nearer to her, flinging over her with one hand the fold of a cloak that hung ample upon her own meager person, and holding her there with the other, while she looked at her, suppliant, but half hesitating. "Promise!" she repeated.

"Is it something terrible?"

"Never to listen to one of them, never to be bribed ——"

At this moment the house-door was opened again, and the light of the hall projected itself across the little piazza. Matthias Pardon stood in the aperture, and Tarrant and his wife, with the two other visitors, appeared to have come forward as well, to see what detained Verena.

"You seem to have started a kind of lecture out here," Mr. Pardon said. "You ladies had better look out, or you'll freeze together!"

Verena was reminded by her mother that she would catch her death, but she had already heard sharply, low as they were spoken, five last words from Olive, who now abruptly released her and passed swiftly over the path from the porch to her waiting carriage. Tarrant creaked along in pursuit to assist Miss Chancellor; the others drew Verena into the house. "Promise me not to marry!"— that was what echoed in her startled mind, and repeated itself there when Mr. Burrage returned to the charge and asked her if she wouldn't at least appoint some evening when they might listen to her. She knew that Olive's injunction ought not to have surprised her; she had already felt it in the air; she would have said at any time, if she had been asked, that she didn't suppose Miss Chancellor would want her to marry. But the idea, uttered as her friend had uttered it, had a new solemnity, and the effect of that quick, violent colloquy was to make her nervous and impatient, as if she had had a sudden glimpse of futurity. That was rather awful, even if it reserved the fate one would like.

When the two young men from the college pressed their petition, she asked, with a laugh that surprised them, whether they wished to "mock and entangle" her. They went away, assenting to Mrs. Tarrant's last remark: "I am afraid you'll feel that you don't quite understand us yet." Matthias Pardon remained; her father and mother, expressing their perfect confidence that he would excuse them, went to bed and left him sitting there. He staid a good while longer, nearly an hour, and said things that made Verena think that *he*, perhaps, would like to marry her. But while she listened to him, more abstractedly than her custom was, she remarked to herself that there could be no difficulty in promising Olive so far as he was concerned. He was very pleasant, and he knew an immense deal about everything, or, rather, about every one, and he would take her right into the midst of life. But she didn't wish to marry him all the same, and after he had gone she reflected that, once she came to think of it, she didn't want to marry any one. So it would be easy, after all, to make Olive that promise, and it would give her so much pleasure!

(To be continued.) *Henry James.*

IMMORTALITY AND MODERN THOUGHT.

"Philosophy can bake no bread; but she can procure for us God, Freedom, Immortality."—*Novalis.*

THE apparent futility that has attended all efforts to prove the immortality of man springs largely from the fact that a sense of immortality is an achievement in morals, and not an inference drawn by logical processes from the nature of things. It is not a demonstration to, or by, the reason, but a conviction gained through the spirit in the process of human life. All truth is an achievement. If you would have truth at its full value, go win it. If there is any truth whose value lies in a moral process, it must be sought by that process. Other avenues will prove hard and uncertain, and will stop short of the goal. Eternal wisdom seems to say: If you would find immortal life, seek it in human life; look neither into the heavens nor the earth, but into your own heart as it fulfills the duty of present existence. We are not mere minds for seeing and hearing truth, but beings set in a real world to achieve it. This is the secret of creation.

But if demonstration cannot yield a full sense of immortality, it does not follow that discussion and evidence are without value. Mind is auxiliary to spirit, and intellectual conviction may help moral belief. Doubts may be so heavy as to cease to be incentives, and become burdens. If there are any hints of immortality in the world or in the nature of man, we may welcome them. If there are denials of it that lose their force under inspection, we may clear our minds of them, for so we shall be freer to work out the only demonstration that will satisfy us.

Whatever is here said upon this subject has for its end, not demonstration, but a clearing and paving of the way to that demonstration which only can be realized in the process of moral life — that is, by personal experience in a spirit of duty. Or, I might say, my object is to make an open and hospitable place for it in the domain of thought.

This result would be nearly gained if it were understood how the idea of immortality came into the world. It cannot be linked with the early superstitions that sprang out of the childhood of the race — with fetichism and polytheism and image-worship; nor is it akin to the early thought that personified and dramatized the forces of nature, and so built up the great mythologies. These were the first rude efforts of men to find a cause of things, and to connect it with themselves in ways of worship and propitiation. But the idea of immortality had no such genesis. It is a late comer into the world. Men worshiped and propitiated long before they attained to a clear conception of a future life. A forecasting shadow of it may have hung over the early races; a voice not fully articulate may have uttered some syllable of it, and gained at last expression in theories of metempsychosis and visions of Nirvana; but the doctrine of personal immortality belongs to a later age. It grew into the consciousness of the world with the growth of man,—slowly and late,—and marked in its advent the stage of human history when man began to recognize the dignity of his nature. It does not belong to the childhood of the race, nor can it be classed with the dreams and guesses in which ignorance sought refuge, nor with the superstitions through which men strove to ally themselves with nature and its powers. It belongs to them neither in its history nor in its nature. It came with the full consciousness of selfhood, and is the product of man's full and ripe thought; it is not only not allied with the early superstitions, but is the reversal of them. These, in their last analysis, confessed man's subjection to nature and its powers, and shaped themselves into forms of expiation and propitiation; they implied a low and feeble sense of his nature, and turned on his condition rather than on his nature—on a sense of the external world, and not on a perception of himself. But the assertion of immortality is a triumph over nature—a denial of its forces. Man marches to the head and says: "I too am to be considered; I also am a power; I may be under the gods, but I claim for myself their destiny; I am allied to nature, but I am its head, and will no longer confess myself to be its slave." The fact of such an origin should not only separate it from the superstitions, where of late there has been a tendency to rank it, but secure for it a large and generous place in the world of speculative thought. We should hesitate before we contradict the convictions of any age that wear these double signs of development and resistance; nor should we treat lightly any lofty assertions that man may make of

himself, especially when those assertions link themselves with truths of well-being and evident duty.

The idea of immortality, thus achieved, naturally allies itself to religion, for a high conception of humanity is in itself religious. It built itself into the foundations of Christianity, and became also its atmosphere and its main postulate, its chief working factor and its ultimate hope. It is of one substance with Christianity — having the same conception of man; it runs along with every duty and doctrine, tallying at every point; it is the inspiration of the system; each names itself by one synonym — life.

Lodged thus in the conviction of the civilized world, the doctrine of immortality met with no serious resistance until it encountered modern science. It may have been weakened and obscured in the feature of personality by pantheistic conceptions that have prevailed from time to time, but pantheism never will prevail in a hurtful degree so long as it stands face to face with the freedom of our Western civilization. A slight infusion of it is wholesome, and necessary to correct an excessive doctrine of individualism, and to perfect the conception of God; and it has never gone far enough in its one line to impair the substantial validity of the doctrine of immortality. We may repeat without hesitation the verse of Emerson:

"Lost in God, in Godhead found."

But when modern science — led by the principle of induction — transferred the thought of men from speculation to the physical world, and said, "Let us get at the facts; let us find out what our five senses reveal to us," then immortality came under question simply because science could find no data for it. Science, as such, deals only with gases, fluids, and solids, with length, breadth, and thickness. In such a domain and amongst such phenomena no hint even of future existence can be found, and science could only say, "I find no report of it." I do not refer more to the scientific class than to a scientific habit of thought that diffused itself throughout society, and became general by that wise and gracious contagion through which men are led to think together and move in battalions of thought,— for so only can the powers of darkness be driven out. We do not to-day regret that science held itself so rigidly to its field and its principles of induction — that it refused to leap chasms, and to let in guesses for the sake of morals. If it held to its path somewhat narrowly, it still went safely and firmly, and left no gaps in the mighty argument it is framing and will yet perfect. The severity and even bigotry that attended its early stages, even with its occasional apparent damage to morals, were the best preparation for the thoroughness of its future work. If its leaders — moved by the conviction that all truth is linked together — at times forsook the field of the three dimensions, and spoke hastily of what might *not* lie beyond it, they are easily forgiven. When scientists and metaphysicians are found in each other's camps, they are not to be regarded as intruders, even if they have not learned the pass-word, but rather as visitors from another corps of the grand army. The sappers and miners may undervalue the flying artillery, and the cavalry may gird at the builders of earthworks; but as the campaign goes on each will come to recognize the value of the other, and perhaps, in some dark night of defeat when the forces of the common enemy are pressing them in the rear, they will welcome the skill of those who can throw a bridge across the fatal river in front to the unseen shore beyond.

But science has its phases and its progress. It held itself to its prescribed task of searching matter until it eluded its touch in the form of simple force — leaving it, so to speak, empty-handed. It had got a little deeper into the heavens with its lenses, and gone a little farther into matter with its retorts, but it had come no nearer the nature of things than it was at the outset. I may cleave a rock once and have no proper explanation of it, but I know as little when I have cleaved it a thousand times and fused it in flame. In these researches of science many useful facts have been passed over to man, so that easier answer is given to the question, What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed? But it came no nearer to an answer of those imperative questions which the human mind will ask until they are answered — Whence? How? For what? Not what shall I eat and how shall I be clothed, but what is the meaning of the world? explain me to myself; tell me what sort of a being I am — how I came to be here, and for what end. Such are the questions that men are forever repeating to themselves, and casting upon the wise for possible answer. When chemistry put the key of the physical universe into the hand of science, it was well enough to give up a century to the dazzling picture it revealed. A century of concentrated and universal gaze at the world out of whose dust we are made, and whose forces play in the throbs of our hearts, is not too much; but after having sat so long before the brilliant play of elemental flames, and seen ourselves reduced to simple gas and force under laws for whose strength adamant is no measure, we have become a little restive and take up again the old questions. Science

has not explained us to ourselves, nor compassed us in its retort, nor measured us in its law of continuity. You have shown me of what I am made, how put together, and linked my action to the invariable energy of the universe; now tell me what I am; explain to me consciousness, will, thought, desire, love, veneration. I confess myself to be all you say, but I know myself to be more; tell me what that more is. Science, in its early and wisely narrow sense, could not respond to these demands. But it has enlarged its vocation under two impulses. It has pushed its researches until it has reached verges beyond which it cannot go, yet sees forces and phenomena that it cannot explain nor even speak of without using the nomenclature of metaphysics. In a recent able work of science the word "spirit" is adopted into the scientific vocabulary. Again, physical science has yielded to the necessity of allying itself with other sciences — finding itself on their borders. Chemistry led up to biology, and this in turn to psychology, and so on to sociology and history and religion, and even to metaphysics, whose tools it had used with some disdain of their source. In short, it is found that there is no such thing as a specific science, but that all sciences are parts of one universal science. The broad studies of Darwin and Herbert Spencer have done much toward establishing this conviction, which has brought about what may be called a comity of the sciences, or an era of good feeling. The chemist sits down by the metaphysician and says, Tell me what you know about consciousness; and the theologian listens eagerly to the story of evolution. Unless we greatly misread the temper of recent science, it is ready to pass over certain phenomena it has discovered and questions it has raised to theology. And with more confidence we may assert that theology is parting with the conceit it had assumed as "queen of the sciences," and — clothing itself with its proper humility — is ready to accept a report from any who can aid it in its exalted studies.

This comity between the sciences, or rather necessary correlation, not only leads to good feeling and mutual respect, but insures a recognition of each other's conclusions. Whatever is true in one must be true in all. Whatever is necessary to the perfection of one cannot be ruled out of another. That which is true in man's spiritual life must be true in his social life; and whatever is true in social life must not contradict anything in his physical life. We might reverse this, and say that no true physiologist will define the physical man so as to exclude the social man; nor will he so define the social and political man as to shut out the spiritual man; nor will he so define the common humanity as to exclude personality. He will leave a margin for other sciences whose claims are as valid as those of his own. If, for example, immortality is a necessary coördinate of man's moral nature, — an evident part of its content, — the chemist and physiologist will not set it aside because they find no report of it in their fields. If it is a part of spiritual and moral science, it cannot be rejected because it is not found in physical science. So much, at least, has been gained by the new comity in the sciences, — that opinions are respected, and questions that belong to other departments are relegated to them in a scientific spirit.

But this negative attitude of natural science toward immortality does not by any means describe its relation to the great doctrine. The very breadth of its studies has made it humble and tolerant of hypothesis in other fields. It is parting with a narrow and confining positivism, and is keenly alive to the analogies and sweep of the great truths it has discovered — truths which, as science, it cannot handle. More than this: while it has taught us to distrust immortality, because it could show us no appearance of it, it has provided us with a broader principle that undoes its work, — namely, the principle of reversing appearances. The whole work of natural science might be described under this phrase; it has laid hold of the physical universe and shown that the reality is unlike that which first appears. It has thus bred a fine, wholesome skepticism which is the basis of true knowledge and of progress. Once men said, This is as it appears; to-day they say, The reality is not according to the first appearance, but is probably the reverse. The sky seems solid; the sun seems to move; the earth seems to be at rest, and to be flat. Science has reversed these appearances and beliefs. But the Copernican revolution was simply the beginning of an endless process, and science has done little since but exchange Ptolemaic appearance for Copernican reality, and the process is commonly marked by reversal. Matter seems to be solid and at rest; it is shown to be the contrary. The energy of an active agent seems to end with disorganization, but it really passes into another form. So it is throughout. The appearance in nature is nearly always, not false, but illusive, and our first interpretations of natural phenomena usually are the reverse of the reality. Of course this must be so; it is the wisdom of creation — the secret of the world; else knowledge would be immediate and without process, and man a mere eye for seeing. Nature puts the reality at a distance

and hides it behind a veil, and it is the office of mind in its relation to matter to penetrate the distance and get behind the veil; and to make the process valuable in the highest degree, this feature of contrariety is put into nature. What greater achievement has mind wrought than to turn the solid heavens into empty space, and fix the moving sun in the heavens, and round the flat world into a sphere? Truth is always an achievement, and it becomes such by reversing appearance — turning rest into motion, solids into fluids, centers into orbits, breaking up inclosing firmaments into infinite spaces. The human mind tends to rest in the first appearance; science — more than any other teacher — tells it that it may not. But it is this premature confidence in first appearance that induces skepticism of immortality. No one wishes to doubt it; our inmost soul pleads for it; our higher nature disdains a denial of it as ignoble. No poet, no lofty thinker suffers the eclipse of it to fall upon his page, but many a poet and thinker is — nay, are we not all? — tormented by a horrible uncertainty cast by the appearance of dissolving nature, and reënforced by the blank silence of science? The heavens are empty; the earth is resolving back to fire-mist; what theater is there for living man? Thought and emotion are made one with the force of the universe, shut up for a while in a fleeting organism. What is there besides it? Brought together out of nature, sinking back into nature,—has man any other history? What, also, is so absolute in its appearance as death? How silent are the generations behind us. How fast locked is the door of the grave. How speechless the speaking lips; how sightless the seeing eye; how still the moving form. Touch the cold hand; cry to the ear; crown the brow with weed or with flower — they are alike to it. It is an awful appearance; is it absolute — final? Say what we will, here is the source of the dread misgiving that haunts the mind of the age. Science has helped to create it, but it also has discovered its antidote. The minister of faith stands by this horrible appearance and says: "Not here, but risen." He might well be joined by the priest of science with words like these: "My vocation is to wrest truth out of illusive appearances. I do not find what you claim; I find instead an appearance of the contrary; but on that very principle you may be right; the truth is generally the reverse of the appearance." I do not advance this as an argument, but to create an atmosphere for argument. For we still think of death under Ptolemaic illusion; we have not yet learned the secret of the world, the order of truth — inverting the landscape in the lens of the eye that the mind may get a true picture. To break away from the appearance of death — this is the imperative need; and whatever science may say in detail, its larger word and also its method justify us in the effort. Hence the need of the imaginative eye and of noble thought. Men of lofty imagination are seldom deceived by death, surmounting more easily the illusions of sense. Victor Hugo probably knows far less of science than do Büchner and Vogt, but he knows a thousand things they have not dreamed of, which invest their science like an atmosphere, and turn its rays in directions unknown to them. Goethe was a man of science, but he was also a poet, and did not go amiss on this subject.

I pass now to more positive ground — speaking still of science, for the antagonist of immortality is not science, but a contagion or filtration from science that permeates common thought.

Assuming evolution,—it matters not now what form of it, except the extremest which is not worthy of the name of science,— I remark that the process of development creates a skepticism at every stage of its progress so great that one has no occasion even to hesitate when the claim of immortality is made. Doubt has so often broken down that it is no longer wise to doubt. Improbability has so often given way to certainty and fact that it becomes almost a basis of expectation. One who traces evolution step by step, and sees one wonder follow another, should be prepared at the end to say, "I will wonder no longer at anything; I have turned too many sharp corners to be surprised at another." Take your stand at any stage of evolution, and the next step is no stranger, no more to be anticipated, it is no broader leap than that from death to future life. Plant yourself at any given stage, with the knowledge then given off by phenomena, and report what you can see ahead. Go back to the time when the swirl of fire-mist was drawing into spheres and predicate future life; — the raging elements laugh you to scorn. Life from fire! — no dream of metempsychosis is so wild as that. You detect a law of progress; but to what are you now listening — to the elements or to mind? The elements can tell you nothing, but mind detects a law in the elements that affords a ground for expectation. The appearance silences you; the hint leads you on, and you become perhaps a very credulous and unscientific believer, confronted by entirely scientific facts to the contrary. If one is skeptical of the reality of the spiritual world on scientific grounds, or on the score of simple improbability, the best practi-

cal advice that can be given him is — to transport himself back into early geologic or chemic ages, and then attempt to use a positive philosophy to find out what shall or shall not be, on the ground of appearance. But I yield too much; the development of life from nebulous fire is a fact so immensely improbable, that mind cannot be conceived of as accepting it. Take later contrasts,— the headless mollusk glued to rock in a world of water, and an antlered deer in a world of verdure; or the huge monsters of the prime, and thinking man. Here are gulfs across which contemporaneous imagination cannot leap, but looking back we see that they have been crossed, and by a process of orderly development. We see the process and the energy by which it was wrought, but of the source of the process or of the energy we know nothing until we postulate it. But, shut off as we are at every stage of the process from the next by its improbability, and only able to accept it as we look back upon it, and even then with an essential unknown factor at work,— what right have we, with so confounding a history behind us, to cut it short and close it up with a doubt on the ground of improbability? Are we not rather taught to expect other wonders? I am quite ready to hear the answer of science, that the process under which immortality is claimed is unlike that of development,— that it cannot be gained under the same laws nor according to the same method. Evolution does not spare the individual nor the class. Life, as we see it, is a functional play of something — we know not what — set in favorable relations to an environment, and ending when the relations become unfavorable. When environment ceases to play well into the organization, and the organization fails to adjust itself to the changing environment, life ends; and the life of that organization cannot go on because it was simply a thing of relations which have been destroyed. This seems logical, and would be final if all the factors and all their processes were embraced and understood in the argument. This, we claim, is not the case, but, on the contrary, claim that there are factors and elements not recognized, which may involve other processes and another history. Science responds: This is all we find; we cannot go outside of the facts and the processes. Life is a functional play of something — we know not what; but, not knowing it, we have no right to deal with it, and so set it aside.

This is the crucial point upon which immortality as a speculative question turns. Shall it be silenced in its claim on such evidence? Is there no higher tribunal, of wider powers and profounder wisdom, before which it may plead its eternal cause? We turn to that which is the substantial method of all ages — the necessary habit of the human mind — to philosophy.

We now have the grave question whether we are to be limited in our thought and belief by the *dicta* of natural science. In accounting for all things, are we shut up to matter and force and their phenomena? Science as positivism says: Yes, because matter and force are all we know, or can know. Another school says boldly: Matter and force account for all things— thought, and will, and consciousness; a position denied by still another school, which admits the existence of something else, but claims that it is unknowable. If any one of these positions is admitted, the question we are considering is an idle one, so far as demonstration is concerned; it is even decided in the negative. The antagonist to these positions is metaphysics. Faith may surmount, but it cannot confute them without the aid of philosophy. And how goes the battle? I think an impartial judge of this friendly conflict, in which a man is often arrayed against himself, would say that metaphysics not only holds, but is master of the field. At least, science is speechless before several fundamental questions that itself has put into the mouth of philosophy. Science begins with matter in a homogeneous state of diffusion,— that is, at rest and without action, either eternally so, or as the result of exhausted force. Now, whence comes force? Science has no answer except such as is couched under the phrase "an unknowable cause," which is a contradiction of terms, since a cause with a visible result is so far forth known. Again, there are mathematical formulæ, or thought, in the stars, and in matter, as in crystallization. The law or thought of gravitation necessarily goes before its action. What is the origin of this law as it begins to act? — and why does it begin to act in matter at rest? — a double question to which science renders no answer except to the latter part, which it solves by polarization; but this is simply putting the tortoise under the elephant. Again, evolution, as interpreted by all the better schools of science, admits teleology or an end in view; and the end is humanity. But the teleological end was present when the nebulous matter first began to move. In what did this purpose then reside? — in the nebulous matter, or in some mind outside of matter and capable of the conception of man?

Again, how do you pass from functional action of the brain to consciousness? Science does not undertake to answer, but confesses that the chasm is impassable from its side.

What, then, shall we do with the fact and phenomena of consciousness? Again, what right has science, knowing nothing of the origin of force, and therefore not understanding its full nature,—what right has it to limit its action and its potentiality to the functional play of an organism? As science it can, of course, go no farther; but, with an unknown factor, on what ground can it make a negative and final assertion as to the capability of that factor? Again, you test and measure matter by mind; but if matter is inclusive of mind, how can matter be tested and measured by it? It is one clod or crystal analyzing another; it is getting into the scales along with the thing you would weigh.

These are specimens of the questions that philosophy puts to science—or rather, as I prefer to phrase it, that one's mind puts to one's five senses. The observing senses are silent before the thinking mind. But these questions are universal and imperative. No further word of denial or assertion can be spoken until they are answered. And as science does not answer them, philosophy undertakes to do so, and its answer is—Theism. The universe requires a creating mind; it rests on mind and power. Metaphysics holds the field, and on its triumphant banner is the name of God. Science might also be pressed into close quarters as to the nature of this thing that it calls *matter*, which it thinks it can see and feel; and how it sees and feels it, it does not know. When Sir William Thompson—led by a hint of Faraday's—advances the theory that all the properties of matter probably are attributes of motion, a surmise is awakened if matter be not a mere semblance or phantasm; and if force, or that which creates force, is not the only reality—a true substance upon which this play and flux of unstable matter takes place. Under this theory of advanced science, it is no longer spirit that seems vague, illusive, unreal, but matter—slipping away into modes of motion, dissolving into mere activity, and so shading off toward some great Reality that is full of life and energy—not matter, and therefore spirit. Science itself has led up to a point where matter, and not God, becomes the unknowable. A little further struggle through this tangle of matter, and we may stand on a "peak of Darien" in "wild surmise" before the ocean of the Spirit.

The final word which the philosophical man within us addresses to our scientific man is this: Stop when you come to what seems to you to be an end of man; and for this imperative reason, namely, you do not claim that you have compassed him; you find in him that which you cannot explain—something that lies back of energy and function, and is the cause or ground of the play of function. You admit consciousness; you admit that while thought depends upon tissue, it is not tissue nor the action of tissue, and therefore may have some other ground of action; you admit an impassable chasm between brain-action and consciousness. What right has science as science to leap that chasm with a negative in its hand? And why should science object to attempts to bridge the chasm from the other side? Physical science has left unexplained phenomena; may no other science take them up? Science has left an entity—a something that it has felt but could not grasp, just as it has felt but could not grasp the ether. May not the science that gave to physics the ether try its hand at this unexplained remainder? Let us have, then, no negative assertions; this is the bigotry of science. But a generous-minded science will pass over this mystery to psychology, or to metaphysics, or to theology. If it is a substance, it has laws. If it is force or a life, it has an environment and a correspondence. If it is mind and spirit, it has a mental and spiritual environment; and if the correspondence is perfect and the environment ample enough, this mind and spirit may have a commensurate history. This is logical, and also probable, even on the ground of science, for all its analogies indicate and sustain it. My conclusion is this: Until natural science can answer these questions put by other sciences, it has no right to assume the solution of the problem of immortality, because this question lies within the domain of the unanswered questions. Not to the Trojan belongs the wounded immortal Diomed, but to the Greek, who vindicates the claim of his heart by the strength of his weapons.

But has science no positive word to offer? The seeming antagonist of immortality during its earlier studies of evolution, it now seems, in its later studies, about to become an ally. It suddenly discovered that man was in the category of the brutes and of the whole previous order of development. It is now more than suspecting that, although in that order, he stands in a relation to it that forbids his being merged in it, and exempts him from a full action of its laws, and therefore presumably from its destinies. It has discovered that because man is the end of development he is not wholly in it—the product of a process, and for that very reason cut off from the process. What thing is there that is made by man, or by nature after a plan and for an end, that is not separated from the process when it is finished, set in entirely

different relations and put to different uses? When we build a wagon, we gather metal and wood, bring them together, forge, hew, fit, and paint till it is made; but we do not then break it into pieces, cast the iron into the forge and the timber into the forest; we trundle it out of the shop and put it to its uses which have little to do with the processes by which it was framed,— made under one set of laws but used under another. When a child is born, the first thing done is to sever the cord that binds it to its origin and through which it became what it is. And what is creation with its progressive and orderly development,— heat acting upon matter overshadowed by the Spirit; then a simple play of forces; at length a quickening into life, and then a taking on of higher and more complex forms, till at last the hour comes and man is born into the world,—what is creation but a divine incubation or gestation within the womb of eternity? The thought is startling, but I disclaim a rhetorical interpretation and offer it as a generalization of science. What then? The embryotic condition and processes and laws are left behind, and man walks forth under the heavens — the child of the stars and of the earth, born of their long travail, their perfect and only offspring. Now he has new conditions, new laws, new methods and ends of his own. Now we have the image of the creating God — the child of the begetting Spirit. It is to such conclusions that recent science is leading. Nowhere have they been indicated so clearly and ably as in the recent work of Professor Fiske, "The Destiny of Man." It is indeed meager, though not weak, as a plea for immortality, not touching fields where the considerations are strongest, the moral nature and history of man; but it meets successfully and unanswerably the main point which, if not met, renders all after arguments vain, or leaves them in an empirical state. The march of Hannibal into Italy was a triumph of military genius, but the difficult part was a few miles on the summit of the St. Bernard pass. Mr. Fiske's book conducts us over the Alps of the question. The imperative requirement is to take man out of the category of physical nature and the process of evolution as it has been going on, and put him into another category, and under laws that are the reverse of those heretofore acting in material and brute development. The author I have referred to does this through a broader generalization than his *confrères* in science usually indulge in. Briefly stated, the thought is this: Man is the end or product that nature had in view during the whole process of evolution; when he is produced, the process ceases, and its laws either end at once or gradually, or take on a form supplementary to other laws, or are actually reversed. Thus, the struggle for existence ceases, and a moral or humane law of preservation takes its place. The secret of history is the dethronement of the strong by the weak, or rather the introduction of a force by which the meek become the inheritors and rulers of the earth. Natural selection gives way to intelligent choice. Instinct ends, and thought determines action. The whole brute inheritance is being gradually thrown off; its methods constitute evil — the serpent whose head the seed of woman is bruising and shall finally crush. The imperative conclusion follows that man is not to be regarded as in the process, nor under the laws, nor even under the analogies of the order from which he has been evolved or created. The leaden suggestion of nature, as it destroyed the individual and the type, no longer has even scientific weight. The thing that has been is the very thing that shall not be; and Tennyson, with this fresh page of science before him, could now stretch out towards his great hope hands no longer lame, and gather something more than dust and chaff as he calls to the Lord of all; for it is the appearance and analogy of nature that crush our hope. But science itself bids us turn our back upon physical nature, or but look to it to find that we are no longer of it.

The importance of this generalization or revelation of science cannot be exaggerated. Canon Mozley, in his great sermon on Eternal Life, says substantially, "It does not matter how we came to be what we are; we are what we are," and from that builds up his masterly argument for immortality. Still, it does matter whether we face the great question weighted by our previous history or freed from it. It is possible, indeed, to scale the heights of our hope burdened with the clay out of which we were made; but why bear it, when friendly science offers to take it off? Besides, man is a logical being, and he cannot be induced to leave unexplained phenomena behind him, nor to leap chasms in his thought; nor will he build the heavenly city upon reason while it is confused by its relations to physical nature. So freed, we have man as mind and spirit, evolved or created out of nature, but no longer correlated to its methods,— correlated instead to contrasting methods,— face to face with laws and forces hitherto unknown or but dimly shadowed, moving steadily in a direction opposite to that in which he was produced.

Receiving man thus at the hands of science, what shall we do with him but pass him over into the world to the verge of which science has brought him — the world of mind and spirit? From cosmic dust he has become

a true person. What now? The end of the demiurgic strife reached, its methods cease. Steps lead up to the apex of the pyramid. What remains? What, indeed, but flight, if man be found to have wings? Or does he stand for a moment on the summit, exulting in his emergence from nature, only to roll back into the dust at its base? There is a reason why the reptile should become a mammal: it is more life. Is there no like reason for man? Shall he not have more life? If not, then to be a reptile is better than to be a man, for it can be more than itself; and man, instead of being the head of nature, goes to its foot. The dream of pessimism becomes a reality, justifying the remark of Schopenhauer that consciousness is the mistake and malady of nature. If man becomes no more than he now is, the whole process of gain and advance by which he has become what he is turns on itself and reverses its order. The benevolent purpose, seen at every stage as it yields to the next, stops its action, dies out, and goes no farther. The ever-swelling bubble of existence, that has grown and distended till it reflects the light of heaven in all its glorious tints, bursts on the instant into nothingness.

The question is, whether such considerations are subjects for thought; whether they have in them an element of reason that justifies a conclusion; whether they are phenomena, and may be treated scientifically; whether they do not address us in a way as impressive as physical science could address us at any particular stage of evolution. Having thought up to this point and found always a path leading through the improbabilities of the future, shall we think no longer because we face other improbabilities? We cannot, indeed, think facts out of existence — the world is real; but natural science justifies us in regarding man as under the laws of the intellectual and moral world into which it has delivered him. It has shown us the chemical coming under the subjection of the dynamic, and the dynamic yielding to the organic, and the organic, with man in it and over it, working miracles of his own — a power over nature, under laws that are neither chemical nor dynamic nor organic, but creative in their essence and spiritual in their force. He is therefore to be measured, not by the orders behind him, but by that into which he has come.

Proceeding now under theistic conceptions, I am confident that our scientific self goes along with our reasoning self when I claim that the process of evolution at every step and in every moment rests on God, and draws its energy from God. The relation, doubtless, is organic, but no less are its processes conscious, voluntary, creative acts. Life was crowded into the process as fast as the plan admitted; it was life and more life till the process culminated in man — the end towards which it had been steadily pressing. We have in this process the surest possible ground of expectation that God will crown his continuous gift of life with immortal life. When, at last, he has produced a being who is the image of himself, who has full consciousness and the creative will, who can act in righteousness, who can adore and love and commune with his Creator, there is a reason — and if there is a reason there will be found a method — why the gift of immortal life should be conferred. God has at last secured in man the image of himself — an end and solution of the whole process. Will he not set man in permanent and perfect relations? Having elaborated his jewel till it reflects himself, does he gaze upon it for a briefer moment than he spent in producing it, and then cast it back into elemental chaos? Science itself forces upon us the imperious question, and to science also are we indebted for a hopeful answer — teaching us at last that we are not bound to think of man as under the conditions and laws that produced him, — the *end* of the creative process, and therefore not *of* it. Such is the logic of evolution, and we could not well do without it. But we must follow it to its conclusions. Receiving at its hands a Creating Mind working by a teleological process toward man as the final product, we are bound to think consistently of these factors; nor may we stop in our thought and leave them in confusion. If immortality seems a difficult problem, the denial or doubt of it casts upon us one more difficult. We have an intelligent Creator starting with such elements as cosmic dust, and proceeding in an orderly process that may be indicated under Darwin's five laws, or Wallace's more pronounced theism, or Argyll's or Naudin's theory of constant creative energy, — it matters not which be followed, — developing the solid globe; then orders of life that hardly escape matter; then other orders that simply eat and move and procreate; and so on to higher forms, but always aiming at man, for "the clod must think," the crystal must reason, and the fire must love, — all pressing steadily toward man, for whom the process has gone on and in whom it ends, because he — being what he is — turns on these very laws that produced him and reverses their action. The instincts have died out; for necessity there is freedom; for desire there is conscience; natural selection is lost in intelligence; the struggle for existence is checked and actually reversed

under the moral nature, so that the weak live and the strong perish unless they protect the weak. A being who puts a contrast on all the ravening creation behind him, and lifts his face toward the heavens in adoration, and throws the arms of his saving love around all living things, and so falls into sympathetic affinity with God himself and becomes a conscious creator of what is good and true and beautiful — such is man. What will God do with this being after spending countless eons in creating him? what will God do with his own image? is the piercing question put to reason. I speak of ideal man — the man that has been and shall be; of the meek who inherit the earth and rule over it in the sovereign power of love and goodness. How much of time, what field of existence and action, will God grant to this being? The pulses of his heart wear out in less than a hundred years. Ten years are required for intelligence to replace the loss of instinct, so that relatively his full life is briefer than that of the higher animals. A quarter of his years is required for physical and mental development; a half — perchance a little more — is left for work and achievement, and the rest for dying. And he dies saying: I am the product of eternity, and I can return into eternity; I have lived under the inspiration of eternal life, and I may claim it; I have loved my God, my child, my brother man, and I know that love is an eternal thing. It has so announced itself to me, and I pass into its perfect and eternal realization. Measure this being thus, and then ask reason, ask God himself, if the pitiful three score and ten is a reasonable existence. There is no proportion between the production of man and the length of his life; it is like spending a thousand years in building a pyrotechnic piece that burns against the sky for one moment and leaves the blackness of a night never again to be lighted. Such a destiny can be correlated to no possible conception of God nor of the world except that of pessimism — the philosophy of chaos — the logic that assumes order to prove disorder — that uses consciousness to show that it is a disease. But any rational conception of God forces us to the conclusion that he will hold on to the final product of his long creative struggle. If man were simply a value, a fruit of use, an actor of intelligence, a creator of good, he would be worth preserving; but if God loves man and man loves God, and so together they realize the ultimate and highest conception of being and destiny, it is impossible to believe that the knife of Omnipotence will cut the cords of that love and suffer man to fall back into elemental flames; for, if we do not live when we die, we pass into the hands of oxygen. Perhaps it is our destiny — it must be under some theories; but it is not yet necessary under any accredited theory of science or philosophy to conceive of God as a Moloch burning his children in his fiery arms, nor as a Saturn devouring his own offspring.

I am well aware that just here a distinction is made that takes off the edge of these horrible conclusions,— namely, that humanity survives though the individual perishes. This theory, which is not recent, had its origin in that phase of nature which showed a constant disregard of the individual and a steady care for the type or class. It found its way from science into literature, where it took on the form of lofty sentiment and became almost a religion. It is a product of the too hasty theory that we may carry the analogies of nature over into the world of man, and lay them down squarely and without qualification as though they compassed him. Science no longer does this, but the blunder lives on in literature and the every-day thought of the world. But suppose it were true that the individual perishes and humanity survives, how much relief does it afford to thought? It simply lengthens the day that must end in horrible doom. For the question recurs, how long will humanity continue? For long, indeed, if man can preserve the illusion of immortality and the kindred illusions of love and duty and sacrifice that go with it, and can be kept apart from an altruism that defeats itself by cutting the nerve of personality. Humanity will stay long upon the earth if love and conscience are fed by their proper and only sustaining inspirations; but even then how long will the earth entertain that golden era when the individual shall peacefully live out his allotted years, and yield up the store of his life to the general fund of humanity, in the utter content of perfect negation? I might perhaps make a total sacrifice for an eternal good, but I will sit down with the pessimists sooner than sacrifice myself for a temporary good; the total cannot be correlated to the temporary. If such sacrifice is ever made, it is the insanity of self-estimate, or rather is the outcome of an unconscious sense of a continuous life. How long do I live on in humanity? Only till the crust of the earth becomes a little thicker, and days and nights grow longer, and the earth sucks the air into its "interlunar caves" — now a sister to the moon. Chaos does not lie behind this world, but ahead. The picture of the evolution of man through "dragons of the prime" is not so dreadful as that foreshadowed when the world shall have grown old, and environment no longer favors full life. Human-

ity may mount high, but it must go down and reverse the steps of its ascent. Its lofty altruism will die out under hard conditions; the struggle for existence will again resume its sway, and hungry hordes will fish in shallowing seas, and roam in the blasted forests of a dying world, breathing a thin atmosphere under which man shrinks towards inevitable extinction. Science paints the picture, but reason disdains it as the probable outcome of humanity. The future of this world as the abode of humanity is a mystery, though not wholly an unlighted one; but under no possible conception can the world be regarded as the theater of the total history of the race.

A modification of this view is the theory that sets aside personality and asserts a return of the individual life into God. Mr. Emerson in his essay, the suggestive value of which is very great, says: "I confess that everything connected with our personality fails." It would be easy to quote Emerson against himself, but that were no gain. He wrote this sentence too early to have the advantage of recent science. In that play of nature on which he fixed his gaze years before Darwin, he saw indeed that "nature never spares the individual," but his prophetic soul did not reveal to him the things to be. The interpretation of science, as now given, tells us that when man is reached in the process of development nature does spare the individual, or, more properly, the person. It is the very thing nature has been aiming at all along, namely, to produce a person and then preserve him. The whole trend of the laws in social and intelligent humanity is toward securing a full personality, and a defense and perpetuity of it. Emerson apparently never caught sight of the fact that in humanity there is a reversal of those laws by which matter and brute-life led up to man. He looked at nature more closely than Plato dared, and was dazzled.

This altruism that assumes for itself a loftier morality in its willingness to part with personality and live on simply as influence and force, sweetening human life and deepening the blue of heaven,—a view that colors the pages of George Eliot and also some unfortunate pages of science,—is one of those theories that contains within itself its own refutation. It regards personality almost as an immorality: lose yourself in the general good; it is but selfish to claim existence for self. It may be, indeed, but not if personality has attained to the law of love and service. Personality may not only reverse the law of selfishness, but it is the only condition under which it can be wholly reversed. If I can remain a person, I can love and serve,—I may be a perpetual generator of love and service; but if I cease to exist, I cease to create them, and leave a mere echo or trailing influence thinning out into an unmeaning universe. Such an altruism limits the use and force of character to the small opportunity of human life; it is so much and no more, however long it may continue to act; but the altruism of ideal and enduring personality continues to act forever, and possibly on an increasing scale. This altruism of benevolent annihilation cuts away the basis of its action. It pauperizes itself by one act of giving — breaks its bank in the generosity of its issue. It is one thing to see the difficulties in the way of immortality, but quite another thing to erect annihilation into morality; and it is simply a blunder in logic to claim for such morality a superiority over that of those who hope to live on, wearing the crown of personality that struggling nature has placed on their heads, and serving its Author for ever and ever. The simple desire to live is neither moral nor immoral, but the desire to live for service and love is the highest morality and the only true altruism.

I shall not follow the subject into those fields of human life and spiritual experience — it being a beaten path — where the assurances of immortality mount into clear vision, my aim having been to lessen the weight of the physical world as it hangs upon us in our upward flight. We cannot cut the bond that binds us to the world by pious assertion, nor cast it off by ecstatic struggles of the spirit, nor unbind it by any half-way processes of logic, nor by turning our back upon ascertained knowledge. We must have a clear path behind us if we would have a possible one before us.

There are three chief realities, no one of which can be left out in attempts to solve the problem of destiny: man, the world, and God. We must think of them in an orderly and consistent way. One reality cannot destroy nor lessen the force of another. If there has been apparent conflict in the past, it now seems to be drawing to a close; the world agrees with theism, and matter no longer denies spirit. If, at one time, matter threatened to possess the universe and include it under its laws, it has withdrawn its claim, and even finds itself driven to mind and to spirit as the larger factors of its own problems. Mind now has full liberty to think consistently of itself and of God, and, with such liberty, it finds itself driven to the conclusion of immortality by every consideration of its nature and by every fact of its condition,—its only refuge against hopeless mental confusion.

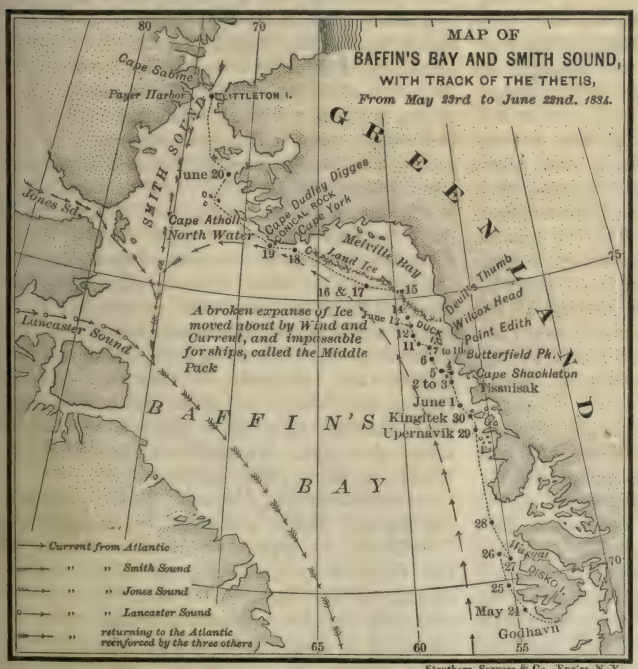
Not from consciousness only,— knowing ourselves to be what we are,— but out of the mystery of ourselves, may we draw this sublime hope; for we are correlated not only to the known, but to the unknown. The spirit transcends the visible, and by dream, by vision, by inextinguishable desire, by the unceasing cry of the conscious creature for the Creator, by the aspiration after perfection, by the pressure of evil and by the weight of sorrow, penetrates the realms beyond, knowing there must be meaning and purpose and end for the mystery that it is.

T. T. Munger.

GREELY AT CAPE SABINE.

NOTES BY A MEMBER OF THE RELIEF EXPEDITION.

EARLY in the morning of June 18, 1884, the Greely Relief ships *Thetis* and *Bear*, in company with the whalers *Aurora* and *Wolf*, passed the last floe in Melville Bay and pushed into the "North Water" towards Cape York. From Godhavn to Hare Island, among the bergs off the Waigat, at Upernavik, through the island passages to Kingitek, in the pack, at the Duck Islands, slowly winding and twisting through the narrow leads, or racing at full speed through the broader channels, with many a shock and many a bruise, often repulsed by the ice, but always hopeful, we had struggled for twenty days against tremendous obstacles, and at last found ourselves within sight of the bold headland called Cape York, which is only two hundred and fifty miles from Upernavik. A study of the diagram on which our course is marked will explain why it required so many days to traverse these few miles. In that part of Baffin's Bay which lies in the immediate vicinity of Cape York, the opposing forces of three strong currents meet, one setting to the southward through Smith Sound, and bringing with it immense fields of ice from the Polar Ocean and bergs from the northern glaciers; a second setting to the eastward through Jones Sound, while the third, starting on the eastern coast of Greenland, rounds Cape Farewell and forms a loop in Baffin's Bay. Repeated observations have demonstrated that the right branch of this loop keeps close to the Greenland shores, sweeps round to the westward in Melville Bay, and meeting the Smith and Jones Sound currents, returns close by the Labrador coast. The eddy that forms where these three currents meet is generally free from ice, and is known among whalers as the North Water. The floating ice that these currents gather and carry with them is swirled about between the two branches of the loop and forms what is known as the "Middle Pack." It is almost impassable, as well as exceedingly dangerous. Now in all the tidal bays and fiords of the Arctic Seas a fringe of ice remains fast to the shore, like a shelf at low water, and joined to the floe, or traveling ice, at high water. It varies in width according



to the character of the shore and the thickness of the ice. The ebb and flood tides alternately clear and fill the bays with the detached floes, while the "ice-foot" remains fast and affords a path from place to place which the treacherous floe oftentimes forbids. This same phenomenon exists in the broader waters of Baffin's Bay. Clinging to the shores of Greenland is this fringe, known also as the Land Ice, and varying in width from one to fifty miles. The power of tide and current silently moves the Middle Pack from and towards this Land Ice, leaving a narrow strip of open water between them, known to Arctic cruisers as "a lead." At times the leads are a mile in width, oftener but a hundred yards, and, at times, barely as wide as the ship. It was through these narrow channels that the Relief Squadron had picked its way, using steam to push the ice aside and torpedoes to widen the path, when the leads were obstructed or narrowed.

The reward of twenty-five thousand dollars that Congress had offered for the first information of Greely had incited the whalers to take risks that they otherwise would have shunned. They had expressed a determination to strive for it, and were ever on the alert for a chance to creep northward. The Relief Squadron was determined, on its part, that the whalers should not secure the first information, and were equally zealous in pushing northward. It was this rivalry (a friendly one, for our relations with the whaling captains were of the pleasantest nature) that hurried us across Melville Bay and brought us together within sight of Cape York. It had been thought possible that Greely or an advance party might be there. In fact, a story was current, which a native from that place had told one of the whaling captains, of a white man who had come to him for food, offering a gun in exchange. On the remote chance of this being true, the Relief Squadron hoisted flags at each mast-head, in order that any party on shore might distinguish the United States ships from the others. Thus decorated, we raced across the North Water, each vessel straining every power to be the first at Cape York.

My morning watch called me to the "Crow's Nest." The officer whom I was to relieve met me at the cross-trees, and described the situation in a few words. "The ships cheered the North Water when they passed the floe," he said; "the *Bear* is racing the *Wolf* for the cape; a search party is to land at once and explore the coast. Good-morning." For the Crow's Nest, imagine a stoutly built barrel nearly six feet high and three feet in diameter, bound with heavy iron hoops, a seat and two foot-rests on the inside, with an elliptical opening in the bottom large enough to admit your shoulders with a squeeze, and when you have passed in, closed with a hinged lid. A buggy-top arrangement opposes the wind and snow, and a light circular railing shouldered out from the upper edge affords a rest for the outer end of the long telescope. The outside is painted black, and it is secured with stout iron bands to the mast-head, one hundred and ten feet above the water's edge. Here the captain, pilot, or officer of the deck sits and directs the course of the ship by a system of signals to the man at the wheel. When stopped by the ice, a lookout spends his watch with an eye at the telescope, searching in all directions for a lead.

I mounted the last ladder and rapped on the lid. Captain Schley, by means of a small line, pulled up the lid, stepping on the two foot-rests to permit me to enter. I squeezed through, and closed the lid again. It was a tight fit for two persons, so I sat on the edge and leaned out on the railing for support. Before me lay Cape York, a rugged headland, seamed with white lines of snow and ice. Its contour, seen as we approached, was regular, as we were too far away to see the deep ravines that scarred its surface or to notice that shadows filled in the jagged outline. To the right was a bay, smooth and shining with its covering of white; high hills encircled it, their tops glistening with icy caps; here and there a glacier pushed its way through a ravine, and a heavy mist veiled the valleys. Farther to the right the hills faded in the gray of distant rock and ice. Stretching from the Cape to the left was a white thread that told of the floe edge; over it hung the hazy gray of the "ice-blink,"—the warning of what lay before us. Toward this floe edge, at the foot of Cape York, we were steaming, the *Bear* ahead, close behind her the whaling steamer *Wolf*, then her mate the *Aurora*, and finally our flag-ship, the *Thetis*. The distance from the *Bear* to the *Thetis* was perhaps a mile. Each vessel followed in the other's wake, and the forecastles were black with the crews excited by the race. In each cro' nest the figure of the captain might be seen leaning far out, and extending his arms in signal to the helmsman below him. We may learn something of Greely on those rocky shores.

"Good-morning, Captain," I said, on entering the cro' nest; "what are the prospects?"

"Good," he replied; "the *Bear* will be at the Cape first. Colwell (one of the watch-officers of the *Bear*) is to land with a dory and light sledge to visit the shore at once. If he hears of their being in the neighborhood, I shall start a sledging party immediately."

A sledge loaded with ten days' provisions for four men and six dogs was ready on deck for such an emergency. Details had been made for the party, and at a moment's notice they could have started.

In a few words Captain Schley gave me an inkling of his plans: "If the whalers show a disposition to push on, I'll send the *Bear* after them while I pick up Colwell and keep in to the land. If the whalers stay with us, we will go up the coast together."

A word in explanation: From Cape York to Littleton Island there are two routes, one close in shore, the other up the center of Smith Sound. The whalers could have slipped out of sight to the westward, bound apparently for Lancaster Sound, and then could have turned up this middle passage, and gone directly to Littleton Island while we were scanning the coast, which it was our bounden duty to do. It was a question with the whalers whether to try for the $25,000 reward, or take advantage of their early arrival on the fishing-grounds. The reward was equivalent to several good whales, and might induce them to take the greater risks of Smith Sound.

Meanwhile we approached Cape York. The distances shortened. The *Bear* reached the floe; black objects appeared on the ice, which our strong glass told us to be Colwell and his party dragging their boat toward the open water immediately off the Cape. The *Wolf* simply touched her nose to the ice, as if saluting the headland, then turned, and was off to the westward. The *Bear* steamed out to the eastward and tried a narrow lead that promised to carry her closer in shore. The *Aurora*, to our surprise, lowered a boat, and her captain was rowed toward us. While he was pulling over to us, the captain and I descended from the cro' nest. I welcomed Captain Fairweather, a red-faced, honest-looking Scotchman, as he came over the side, and escorted him to Captain Schley. "There lies your path, Captain," the whaler said; "keep close to the land! Mine lies yonder," he added, pointing to the south-west. "Good luck to ye, and God grant that ye may find the poor fellows alive and well!" A word of thanks for his kind visit, a grasp of his hand, and he was off.

Then the question arose,—"What are the intentions of the whalers?" Their pretensions are for Lancaster Sound. In two hours they will be out of sight and able to turn toward Littleton Island. There seemed but one thing to do — follow them! Signaling to the *Bear* to come over to us, Captain Schley instructed them to "take the middle passage; leave records at Cape Parry, and wait for us at Littleton Island." Captain Emory waved his "Aye! aye!" from his cro' nest, and turned to the westward in pursuit of the black smoke of the *Aurora*, that was already on the horizon.

We turned our attention to Colwell, who could not be seen from the deck; but the lookout in the cro' nest soon discovered him, and indicated the direction the ship should take to intercept him. He had not yet reached the shore. We steamed around and approached the group that had halted for some reason. The word came down from the nest: "There is a native with him!" All glasses were at once turned upon the party. We could see the dory hauled up on the floe, and the men gathered about a native, who stood beside his sled in a frightened, undecided attitude. In a few moments the *Thetis* was near them. Colwell reported that he had learned by signs that no white men were in the neighborhood. The native was questioned again, and fed; we loaded his sledge with a generous supply of salt meat and bread, and then allowed him to go. He snapped his whip to arouse his sleeping team of dogs, untangled their traces, started them off on a good gallop, then sprang upon his sledge and disappeared behind the hummocks.

We started northward again, having taken on Colwell and his party, and kept close to the shore. We reached Conical Rock at three in the afternoon, and deposited a record on its western end. Arctic postal arrangements require the correspondent to seal his letter in a bottle and then place it in a cone-shaped pile of rocks on some prominent cliff or peak. It is customary to plant a flag or a stick in the top of the cone, so as to attract the attention of passing ships. This is what is known as a *cairn*. When provisions are stored under a pile of rocks, it is called a *cache*.

An attempt to find a lead at midnight resulted in failure, and we put back to our old moorings. At noon of the 19th we tried again, and with great difficulty forced our way through the heavy but soft ice that lay off the Petowik Glacier and Cape Atholl. Midnight found us at Wolstenholme Island, where we left a record, and then visited Saunders' Island. There the natives knew nothing of white men, save a story, more or less legendary, that was supposed by us to refer to Captain Hall and the *Polaris*. Cape Parry was reached about noon of the 20th, and we left a cairn and record there. We had carefully scanned the coast for any traces of life, but nothing had been discovered. We passed Northumberland and Hakluyt islands at evening-time, and finally, on the morning of the 21st, reached Littleton Island and made fast to an iceberg within two hun-

dred yards of the shore. The *Bear* had not yet arrived. The Beebe cache of 1882 was visited and found intact; therefore, Greely must be somewhere between Cape Sabine and Fort Conger, and the prospects for his safety became a subject of grave comment. His orders required him to abandon his station at Fort Conger not later than September, 1883. Provisions had been promised him to fall back upon. But the utter failure of the *Proteus* to fulfill her mission made Greely's obedience to orders a retreat to death. Reflecting on these facts, we hoped that Greely had remained at Conger.

The above, as also what follows, is a condensation of the entries in my journal (written from day to day) of what I saw and of conversations had by me with members of the rescued party.

THE FIRST TIDINGS OF GREELY.

LITTLETON ISLAND is the largest of a group of islands that lie in a small indentation of Smith Sound, known as Life Boat Cove. It is simply a granite rock, about two miles in circumference and one hundred feet high. Its sides are precipitous; its top is flat. From its position at the junction of Smith Sound and Kane Basin, it has always been considered an important point in Arctic exploration. It is usual to cross over to the western shore from here; and a depot of provisions is generally deposited before any further advance is made. A channel half a mile wide separates its eastern side from the mainland; lying off its western and south-western side is a much smaller island, known as McGary Island. A channel of two hundred yards width separates the two. There is considerable rise and fall of tide, and the current in these channels runs very swiftly. When we were there, the report of a gun would start thousands of eider-ducks from their nests on McGary Island. The shooting was easy, except that we found it difficult to penetrate their thick shield of feathers and down with our small shot. They flew in pairs. The male black and white, with a greenish-gold patch over the ear; the female mottled brown. They make their nests among the rocks by scratching a hole in the gravel and lining it with the down from their breasts. They lay from one to four eggs, green in color. We tried the eggs both boiled and fried, and found them quite palatable. The ducks themselves, when skinned, were delicious.

The *Thetis* had been moored to a grounded iceberg just north of McGary Island, so that the view to the south was cut off from the deck. Nothing was to be learned of Greely on this side of Smith Sound, and we were anxious to push on. The sound was nearly clear of ice, the wind favorable, though increasing in force. Hunting, nesting, and rambling had grown monotonous; but still the *Bear* did not come. A gale was threatening, so it was decided to run over to Cape Sabine. The time for starting was set at 1 P. M. Sunday, the 22d. A record was left on the top of McGary Island, directing the *Bear* to come over at once; the fires were spread, and the line that held us to the berg was singled; we were ready to start. Two men had obtained permission to pick up the bodies of some ducks that were seen on the ice-foot on Littleton Island. They were returning in the dory, sculling across the mouth of the narrow channel, when one of them suddenly shouted: "There's the *Bear!*" The excitement warranted a trip to the cro' nest, so I mounted as quickly as I could. Two or three minutes passed, and then the little black nest at the *Bear's* foremast-head slowly crept over the edge of the island; then her mainmast and mizzenmast heads, with the ensign and pennant flying, assured me beyond doubt that it was the *Bear*. She soon made fast. Captain Emory came on board, reported, and returned to his ship, and by 2:30 we were bound across Smith Sound under sail and steam, with a gale of wind behind us. We had occasionally to dodge a piece of floe, but on the whole the run across was uneventful. It is thirty-five miles to Payer Harbor; we reached it at 6:30, and made fast to the edge of the ice that filled the harbor from Brevoort Island to Cape Sabine. Payer Harbor is a little bay opening to the northward, two miles long by three wide in its widest part. It is bounded on the east by Brevoort Island, a conical mass of black rock about five hundred to six hundred feet high, and perhaps three miles in circumference at its base; a narrow strait, through which the tide ran sufficiently strong to keep it generally clear of ice, separated it from Stalknecht Island, a low-lying rock bounding the bay on the south; to the westward was a high range of hills, with occasional ravines filled with glaciers, the outcroppings of the ice-cap that covers their top. These hills terminated at their northern end in the point known as Cape Sabine.

There was a cairn on the top of Brevoort Island; we saw it as we approached; our ice-pilot had visited the harbor before in the *Neptune*, in 1882, and told us of another cairn on Stalknecht Island, describing its exact location and appearance. Mr. Taunt and I were sitting at the wardroom table hastily writing letters that were to be left here for the *Alert* to carry back with her, when the word

came down the hatch, "Mr. Taunt and Mr. Harlow, you are wanted for duty." We at once went on deck. Taunt was directed to take a party of men and visit the cairn on the top of Brevoort Island; I to visit Stalknecht Island. The rise and fall of the tide had broken up the floe badly, and the northerly winds had piled the ice up in all imaginable shapes. The whole bay was a net-work of tide-channels, over which we had frequently to ferry ourselves on cakes of ice. It was two miles to the island, and an hour's hard tramping. As we approached it, the cairn appeared with something projecting from its top, that struck me as little resembling the oar I was told had been left there. Reaching the ice-foot, we hurried across it and up the smooth sides of the island. In the place of the oar was a long rusty tin case — I knew that it must belong to Greely. My party hunted about the rocks, and soon discovered a bottle, which they brought to me. I broke it eagerly, only to find that it contained a record left by Captain Stephenson of the discovery in 1875, indorsed by Beebe in the *Neptune*, 1882, and by Garlington, 1883. Indorsing on it the visit of the expedition of 1884, I put it in a new bottle, and laid it in the crevice where it had been found. I then turned to the cairn. Removing a few stones from the top, I found several tin boxes, more or less rusted, with their contents scratched on them in rude letters; two wooden cases, a bundle of flags, and a leather sextant-case. Folded and tucked in the side of this case was a leaf from an ordinary note-book, on which was written in lead-pencil:

"October 23, 1883. This cairn contains the original records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, the private journal of Lieutenant Lockwood, and a set of photograph negatives. The party are permanently encamped at a point midway between Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.

J. B. Lockwood,
1st Lieutenant, 23d Infantry."

To unroll the bundle of flags, that contained an American Ensign, a British Jack, the flag of the *Gulnare*, and a masonic emblem, lash the ensign to a pike, run to the top of the hill and signal the news to the ship, was the work of a moment. Dispatching a man with a copy of Lockwood's note, with instructions to make all haste to the ship, I signaled, "Have found Greely records. Send news by man." It was understood, and I returned to the cairn. My observation from the hill-top showed that Stalknecht Island was a rock over which the floe-ice had frequently been forced by tide and gale. That such a place should have been selected for the valuable records seemed strange to me; yet Lockwood had doubtless used the stones of the Beebe cairn where they were, rather than have the trouble and work of transporting them to a higher point. A few traces of moss and lichens were the only relief to the barren rock; a few papers containing tea, a canvas cover that had probably been on the record bottle, some pieces of the gunwale of a boat with fire-charred ends gave evidence of previous visitors to the spot. I dispatched my men with the smaller boxes, and then visited the hill again to watch the ship. The *Bear* was about to leave for the Greely camp, and the "general recall" was flying from the mast-head for me, so I left the remainder of the records and hurried back across the floe. Several times I fell in up to my waist; once up to my neck, and often jumped as the floe was sinking beneath me. It was an exciting time, but I was nerved with the prospects of the next few hours. I reached the ship, changed my clothes, and was on deck again just as the ship was rounding the Cape and standing up for the Greely camp. Lieutenant Sebree was on the bridge, and I joined him. I learned that Taunt had found a paper in his cairn, written by Greely himself, dated October 21, 1883, which read as follows: "My party is now permanently in camp on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the Wreck Cache Cove and the one to its west, distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well." This he sent to Captain Schley by one of his men, who reached the ship about ten minutes before my message was signaled. Captain Schley at once went on board the *Bear*, leaving the *Thetis* to collect the detailed parties.

THE RESCUE.

As soon as the ships reached Payer Harbor, Lieutenant Colwell was directed to take the *Bear's* steam-launch and visit the Wreck Cache, left by the *Proteus* in July, 1883. He was one of the officers of the unfortunate *Proteus* expedition, and knew the exact location of the cache that was built before the retreat of its survivors. The launch had been supplied with provisions and water for the use of her crew, and had started for Cape Sabine, when a hail from the *Bear* recalled him. Taunt's messenger had arrived and told of the location of Greely's camp. Beef tea, milk, crackers, an alcohol stove, blankets, etc., were hastily thrown in the launch, and he started again, taking with him Chief Engineer Lowe and the two ice-pilots. He was instructed to find out the condition of the party, and tell them that relief was at hand. The *Bear* followed them in a few moments.

The launch whistled frequently as she steamed along, and we knew afterwards that the sound was heard by those who lay in the tent, which was partly blown down. Brainard and Long succeeded in creeping out from under its folds, and crawled to the top of a hill near by, from which was visible the coast towards Cape Sabine. At first nothing was seen by them; and Brainard returned to the tent, telling by the silent despair of his face that "there was no hope." The survivors discussed the probable cause of the noise, and decided that it was the wind blowing over the edge of a tin can. Meanwhile Long crept higher up the hill and watched attentively in the direction from which the sound had apparently come. A small black object met his gaze. It might be a rock, but none had been seen there before. A thin white cloud appeared above it; his ear caught the welcome sound, and the poor fellow knew that relief had come. In the ecstasy of his joy he raised the signal-flag, which the gale had blown down. It was a sad, pitiable object,—the back of a white flannel undershirt, the leg of a pair of drawers, and a piece of blue bunting tacked to an oar. The effort proved too much for him, and he sank exhausted on the rocks. It was enough for the relief party; they saw him, whistled again, and turned in for the shore with all possible speed. Long rose again, and fairly rolled down the hill in his eagerness to meet them. The launch touched the ice-foot, and the relief party hurried towards him. The ice-pilot of the *Bear* reached him first, spoke a word of cheer, and asked him where Greely was. He informed him of the location of the tent and the state of the party. They hurried in the direction indicated, and soon reached the tent, while Mr. Lowe took Long off to the *Bear*.

In reply to our ice-pilot's question, "Is that you, Greely?" a feeble voice responded, "Yes; cut the tent." The pilot whipped out his knife and cut the hind end of the tent open from as high as he could reach to the ground. Through this opening, Colwell entered. The light in the tent (it was 9 o'clock P. M.) was too dim to see plainly what lay before him, but he heard a voice in the farther corner warning him to be careful and not step on Ellison and Connell. He found Greely lying under the folds of the tent, with the fallen poles across his body. Biederbeck was standing; Ellison and Connell lay on either side of the opening, the latter apparently dead. Stepping carefully across their bodies, he dragged Greely out and sat him up. He was so weak that he could barely swallow the crumbs of hard-tack that Colwell gave to him in the smallest pinches. It was said that Greely first asked the rescuers if we were Englishmen; and on being told that we were his own countrymen, he added, "and I am glad to see you."

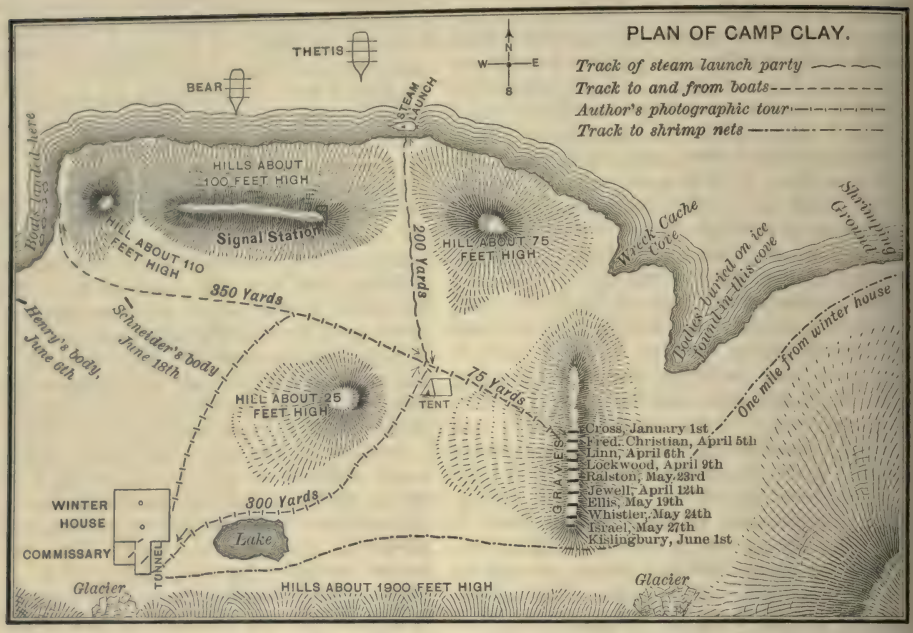
Greely told Colwell that Ellison had both hands and feet frozen off, and that Connell was dying; and then began in a rambling way to tell the long tale of suffering and misery that had just ended. Colwell cheered him with the story of the friends who were waiting to carry him home; urged him to lie down and wait patiently; turned to the other poor fellows in the tent, sat them up in their bags, and fed them with cracker and pemmican. A small rubber bottle containing about a quarter of a gill of rum, probably reserved for medical purposes, had been kept hanging in the tent. When the first cheers of the relief party were heard, Biederbeck arose to take it down. He had it in his hand when Colwell entered. He reached over Connell, raised his head, and poured a few drops in his mouth, then divided the remainder equally among his comrades. Connell's last words would doubtless have been, "Let me alone; let me die in peace," had he not been revived by the influence of this rum. As he described his situation to me afterwards, he said he was dead to the waist, all feeling had left him, and he had but an hour or two more of life. "Death had me by the heels, sir, when you gentlemen came and hauled me out by the head" was his description of his plight. Colwell then directed his party to prop up as much of the tent as they could; he built a fire, and set pots of milk and beef tea to warming, carried Brainard and Biederbeck outside of the tent and wrapped clean blankets about them. A large party soon arrived from the *Bear*, Captains Schley and Emory and Doctor Ames among them. They busied themselves in doing all they could to relieve the sufferers. The doctor superintended the administering of the food, allowing only the smallest quantities to be given at a time. The sailors required to be watched. With their pockets full of bread and open cans of pemmican in their hands they would feed the poor fellows surreptitiously. Their hearts were larger than their judgment and experience. As soon as order and system were attained, Captain Schley directed Colwell to signal to the *Thetis* for the photographer, for Doctor Green, more men, blankets, food, etc.

ON THE "THETIS."

SEBREE and I had speculated upon the possibilities of the next hour, but little

dreamed of the horrible tragedy that was to be revealed. Some one was seen on the ice-foot signaling. I ran forward to read it, but he had begun his message, and I only got the following: "*Harlow with photograph machine. Doctor with stretchers. Seven alive.*" When it came to the last two words, I had him repeat them. They might be D–E–A–D. But no! A–L–I–V–E waved plainly through the air, and the fate of the Greely party was known on board the *Thetis*. Two boats were lowered at once, and Taunt, Lemly, Melville, Doctor Green, and I started with strong crews for the shore. The wind had increased to a full gale, and was tearing over the hills in furious blasts. It was a *hard* pull; it seemed a long pull; but with water dashing over the bows at every lunge and rolling gunwales under in the short but heavy seas we finally reached the shore. The boats were secured to the ice-foot in the quiet of a little cove, and we landed at Camp Clay. Shouldering my camera, I started for the tent. A few steps farther and I met Fredericks, one of the survivors, who was strong enough to walk to the boats. A clean white blanket was thrown over his head and wrapped about his shoulders. A sailor supported him on either side. His face was black with dirt, and his eyes gleamed with the excitement of relief. What to say to him I did not know. The commonplace "How are you, old fellow?" elicited the reply, "Oh, I am all right"; and I passed on. Turning a little to the left, the tent came in view. To my right, stretched out on the snow-drift, lay one of the dead. His face was covered with a woolen hood, his body with dirty clothes. Hurrying on past a little fire, over which a pot of milk was warming, I came to the tent. One pole was standing, and about it the dirty canvas bellied and flapped in the fierce gusts. Brainard and Biederbeck lay outside at the bottom of the tent and a little to the left of the opening, one with his face swollen and rheumy, so that he could barely show by his eyes the wild excitement that filled him; the other muttering in a voice that could scarcely be heard in the howling of the gale his hungry appeal for food. Reaching over, I wiped their faces with my handkerchief, spoke a word of encouragement to them, and then pushed aside the flap of the tent and entered. The view was appalling. Stretched out on the ground in their sleeping-bags lay Greely, Connell, and Ellison, their pinched and hungered faces, their glassy, sunken eyes, their scraggy beards and disheveled hair, their wistful appeals for food, making a picture not to be forgotten. I had time for a glance only; the photograph must be taken and the poor fellows removed to the ships. Stepping over to Greely, whom I recognized by his glasses, I pressed his hand. A greeting to the other two, and I returned to my camera to take the plate I had so often pictured to myself: "The meeting with Greely!" How different it was from the ideal picture, only my own imagination can know.

Strewn about the ground were empty cans, a barometer case, chronometer boxes, a gun, old clothes, valuable meteorological instruments, showing the indifference they felt for anything that was not food or fuel. The difficulties in the way of a successful photograph at 11 P. M. in the twilight of an Arctic evening were innumerable, but there was no time to be lost; so I made the exposure with many misgivings as to its results. But four plates remained in my holders. Two of these I devoted to the tent, one to the winter-house, and one to the graves. While I was absent for these last two views, Greely and his men were wrapped in blankets, placed on stretchers, carried down to the little cove where the boats lay, and taken off to the ships — Greely, Connell, Brainard, and Biederbeck to the *Thetis*; Fredericks and Ellison to the *Bear*. The living having been attended to, our next duty lay with the dead. Placing my camera on the rocks near the tent, I joined Captain Emory and Colwell, who, with a party of men, had been directed to disinter the bodies. On a piece of canvas cut from the tent I drew a diagram of the graves, numbering each one from the right facing their heads. This precaution was necessary, in order to avoid any confusion in identifying the remains. With a memorandum of the order in which they had been buried, the name of each one could be appended to its number. By the aid of tin cans and dishes as implements, each body was then uncovered, wrapped in the tent canvas, or some of the new blankets that we had with us, lashed with the tent-cords, numbered according to its place on the diagram, and sent down to the boats on the shoulders of the men. This task finished, and the bodies divided between the boats, the next difficulty was to reach the ships. The gale had increased to a hurricane by this time, and the moment the boats got clear of the land oars became perfectly useless. The ships steamed up as close to us as they dare come; and by alternately drifting and struggling to keep the boats' head to wind, their bows deeply loaded with the dead bodies, shipping gallons of water until it swashed nearly to the thwarts, we finally got alongside. Meanwhile the survivors were under treatment, having their rags removed, and being bathed and fed.



When the dead had been placed on the deck and covered with a tarpaulin, we steamed back to Cape Sabine, and made fast to the floe about 3:30 in the morning. A little later I was dispatched to my cairn on Stalknecht Island, and brought back all the records I had left the night before. The *Bear* revisited Camp Clay and gathered up every vestige of the party that the closest scrutiny could detect. Greely lay in his bunk and talked fluently all through the night. The officers relieved one another in telling him of the events of the past three years, and trying to quiet him. He seemed to realize his nearness to death, and desired to tell all he could about his work, lest some part might be overlooked. His face was emaciated, his cheeks sunken and pale, his form wasted to a shadow. His hair was long, tangled, and unkempt. As he lay partly on his side with head resting on his left hand, his right hand moving restlessly about, one could not look at him unmoved. Had he kept silent, a single glance bespoke the days of misery that he had passed through; but to hear his low, weak voice telling the incidents of the dark days brought tears to the eyes of many of his listeners.

CAMP CLAY.

WHILE on my photographic tour I took careful note of the surroundings of the tent. The site of the camp was on a small promontory, about four miles from Cape Sabine. Greely called it Camp Clay, in honor of a member of the party, a grandson of Henry Clay, who had come with them to Conger, and then returned. The high hills of Payer Harbor, extending around Cape Sabine, back of the camp, were nineteen hundred feet high. An ice cap covered their top, overhanging in many places. In each of the two ravines on either side of the promontory was a glacier. As you faced these hills from the ships, a ridge about one hundred to seventy-five feet high concealed the low level ground of the camp. There were three indentations in the coast: a deep one at the extreme eastern end, a smaller one a little to the west, in which the Wreck Cache was built, and then another at the extreme west; and in this last one the boats landed. To the west of the Wreck Cache Cove was a small round hill about seventy-five feet high. Between it and the ridge was a ravine, at the foot of which the steam-launch landed, and up which the first party ran. The signal-flag was planted on the eastern end of the ridge. On the west side and at the foot of the back hills was the winter house. Near it was the lake, a depression in the rocks that caught the thawings of the glaciers, and which supplied the camp with water, a hole in the ice being kept open for that purpose. The winter house was situated on the lowest ground of the promontory.

From it toward the east there was a gradual rise, terminating in a knoll that ran northward and joined the little hill at the Wreck Cache Cove. To the left it sloped down to the shores of the large cove. The tent was on a small plateau about three hundred yards east of the winter house, and one hundred yards from the knoll. West of it was a slight elevation, perhaps twenty-five feet in height, that sloped down to the lake on one side and towards the ridge on the other. It was up this valley, between this hill and the ridge, that the relief parties came and went to their boats. The graves were on the knoll to the east. The sight for the winter camp was selected because it was near the Wreck Cache, and because there were plenty of small rocks, the morraine of the glacier, with which to build their house.

The winter house was twenty-five feet long by seventeen feet wide, with broad walls made of stones each about six inches in thickness, piled to a height of three feet. Over the top was laid the *Neptune's* whale-boat, upside down, forming a ridge pole; and their canvas tent and sails were stretched across this for a roof. Through the roof were two pipes, which served as chimneys and ventilators. The whole structure was so low that, from the lake, its existence would not have been suspected, were it not for these chimneys; the snow had banked up against the walls and on the roof, so that it resembled a huge drift, more than the dwelling-place of twenty-five men. The entrance was toward the high hills. It was a tunnel after the manner of the Esquimaux, about three feet high, two and a half feet wide, and eighteen feet long, roofed over with canvas. Over its outer end a canvas flap was hung. About eight feet from the entrance was a door across the tunnel, dividing it into two compartments. Another door admitted you into the house. These compartments were necessary, to prevent the inrush of cold air when the door was opened. On entering, it was customary to remain a little while in each one before going farther. The outside corner made by the tunnel and the house proper was walled in and called the commissary. A door from the compartment of the tunnel nearest the house gave admittance to the commissary. There were no windows, and the only source of light was an Esquimaux blubber-lamp, which was lighted about an hour each day. Into this hovel the party moved on November 1, 1883.

Immediately after occurred events of which I learned the following: On June 28, five days after the rescue, Doctor Green was called over to the *Bear* to consult with Doctor Ames in regard to Ellison, who was no longer expected to live. On the same day Fredericks described to me the scenes of Ellison's terrible suffering, and the narrow escape of the four who attempted to bring up the English meat from Cape Isabella, in November, 1883. The labor of building the winter house made such an inroad upon the few provisions that were left after their long and perilous retreat from Fort Conger, that when they moved in on November 1 they had barely one thousand rations left, and were by no means schooled to the reduced allowances, which were necessary. Under the circumstances, Greely saw his men gradually despairing, and becoming physically and mentally weaker, and he decided that something must be done at once or else abandon themselves to the horrible fate that stared them in the face. The English expedition of 1875-6, under the command of Captain Nares, had left a quantity of beef, several hundred rations, cached at Cape Isabella, about thirty-five miles distant from the camp. This it was determined must be secured. On November 2 Greely detailed Sergeants Rice and Linn and Privates Ellison and Fredericks to make the attempt. They took a sledge, with sleeping-bags and cooking utensils, alcohol, four ounces of meat, and eight ounces of bread for a daily ration, and a little tea. The weather was about thirty-five degrees below zero, the wind biting, and the road over broken floe and through soft snow-drifts. Traveling was slow, and it was three days before they reached the cache and found the meat. They had left their sleeping-bags and cooking utensils several miles back, and traveled the last day with only the sledge and a little tea, intending to eat some of the meat on finding it, and use the barrels for fuel. Loading their sledge, they started to return to their last encampment, full of hope for the future, in view of the glorious life-giving beef which had survived so many Arctic winters. Despite the entreaties of his comrades, Ellison insisted on eating snow. This wet his mittens, which soon froze stiff in the cold wind, and froze his hands also. They hurried along, however, Ellison growing weaker and weaker from the pain of his hands; and when they finally reached their sleeping-bags, his feet were found to be frozen also. They passed a frightful night, with a temperature at thirty degrees below zero, and a suffering comrade who required their unremitted attentions to prevent his freezing to death. They cut off his boots and rubbed his feet for hours, trying to restore the circulation. They had to hurry on with their increased load, Fredericks supporting Ellison, while Rice and Linn tugged away at the sledge. This could last but a little while, for their

strength soon gave out and another halt was necessary. The brave fellows devoted themselves again to their comrade, and when the time came for them to start anew, they had to choose between the life of Ellison or the provisions. Although he begged them to let him die and save their comrades at Camp Clay, brave, heroic man that he was, they decided on trying to get him to camp; so they cached the provisions, leaving one of their guns sticking up for a mark. With their lightened sledge, they struggled on, only to stop again and work on Ellison. Another fearful night. The untold suffering of those hours, who can imagine them? How vain it is for us to attempt to put ourselves in their places, we who shiver if a door is left open! cast down in the snow in that bitter piercing cold, their minds half-crazed with the thought of the future, suffering the pangs of hunger, and hearing the moans of their suffering companion! Tying Ellison to the back of the sledge, they struggled on until the failing of Linn warned them that death was certain for all unless they procured relief; so, creeping into their bags again, they sent Rice ahead alone to obtain help from Camp Clay. It was twenty-six hours before the relief came in the person of Brainard, who had a little tea, and made some warm soup, and a long time afterward that Lockwood and Pavy came up. They hauled Ellison into camp, and found that his feet were frozen beyond any possible hope of restoration, while his fingers and thumbs were gone entirely. Finally hands and feet went away by natural amputation. A spoon was bound to the stump of one of his arms so he could feed himself, and he was cared for all through the dark days with a devotion which bespoke their gratitude to one who had undergone terrible sufferings in their behalf. The care bestowed upon Ellison speaks volumes for the manhood of the party.

Rice's death occurred during an effort to recover the provisions which had been abandoned in order to save Ellison. The few stores with which the party commenced the winter were eked out in daily mouthfuls until April, when the last crumb was reached. Weak and exhausted as they were, what was to be done? There were the abandoned provisions of last November some fifteen miles from the camp, down toward Cape Isabella. Who would, who could, go after them? In the extremity Rice and Fredericks offered to attempt their recovery. It was a perilous feat, this venturing out into the cold with unsteady limbs and aching, stiffened joints, to tramp over miles of broken ice and attempt what four men had failed to accomplish when far stronger than they were. But they saw their desperate condition, and felt that the lives of their friends in misery depended upon them; so they started out, strong in heart and will. Taking five days' provisions, a sledge, rifle, and hatchet, they bid adieu to their comrades, and for three days wandered about, unable to find any trace of the cache they had left not six months before. The snow had covered it up completely, and in their despairing tramps back and forth where they thought it ought to be, Rice was suddenly taken with a hemorrhage of the bowels, and died in his companion's arms. Poor Fredericks! alone with his dead companion, miles from his cheerless camp, with no hope of recovering the coveted meat, laid the body of Rice in an ice-made grave, and struggled again to find the meat. Finally he staggered into Camp Clay, to greet his anxious comrades with a report that could but add to their despair.

They remained in the winter house until May, 1884, when the thawing of the glacier above them compelled a move to higher ground, where they pitched the tent in which the survivors were found. One or two thicknesses of canvas were spread over the ground, and on this the sleeping-bags of the party were laid. These sleeping-bags were made to accommodate two men, and resembled a large moccasin with the hair on the inside. Could they have been shaken and aired each day, nothing better could be asked for to sleep in; but, as it was, the condensation of their breath and the precipitation of the moisture in the atmosphere froze them to the ground, and made them stiff and uncomfortable. During the day-time they would draw themselves out far enough to sit up, and the frost would gather in thick, white masses in the fur, and melt as soon as they slipped back again into the bags to sleep. There was no warmth save what they got from their bodies. They had nothing to read except the few well-thumbed, torn, and dirty books they had brought with them, and the scraps of newspapers that were wrapped about the stores in the Wreck Cache. From these scraps they learned of the death of President Garfield. Daylight had been growing shorter each day, and complete darkness shut them in early in December. In this condition they lay day after day, seeing their scanty store of provisions growing less and less, knowing that each mouthful was hastening the probabilities of their eventually starving to death. None of the party had washed for nearly eleven months. The dirt and soot had begrimed their features. When asked why they did not wash when they had a chance, they replied: "What was the use?" Greely said he en-

couraged the men to give long talks on the resources of their own countries and states, and to tell the stories of their lives in a simple, straightforward way, and to recount their adventures during the various sledging journeys from Fort Conger. Greely discoursed on all subjects — political, historical, religious, and scientific. The doctor explained the anatomy of the body, the principles of medicine, and gave talks on the nature and effects of poisons and their antidotes. A favorite amusement was to make out the bill of fare that they would order when home again. Tastes varied, and led to discussions; and so the hours and days crept away until, with returning daylight, they could again venture out for an effort to procure game and gather moss.

SERVING OUT THE PROVISIONS.

BRAINARD was the commissary of the party. Upon him devolved the task of weighing out the scanty allowances and guarding the stores. Canned food was issued weekly, while bread and pemmican was served out daily. The party was divided into two messes, each with its cook. It was the duty of the cooks to rise at six and prepare the morning meal. Their rising was a signal for all to sit up in their bags and hungrily watch this serving out, lest the temptation should be too great for the cooks to resist. The plates were set around, and the bread and meat equally divided on each. Experience soon taught them to gauge the plates with great accuracy, but dissensions arose, and it was finally arranged that the cooks should do the best they could, and then another man was detailed to hand them around without a chance to see any possible difference in the amount of food on them. Long was the best shot, and a successful hunter; so this duty devolved upon him. He tramped many miles during the spring, and added greatly to their supply of food. One of their most unfortunate accidents was the loss of their Esquimaux Jens Edwards, on April 30th. The assistance of this man was most valuable, for, with his kayak, or native boat, he could recover much of the game that fell in the water; besides, he had the native instinct for hunting the seal. His kayak was caught in the newly formed ice and crushed, and he was drowned. A bear was killed early in April, that required the entire strength of the party to drag to camp, the distance of a mile. They ate every particle of him save hair and bone. Of all the birds that they shot, nothing was wasted that was digestible. The entrails were chopped up for seasoning to the soup. Brainard was the shrimper. For seventy days during the spring he made a journey past the graves, and a little beyond the large cove, a distance of a mile, to examine the shrimp-nets. These were gunny-sacks, with hoops in their mouths, baited and sunk to the bottom of the bay. As it took twelve to fifteen hundred of these to make a gill, they afforded but little sustenance, especially as they passed through the system undigested. For food, when all their stores had been eaten, they resorted to the moss and lichens that grew among the rocks, and to a broth made by boiling the sealskin, with which they made or repaired their boots. The former contained a small percentage of a gelatinous substance, of considerable nutritive quality. The latter was cut into small squares as large as a thumb-nail, and boiled more for the oil in them than for any nutriment in the skin itself.

In conversation with Greely one morning, I told him of the generous rations we had left at Littleton Island, and said: "Why, Major, when we were calculating on a ration of four pounds per man, you were doubtless figuring on ounces." Before I could qualify my remark, Greely exclaimed, in a voice full of feeling, "Ounces! ounces! we were reckoning on sixteenths of ounces. Scarcely a thing that was not divided in the ounce!" He then told me of the pair of steelyards that had been made out of a piece of wood, with a tin cup and cartridges for the balance. Oftentimes each man's allowance would barely cover the hollow of his hand. He dwelt on the faithfulness of Brainard, to whom he intrusted the stores, and who kept the account religiously to the smallest fraction. He related how each day's expenditure would be posted, and when the balance was struck at the end of the week, how the book would show less provisions on hand than they actually had in store; how he inferred, how he knew that the devoted Brainard would deny himself, rather than have his slender stock balance the other way. Such deeds as these, the sacrifices of Rice and Ellison, their care for their helpless companion, stand out in glowing contrast to the one black spot that Henry made on this record of heroes.

THE GRAVES.

WHEN the first man, Cross, died in January, the question arose as to the proper place to bury him. Many were in favor of sinking him in the lake, reasoning, first, that they would all probably die, and that it mattered little what became of them; and secondly, that if relief should come, the relief party would not care to carry back the dead bodies. In fact, Greely expressed a wish to Captain Schley that the remains of his men be

—The Arctic Moon—
J. B. Lockwood, Principal Editor
G. W. Rice, Associate Editor
C. B. Henry, City Editor
Assisted by a complete staff.

The Arctic Moon is a semi-monthly newspaper devoted to the dissimulation of literature, science and art, the record of events and the development of the material interests of Grinnell Land. Its corps of contributors embraces the finest minds in the country. Its reporters are always "on the spot" ready to get the full particulars of every occurrence and to portray it in the most vivid and thrilling colors. All this is well illustrated in the success of the paper which, tho' but a few weeks old, has already the enormous number of 25.000 subscribers.

We thank the Public for their patronage in the past and now, at the beginning of a new year, respectfully solicit its continuance assuring our un-enlightened customers (un-enlightened except by the beams of the Arctic Moon) that no pains will be spared to make this journal by far superior to any other in this country.

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We beg leave to announce to the public that we have made extensive improvements in our establishment whereby we can furnish at the shortest notice bread, twists, rolls, cakes, pies and tarts and in fact, everything in the Bakers line. Wedding cakes made a specialty. Ever thankful for past patronage, we respectfully ask its continuance in the future.

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Information wanted of the Greely Arctic Expedition. It sheered away from home last July and was last heard from at Upernivik, Greenland.
Address Bereaved Parents

Wanted — a good family horse will buy it cheap or will take for his keeping, or keep for his taking: to be used on good country roads and for family driving. Must be very gentle. — No objections to a government mule.
address Jacob Dobby.

Wanted a Poet for the Arctic Moon. Must be strictly temperate and a good steel maker. No tailors need apply.
Address this office.

Wanted a humoristic proofreader for the Arctic Moon. The present incumbent has suddenly become ill from too close application.

FIRST PAGE OF THE FOUR-PAGE HEKTOGRAPH NEWSPAPER PRINTED AT FORT CONGER.

MAP OF GREELY'S EXPLORATION, DRAWN BY J. W. REDWAY, FOR MONTEITH'S NEW PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. (A. S. BARNES & CO.)

undisturbed. "They died beneath Arctic skies," he said. "Arctic desolations witnessed their sufferings, heard their cries of anguish. They are buried in Arctic soil; let them lie where they fell. Lockwood told me that he wanted to rest forever on the field of his work. Why disturb them — why not respect their wishes?"

But they decided, after much deliberation, to bury Cross on the knoll, where most of the bodies were found. This spot was chosen because the gravel afforded easy digging; being free from dirt and moisture, it did not freeze, and exposed to the easterly winds as it was, it was generally free of snow. Cross's body was neatly sewed in sacking, buried some distance below the surface, and the grave was outlined with small stones. The other victims received less and less attention, until finally they were scarcely covered. Brainard told me that he could always distinguish Lockwood's grave as he passed to and from the shrimping-ground. He had been buried in an officer's blouse. The buttons projected above the little mound, and the wind and gravel scoured them so that, as he passed, the sunlight on them would dazzle his eyes. "At first," he said, "it affected me deeply to think, as I passed, of the fate of Lockwood, the leader of our little party which carried the Stars and Stripes beyond the English Jack; but this feeling soon wore away. We had so many other horrible things to think of, I grew indifferent." Indifference to death was a characteristic of the entire party. Starvation blunted their feelings, and doubtless made death welcome to many of them. The first stages were painful; but there came a time when the suffering gave place to quiet, painless sinking away. Two men would be in the same sleeping-bag; one would die, and his comrade lie for hours, with the corpse

beside him, too weak to draw the dead out for burial. Some were carried to the ice-foot, and left there. Henry was shot (for taking provisions) and remained where he fell, a little to the left of the place where the boats landed. Two days before we arrived, Schneider's body had been carried to the place where we found it. Their strength gave out, and they could not get him to the ice-foot. Some were buried on the ice in the large cove behind the graves. On many of the bodies we found from eight to eleven suits of clothes. During the seven winter months they had added suit after suit, and when spring came they were too weak to take them off. Some had but two or three suits on; and it is explained by the fact that after a man died they took off his clothes, if in good condition, for the use of the living, burying him only in the suit next his body.

WHY GREELY DID NOT CROSS SMITH SOUND.

It seemed to some of us inexplicable that Greely should have remained at Cape Sabine when he had a boat to get across to Littleton Island, where there were two hundred and sixty rations, and game in abundance. Greely described Smith Sound as a rushing channel, filled with pieces of broken floe and berg; he waited for it to freeze over,— an event which did not happen that winter of all others. As a sailor, I could not help thinking his failure to get across was due to his being a soldier, and the fact that his party was made up of soldiers. Put a sailor in his place, thought I, and with the boat he would have ventured anywhere, so long as he had his shirt for a sail. Tell a sailor that food lay but thirty-five miles southeast of him, that a current set in that direction, and he would have paddled his way across on a cake of ice with a barrel-stave, before he would have remained where almost certain death awaited him; he would not have been deterred from making the attempt, even if it were a choice of deaths. A sailor would have frozen beneath the thwarts before destroying his boat for fuel. But since my return I have talked with Brainard on this subject, and see that my speculations were unjust. He told me of crushing floes, fierce gales of wind, scenes of the wildest description — all these, he admitted, could have been avoided; but the real danger lay in the fact that, as soon as the surface of the sound was still for any length of time, a thin scum of ice formed over it, often an inch or two in thickness. Suddenly the whole field would break up into immense floe-pieces; if the sides of the boat were not cut through by the sharp edges of the ice, it would float about, entirely at the mercy of wind and current, while they would be utterly powerless to extricate themselves. The experiences of Lieutenant Greely in September, 1883, settle the question of the practicability of this navigation better than all theories can do. After abandoning their launch eleven miles from land, they were *nineteen* days reaching shore, with daylight to facilitate their movements. To attempt at their landing, October 1st, the crossing of this sound, after such an experience, would have been more than rash. The Arctic night was already on them, young ice was forming, and the moving pack, over which a couple of miles a day might be made, was being carried by a southerly current, miles every day, towards Baffin's Bay.

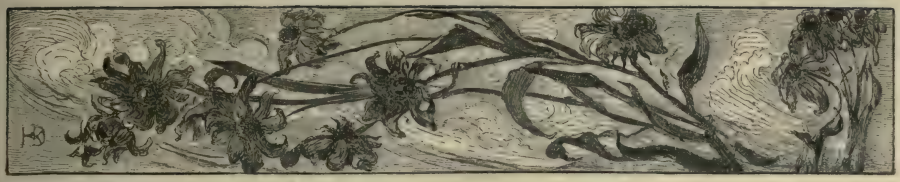
THE RETURN HOME.

By early morning of the 23d of June, which was Monday, we had started on our return, and at 8 o'clock revisited Littleton Island.

Ellison died on July 8, while we were at Disko Harbor. From the day of his removal to the ship (fifteen days before) the doctors had little hope of his recovery. The natural amputation was not immediately dangerous in his reduced and declining condition; but as soon as the blood began to flow, with the return of his digestion, mortification set in. and another amputation became necessary, He survived the operation three days. Since June 30 he had been threatened with congestion of the brain, and thereafter lost his mind.

While in Disko Harbor I was walking one day near the forecastle, and saw Brainard leaning against the ladder and gazing most intently at the shute in which the galley scrapings are emptied. I asked him what he was gazing at. In a most serious manner he turned to me and said: "I have seen enough good food thrown away since I have stood here to have saved the lives of our nineteen dead." And so it was that, in the enjoyment of plenty and a fair run of luck, we reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, on Thursday, July 17, and started the news of the expedition flying over the telegraph-wires of the civilized world.

Charles H. Harlow.
Ensign U. S. N.



THE PARTING OF ILMAR AND HAADIN.

Put out thy torch, O watcher by the dead,
Unto the darkness give its own;
Silence and darkness — they alone
May minister about this breathless bed;
Put out thy mocking torch, good watcher gray,
Thine old head cover; come away.

And so I leave thee, Ilmar! That queen brow
Where diamond light were pale as mist,
I yield it up to Death, unkissed.
He took thee from me; thou'rt his only, now:
No, no — I cannot lay on that still hand
Mine own, and thou not understand.

Mine was no little wingèd fantasy —
Gnat-passion of a summer day,
I loved not in the common way;
Therefore must I accept this misery,
Must hug it close, feed me upon its pain,
No more than thou to smile again.

The spider can restore each riven thread,
The bee refill its empty comb;
Alas! the heart's imperial home,
Once plundered, goes for aye untenanted.
Henceforth I wander, homeless, helpless, lone,
Only my bitterness mine own.

The haggard night, with wet, disheveled hair,
On her black path at large, shall be
My mate; the gesturing specter-tree
Shall reach his arms to me through glitt'ring air;
Friends will I make where, with despairing roar,
The baffled sea assaults the shore.

Wan as the bleachen kerchief smoothed around
Thy whiter neck, the realm of Death
Shall be my realm; and my stopt breath
Shall be unheard as thine down in the ground.—
Mine own are deaf as that sweet sleeper's ears;
Watcher, why speak when neither hears? —

Thou art so meek! Ah, why am I not so
Because thou art? — It cannot be:
My tameless blood increasingly
Does heat me fierce as tiger crouchèd low,
Hard-spotted pard, that, glancing back the glare
Of sun-fire, dapples all the air.

Had I, O wind, your liberty, the sea
Should lift so wildly he must spray
The shining azure Death's own gray,
Put out the splutt'ring stars, to say for me
How black is all this world! — No, no;
I must be calm. Lo, she is so!

Quench thy poor torch, good watcher. Death sleeps sound:
A candle cannot cheat her night.
Do men strengthen with smiles the noon-sun's light?
And shall we weep but to make wet the ground?
Old man, the gaping grave — didst ever note
The swallowed coffin choke his throat?

I tell thee she is Death's — Death's only, now:
Let us be gone. Haadin's tear
Would be a rain-drop on that bier,
His breath but wind against that brow.
Put out thy torch — ay, thou hast done it. All
Is dark — how dark! — Ilmar! — I — fall!

John Vance Cheney.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

RUINS OF THE HENRY HOUSE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH PROBABLY TAKEN IN MARCH, 1862.

The tree on the right was nearly cut in two, by shot and bullets. In the distance, to the right of the tree, is the Lewis house.

ON the last day but one of the march of General Joseph E. Johnston's army to join General Beauregard, an order reached me at Rectortown, through Brigadier-General Barnard E. Bee, to collect the four field-batteries of Johnston's army into one column, and, as senior artillery captain, to march them by country roads that were unobstructed by infantry or trains as rapidly as possible to Manassas Junction, and to report my arrival at any hour, day or night, to General Bee, who was going forward by rail with his brigade. Having assembled the batteries in the night, I began the march at day-dawn of Saturday, July 20, the day before the battle. About eight in the morning we were passing through a village in Fauquier County — Salem, I think it was. The whole population turned out to greet us. Men, women, and children brought baskets, trays, and plates loaded with their own family breakfasts, snatched from the tables, coffee-pots and all, to treat the soldiers. With the improvidence of raw campaigners, we had already, the night before, finished our three days' cooked rations, and were hungry. I ordered a halt for thirty minutes to enjoy the feast. The Staunton Artillery* (my own battery) was at the

*The Staunton Artillery numbered 140 officers and men. Six of them were college graduates, and several of them had left college to enter the army. The majority were either young men of leisure or mercantile clerks. About forty were young mechanics, whose mechanical skill was of much service. I had provided them with red flannel shirts at Harper's Ferry, because our uniforms were too fine for camp life and for service in the field.—J. D. I.

head of the column, and being largely composed of young men of high social standing, was especially honored by the ladies of the village, conspicuous among whom were the young daughters of Colonel John A. Washington, late of Mount Vernon. I noticed that some of the young fellows of the battery, lingering around the baskets borne by these young ladies, who bade them die or conquer in the fight, seemed very miserable during the remainder of the march that day. No doubt many of them, during the battle, felt that it were better to die on the field than retreat and live to meet those enthusiastic girls again. I make special note of that breakfast because it was the last food any of us tasted till the first Bull Run had been fought and won, thirty-six hours later.

It was one o'clock that night when the head of my little column reached General Bee's headquarters, about one mile northeast of Manassas Junction, on the Centreville road, at a point where the latter was intersected by a road running northward, parallel to the Sudley road and crossing Bull Run near Stone Bridge. General Bee was established in a log-cabin, back to which he was brought when he was mortally wounded, and to which I shall again allude. General Bee ordered us to unharness the horses and bivouac in the fence corners, adding, "You will need all the rest you can get, for a great battle will begin in the morning."

A little after daybreak we were aroused by the sharp, ringing report of a great Parrott gun across Bull Run, two miles away, and the whizzing of a thirty-pounder elongated shell over the tree-tops, four or five hundred yards to our left. Instantly every man was on his feet, and in five minutes the horses were harnessed and hitched to the guns and caissons. General Bee beckoned to me to come up to the porch, where he was standing in his shirt sleeves, having also been aroused by the shot. He rapidly informed me of the disposition of our troops of Johnston's army so far as they had arrived at Manassas. His own brigade had been brought forward by rail the evening before. Above all, he was dissatisfied at the prospect of not participating prominently in the battle, saying he had been ordered to the Stone Bridge, three or four miles away on our extreme left, to cover the left flank of the army from any movement that might be made against it. And as he had been directed to take a battery with him, he had selected mine, and wished me to move at once. He gave me a guide, and said he would follow immediately with his infantry. When I told him we had been twenty-four hours without food for men and horses, he said he would order supplies to follow, remarking, "You will have plenty of time to cook and eat, to the music of a battle in which we will probably take little or no part."

Away we went, retracing our steps to the Junction, and by a westerly detour striking into the Sudley road, at a point half-way between the Junction and the scene of the battle. After an hour or so we were ascending the hill to the Lewis house, or "Portici," where Brigadier-General St. George Cocke, of Virginia, was camped with a small brigade. Here a courier at full speed met us with news that the whole Federal army seemed to be marching north-westerly on the other side of Bull Run. Halting my men, I rode to the top of the hill, and had a full view of a long column of glittering bayonets moving up on the north side of the creek. Glancing down the valley, I saw Bee's brigade advancing, and galloped to meet him and report what I had seen. He divined the plans of McDowell, and, asking me to accompany him, rode rapidly past the Lewis house, across the hollow beyond it, and up the next hill through the pines, emerging on the summit immediately east of the Henry house, where the beautiful open landscape in front burst upon his vision.

He exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Here is the battle-field, and we are in for it! Bring up your guns, as quickly as possible, and I'll look round for a good position."

In less than twenty minutes I and my battery had passed the Lewis house, when I discovered Bee coming out of the pines. He stopped, and, placing his cap on his sword-point, waved it almost frantically as a signal to hurry forward. We went at a gallop, and were guided to a depression in the ground about one hundred yards to the north-east of the Henry house, where we unlimbered. With his keen military eye, General Bee had chosen the best possible position for a battery on all that battle-field. We were almost under cover by reason of a slight swell in the ground immediately in our front, and not fifty feet away. Our shot passed not six inches above the surface of the ground on this "swell," and the recoil ran the guns back to still lower ground, where only the heads of my men were visible to the enemy when loading.

We were none too soon in position; for, by the time we had unlimbered, Captain Ricketts, appearing on the crest of the opposite hill, came beautifully and gallantly into battery at a gallop, a short distance from the Matthews house on our side of the Sudley road, and about fifteen hundred yards to our front. I wanted to open on him whilst he was unlimbering, but General Bee objected till we

had received a fire, and had thus ascertained the character and caliber of the enemy's guns. Mine, six in number, were all smooth-bore six-pounders, brass.

The first round or two from the enemy went high over us. Seeing this, General Bee directed us to fire low and ricochet our shot and shrapnel on the hard, smooth, open field that sloped towards the Warrenton turnpike in the valley between us. The effect was very destructive to the enemy.

The rapid massing of troops in our front soon led to very heavy fighting. My little battery was under a pitiless fire for a long time. Two guns from an Alexandria battery — Latham's, I think — took part in the conflict on the north side of Young's Branch to our right and across the turnpike, so long as Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Wheat were on that side, we firing over their heads; and about eleven o'clock two brass twelve-pounder Napoleons from the New Orleans Washington Artillery unlimbered on our right, but only remained for a few rounds, and then retired.

We were hardly more than fairly engaged with Ricketts when Griffin's splendid battery appeared in our front, and took position full five hundred yards nearer to us, in a field on the left of the Sudley road, counting from our position on the right of that road. Ricketts had six Parrott guns, and Griffin had as many more, and, I think, two twelve-pounder howitzers besides. These last hurt us more than all the rifles of both batteries, since the shot and shell of the rifles, striking the ground at any angle over fifteen or twenty degrees, almost without exception bored their way in several feet and did no harm. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of shells from these fine rifle-guns exploded in front of and around my battery that day, but so deep in the ground that the fragments never came out. After the action the ground looked as though a drove of hogs had been rooting there for potatoes. I venture the opinion here, after a good deal of observation during four years, that in open ground at 1000 yards a six-pounder battery of smooth guns, or at 1500 to 1800 yards, a similar battery of twelve-pounder Napoleons, well handled, will in one hour whip double their number of the best rifles ever put in the field. A smooth-bore gun never buries its projectiles in the ground, as the rifle does invariably when fired against sloping ground. Of course, this advantage of the smooth-bore gun is limited to its shorter range, and to an open field fight, unprotected by defensive works.

For at least a half hour after our forces were driven across Young's Branch no Confederate soldier was visible from our position near the Henry house. The Staunton Artillery, so far as we could see, was "alone in its glory." General Bee's order had been, "Stay here till you are ordered away." To my surprise, no orders had come, though, as I afterward learned, orders to withdraw had been sent three-quarters of an hour before through Major Howard, of Bee's staff. Howard fell, desperately wounded, on the way, and could not deliver the message.

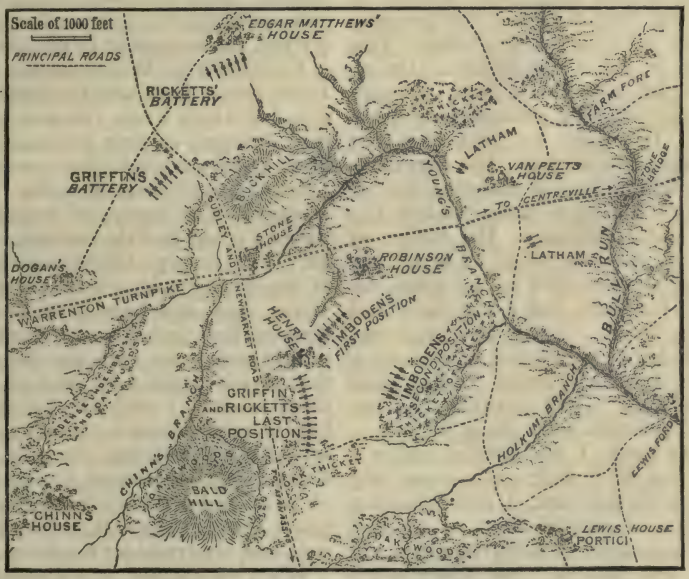
Infantry was now massing near the Stone house on the turnpike, not 500 yards away, to charge and capture us. On making this discovery and learning from the sergeants of pieces that our ammunition was almost entirely exhausted, there remained but one way to save our guns, and that was to run them off the field. More than half of our horses had been killed, one or two, only, being left in several of my six-horse teams. The living animals were quickly divided amongst the guns and caissons, and we limbered up and fled. Then it was that the Henry house was riddled, and the old lady, Mrs. Henry, was mortally wounded; for our line of retreat was so chosen that for two or three hundred yards the house would conceal us from Griffin's battery, and, in a measure, shelter us from the dreaded fire of the infantry when they should reach the crest we had just abandoned. Several of Griffin's shot passed through the house, scattering shingles, boards, and splinters all around us. A rifle-shot from Ricketts broke the axle of one of our guns and dropped the gun in the field, but we saved the limber. The charging infantry gained the crest in front of the Henry house in time to give us one volley, but with no serious damage.

We crossed the summit at the edge of the pines, midway behind the Henry and Robinson houses, and there met "Stonewall" Jackson at the head of his brigade, marching by the flank at a double-quick. Johnston and Beauregard had arrived upon the field and were hurrying troops into position, but we had not yet seen them.

When I met Jackson I felt very angry at what I then regarded as bad treatment from General Bee, in leaving us so long exposed to capture, and I expressed myself with some profanity, which I could see was displeasing to Jackson. He remarked, "I'll support your battery. Unlimber right here." We did so, when a perfect lull in the conflict ensued for twenty or thirty minutes — at least in that part of the field.

It was at this time that McDowell committed, as I think, the fatal blunder of the day, by ordering both Ricketts' and Griffin's batteries to cease firing and move across the turnpike to the top of the Henry Hill,

taking position on the west side of the house. The short time required to effect the change enabled Beauregard to arrange his new line of battle on the highest crest of the hill, south-east of the Henry and Robinson houses, in the edge of the pines. If one of the Federal batteries had been left north of Young's Branch, it could have so swept the hill-top where we re-formed, that it would have greatly delayed, if it had not wholly prevented, us from occupying the position. And if we had been forced back to the next hill, on which stands the Lewis house, Sherman, who had crossed Bull Run not far above the Stone Bridge, would have had a fair swing at our right flank, to say nothing of the effect of artillery playing upon us from beyond Bull Run.



PLAN OF THE BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

Imboden's second position in the edge of the pines, is on the line of the Confederate front as formed by General Jackson. Finally the Confederate line reached from behind the Robinson house to the left along the edge of the pines, and (as reënforcements came up) made a concave arc to a point behind the Chinn house.

General Imboden counted twenty-six Confederate guns in the semi-circle east of the Sudley road, when Griffin and Ricketts had taken position near the Henry house. About 2 P. M. Bee and Bartow were shot in the charge upon these Union batteries and their supports.— ED.

When my retiring battery met Jackson, and he assumed command of us, I reported that I had left only three rounds of ammunition, for a single gun. I wanted to send the caissons to the rear for a supply. He said, "No, not now — wait till other guns get here, and then you can withdraw your battery, as it has been so torn to pieces, and let your men rest."

For a time thereafter everything was quiet in our front; my men were lying round, nearly dead for water and food, and black with powder, smoke, and dust. Lieutenant Harman and I had been amusing ourselves training one of the guns on a heavy column of the enemy, who were advancing towards us, in the direction of the Chinn house, but were still twelve to fifteen hundred yards away. Whilst we were thus engaged, General Jackson rode up and said that three or four batteries were approaching rapidly; and we might soon retire. I again asked permission to fire the three rounds of shrapnel left to us. He said: "Go ahead." I picked up a charge (the fuse was cut and ready) and rammed it home myself, remarking to Harman, "Tom, put in the primer and pull her off." I forgot to step back far enough from the muzzle, and, as I wanted to see the shell strike, I squatted to be under the smoke, and gave the word "Fire." Heavens! what a report! I thought the gun had burst, and in a moment of consciousness felt as if my head was blown off. But it was only the pent-up gas, escaping sideways as the shot cleared the muzzle, that struck my side and head, and threw me full twenty feet away. I recovered in time to see the shell explode in the enemy's ranks at a spot where, the next day, we found five or six bodies badly mangled. The blood gushed out of my left ear, and from that day to this it has been totally deaf. The men fired the other two rounds, and limbered up and moved away, just as the Rockbridge artillery, under Lieutenant

Brockenbrough, came into position, and, a moment later, the Leesburg artillery, under Lieutenant Henry Heaton. Pendleton, captain of the first, and Rogers, of the second, were not with their batteries when they unlimbered, nor at any time afterwards, as long as I was with them, during the action. But Heaton and Brockenbrough were more than equal to the occasion. Heaton particularly, who had been under my command with his battery at the Point of Rocks, below Harper's Ferry, the previous May, was a brave and skillful young officer. Several other batteries soon came into line, so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry house, we had, as I now remember, twenty-six fresh guns ready for them.

The fighting was renewed, and was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, "General, you are wounded." He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast pocket, and began to bind it up, "Only a scratch — a mere scratch," and galloped away along his line.

To save my horse, I had hitched him to a persimmon tree in a little gully some fifty yards or more in the rear. I had become a little careful of the faithful beast on account of two narrow escapes. Whilst readjusting the teams at our first position, I had ridden to my left, nearly in front of the Henry house. Several of Griffin's guns appeared to be trained on me. A rifle shell burrowed under the horse, and, exploding in the ground, covered him with dirt, but did no damage. A fragment of another shell from overhead cut my canteen open, and wasted a pint of very good brandy, that would have been a boon a little later on. His other escape was during our flight after we got behind the Henry house. An unexploded rifle shell grazed his neck, taking off a little of the mane about a foot from his head, bringing him to his knees by the concussion.

To reach my horse after Jackson had given me permission to rejoin my battery, I had to pass the infantry of Hampton's Legion, who were lying down in supporting distance of our artillery, then all in full play. (Colonel Wade Hampton's "Legion" at that time, as I remember, consisted of a regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a four-gun battery of horse artillery.) Whilst untying my horse, a shell exploded in the midst of Hampton's infantry, killing several and stampeding fifteen or twenty nearest the spot. I tried to rally them; but one huge fellow, musket in hand with bayonet fixed, had started on a run. I threw myself in his front with drawn sword, and threatened to cut him down, whereupon he made a lunge at me. I threw up my left arm to ward off the blow, but the bayonet-point ran under the wrist-band of my red flannel shirt, and raked the skin of my arm from wrist to shoulder. The blow knocked me sprawling on the ground, and the fellow got away. I tore off the dangling shirt-sleeve, and was barearmed as to my left, the remainder of the fight.

I overtook my battery on the hill near the Lewis house (used as a hospital), in a field in front of which I saw General Johnston and staff grouped on their horses, and under fire from numerous shells that reached that hill. I rode up to General Johnston, reported our ammunition all gone, and requested to know where I could find the ordnance wagons and get a fresh supply. Observing the sorry plight of the battery and the condition of the surviving men and horses, he directed me to remove them farther to the rear to a place of perfect safety for men and horses, and return myself to the field, where I might be of some service. I took the battery back perhaps a mile, where we found a little stream of water, so welcome to men and horses. Being greatly exhausted, I rested for perhaps an hour, and returned to the front with Sergeant Thomas Shumate, a favorite in the battery, and always eager for action.

When we regained the crest of the Henry plateau, the enemy had been swept from it, and the retreat had begun all along the line. We gazed upon the scene for a time, and, hearing firing between the Lewis house and the Stone Bridge, we rode back to see what it meant. Captain Lindsay Walker had arrived from Fredericksburg with his six-Parrott-gun battery, and from a high hill was shelling the fugitives beyond Bull Run as they were fleeing in wild disorder to the shelter of the nearest woods. General J. E. B. Stuart, at the head of a body of yelling cavalry with drawn sabers, was sweeping round the base of the hill we were on, to cross the Run and fall upon the mob hurrying toward Centreville.

When Stuart disappeared in the distance, Sergeant Shumate and I rode slowly back

toward where I had left my battery. Nearing the Lewis house, we saw General Johnston and his staff coming toward us slowly, preceded a little by a solitary horseman some paces in advance, who was lifting his hat to every one he met. From the likeness I had seen of President Jefferson Davis, I instantly recognized him and told Shumate who it was. With the impulsiveness of his nature, Shumate dashed up to the President, seized his hand, and huzzahed at the top of his voice. I could see that Mr. Davis was greatly amused, and I was convulsed with laughter. When they came within twenty steps of me, where I had halted to let the group pass, Shumate exclaimed, to the great amusement of all who heard him: "Mr. President, there's my captain, and I want to introduce *you* to *him*."

The President eyed me for a moment, as if he thought I was an odd-looking captain. I had on a battered slouch hat, a red flannel shirt with only one sleeve, corduroy trousers, and heavy cavalry boots. I was begrimed with burnt powder, dust, and blood from my ear and arm, and must have been about as hard-looking a specimen of a captain as was ever seen. Nevertheless, the President grasped my hand with a cordial salutation, and after a few words passed on.

We found our battery refreshing themselves on fat bacon and bread. After a hasty meal, I threw myself on a bag of oats, and slept till broad daylight next morning, notwithstanding a drenching rain, which beat upon me during the night.

In fact, I was aroused in the morning by a messenger from ex-Governor Alston, of South Carolina, summoning me to the side of my gallant commander, Brigadier-General Bee, who had been mortally wounded near the Henry house, where Bartow was instantly killed almost at the same moment. When I reached General Bee, who had been carried back to the cabin where I had joined him the night before, he was unconscious, and died in a few minutes whilst I was holding his hand. Some one during the night had told him that I had reflected on him for so long leaving our battery exposed to capture; and, at his request, messengers had been for hours hunting me in the darkness, to bring me to him, that I might learn from his own lips that he had sent Major Howard to order me to withdraw, when he was driven back across Young's Branch and the turnpike. I was grieved deeply not to have seen him sooner. Possibly the failure of his order to reach me was providential. For full three-quarters of an hour we kept up a fire that delayed the enemy's movement across Young's Branch. But for that, they might have gained the Henry plateau, before Jackson and Hampton came up, and before Bee and Bartow had rallied their disorganized troops. Minutes count as hours under such circumstances, and trifles often turn the scale in great battles.

General Jackson's wound, received under the circumstances I have described, became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing, three days after the fight, that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters, in a little farm-house near Centreville. Although it was barely sunrise, he was out under the trees, bathing the hand with spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the night before. His little daughter Julia was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course, the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked, in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, "General, how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?" He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered, in a low tone of great earnestness: "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about *that*, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me." He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: "Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all would be equally brave."

I felt that this last remark was intended as a rebuke for my profanity, when I had complained to him on the field of the apparent abandonment of my battery to capture, and I apologized. He heard me, and simply said, "Nothing can justify profanity."

I never knew him to let profanity pass without a rebuke but once. The incident was reported to me by the chief actor in it, Major John A. Harman, who was Jackson's chief quartermaster, and a man of extraordinary qualifications. It happened at Edwards Ferry, on the Potomac, when our army was crossing into Maryland in the Antietam campaign. Major-General D. H. Hill's division was crossing, when Jackson rode up, and found the ford completely blocked with Hill's wagon-train. He spoke sharply to Hill (who was his brother-in-law, they having married sisters) for allowing such confusion. General Hill replied that *he* was not a quartermaster, or something that implied it was no part of his business to get tangled wagons out of the river. Jackson instantly put Hill in

arrest, and, turning to Major Harman, ordered him to clear the ford. Harman dashed in among the wagoners, kicking mules, and apparently inextricable mass of wagons, and, in the voice of a stentor, poured out a volume of oaths that would have excited the admiration of the most scientific mule-driver. The effect was electrical. The drivers were frightened and swore as best they could, but far below the Major's standard. The mules caught the inspiration from a chorus of familiar words, and all at once made a break for the Maryland shore, and in five minutes the ford was cleared. Jackson witnessed and heard it all. Harman rode back to join him, expecting a lecture, and, touching his hat, said: "The ford is clear, General! There's only one language that will make mules understand on a hot day that they must get out of the water." The General, smiling, said: "Thank you, Major," and dashed into the water at the head of his staff.

My aim in these few pages being only to describe some incidents of the battle which came under my own observation, I have not attempted to sketch the progress of the fight, nor to discuss the controversies growing out of it. The duties of the command were appropriately divided between General Johnston, the ranking officer, and General Beauregard, who was in the thickest of the fight, and displayed a heroism which inspired all around him. The battle was mainly fought by Johnston's troops from the Shenandoah. A large majority of the killed and wounded were his men and officers. Beauregard's troops were strung out for several miles down the valley of Bull Run, and did not get up to our aid till near the end of the day. General Beauregard himself came upon the field long before any of his troops arrived, except those he had posted under Evans to guard the Stone Bridge, and which, with Bee's troops, bore the brunt of the first attack.

The uninformed, North and South, have wondered why Johnston and Beauregard did not follow on to Washington. General Johnston, in his "Narrative," has clearly and conclusively answered that question. It was simply impossible. We had neither the food nor transportation at Manassas necessary to a forward movement. This subject was the cause of sharp irritation between our commanding generals at Manassas and Mr. Davis and his Secretary of War, Mr. Benjamin. There was a disposition in the quartermaster's and commissary departments at Richmond to deny the extent of the destitution of our army immediately after the battle. To ascertain the exact facts of the case, General Johnston organized a board of officers to investigate and report the condition of the transportation and commissariat of the army at Manassas on the 21st of July, and their daily condition for two weeks thereafter. That Board was composed of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert B. Lee (a cousin of General R. E. Lee), representing the commissary department, Major (afterwards Major-General) W. L. Cabell, representing the quartermaster's department, and myself from the line. My associates on this Board were old United States army officers of acknowledged ability and large experience. We organized early in August, and made an exhaustive investigation and detailed report. I have a distinct recollection that we found that there was not at Manassas one full day's rations on the morning of the battle (July 21) for the combined armies of Johnston and Beauregard, and that on no single day for the succeeding two weeks was there as much as a three days' supply there. We found that there were not wagons and teams enough at any time to have transported three days' supplies for the troops if put in motion away from the railroad. We found that for weeks preceding the 21st of July General Beauregard had been urgent and almost importunate in his demands on the quartermaster and commissary generals at Richmond for adequate supplies. We found that Colonel Northrop, the commissary-general, had not only failed to send forward adequate supplies for such an emergency as arose when General Johnston brought his army from the valley, but that he had interfered with and interdicted the efforts of officers of the department, who were with General Beauregard, to collect supplies from the rich and abundant region lying between the hostile armies. After reporting the facts, we unanimously concurred in the opinion that they proved the impossibility of a successful and rapid pursuit of the defeated enemy to Washington. This report, elaborately written out and signed, was forwarded to Richmond, and in a few days was returned by Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, with an indorsement to the effect that the Board had transcended its powers by expressing an opinion as to what the facts did or did not prove, and sharply ordering us to strike out all that part of the report, and send only the facts ascertained by us. We met and complied with this order, though indignant at the reprimand, and returned our amended report. That was the last I ever heard of it. It never saw daylight. Who suppressed it I do not know.

Jno. D. Imboden.

MANASSAS TO SEVEN PINES.

A REPLY TO JEFFERSON DAVIS,—INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BATTLES OF BULL RUN AND SEVEN PINES.

SUDLEY SPRINGS FORD, LOOKING SOUTH.

On the right, ruins of Sudley mineral springs. On the hill, Sudley Church—a hospital in the two battles of Bull Run. The wagon is on the Sudley and Manassas road. It is a mile from the ford to where Ricketts first planted his battery.—ED.

WHEN the State of Virginia seceded, being a citizen of that State, I resigned my office in the United States Army. And as I had seen a good deal of military service, in the Seminole and Mexican wars and in the West, the President of the Confederacy offered me a commission in the highest grade in his army. I accepted the offer because the invasion of the South was inevitable. But I soon incurred Mr. Davis's displeasure by protesting against an illegal act of his by which I was greatly wronged. Still he retained me in important positions, although his official letters were harsh. In 1864, however, he degraded me to the utmost of his power by summarily removing me from a high command. Believing that he was prompted to this act by animosity, and not by dispassionate opinion, I undertake to prove this animosity by many extracts from his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" (D. Appleton & Co.: 1881), and my comments thereon.

A QUESTION OF RANK.

MR. DAVIS recites (Vol. I., p. 307) the law securing to officers who might leave the United States Army to enter that of the Confederacy the same relative rank in the latter which they had in the former, provided their resignations had been offered in the six months next following the 14th of March, and then adds:

"The provisions hereof are in the view entertained, that the army was of the States, not of the Government, and was to secure to officers adhering to the Confederate States the same relative rank which they had before those States had withdrawn from the Union. . . .

"How well the Government observed both the letter and spirit of the law will be seen by reference to its action in the matter of appointments."

Those of the five generals were the most prominent, of course. All had resigned within the time prescribed. Their relative rank in the United States Army just before secession was: 1st, J. E. Johnston, Brigadier-General; 2d, S. Cooper, Colonel; 3d, A. S. Johnston, Colonel; 4th, R. E. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel; and 5th, G. T. Beauregard, Major. All of them but the 3d had previous appointments, when, on the 31st of August, the Government announced new ones: S. Cooper's being dated May 16, A. S. Johnston's May 28, R. E. Lee's June 14, J. E Johnston's July 4, and G. T. Beauregard's July 21. So the law was violated, 1st, by disregarding existing commissions; 2d, by giving different instead of the same dates to commissions; and 3d, by not recognizing previous rank in the United States Army. The only effect of this triple violation of law was to reduce J. E. Johnston from the first to the fourth place, which, of course, must have been its object.

"It is a noteworthy fact [he continues] that the three highest officers in rank . . . were all so indifferent to any question of personal interest that they had received their appointment before they were aware it was to be conferred."

This implies that the conduct described was unusual. On the contrary, it was that of the body of officers who left the United States Army to enter that of the Confederacy. It is strange that the author should disparage so many honorable men. He states (page 309) that General Lee, when ordered from Richmond to the South for the first time, asked what rank he held in the army: "So wholly had his heart and his mind been consecrated to the public service that he had not remembered if he ever knew of his advancement."

As each grade has its duties, an officer cannot know his duty if ignorant of his rank. Therefore General Lee always knew his rank, for he never failed in his duty. Besides, his official correspondence at the time referred to shows that he knew that he was major-general of the Virginia forces until May 25, 1861, and a Confederate general after that date.

THE MOVEMENT FROM THE SHENANDOAH TO MANASSAS.

DESCRIBING the events which immediately preceded the battle of Manassas, Mr. Davis says (page 340):

"The forces there assembled [in Virginia] were divided into three armies, at positions the most important and threatened. One, under General J. E. Johnston, at Harper's Ferry, covering the valley of the Shenandoah. . . .

"Harper's Ferry was an important position both for military and political considerations. . . . The demonstrations of General Patterson, commanding the Federal army in that region, caused General Johnston earnestly to insist on being allowed to retire to a position nearer to Winchester."

Harper's Ferry is twenty-two miles east of the route into the Shenandoah Valley, and could be held only by an army strong enough to drive an enemy from the heights north and east of it. So it is anything but an important position. These objections were expressed to the Government two days after my arrival, and I suggested the being permitted to move the troops as might be necessary. All this before General Patterson had advanced from Chambersburg.

The assertion in the first sentence of General Cooper's letter (page 341)—"You had been heretofore instructed to exercise your discretion as to retiring from your position at Harper's Ferry"—is incorrect. No such instructions had been given. The last instructions on the subject received by me are in General Lee's letter of June 7. ("War Records," Vol. II. page 910.)

On page 341 Mr. Davis says: "The temporary occupation [of Harper's Ferry] was especially needful for the removal of the valuable machinery and material in the armory located there." The removal of the machinery was not an object referred to in General Cooper's letter. But the presence of our army anywhere in the Valley within a day's march of the position, would have protected that removal.

That letter (page 341) was received two days after the army left Harper's Ferry to meet General McClellan's troops, believed by intelligent people of Winchester to be approaching from the west.

On page 345 he says it was a difficult problem to know which army, whether Beauregard's at Manassas or Johnston's in the Valley, should be reënforced by the other, because these generals were "each asking reënforcements from the other." All that was written by me on the subject is in the letter (page 345) dated July 9: "I have not asked for reënforcements because I supposed that the War Department, informed of the state of affairs everywhere, could best judge where the troops at its disposal are most required. . . . If it is proposed to strengthen us against the attack I suggest as soon to be made, it seems to me that General Beauregard might with *great expedition* furnish five or six thousand men for a few days."

Mr. Davis says, after quoting from this letter:

"As soon as I became satisfied that Manassas was the objective point of the enemy's movement, I wrote to General Johnston urging him to make preparations for a junction with General Beauregard."

There is abundant evidence that the Southern President never thought of transferring the troops in the "Valley" to Manassas until the proper time to do it came—that is, when McDowell was known to be advancing. This fact is shown by the anxiety he expressed to increase the number of those troops.* And General Lee, writing to Mr. Davis in November, 1861 ("War Records," Vol. II., p. 515), says in regard to General Beauregard's suggestion that he be reënforced from my army:

"You decided that the movements of the enemy in and about Alexandria were not sufficiently demonstrative to warrant the withdrawing of any of the troops from the Shenandoah Valley. A few days afterwards, however,—I think three or four,—the reports from General Beauregard showed so clearly the enemy's purpose, that you ordered General Johnston, with his effective force, to march at once to the support of General Beauregard."

This letter is in reply to one from Mr. Davis, to the effect that statements had been widely published to show that General Beauregard's forces had been held inactive by his (Mr. Davis's) rejection of plans for vigorous offensive operations proposed to him by the general, and desiring to know of General Lee what those plans were, and why they were rejected.

"On the 17th of July, 1861," says Mr. Davis (page 346), "the following telegram was sent by the adjutant-general" to General J. E. Johnston, Winchester, Va.:

"General Beauregard is attacked. To strike the enemy a decisive blow, a junction of all your effective force will be needed. If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick and baggage to Culpeper Court House, either by railroad or by Warrenton. In all the arrangements exercise your discretion. [Signed] S. COOPER, Adjutant and Inspector General."

Mr. Davis asserts that I claim that discretion was given me by the words "all the arrangements." I claimed it from what he terms the only positive part of the order, viz., "If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick to Culpeper Court House."

"The sending the sick to Culpeper Court House [Mr. Davis adds] might have been after or before the effective force had moved to the execution of the main and only positive part of the order."

* See "War Records," Vol. II., letters on pages 924, 935, 940, 973, 976, 977.

"Make the movement" would have been a positive order, but "if practicable" deprived it of that character, and gave the officer receiving it a certain discretion. But, as the movement desired was made promptly, it was surely idle to discuss, twenty years after, whether the officer could lawfully have done what he *did not do*. At the time the decision of such a question might have been necessary; but, as Mr. Davis will give no more orders to generals, and as the officer concerned will execute no more, such a discussion is idle now. The use of the wagons required in the march of the army would have been necessary to remove the sick to the railroad station at Strasburg, eighteen miles distant; so this removal could *not* have been made *after* the march. There being seventeen hundred sick, this part of their transportation would have required more time than the transfer of the troops to Manassas, which was the important thing. The sick were, therefore, properly and quickly provided for in Winchester. I was the only judge of the "practicable"; and "if practicable" refers to the whole sentence — as much to sending the sick to Culpeper as to "make the movement." Still he says (page 347):

"His [my] letters of the 12th and 13th expressed his doubts about his power to retire from before the superior force of General Patterson. Therefore, the word 'practicable' was in that connection the equivalent of 'possible.'"

It is immaterial whether "if practicable" or "if possible" was written. I was the only judge of the possibility or practicability; and, if General Patterson had not changed his position after the telegram was received, I might have thought it necessary to attack him, to "make the movement practicable." But as to my power to retire. On the 15th General Patterson's forces were half a day's march from us, and on the 12th more than a day's march; and, as Stuart's cavalry did not permit the enemy to observe us, retreat would have been easy, and I could not possibly have written to the contrary.*

As to Mr. Davis's telegram (page 348), and the anxiety in Mr. Davis's mind lest there should be some unfortunate misunderstanding between General Beauregard and me,— my inquiry was intended and calculated to establish beyond dispute our relative positions. As a Confederate brigadier-general I had been junior to General Beauregard, but was created general by act of Congress. But, as this had not been published to the army, it was not certain that it was known at Manassas. If it was not, the President's telegram gave the information, and prevented what he seems to have apprehended.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.†

On page 349 to the end of the chapter, the President describes his visit to the field of battle near Manassas. "As we advanced," he says, "the storm of battle was rolling westward." But, in fact, the fighting ceased before he left Manassas. He then mentions meeting me on a hill which commanded a general view of the field, and proceeding farther west, where he saw a Federal "column," which a Confederate squadron charged and put to flight. But the captain in command of this squadron says in his report that the column seen was a party of our troops. Mr. Davis also dilates on the suffering of our troops for want of supplies and camp equipage, and on his efforts to have them provided for. After the battle ended, officers were duly directed by me to have food brought to the ground where the troops were to pass the night.

I was not in the conference described by Mr. Davis (pages 353, 354, 355). Having left the field after ten o'clock, and ridden in the dark slowly, it was about half-past eleven when I found the President and General Beauregard together, in the latter's quarters at Manassas. We three conversed an hour or more without referring to pursuit or an advance upon Washington. The "conference" described by him must have occurred before my arrival, and Mr. Davis may very well have forgotten that I was not present then.

But, when the President wrote, he had forgotten the subject of the conference he described; for the result, as he states it, was an order, not for pursuit by the army, but for the detail of two parties to collect wounded men and abandoned property near the field of battle. This order (pages 355, 356) is "to the same effect," Mr. Davis says, as the one he wrote, and which he terms a direction to pursue the Federal army at early dawn.

It is asserted (page 354) that I left the command over both Confederate armies in General Beauregard's hands during the engagement. Such conduct would have been as base as flight from the field in the heat of

* Mr. Davis has a few words of praise for General Johnston, which, in this connection, will be of interest to the reader: "It gives me pleasure to state that, from all the accounts received at the time, the plans of General Johnston for masking his withdrawal to form a junction with General Beauregard were conducted with marked skill" (page 347).— ED.

† For views of the field and pictorial incidents of the battle of Bull Run, see General Beauregard's paper in THE CENTURY for November, 1884.

battle, and would have brought upon me the contempt of every honorable soldier. It is disproved by the fact that General Beauregard was willing to serve under me there, and again in North Carolina, near the close of the war; and associated with me. As this accusation is published by the Southern President, and indorsed by General Beauregard, it requires my contradiction.

Instead of leaving the command in General Beauregard's hands, I assumed it over both armies immediately after my arrival on the 20th, showing General Beauregard as my warrant the President's telegram defining my position. The usual order* assuming command was written and sent to General Beauregard's office for distribution. He was then told that as General Patterson would no doubt hasten to join General McDowell as soon as he discovered my movement, we must attack the Federal army next morning. General Beauregard then pointed out on a map of the neighborhood the roads leading to the enemy's camp at Centreville from the different parts of our line south of the stream, and the positions of the brigades near each road; and a simple order of march, by which our troops would unite near the Federal position, was sketched. Having had neither sleep nor recumbent rest since the morning of the 17th, I begged General Beauregard to put this order of march on paper, and have the necessary copies made and sent to me for inspection in a grove, near, where I expected to be resting; this in time for distribution before night. This distribution was to be by him, the immediate commander of most of the troops. Seeing that eight brigades were on the right of the line to Centreville, and but one to the left of it at a distance of four miles, I desired General Beauregard to have Bee's and Jackson's brigades placed in this interval near the detached brigade.

The papers were brought to me a little before sunrise next morning. They differed greatly from the order sketched the day before; but as they would put the troops in motion if distributed, it would be easy then to direct the course of each division. By the order sketched the day before, all our forces would have been concentrated near Centreville, to attack the Federal army. By that prepared by General Beauregard but four brigades were directed "to the attack of Centreville," of which one and a half had not yet arrived from the Valley, while six brigades were to move forward to the Union Mills and Centreville road, there to hold themselves in readiness to support the attack on Centreville, or to move, two to Sangster's cross-roads, two to Fairfax Station, and two to Fairfax Court House. The two and a half brigades on the ground, even supported by the half brigade of the reserve also on the ground, in all probability would have been defeated by the whole Federal army before the three bodies of two brigades each could have come to their aid, over distances of from three to five miles. Then, if the enemy had providentially been defeated by one-sixth or one-eighth of their number, Sangster's cross-roads and Fairfax Station were out of their line of retreat.

Soon after sunrise on the 21st, it was reported that a large body of Federal troops was approaching on the Warrenton Turnpike. This offensive movement of the enemy would have *frustrated our plan of the day before*, if the orders for it had been delivered to the troops. It appears from the reports of the commanders of the six brigades on the right that but one of them, General Longstreet, received it. Learning that Bee's and Jackson's brigades were still on the right, I again desired General Beauregard to transfer them to the left, which he did, giving the same orders to Hampton's Legion, just arrived. These, with Cocke's brigade then near the turnpike, would necessarily receive the threatened attack.

General Beauregard then suggested that all our troops on the right should move rapidly to the left and assail the attacking Federal troops in flank. This suggestion was accepted; and together we joined those troops. Three of the four brigades of the first line, at Mitchell's, Blackburn's, and McLean's fords, reported strong bodies of United States troops on the wooded heights before them. This *frustrated the second plan*. Two Federal batteries — one in front of Bonham's brigade at Mitchell's ford, the other before Longstreet's at Blackburn's ford — were annoying us, although their firing was slow.

About 8 o'clock, after receiving such information as scouts could give, I left General Beauregard near Longstreet's position, and placed myself on Lookout Hill, in rear of Mitchell's ford, to await the development of the enemy's designs. About 9 o'clock the signal officer, Captain Alexander, reported that a column of Federal troops could be seen crossing the valley of Bull Run, two miles beyond our left.

General McDowell had been instructed by the general-in-chief to pass the Confederate right and seize the railroad in our rear. But, learning that the district to be passed

*General J. A. Early, in his narrative of these events, says: "During the 20th, General Johnston arrived at Manassas Junction by the railroad, and that day we received the order from him assuming command of the combined armies of General Beauregard and himself."—J. E. J.

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GENERAL MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MANASSAS.

(For full-page topographical map of the field, see THE CENTURY for November, 1884.)

through was rugged and covered with woods, and therefore unfavorable to a large army, he determined, after devoting three days to reconnaissance, to operate on the open and favorable ground to his right, and turn our left. He had another object in this second plan, and an important one — that this course would place his between the two Confederate armies, and prevent their junction; and if it had been made a day or two sooner, this manœuvre would have accomplished that object.

General McDowell marched from Centreville by the Warrenton turnpike with three divisions, sending a fourth division to deceive us by demonstrations in front of our main body. Leaving the turnpike a half mile from the Stone Bridge, he made a long detour to Sudley ford, where he crossed Bull Run and turned towards Manassas. Colonel Evans, who commanded fourteen companies near the Stone Bridge, discovered this manœuvre, and moved with his little force along the base of the hill north of the turnpike, to place it before the enemy near the Sudley and Manassas road. Here he was assailed by greatly superior numbers, which he resisted obstinately.

General Beauregard had joined me on Lookout Hill, and we could distinctly hear the sounds and see the smoke of the fight. But they indicated no hostile force that Evans's troops and those of Bee, Hampton and Jackson,

which we could see hurrying towards the conflict in that order, were not adequate to resist.

On reaching the broad, level top of the hill south of the turnpike, Bee, appreciating the strength of the position, formed his troops (half of his own and half of Bartow's brigade) on that ground. But seeing Evans struggling against great odds, he crossed the valley and formed on the right and a little in advance of him. Here the five or six regiments, with six field-pieces, held their ground for an hour against 10,000 or 12,000 United States troops, when, finding they were overlapped on each flank by the continually arriving enemy, General Bee fell back to the position from which he had moved to rescue Evans — crossing the valley, closely pressed by the Federal army.

Hampton with his legion reached the valley as the retrograde movement began. Forming it promptly, he joined in the action, and contributed greatly to the orderly character of the retreat by his courage and admirable soldiership, seconded by the excellent conduct of the gentlemen composing his legion. Imboden and his battery did excellent service on this trying occasion. Bee met Jackson at the head of his brigade, on the position he had first taken, and he began to re-form and Jackson to deploy at the same time.

In the mean time I had been waiting with General Beauregard on Lookout Hill for evidence of General McDowell's design. The violence of the firing on the left indicated a battle, but the large bodies of troops reported by chosen scouts to be facing our right kept me in doubt. But near eleven o'clock reports that those troops were felling trees showed that they were standing on the defensive; and new clouds of dust on the left proved that a large body of Federal troops was arriving on the field. It thus appeared that the enemy's great effort was to be against our left. I expressed this to General Beauregard, and the necessity of reënforcing the brigades engaged, and desired him to send immediate orders to Early and Holmes, of the second line, to hasten to the conflict with their brigades. General Bonham, who was near me, was desired to send up two regiments and a battery. I then set off at a rapid gallop to the scene of action. General Beauregard joined me without a word. Passing on the way Colonel Pendleton with two batteries, I directed him to follow with them as fast as possible.

It now seemed that a battle was to be fought entirely different in place and circumstance from the two plans previously adopted, and abandoned as impracticable. Instead of taking the initiative and operating in front of our line, we were compelled to fight on the defensive more than a mile in rear of that line, and at right angles to it, on a field selected by General Bee, — with no other plans than those suggested by the changing events of battle.

While we were riding forward General Beauregard suggested to me to assign him to the immediate command of the troops engaged, so that my supervision of the whole field might not be interrupted, to which I assented. So he commanded those troops under me; as elsewhere, lieutenant-generals commanded corps, and major-generals divisions, under me.

When we were near the ground where Bee was re-forming and Jackson deploying his brigade, I saw a regiment in line with ordered arms and facing to the front, but two or three hundred yards in rear of its proper place. On inquiry I learned that it had lost all its field-officers; so, riding on its left flank, I easily marched it to its place. It was the Fourth Alabama, an excellent regiment; and I mention this because the circumstance has been greatly exaggerated.

After the troops were in good battle order I turned to the supervision of the whole field. The enemy's great numerical superiority was discouraging. Yet, from strong faith in Beauregard's capacity and courage, and the high soldierly qualities of Bee and Jackson, I hoped that the fight would be maintained until I could bring adequate reënforcements to their aid. For this Holmes and Early were urged to hasten their march, and Ewell was ordered to follow them with his brigade with all speed. Broken troops were reorganized and led back into the fight with the help of my own and part of General Beauregard's staff. Cocke's brigade was held in rear of the right to observe a large body of Federal troops in a position from which Bee's right flank could have been struck in a few minutes.

After these additions had been made to our troops then engaged, we had nine regiments of infantry, five batteries, and three hundred cavalry of the Army of the Shenandoah, and about two regiments and a half of infantry, six companies of cavalry, and six field-pieces of the Army of the Potomac, holding at bay three divisions of the United States army. The Southern soldiers had, however, two great advantages in the contest: greater skill in the use of fire-arms, and the standing on the defensive, by which they escaped such disorder as advancing under fire produced in the ranks of their adversaries, undisciplined like themselves.

A report received about two o'clock from General Beauregard's office that another United States army was approaching from the north-west, and but a few miles from us, caused me to send orders to Bonham, Longstreet, and Jones to hold their brigades south of Bull Run, and ready to move.

When Bonham's two regiments appeared soon after, Cocke's brigade was ordered into action on our right. Fisher's North Carolina regiment coming up, Bonham's two regiments were directed against the Federal right, and Fisher's was afterwards sent in the same direction; for the enemy's strongest efforts seemed to be directed against our left, as if to separate us from Manassas Junction.

About half-past three o'clock, General E. K. Smith arrived with three regiments of Elzey's brigade, coming from Manassas Junction. He was instructed, through a staff officer sent forward to meet him, to form on the left of our line, his left thrown forward, and attack the enemy in flank. At his request I joined him, directed his course, and gave him these instructions. Before the formation was completed, he fell severely wounded, and while falling from his horse directed Colonel Elzey to take command. That officer appreciated the manœuvre and executed it gallantly and well. General Beauregard promptly seized the opportunity it afforded, and threw forward the whole line. The enemy was driven from the long-contested hill, and the tide of battle at length turned. But the first Federal line driven into the valley was there rallied on a second, the two united presenting a formidable aspect. In the mean time, however, Colonel Early had come upon the field with his brigade. He was instructed by me to make a detour to the left and assail the Federal right in flank. He reached the ground in time, accompanied by Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery, and made his attack with a skill and courage which routed the Federal right in a moment. General Beauregard, charging in front, made the rout complete. The Federal right fled in confusion toward the Sudley ford, and the center and left marched off rapidly by the turnpike.

Stuart pursued the fugitives on the Sudley road, and Colonel Radford, with two squadrons I had held in reserve near me during the day, was directed to cross Bull Run at Ball's ford, and strike the column on the turnpike in flank. The number of prisoners taken by these parties of cavalry greatly exceeded their own numbers. But they were too weak to make a serious impression on an army, although a defeated one.

At twenty minutes before five, when the retreat of the enemy toward Centreville began, I sent orders to Brigadier-General Bonham by Lieutenant-Colonel Lay, of his staff, who happened to be with me, to march with his own and Longstreet's brigade (which were nearest Bull Run and the Stone Bridge), by the quickest route, to the turnpike, and form them across it to intercept the retreat of the Federal troops. But he found so little appearance of rout in those troops as to make the execution of his instructions seem impracticable; so the two brigades returned to their camps. When the retreat began, the body of United States troops that had passed the day on the Centreville side of Bull Run made a demonstration on the rear of our right; which was repelled by Holmes's brigade just arrived.

Soon after the firing ceased, General Ewell reported to me, saying that his brigade was about midway from its camp near Union Mills. He had ridden forward to see the part of the field on which he might be required to serve, to prepare himself to act intelligently.

The victory was as complete as one gained in an open country by infantry and artillery can be. Our cavalry pursued as far as they could effectively; but when they encountered the main column, after dispersing or capturing little parties and stragglers, they could make no impression.

General McDowell marched from the Potomac with 35,000 men in five divisions, three of which (three-fifths) were engaged (about 21,000).

On our side the Army of the Shenandoah had on the field 8000 men; that of the Potomac, as reported, 9477 men; total, 17,477.

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*
The Army of the Shenandoah lost	282	1582	1
" " " Potomac "	105	519	12

General Beauregard's first plan of attack was delivered to me by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Chisolm, when I was thirty-four miles from Manassas. It was, that I should leave the railroad at Piedmont Station, thirty-six miles from the enemy at Centreville, and attack him in rear, and when our artillery announced that we had begun the fight, General Beauregard would move up from Bull Run and assail the enemy on that side. I rejected the plan, because such a one would enable an officer of ordinary sense and vigor to defeat our two armies one after the other. For McDowell, by his numerical superiority, could have disposed of my forces in less than two hours, that is to say, before Beauregard could have come up, when he also could have been defeated and the campaign ended.

An opinion seems to prevail with some persons who have written about the battle, that important plans of General Beauregard were executed by him. It is a mistake; the first intention, announced to General Beauregard by me when we met, was to attack the enemy at Centreville as early as possible on the twenty-first. This was anticipated by McDowell's early advance. The second, to attack the Federals in flank near the turnpike with

our main force, suggested by General Beauregard, was prevented by the enemy's occupation of the high ground in front of our right.

As fought, the battle was made by me; Bee's and Jackson's brigades were transferred to the left by me. I decided that the battle was to be there, and directed the measures necessary to maintain it; a most important one being the assignment of General Beauregard to the immediate command of this left which he held. In like manner the senior officer on the right would have commanded there, if the Federal left had attacked.

These facts in relation to the battle are my defense against the accusation indorsed by General Beauregard and published by Mr. Davis.

In an account of the battle published in the November number of THE CENTURY, General Beauregard mentions offensive operations he "had designed and ordered against his [adversary's] left flank and rear at Centreville," and censures my friend General R. S. Ewell for their failure. At the time referred to, three of the four Federal divisions were near Bull Run, above the turnpike, and the fourth facing our right, so that troops of ours, going to Centreville then, if not prevented by the Federal division facing them, would have found no enemy. And General Ewell was not, as he reports, "instructed in the plan of attack"; for he says in his official report: ". . . I first received orders to hold myself in readiness to advance at a moment's notice. I next received a copy of an order sent to me by General Jones, in which it was stated that I had been ordered to his support." Three other contradictory orders, he says, followed. As to the comparison with Desaix at Marengo, made by General Beauregard, the circumstances had no resemblance. Desaix was separated from the French army, heard the sounds of battle, knew that he was wanted there, and went there. General Ewell knew that a battle was raging; but knew, too, that all the unengaged brigades were between him and it, and his commander was near enough to give him orders. But he had no reason to suppose that his commander desired him to move to Centreville, where there was then no enemy. There could have been no greater mistake on General Ewell's part than making the movement to Centreville.

A brief passage in my official report of this battle displeased President Davis. In referring to his telegraphic order I gave its meaning very briefly, but accurately — "directing me, if practicable, to go to General Beauregard's assistance, after sending my sick to Culpeper Court House." Mr. Davis objected to the word *after*. Being informed of this by a friend, I cheerfully consented to his expunging the word, because that would not affect the meaning of the sentence. But the word is still in his harsh indorsement. He also had this passage stricken out: "The delay of sending the sick, nearly 1700 in number, to Culpeper, would have made it impossible to arrive at Manassas in time. They were therefore provided for in Winchester;" and substituted this: "Our sick, nearly 1700 in number, were provided for in Winchester." Being ordered to send the sick to Culpeper as well as to move to Manassas, it was necessary to account for disobedience, which my words did, and which his substitute for them did not.

Mr. Davis (page 359) expresses indignation that, as he says, "Among the articles abandoned by the enemy on the field of Manassas, were handcuffs, the fit appendage of a policeman, not of a soldier." I saw none, nor did I see any one who had seen them.

Mr. Davis states (page 359) that "On the night of the 22d, I held a second conference with Generals Johnston and Beauregard." I was in no conference like that of which account is given on page 360. And one that he had with me on that day proved conclusively that he had no thought of sending our army against Washington; for in it he offered me the command in West Virginia, promising to increase the forces there adequately from those around us.

He says (page 361):

> "What discoveries would have been made, and what results would have ensued from the establishment of our guns upon the south bank of the river to open fire upon the capital, are speculative opinions upon which it would be useless to enter."

Mr. Davis seems to have forgotten what was as well known then as now — that our army was more disorganized by victory than that of the United States by defeat; that there were strong fortifications, well manned, to cover the approaches to Washington and prevent the establishment of our guns on the south bank of the river. He knew, too, that we had no means of cannonading the capital, nor a disposition to make barbarous war. He says (page 362):

> "When the smoke of battle had lifted from the field . . . some . . . censoriously asked why the fruits of the victory had not been gathered by the capture of Washington City. . . . Then some indiscreet friends of the generals commanding in the battle . . . induced the allegation that the President had prevented the generals from making an immediate and vigorous pursuit of the routed enemy."

Mr. Davis has no ground for this assertion; the generals were attacked first and most severely. It was not until the press had exhausted itself upon them, that some of them turned upon him. On November 3 he wrote to me that reports were circulated to the effect

that he "prevented General Beauregard from pursuing the enemy after the battle of Manassas, and had subsequently restrained him from advancing upon Washington City. . . . I call upon you to say whether I obstructed the pursuit of the enemy after the victory at Manassas, or have ever objected to an advance, or other active operation, which it was feasible for the army to undertake."

I replied on the 10th, answering the first question in the negative, and added an explanation which put the responsibility on myself. I replied to the second question, that it had never been feasible for the army to advance farther toward Washington than it had done, and referred to a conference at Fairfax Court House (Oct. 1, 1861) in reference to leading the army into Maryland, in which he informed the three senior officers that he had not the means of giving the army the strength they considered necessary for offensive operations.

Mr. Davis was displeased by my second reply, because in his mind there was but one question in his letter. I maintain that there are two, namely: (1) Did he obstruct the pursuit of the enemy after the victory at Manassas? (2) Had he ever objected to an advance, or other active operation, which it was feasible for the army to undertake?

The second matter is utterly unconnected with the battle of Manassas, and as the question of advance or other active operation had been discussed nowhere by him, to my knowledge, but at the conference at Fairfax Court House, I supposed that he referred to it. He was dissatisfied with my silence in regard to the conferences he avers took place on July 21 and 22, the first knowledge of which I have derived from his book.

Near the foot of page 365 Mr. Davis represents me as reflecting upon him, in expressing in my report the belief that General Cooper's telegram of July 17 did not convey a positive order. As what he says, immediately following, has been reviewed before, it may be passed over now.

This passage appears on page 369: "The words 'if practicable' had reference to letters of General Johnston of the 12th and 15th of July . . ." They had reference to "make the movement, sending the sick and baggage to Culpeper," and to those words only. I alone was to judge of the practicable.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CENTREVILLE TO THE PENINSULA.

Mr. Davis refers (pages 444–5) to the instructions for the reorganization of the army given by him to the three general officers he met in conference at Fairfax Court House on October 1, 1861. But the correspondence urging the carrying out of the orders was carried on with Generals Beauregard and G. W. Smith (my subordinates) in that same October. He neither conversed nor corresponded with me on the subject then, the letter to me being dated May 10, 1862. The original order was dated October 22, 1861, to be executed "as soon as, in the judgment of the commanding general, it can be safely done under present exigencies." As the enemy was then nearer to our center than that center to either flank of our army, and another advance upon us by the Federal army was not improbable on any day, it seemed to me unsafe to make the reorganization then. From May 10 to 26, when the President renewed the subject, we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, when reorganization would have been infinitely dangerous, as was duly represented by me. But, alluding to this conference at Fairfax Court House, he says (page 449): "When, at that time and place, I met General Johnston for conference, he called in the two generals next in rank to himself, Beauregard and G. W. Smith." These officers were with Mr. Davis in the quarters of General Beauregard, whose guest he was, when I was summoned to him. I had not power to bring any officer into the conference. If such authority had belonged to my office, the personal relations lately established between us by the President would not have permitted me to use it.

He says (page 448): "I will now proceed to notice the allegation that I was responsible for the inaction of the army in the latter part of 1861 and early part of 1862."

I think Mr. Davis is here fighting a shadow. I have never seen or heard of the "allegation" referred to; I believe that that conference attracted no public attention and brought criticism upon no one. I have seen no notice of it in print, except the merely historical one in a publication made by me in 1874,* without criticism or comment. Mr. Davis expresses surprise at the weakness of the army. He has forgotten that in Richmond he was well informed of the strength of the army by periodical reports, which showed him the prevalence of epidemics which, in August and part of September, kept almost thirty per cent. of our number sick. He must have forgotten, too, his anxiety on this subject, which induced him to send a very able physician, Dr. Cartwright, to find some remedy or preventive.

He asserts also that "the generals" had made previous suggestions of a "purpose to advance into Maryland." There had been no

* See "Johnston's Narrative," pages 78, 79.

such purpose. On the contrary, in my letter to the Secretary of War, suggesting the conference, I wrote: "Thus far the numbers and condition of this army have at no time justified our assuming the offensive. . . . The difficulty of obtaining the means of establishing a battery near Evansport . . . has given me the impression that you cannot at present put this army in condition to assume the offensive. If I am mistaken in this, and you can furnish those means, I think it important that either his Excellency the President, yourself, or some one representing you, should here upon the ground confer with me on this all-important question." In a letter dated September 29, the Secretary wrote that the President would reach my camp in a day or two for conference. He came for that object September 30, and the next evening, *by his appointment*, he was waited on by Generals Beauregard, Smith, and myself. In discussing the question of giving our army strength enough to assume the offensive in Maryland, it was proposed to bring to it from the South troops enough to raise it to the required strength. The President asked what was that strength. General Smith thought 50,000 men, General Beauregard 60,000, and I 60,000, all of us specifying soldiers like those around us. The President replied that such reënforcements could not be furnished; he could give only as many recruits as we could arm. This decided the question. Mr. Davis then proposed an expedition against Hooker's division, consisting, we believed, of 10,000 men. It was posted on the Maryland shore of the Potomac opposite Dumfries (see map, page 113.—ED.) But I objected that we had no means of ferrying an equal number of men across the river in a day, even if undisturbed by ships of war, which controlled the river; so that, even if we should succeed in landing, those vessels of war would inevitably destroy or capture our party returning. This terminated the conference. Mr. Davis says, in regard to the reënforcements asked for (page 449): "I had no power to make such an addition to that army without a total disregard of the safety of other threatened positions." We had no threatened positions; and we could always discover promptly the fitting out of naval expeditions against us. And he adds (page 452), with reference to my request for a conference in regard to reënforcements:

"Very little experience, or a fair amount of modesty without experience, would serve to prevent one from announcing his conclusion that troops could be withdrawn from a place or places without knowing how many were there, and what was the necessity for their presence."

The refutation of this is in General G. W. Smith's memorandum of the discussion: "General Johnston said that he did not feel at liberty to express an opinion of the practicability of reducing the strength of our forces at points not within the limits of his command." On the same page (452) Mr. Davis says:

". . . and particularly indicated the lower part of Maryland, where a small force was said to be ravaging the country."

He suggested nothing so impossible. Troops of ours could not have been ferried across the broad Potomac then. We had no steamer on that river, nor could we have used one.

Mr. Davis says (page 452):

". . . Previously, General Johnston's attention had been called to possibilities in the valley of the Shenandoah, and that these, and other like things, were not done, was surely due to other causes than the policy of the Administration . . . [Then in a letter to me, dated Aug. 1, 1861, which follows the above.] . . . The movement of Banks will require your attention. It may be a *ruse*, but if a real movement, when your army has the requisite strength and mobility, you will probably find an opportunity, by a rapid movement through the passes, to strike him in rear or flank."

It is matter of public notoriety that no incursion into the "Valley," worth the notice of a Confederate company, was made until March, 1862. That the Confederate President should be ignorant of this is inconceivable.

Mr. Davis says (page 462):

". . . I received from General Johnston notice that his position [at Centreville] was considered unsafe. Many of his letters to me have been lost, and I have thus far not been able to find the one giving the notice referred to, but the reply which is annexed clearly indicates the substance of the letter which was answered: 'General J. E. Johnston: . . . Your opinion that your position may be turned whenever the enemy chooses to advance,' etc."

The sentence omitted by him after my name in his letter from which he quotes as above contains the dates of three letters of mine, in neither of which is there allusion to the safety, or reverse, of the position. They are dated, 22d, 23d, and 25th of February, and contain complaints on my part of the dreadful condition of the country, and vast accumulation by the Government of superfluous stores at Manassas. There is another omission in the President's letter quoted, and the omission is this:

". . . With your present force, you cannot secure your communications from the enemy, and may at any time, when he can pass to your rear, be compelled to retreat at the sacrifice of your siege train and army stores. . . . Threatened as we are by a large force on the south-east, you must see the hazard of your position, by its liability to isolation and attack in rear."

By a singular freak of the President's memory, it transferred the substance of these passages from his letter to my three. Referring again to the conference at Fairfax Court House, Mr. Davis says (page 464):

"Soon thereafter, the army withdrew to Centreville, a better position for defense, but not for attack, and thereby suggestive of the abandonment of an intention to advance."

The President forgets that in that conference the intention to advance was abandoned by him first. He says on the same page:

"On the 10th of March I telegraphed to General Johnston: 'Further assurance given to me this day that you shall be promptly and adequately reënforced, so as to enable you to maintain your position, and resume first policy, when the roads will permit.' The first policy was to carry the war beyond our own border."

The roads then permitted the marching of armies, so we had just left Manassas.

On the 20th of February, after a discussion in Richmond, his Cabinet being present, the President directed me to prepare to fall back from Manassas, and do so as soon as the condition of the country should make the marching of troops practicable. I returned to Manassas on February 21, and on the 22d ordered the proper officers to remove the public property, which was begun on the 23d, the superintendent of the railroad devoting himself to the work under the direction of its president, the Hon. John S. Barbour. The Government had collected three million and a quarter pounds of provisions there, I insisting on a supply of but a million and a half. It also had two million pounds in a meat-curing establishment near at hand, and herds of live stock besides. On the 9th of March, when the ground had become firm enough for military operations, I ordered the army to march that night, thinking then, as I do now, that the space of fifteen days was time enough in which to subordinate an army to the Commissary Department. About one million pounds of this provision were abandoned, besides half as much more spoiled for want of shelter. This loss is represented (page 468) as so great as to embarrass us to the end of the war, although it was only a six days' supply for the troops then in Virginia. Ten times as much was in railroad stations of North Carolina at the end of the war.

Mr. Davis says (page 467):

"It was regretted that earlier and more effective means were not employed for the mobilization of the army, . . . or at least that the withdrawal was not so deliberate as to secure the removal of our ordnance, subsistence, and quartermaster's stores."

The quartermaster's and ordnance stores were brought off; and as to subsistence, the Government, which collected immediately on the frontier five times the quantity of provisions wanted, is responsible for the losses. The President suggested the time of the withdrawal himself, in the interview in his office that has been mentioned. The means taken, was the only one available,—the Virginia Midland Railroad.

Mr. Davis says (page 465):

"To further inquiry by General Johnston as to where he should take position, I replied that I would go to his headquarters in the field, and found him on the south bank of the river to which he had retired, in a position possessing great natural advantages."

There was no correspondence in relation to selecting a defensive position. I was not seeking one; but, instead, convenient camping-grounds, from which my troops could certainly unite with other Confederate forces to meet McClellan's invasion. I had found and was occupying such grounds, one division being north of Orange Court House, another a mile or two south of it, and two others some six miles east of that place; a division on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and the cavalry beyond the river, and about 13,000 troops in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. Mr. Davis's narrative that follows is disposed of by the proof that, after the army left Manassas, the President did not visit it until about the 14th of May. But such a visit, if made, could not have brought him to the conclusion that the weakness of Fredericksburg as a military position made it unnecessary to find a strong one for the army. That he did not make such a visit is proved by Major J. B. Washington, aide-de-camp, now president of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, who wrote me, under date of January 17, 1885: "In answer to your question, I have to say that the President did not visit the Army of Northern Virginia between the 10th of March, 1862, when it left Manassas, and about May 14 following, when it was between Baltimore Cross Roads and the Long Bridge over the Chickahominy. That army was at no time united after leaving Manassas, before going to Yorktown, neither on the elevated bank of a river nor elsewhere."

To the question, "After the army left Manassas in March, 1862, was it visited by the President at any time before being ordered to Yorktown?" Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, of Staunton (then surgeon on my staff), answered: "No; I feel quite sure that the army was not visited by the President during the period specified." To the question, "Was the army, after leaving Manassas, ever united before the retreat from Yorktown?" he answered: "Emphatically no. According to a pretty clear recollection of the location and movements of the several divisions of the army, I can recall the fact that Generals Early and Ewell halted on the south bank of the Rappahannock about the 11th of March, and G. W. Smith and Longstreet near Culpeper; and, after crossing the Rapidan, G. W. Smith and Longstreet encamped near Orange Court House, and Early and Hill not more than

three miles from the Rapidan bridge, in the direction of Fredericksburg, Ewell remaining on the Rappahannock River."

Colonel E. J. Harvie writes (January 28, 1885): "In reply to your question, 'Did the President visit the army at any time between March 9, 1862, when it left Manassas, and about May 14, when it was between Baltimore Cross Roads and Long Bridge?' I answer: Unless my memory fails me more than it has ever done before, I am positive he did not. I was with you all the time as your staff officer, and no visit of this character could have been made to the army without my knowing it."

Mr. Davis (Vol. II., p. 81) credits me with expecting an attack, which he shows General McClellan never had in his mind:

"In a previous chapter, the retreat of the army from Centreville has been described, and reference has been made to the anticipation of the commanding general, J. E. Johnston, that the enemy would advance to attack that position."

This refers, I suppose, to a previous assertion (Vol. I., p. 462), my comments upon which prove that this "anticipation" was expressed in the President's letter to me, dated February 28. He says (Vol. II., p. 83):

"The withdrawal of our forces across the Rappahannock was fatal to the [Federal] programme of landing on that river and marching to Richmond before our forces could be in position to resist an attack on the capital."

This withdrawal was expressly to enable the army to unite with other Confederate troops to oppose the expected invasion. I supposed that General McClellan would march down the Potomac on the Maryland side, cross it near the mouth of Acquia Creek, and take the Fredericksburg route to Richmond. The position of Hooker's division, about midway between Washington and this crossing-place, might well have suggested that he had this intention.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 84): "Early in April General McClellan had landed about 100,000 at or near Fortress Monroe." According to John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, 121,000 Federal troops landed before the 5th of April.

And (page 84): "At this time General Magruder occupied the lower Peninsula with his force of seven or eight thousand men." General Magruder reported that he had eleven thousand men.

Mr. Davis says (page 85): "After the first advance of the enemy, General Magruder was reënforced by some troops from the south side of James River, and General Wilcox's brigade, which had been previously detached from the army under General Johnston." These reënforcements, together, made about 5000 men.

He says, on the same page:

"On the 9th of April General Magruder's army, thus reënforced, amounted to about 12,000. On that day General Early joined with his division from the Army of Northern Virginia. This division had about 8000 officers and men for duty. General Magruder's force was thus increased to about 20,000."

The same order detached Early's, D. R. Jones's, and D. H. Hill's divisions from the Army of Northern Virginia, and they were transported as fast as the railroad trains could carry them. The two latter divisions had together about 10,000 men, so that Magruder's army was raised to about 33,000 men, instead of 20,000, as Mr. Davis said.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM YORKTOWN.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 86):

"As soon as it was definitely ascertained that General McClellan, with his main army, was on the Peninsula, General J. E. Johnston * was assigned to the command of the department of the Peninsula and Norfolk, and directed to proceed thither to examine the condition of affairs there. After spending a day on General Magruder's defensive line, he returned to Richmond and recommended the abandonment of the Peninsula, and that we should take a defensive position nearer to Richmond."

The President has forgotten my recommendation, or misunderstood it at the time. I represented to him that General McClellan's design was, almost certainly, to demolish our batteries with his greatly superior artillery, and turn us by the river, either landing in our rear or moving directly to Richmond; so that our attempting to hold Yorktown could only delay the enemy two or three weeks. Instead of that, I proposed that all our available forces should be united near Richmond, Magruder's troops to be among the last to arrive; the great army thus formed about Richmond not to be in a defensive position, as Mr. Davis supposes, but to fall with its whole force upon McClellan when the Federal army was expecting to besiege only the troops it had followed from Yorktown. If the Federal army should be defeated a hundred miles away from its place of refuge, Fort Monroe, it could not escape destruction. This was undoubtedly our best hope.

In the conference that followed, the President took no part. But the Secretary of War, once a naval officer, opposed the abandonment of the valuable property in the Norfolk Navy Yard; and General Lee opposed the plan proposed, because it would expose Charleston and Savannah to capture. I maintained that if those places should be captured, the defeat of the principal Federal army would enable us to recover them; and that, unless that army should be defeated, we should lose those sea-ports in spite of their garrisons.

* That assignment was made after "the conference."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 87):

"After hearing fully the views of the several officers named, I decided to resist the enemy on the Peninsula. . . . Though General Johnston did not agree with this decision, he did not ask to be relieved. . ."

Not being in command, I could not be relieved. My assignment was included in the order to oppose McClellan at Yorktown; that order added to my then command the departments of Norfolk and the Peninsula. It is not easy to reconcile this increase of my command by the President, with his very numerous disparaging notices of me.

General Keyes, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, confirmed my opinion in saying that "Gloucester must have fallen upon our getting possession of Yorktown, and the York River would then have been open."

Mr. Davis expresses the opinion (Vol. II., p. 90) that "General McClellan might certainly have sent a detachment from his army, which, after crossing York River, could have turned the position at Gloucester Point." It was needless; the driving us from Yorktown would have compelled us to abandon Gloucester Point. Then (Vol. II., p. 91) he says:

"Whether General McClellan . . . would have made an early assault . . . or have waited to batter our earth-works in breach . . . is questionable."

We did not apprehend "battering in breach," but believed that the heavy sea-coast rifles to be mounted in the batteries, about completed, would demolish our water batteries, drive us from the intrenchments at Yorktown, and enable the enemy to turn us by the river. Mr. Davis quotes from one of his dispatches to me (Vol. II., p. 92):

"Your announcement to-day [May 1] that you would withdraw to-morrow night takes us by surprise, and must involve enormous losses, including unfinished gun-boats. Will the safety of your army allow more time?"

My own announcement was made April 27, not May 1, and reached Richmond in ten hours; so the President had abundant time to prevent the withdrawal. The appearance of the enemy's works indicated that fire from them might open upon us the next morning. The withdrawal just then was to avoid waste of life.

He says (Vol. II., p. 94):

"The loss of public property, as was anticipated, was great, the steamboats expected for its transportation not having arrived before the evacuation was made. From a narrative by General Early I make the following extract: 'A very valuable part of the property lost consisted of a very large number of picks and spades. . . . All of our heavy guns, including some recently arrived and not mounted, together with a good deal of ammunition piled upon the wharfs, had to be left behind.'"

The steamboats he mentions were controlled in Richmond. As to the loss of very valuable picks and spades, Colonel Douglas, chief engineer there, wrote to me May 12th, 1883: "I was at Yorktown the evening before the evacuation commenced. I did not see any quantity of picks and shovels there, and cannot understand how they could have accumulated there when they were needed so much from Redoubt Number Five to Lee's Mills — that is, on the extreme right of our line." General D. H. Hill, who commanded in and near Yorktown, said, in his official report: "We lost very little by the retreat, save some medical stores which Surgeon Coffin deserted in his flight, May 1. The heavy guns were all of the old navy pattern." We had very little ammunition on hand at the time. The heavy guns could have been saved only by holding the place, which was impossible.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 94) that General Magruder's "absence at this moment was the more to be regretted, as it appears that the positions of the redoubts he constructed (before Williamsburg) were not all known to the commanding general." The positions of the redoubts were "all known." But to a body of troops serving merely as a rear-guard, it was necessary to occupy only those nearest the road. A rear-guard distributed in all the redoubts intended for an army could have held none of them. The event showed that the proper redoubts were occupied. It is singular that Mr. Davis's only notice of the conflict at Williamsburg, in which our troops behaved admirably, relates to a detached affair, unimportant, because it had, and could have, no influence upon the real event. Mr. Davis says of General Early's account of his attack upon Hancock at Williamsburg (Vol. II., p. 96):

"He [Early] confidently expresses the opinion that had his attack been supported promptly and vigorously, the enemy's force there engaged must have been captured."

General Early sent an officer to report that there was a battery in front of him which he could take, and asked authority to do so. The message was delivered to General Longstreet, who referred the messenger to me, we being together. I authorized the attempt, but desired the general to look carefully first. Under the circumstances he could not have expected support, for he moved out of reach of it.

Mr. Davis speaks (Vol. II., p. 97) of the employment of sub-terra shells to check a marching column, and quotes from General Rains as follows:

"Fortunately we found in a mud hole a broken ammunition wagon containing five loaded shells. Four of these, armed with a sensitive fuse-primer, were planted in our rear, near some trees cut down as obstructions to the road. A body of the enemy's cavalry came upon these sub-terra shells, and they exploded with terrific effect."

This event was not mentioned in General D. H. Hill's report, although General Rains belonged to his division, nor was it mentioned by our cavalry which followed Hill's division. Such an occurrence would have been known to the whole army, but it was not; so it must have been a dream of the writer.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 98): "The next morning after the battle of the 5th, at Williamsburg, Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's divisions being those then engaged," etc. But one regiment of Hill's division was engaged.

In the Federal reports of this action, it is treated as a battle in which the whole Confederate army was engaged. It was an affair with our rear-guard, the object of which was to secure our baggage trains. For that, it was necessary to detain the Federal army a day, which was accomplished by the rear-guard. In those Federal reports a victory is claimed. The proofs against that are: (1) That what deserves to be called fighting ceased at least two hours before dark, yet the Confederates held the ground until the next morning, having slept on the field, and then resumed their march; (2) that they fought only to protect their trains, and accomplished the object; (3) that although they marched but twelve miles the day after the affair, they saw no indications of pursuit, unless the seeing a scouting party once can be so called; (4) that they inflicted a loss much greater than that they suffered; (5) and that in the ten days following the fight, they marched but thirty-seven miles. They left four hundred wounded in Williamsburg, because they had no means of transporting them. But they captured five cannon and destroyed the carriages of five more, and took four hundred prisoners and several colors.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 98):

"In the mean time, Franklin's division had gone up the York River [McClellan wrote that the divisions of Franklin, Sedgwick, Porter, and Richardson were sent from Yorktown by water to the right bank of the Pamunkey near West Point.—J. E. J.], and landed a short distance below West Point, on the south side of York River, and moved into a thick wood in the direction of the New Kent road, thus threatening the flank of our line of march. Two brigades of General G. W. Smith's division, Hampton's and Hood's, were detached under the command of General Whiting to dislodge the enemy, which they did after a short conflict, driving him to the protection of his gun-boats in York River."

The Federal force engaged was very much less than a division.

Mr. Davis says, lower down: "The loss of the enemy [in the battle of Williamsburg] greatly exceeded our own, which was 1200." He means exclusive of General Early's loss. According to General McClellan's report his loss was 2228. General Hooker stated under oath that his was 1700. But Kearny's Couch's, and two-thirds of Smith's division, and Peck's brigade were engaged also. A loss of 528 is very small among so many.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 101):

"Soon after General Johnston took position on the north of the Chickahominy, accompanied by General Lee, I rode out to his headquarters. . . . A long conversation followed, which was so inconclusive that it lasted until late in the night, so late that we remained until the next morning. As we rode back to Richmond, . . . General Lee confessed himself, as I was, unable to draw from it any more definite purpose than that the policy was to . . . improve his [Johnston's] position as far as practicable, and wait for the enemy to leave his gun-boats, so that an opportunity might be offered to meet him on land."

I explained that I had fallen back that far to clear my left flank of the navigable water, and so avoid having it turned; that as we were too weak to assume the offensive, and as the position I then held was an excellent one, I intended to await the Federal attack there. These explanations covered the whole ground, so that the President had no cause to complain, especially as he suggested nothing better. And he was satisfied then; for, three days later, he wrote to me by Colonel G. W. C. Lee: ". . . If the enemy proceed as heretofore indicated, your position and policy, as you stated it in our last interview, seems to me to require no modification." This is the interview called "inconclusive."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 103):

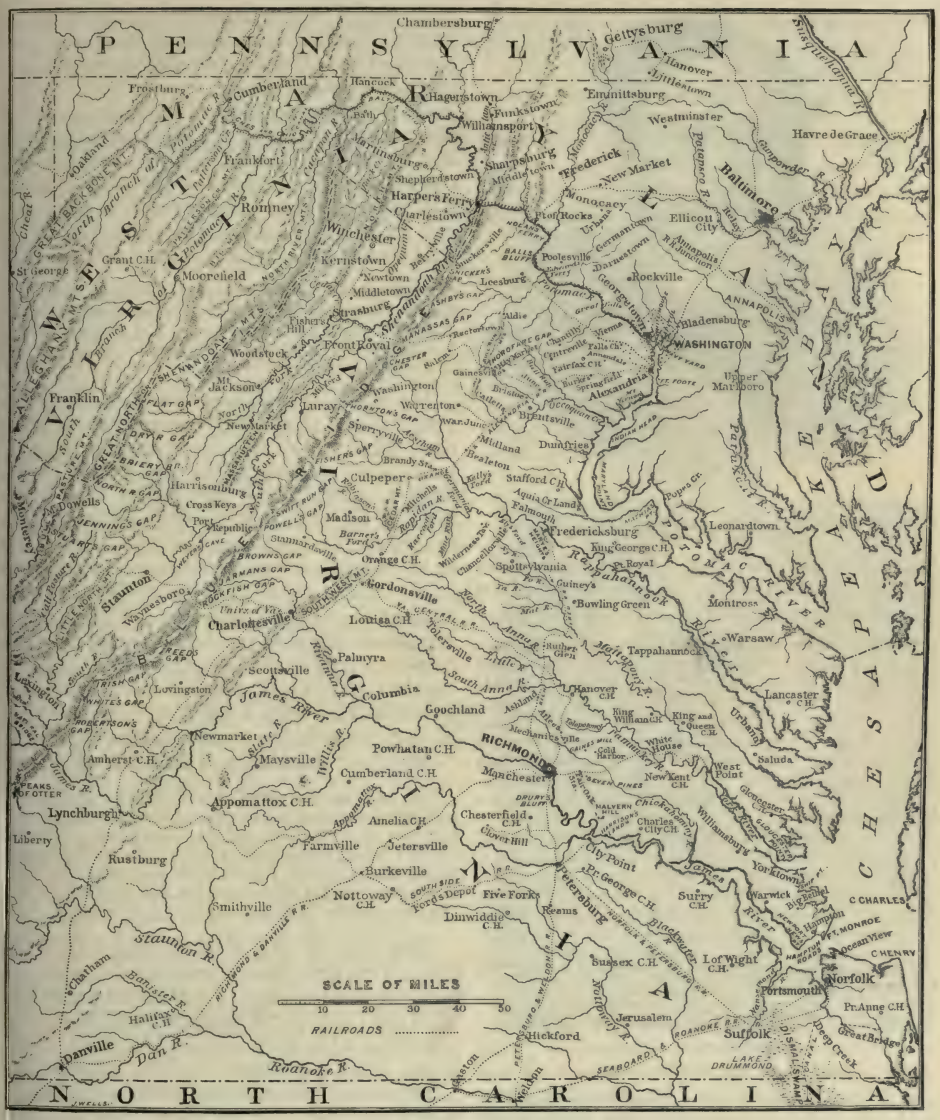
"After the repulse of the enemy's gunboats at Drewry's Bluff, I wrote to General Johnston a letter to be handed to him by my aide, Colonel G. W. C. Lee. ". . . . I soon thereafter rode out to visit General Johnston at his headquarters, and was surprised in the suburbs of Richmond . . . to meet a portion of the light artillery, and to learn that the whole army had crossed the Chickahominy."

The army crossed the Chickahominy immediately after the affair of Drewry's Bluff. So that if Colonel Lee delivered a letter to me then, he of course reported to the President that I had crossed the river. And as the army's nearest approach to Richmond was on the 17th, his meeting with the light artillery must have occurred that day. So one cannot understand his surprise.

He says on the same page:

"General Johnston's explanation of this (to me) unexpected movement was, that he thought the water of the Chickahominy unhealthy. . . . He also adverted to the advantage of having the river in front rather than in the rear of him."

The army crossed the Chickahominy because the possession of James River by the enemy suggested the probability of a change of base to that river. And it was necessary that we should be so placed as to be able to meet the United States army approaching either from York River or along the James.



MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS.

Water was not considered, for we did not use that of the Chickahominy; nor the position of the little stream behind us, for we had four bridges over it. The position of Seven Pines was chosen for the center, the right somewhat thrown back. But the scarcity of water induced me to draw nearer to Richmond, which was done on the 17th.

Mr. Davis makes statements (Vol. II., p. 106) regarding the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia on the 21st and 31st of May; but as he treats the subject more minutely farther on, we will examine what he says (p. 153):

"In the Archives Office of the War Department in Washington, there are on file some of the field and monthly returns of the Army of Northern Virginia. . . . The following statements have been taken from those papers by Major Walter H. Taylor, of the staff of General Lee. . . .

"A statement of the strength of the troops under General Johnston shows that on May 21st, 1862, he had present for duty: Smith's division 10,592; Longstreet's division, 13,816; Magruder's division, 15,680, [240 too little]; D. H. Hill's division, 11,151; cavalry brigade, 1289; reserve artillery, 1160; total 53,688."

The above is from Major Taylor's memorandum given the President, made from estimates of brigades, not from returns. Without

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being accurate, it is not far from the truth. In the memorandum Magruder is given 15,920 men. Mr. Davis continues:

"Major Taylor in his work ('Four Years with General Lee') states: 'In addition to the troops above enumerated, there were two brigades subject to his orders, then stationed in the vicinity of Hanover Junction, one under the command of General J. R. Anderson, and the other under the command of General Branch. They were subsequently incorporated into the division of General A. P. Hill.' [Mr. Davis continues:] . . . He estimates the strength of the two at 4000 effective.

". . . Previous to the battle of Seven Pines, General Johnston was reënforced by General Huger's division of three brigades. The total strength of these three, according to the 'Reports of the Operations of the Army of Northern Virginia,' was 5008 effectives. Taylor says: 'If the strength of these five be added to the return of May 21, we shall have 62,696 as the effective strength of the army under General Johnston on May 31, 1862.'"

But according to General Huger's report to me, there were 7000 men (instead of 5008) in his three brigades, which does not exceed the ordinary strength of brigades then (that is to say, three average brigades would have had not less than 7000 men); and what Mr. Davis calls two brigades of "4000 effective" were, in fact, Anderson's division sent to observe McDowell's corps at Fredericksburg, and so large that General Lee called it the army of the North, and estimated it as 10,000 men;* and the second, Branch's brigade, greatly strengthened to protect the railroad at Gordonsville, and estimated by General Lee as 5000 men.† When these troops were united on the Chickahominy, General Anderson's estimate of their numbers was, of the first, 9000, and of the other, 4000; 20,000 then, and not 9008, is the number to be added to the return of May 21, 1862, to show the effective strength of that army May 31, viz.: 73,928, including the correction of the number in Magruder's division.

Referring to our withdrawal from the north side of the Chickahominy to the vicinity of Richmond, Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 120):

"Remembering a remark of General Johnston's that the Spaniards were the only people who now undertook to hold fortified towns, I had written to him that he knew the defense of Richmond must be made at a distance from it."

Mr. Davis is mistaken. No such letter was sent to me then. We communicated with each other only orally, excepting a note he sent me to point out that I had been absent from a skirmish the day before. He knew that the fact that the enemy was then able to approach Richmond either from York River or by the James compelled me to prepare for either event, by placing the army near the city. A short time before, he wrote: "To you it is needless to say that the defense must be made outside of the city." His next sentence, approving the course I was pursuing, has been quoted in connection with what the President said of an "inconclusive" conversation with me.

Mr. Davis continues, a little farther down:

"It had not occurred to me that he [Johnston] meditated a retreat which would uncover the capital, nor was it ever suspected until, in reading General Hood's book, published in 1880, the evidence was found that General Johnston when retreating from Yorktown, told his volunteer aide, Mr. McFarland, that 'he expected or intended to give up Richmond.'"

This story of Mr. McFarland is incredible. He, a very rich, fat old man, could not have been an aide-de-camp. As I did not know him at all until four years later, and then barely, he could not have been my aide-de-camp. And lastly, I had no volunteer aide. Besides, the Confederate President had abundant evidence that I had no such expectation, in the fact that, so far from giving up Richmond, I stood between it and the Federal army for three weeks, until I was disabled by desperate wounds received in its defense. Under such circumstances his accusation is, to say the least, very discreditable. E. J. Harvie, late Colonel and Assistant Inspector-General C. S. A., now in the War Records Office, Washington, in answer to my question, "Had I ever a volunteer

* "I advised you, April 23d, of certain troops ordered to report to General Field, viz.: two regiments from Richmond, two light batteries, a brigade from South Carolina, and one from North Carolina (Anderson's), in all 8000, in addition to those [2500.—J. E. J.] previously there."—General Lee's letter, May 8—"War Records," series I., vol. XI., part III., pages 500–1.

† "Two brigades, one from North Carolina (Branch's) and one from Norfolk, have been ordered to Gordonsville to reënforce that line."—General Lee's letter, as above.

aide-de-camp named McFarland, or any volunteer aide-de-camp after leaving Manassas, while serving in Virginia?" wrote me, under date of January 28, 1885, as follows: "To my knowledge, you certainly had not. My position as your staff officer justifies me in saying that Mr. McFarland was not with you in any capacity."

Surgeon A. M. Fauntleroy, in answer to my question, "Had I a volunteer aide-de-camp in May, 1862, especially when the army was moving from Yorktown towards Richmond? Or did you ever in that time see an old gentleman of Richmond, named McFarland, about my headquarters?" writes: "I never did. I cannot well see how such a person could have escaped my observation, if he was there at any time."

And J. B. Washington, president of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railway, writes me as follows:

"You had not on your staff after leaving Manassas a volunteer aide-de-camp, especially during May, 1862, when the army was between Yorktown and Richmond. I was personally acquainted with Mr. McFarland of Richmond, but never saw him at our headquarters, nor heard of his ever having been there.

"Having served as aide-de-camp on your staff from May, 1861, to February, 1864, I was in a position to know of the circumstances of which I have written."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 120):

"Seeing no preparation to keep the enemy at a distance, . . . I sent for General Lee . . and told him how I was dissatisfied with the condition of affairs. He asked me what I thought it was proper to do. . . . I answered that McClellan should be attacked on the other side of the Chickahominy, before he matured his preparations for a siege of Richmond. To this he promptly assented. . . . He then said: 'General Johnston should, of course, advise you of what he proposes to do. Let me go and see him.' . . . When General Lee came back, he told me that General Johnston proposed, on the next Thursday, to move against the enemy, as follows: General A. P. Hill was to move down on the right flank and rear of the enemy. General G. W. Smith, as soon as Hill's guns opened, was to cross the Chickahominy at the Meadow Bridge, attack the enemy in flank, and, by the conjunction of the two, it was expected to double him up. Then Longstreet was to cross on the Mechanicsville bridge and attack him in front. From this plan the best results were hoped by both of us."

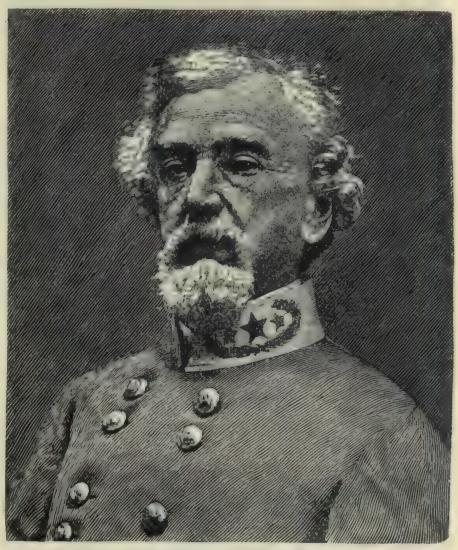
It is certain that General Lee could have had no such hopes from this plan, nor have been a party to it; for it would not only have sent our army where there was no enemy, but left open the way to Richmond. For the Meadow Bridge is two and a half miles from Mechanicsville, and that place about six miles above the Federal right. So, after two-thirds of our troops had crossed the Chickahominy, the Federal army could have marched straight to Richmond, opposed by not more than one-fifth of its number in Magruder's and D. H. Hill's divisions. This plan is probably the wildest on record.

As to what is described (Vol. II., p. 121), G. W. Smith's division was never in the place indicated, and General Longstreet's was never on the Mechanicsville road near the bridge, before General Lee crossed the Chickahominy to fight at Gaines's Mills.

A glance at the map will show how singularly incorrect is Mr. Davis's description (Vol. II., pp. 122–3) of the vicinity of Seven Pines and of the disposition of the Federal troops.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

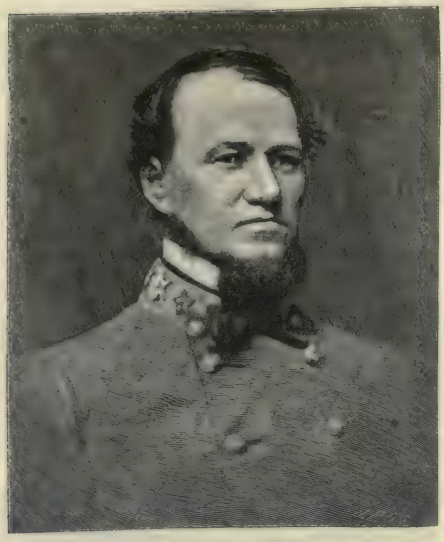
On the 23d of May Keyes's Federal corps crossed to the south side of the Chickahominy, and a detachment attacked Hatton's Confederate brigade, which was in observation near Savage's Station. The detachment was driven back, and, Hatton's object having been accomplished (learning that the enemy had



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN HUGER.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

crossed the stream), he was recalled. I was advised to hold that position with the army, but preferred to let the enemy advance, which would increase the interval between his left and the right, which was beyond the Chickahominy. McDowell's corps of 40,000 men was then at Fredericksburg, observed by a division under Brigadier-General J. R. Anderson; and a large Confederate brigade, under Brigadier-General Branch, was at Gordonsville.

On the 24th our cavalry was driven across the Chickahominy, principally at Mechanicsville. This extension of the right wing of the enemy to the west made me apprehend that the two detachments (Anderson and Branch) above mentioned might be cut off.



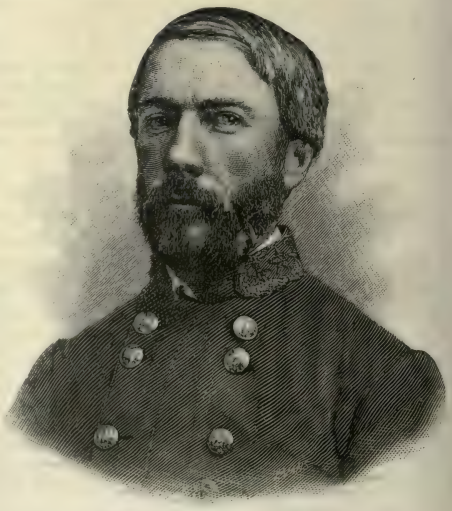
MAJOR-GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY & SON.)

They were therefore ordered to fall back to the Chickahominy. Near Hanover Court House the brigade was attacked by Porter's corps and driven off, escaping with a loss of sixty-six killed and one hundred and seventy-seven wounded, as General Branch reported. A division was formed of Anderson's and Branch's troops, to the command of which Major-General A. P. Hill was assigned.

That evening General Anderson sent word that his scouts left near Fredericksburg reported that McDowell's troops were marching southward. As the object of this march was evidently the junction of this corps with the main army, I determined to attack McClellan before McDowell could join him; and the major-generals were desired to hold their troops ready to move. But at night, when those officers were with me to receive instructions for the expected battle, General J. E. B. Stuart, who also had a detachment of cavalry observing McDowell's corps, reported that it had returned to Fredericksburg. As my object was to bring on the inevitable battle before McClellan should receive an addition of 40,000 men to his forces, this intelligence made me return to my first design — that of attacking McClellan's left wing on the Williamsburg road as soon as, by advancing, it had sufficiently increased its distance from his right, north of the Chickahominy.

The morning of the 30th, armed reconnaissances were made under General D. H. Hill's direction — on the Charles City road by Brigadier-General Rodes, and on the Williamsburg road by Brigadier-General Garland. The latter found Federal outposts five miles from Richmond — or two miles west of Seven Pines — in such strength as indicated that a corps was near. On receiving this information from General Hill, I informed him that he would lead an attack on the enemy next morning. Orders were given for the concentration of twenty-two of our twenty-eight brigades against McClellan's left wing, about two-fifths of his army. Our six other brigades were guarding the river from New Bridge to Meadow Bridge, on our extreme left. Longstreet and Huger were directed to conduct their divisions to D. H. Hill's position on the Williamsburg road, and G. W. Smith to march with his to the junction of the Nine-mile road with the New Bridge road, where Magruder was with four brigades.

Longstreet, as ranking officer of the troops on the Williamsburg road, was instructed verbally to form D. H. Hill's division as first line, and his own as second, across the road at right angles, and to advance in that order to attack the enemy; while Huger's division should march by the right flank along the Charles City road, to fall upon the enemy's flank when our troops were engaged with him in front. Federal earthworks and abattis that might be found were to be turned. G. W. Smith was to protect the troops under Longstreet from attack by those of the Federal right wing across the Chickahominy; and, if such transfer should not be threatened, he was to fall upon the enemy on the Williamsburg road. Those troops were formed in four lines, each being a division. Casey's was a mile west of Seven Pines, with a line of



MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL H. HILL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

skirmishers a half mile in advance; Couch's was at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks — the two forming Keyes's corps. Kearny's division was near Savage's Station, and Hooker's two miles west of Bottom's Bridge — the two forming Heintzelman's corps.

Longstreet's command of the right was to end when the troops approached Seven Pines, and I should be present to direct the movements, after which each major-general would command his own division. The rain began to fall violently in the afternoon of the 30th, and continued all night. In the morning the little streams near our camps were so much swollen as to make it probable that the Chickahominy was overflowing its banks and cutting the communication between the wings of the Federal army. Being confident that Longstreet and D. H. Hill, with their forces united, would be successful in the earlier part of the action against adversaries formed in several lines, with wide intervals between them, I left the immediate control on the Williamsburg road to them, under general instructions, and placed myself on the left, where I could soonest learn of the approach of Federal reënforcements from their right. For this scouts were sent forward to discover all movements that might be made by the enemy.

The condition of the ground and little streams delayed the troops in marching; yet those of Smith, Longstreet, and Hill were in position quite early enough. But the soldiers from Norfolk, who had seen garrison service only, were unnecessarily stopped in their march by a swollen rivulet. This unexpected delay led to interchange of messages for several hours between General Longstreet and myself, I urging Longstreet to begin the fight, he replying. But, near two o'clock, that officer was requested to go forward to the attack; the hands of my watch marked three o'clock at the report of the first field-piece. The Federal advanced line — a long line of skirmishers, supported by several regiments — was encountered at three o'clock. The greatly superior numbers of the Confederates soon drove them back to the main position of Casey's division. It occupied a line of rifle-pits, strengthened by a redoubt and abattis. Here the resistance was very obstinate; for the Federals, commanded by an officer of skill and tried courage, fought as soldiers generally do under good leaders; and time and vigorous efforts of superior numbers were required to drive them from their ground. But the resolution of Garland's and G. B. Anderson's brigades, that pressed forward on our left through an open field, under a destructive fire, the admirable service of Carter's and Bondurant's batteries, and a skillfully combined attack upon the Federal left, under General Hill's direction, by Rodes's brigade in front and that of Rains in flank, were at last successful, and the enemy abandoned their intrenchments. Just then reënforcements from Couch's division came up, and an effort was made to recover the position. But it was to no purpose; for R. H. Anderson's brigade

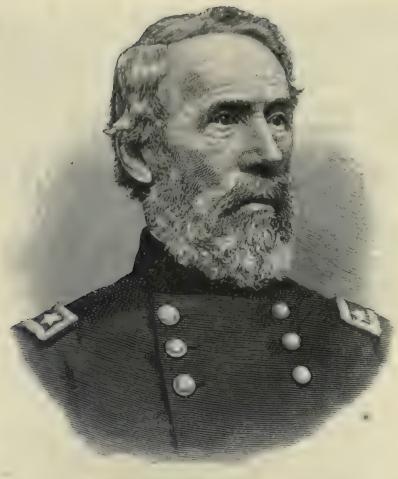
MAJOR-GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

reënforced Hill's troops, and the Federals were driven back to Seven Pines.

Keyes's Corps (Casey's and Couch's divisions) was united at Seven Pines and reënforced by Kearny's division, coming from Savage's Station. But the three divisions were so vigorously attacked by Hill that they were broken and driven from their intrenchments, the greater part along the Williamsburg road to the intrenched line at Savage's Station. Two brigades of their left, however, fled to White Oak Swamp.

General Hill pursued the enemy a mile; then, night being near, he re-formed his troops, facing towards the Federals. Longstreet's and Huger's divisions, coming up, were formed between Hill's line and Fair Oaks.

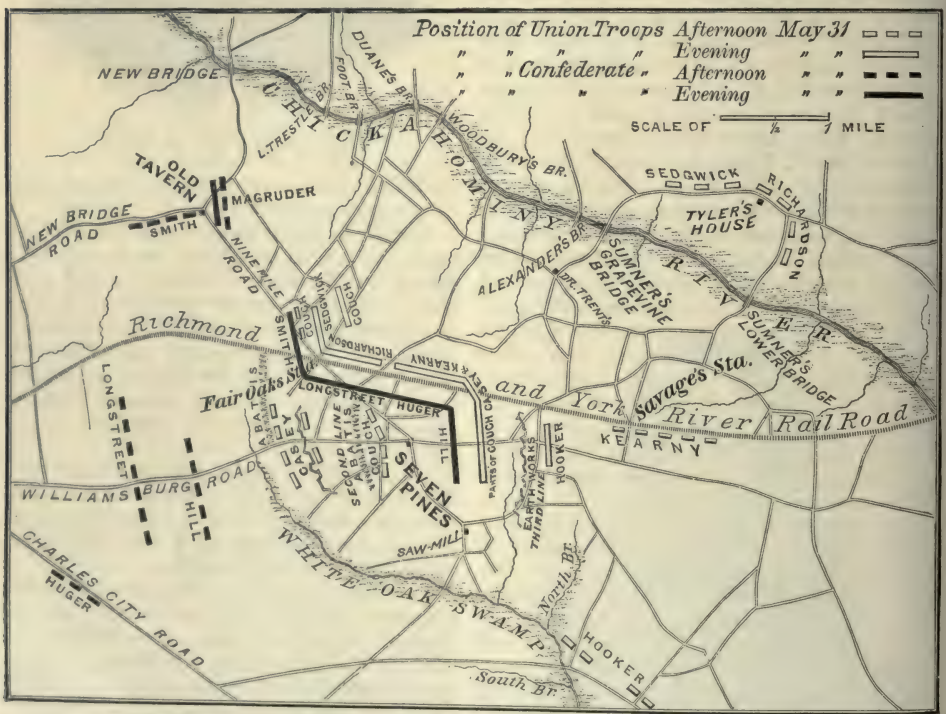
For some cause the disposition on the Charles City road was modified. Two of General Huger's brigades were ordered to advance along that road, with three of Longstreet's under Brigadier-General Wilcox. After following that road some miles, General Wilcox received orders to conduct his troops to the Williamsburg road. On entering it, he was ordered to the front, and joined Hill's troops near and approaching Seven Pines with his own brigade, and aided in the defeat of the three divisions struggling to hold the intrenchments there.



MAJOR-GENERAL EDWIN V. SUMNER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

When the action just described began, the musketry was not heard at my position on the Nine-mile road, from the unfavorable condition of the air; and I supposed for some time that we were hearing only an artillery duel. But a staff officer was sent to ascertain the facts. He returned at four o'clock with intelligence that our infantry as well as artillery had been engaged an hour, and all were pressing on vigorously. As no approach of troops from beyond the Chickahominy had been discovered, I hoped that the enemy's bridges were impassable, and therefore desired General Smith to move towards Seven Pines, to be ready to coöperate with our right. He moved promptly along the Nine-mile road, and his leading regiment soon became engaged with the Federal skirmishers and their reserves, and in a few minutes drove them off.

On my way to Longstreet's left, to combine the action of the two bodies of troops, I passed the head of General Smith's column near Fair Oaks, and saw the camps of about a brigade in the angle between the Nine-mile road and the York River Railroad, and the rear of a column of infantry moving in quick time



RELATIVE POSITIONS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK, AND AFTER DARK ON MAY 31.

[During the morning of May 31, Huger's division was on the railroad a mile out of Richmond. About the same time Longstreet's division was at the fork of the Williamsburg and Charles City roads; Hill's division on the Williamsburg road half a mile in advance of Longstreet; and Magruder's and G. W. Smith's divisions near Old Tavern.

When the attack was made on the Union forces, Casey's division was three-quarters of a mile in advance of Seven Pines. He was supported on his right by Abercrombie's brigade (of Couch's division) at Fair Oaks Station, and behind him by the remainder of Couch's division at Seven Pines and on the Nine-mile road. These two divisions of Keyes's corps were reënforced late in the afternoon, near Seven Pines, by Kearny's division, which, at the time of the attack, was near Savage's Station; Couch's troops at Fair Oaks fell back a short distance to meet Sedgwick's division approaching from the "Grapevine" bridge, and before dark recovered a part of the ground lost at the Station.

Huger's (Confederate) division and Richardson's and Hooker's divisions did not get into position near the line of fighting until after dark. A part of Hooker's troops were at the White Oak bridge (not indicated in the map), to the left of his other positions. On the Union side, Richardson and Hooker did most of the fighting on the second day.— ED.]

from that point towards the Chickahominy, by the road to the Grapevine ford. A few minutes after this, a battery near the point where this infantry had disappeared commenced firing upon the head of the Confederate column. A regiment sent against it was received with a volley of musketry, as well as canister, and recoiled. The leading brigade, commanded by Colonel Law, then advanced, and so much strength was developed by the enemy that General Smith brought his other brigades into action on the left of Law's. An obstinate contest began, and was maintained on equal terms, although we engaged superior numbers on ground of their own choosing.

I had passed the railroad a few hundred yards with Hood's brigade when the firing commenced, and stopped to see it terminated. But being confident that the enemy opposing us were those whose camp I had just seen, and therefore only a brigade, I did not doubt that General Smith was more than strong enough to cope with them. Therefore General Hood was directed to go on in such a direction as to connect his right with Longstreet's left and take his antagonists in flank. The direction of that firing was then nearly south-west from Fair Oaks. It was then about 5 o'clock.

In that position my intercourse with Longstreet was maintained through staff officers, who were assisted by General Stuart of the cavalry, which was then unemployed; their reports were all of steady progress.

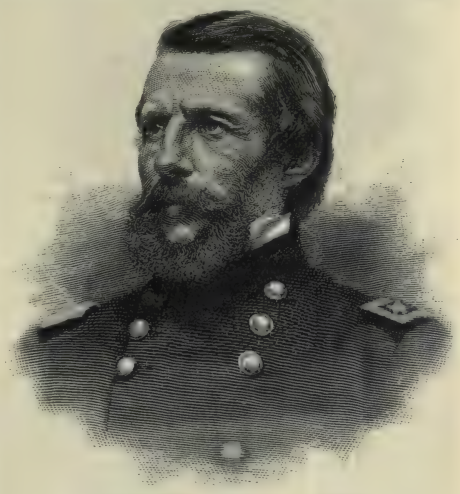
At Fair Oaks, however, no advantage was gained on either side, and the contest was continued with unflagging courage. It was near half-past six o'clock before I admitted to myself that Smith was engaged, not with a brigade, as I had obstinately thought, but with more than a division; but I thought that it would be injudicious to engage Magruder's division, our only reserve, so late in the day.

The firing was then violent at Seven Pines, and within a half hour the three Federal divisions were broken and driven from their position in confusion. It was then evident, however, from the obstinacy of our adversaries at Fair Oaks, that the battle would not be decided that day. I said so to the staff officers near me, and told them that each regiment must sleep where it might be standing when the firing ceased for the night, to be ready to renew it at dawn next morning.

About half-past seven o'clock I received a musket-shot in the shoulder, and was unhorsed soon after by a heavy fragment of shell which struck my breast.

I was borne from the field — first to a house on the roadside, thence to Richmond. The firing ceased before I had been carried a mile from it. The conflict at Fair Oaks was terminated by darkness only.

Mr. Davis's account of what he saw and did at Fair Oaks (Vol. II., p. 123) indicates singular ignorance of the topography of the vicinity, as well as of what was occurring. He says that the enemy's line was on the bank of the river. It was at right angles to and some three miles from it. He says that soon after his arrival I was brought from the right



MAJOR-GENERAL ERASMUS D. KEYES.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

wounded. This proves that his "arrival" was near sunset. He also describes the moving of reënforcements from the left to the right. This was not being done. The right was abundantly strong. He says that he made a reconnaissance — then sent three couriers one after the other, with an order to Magruder "to send a force" by the wooded path under the bluff, to attack the enemy in flank and reverse. If the first courier had been dispatched before the reconnaissance, and delivered the order to Magruder promptly, his "force" marching little more than a mile by the straight Nine-mile road could scarcely have come up before dark. The route described would have been (if found) five or six miles long.

The only thing he ought to have done, or had time to do, was postponed almost twenty hours — the putting General Lee, who was near, in command of the army.

The operations of the Confederate troops in this battle were very much retarded by the broad ponds of rain-water,— in many places more than knee-deep,— by the deep mud, and by the dense woods and thickets that covered the ground.

G. W. Smith's division lost 1283 in killed, wounded, and missing. Brigadier-General

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN.

Hatton was among the killed, and Brigadier-Generals Pettigrew and Hampton were severely wounded. The latter kept his saddle, and served to the end of the action. General Longstreet reported that the loss of the troops on the Williamsburg road in killed, wounded, and missing was about 3000, of which 2700 was in Hill's division. Among the killed were Colonels Moore, of Alabama, Jones, and Lomax. These reports refer to the battle of Seven Pines, which was fought and ended on the 31st of May.

The Federal loss, including that on June 1st, according to General McClellan's "Report on . . The Army of the Potomac," page 227, was 7000.*

Prisoners to the number of 350, 10 pieces of artillery, 6700 muskets and rifles in excellent condition, a garrison flag and 4 regimental colors, medical, commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores, tents and sutler's property, were captured and secured.

The troops on the ground at nightfall were: on the Confederate side, twenty-two brigades, more than half of which had not been in action; and on the Federal side six divisions in three corps, two-thirds of which had fought, and half of which had been totally defeated. Two Federal divisions were at Fair Oaks, and three and a half at Savage's, three miles off, and half a one two miles nearer Bottom's Bridge. The Southern troops were united, and in a position to overwhelm either fraction of the Northern army, while holding the other in check.

Officers of the Federal army have claimed a victory at Seven Pines. The Confederates had such evidences of victory as cannon, captured intrenchments, and not only sleeping on the field, but passing the following day there, so little disturbed by the Federal troops as to gather, in woods, thickets, mud, and water, 6700 muskets and rifles. Besides, the Federal army had been advancing steadily until the day of this battle; after it they made not another step forward, but employed themselves industriously in intrenching.

In a publication of mine made in 1874, I attempted to show that General Lee did not attack the enemy until June 26, because he was engaged from June 1 until then in forming a great army, bringing to that which I had commanded 15,000 men from North Carolina under General Holmes, 22,000 from South Carolina and Georgia, and above 16,000 in the divisions of Jackson and Ewell.

My authority for the 15,000 was General Holmes's statement, May 31, that he had that number waiting the President's order to join me. When their arrival was announced, I supposed that theirs was as stated.

General Ripley, their best-informed and senior officer, was my authority for the 22,000 from South Carolina and Georgia. I thought, as a matter of course, that all of these troops had been brought up for the great crisis. Mr. Davis is eager to prove that but two of the four bodies of them came to Richmond in time. One who had opportunity to observe that Mr. Davis was almost invariably too late in reënforcing threatened from unthreatened points, has no apology for the assumption that this was an exception.

General Ripley reported officially that he brought 5000 from Charleston, and explained in writing that, arriving before them, he was assigned to the command of the brigade of 2366, his 5000 being distributed in the army as they arrived in detachments.

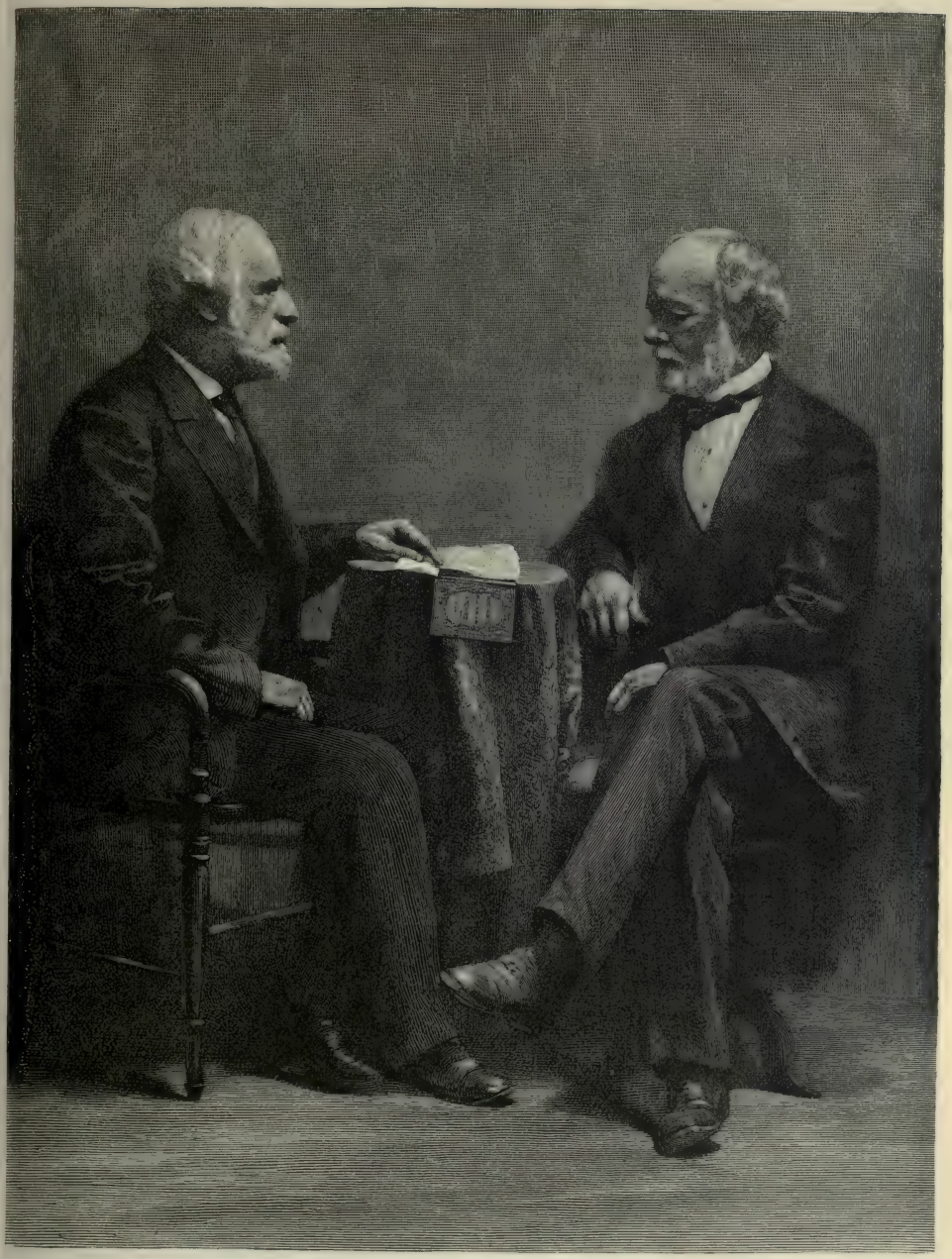
General Lawton stated in writing that he brought about 6000 men from Georgia to the Valley; but as they had never marched before, they were incapable of moving at Jackson's rate, and he estimated that 2500 had been unable to keep their places when they arrived on the field of Gaines's Mills. Hence his statement that he had 3500 in line in that battle. But the laggards rejoined him in two or three days.

I estimated Jackson's and Ewell's forces at 16,000, because Ewell told me that his was 8000, and Jackson's had been usually about twenty-five per cent. larger. Mr. Davis puts the joint force at 8000. His authority has stated it also at 12,000 (see "Personal Reminiscences of General Lee," p. 6), and this is far below the fact.

My object in this is to show that I consulted respectable authorities. Mr. Davis proves that his forces were not well employed.

J. E. Johnston.

* From a dispatch of June 4. Earlier the same day, McClellan reported that the loss would exceed 5000, but said he had not yet full returns. On June 6 he sent to the Secretary of War a statement of losses of each corps — total 5739. The official revised returns make the total 5031.—EDITOR C. M.

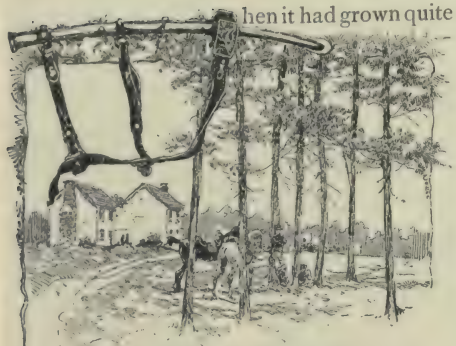


R. E. Lee J. E. Johnston

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE WAR.)

THE SECOND DAY AT SEVEN PINES.

JUNE 1, 1862.



THE SEVEN PINES, LOOKING EAST.
(AFTER A ROUGH SKETCH MADE DURING THE WAR.)

When it had grown quite dark on Saturday, the 31st, and just after I had ordered the troops in the woods to reform in the open field behind the line they had held in close contact with the Federals, I left the extreme front and proceeded toward the Nine-mile road. On reaching the open field, I met an aide-de-camp who informed me that General Johnston had been seriously if not fatally wounded, and carried from the field about an hour before. I was second in rank in that army, and the casualty to General Johnston placed me in command. Within three minutes after receiving this information, I met President Davis and General Lee. They were on the Nine-mile road about three hundred yards west of Fair Oaks Station, near the eastern edge of the large wood.

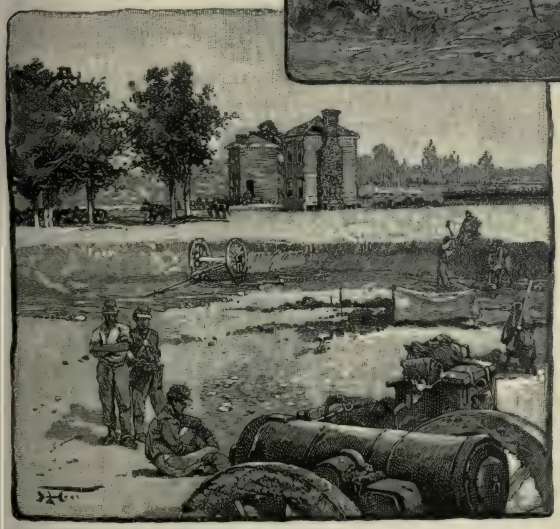
In order to convey a fair idea of the circumstances which resulted in the condition of affairs on the field when the command of the army devolved upon me, brief allusion will be made here to preliminary operations.

On the 27th of May General Johnston received information that General McDowell was advancing from Fredericksburg to form a junction with General McClellan in front of Richmond. That afternoon my division was placed under the command of General Whiting, and he was ordered to move it from the ground then occupied, guarding the Williamsburg road east of Richmond, and take position north of the city, in the vicinity of Meadow Bridges. I was assigned to command the left wing of the army, of which my division, under Whiting, would form a part; and at my urgent solicitation I was relieved from commanding General Magruder. Early in the morning of the 31st of May General Whiting received an order direct from General Johnston, to move the division under his command to the point on the Nine-mile road where the road to New Bridge turns off. This order was also sent to me by General Johnston. On its receipt I turned over the command of the left wing temporarily to General A. P. Hill, and proceeded to General Johnston's headquarters, near the Nine-mile road, in the north-east suburb of Richmond. I reached there before sunrise, informed him of the order I had given A. P. Hill, and stated that, in leaving the left wing, I did not purpose taking from General Whiting the command of my division, but desired to see how they would acquit themselves in case they went into action, and would assume command at any time or place in case it should be necessary. In leaving General A. P. Hill I had informed him that I would at once return rapidly to the left wing and resume command there if a movement by the enemy should be attempted in that direction.

About 6 A. M. the head of my division, under Whiting, arrived in the vicinity of General Johnston's headquarters, but was prevented from reaching the Nine-mile road by troops of Longstreet's division, who were across Whiting's line of march. Having waited in vain for Longstreet's troops to clear the road for Whiting, about 8 A. M. I directed my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant R. F. Beckham, to report this state of things to General Longstreet, and ask that it be corrected as soon as possible. Lieutenant Beckham asked me where he would find General Longstreet. I referred him to General Johnston, who was present. General Johnston said General Longstreet's division was moving on the Nine-mile road, and he supposed General Longstreet was with it; if not, he would probably be found with General D. H. Hill's division on the Williamsburg road. About 9 A. M. I received a note from Lieutenant Beckham stating that Longstreet's division was not on the Nine-mile road, and that he (Beckham) would cross over to the Williamsburg road in search of General Longstreet. I showed the note to General Johnston at once. It was difficult to convince him that Lieutenant Beckham was not mistaken. But when I called his attention to the fact that Beckham was one of the best staff-officers in the army, and there could be no doubt of the correctness of the information, General Johnston sent one of his aides, Lieutenant

Washington, to General Longstreet, directing him to send at least three brigades of his division back to the Nine-mile road, if this would not cause serious loss of time. Lieutenant Washington, in execution of this order, went rapidly on the Nine-mile road in search of General Longstreet, passed the Confederate pickets, in advance of the New Bridge fork of that road, at full speed, and soon found himself within the Federal lines —a prisoner.

About 11 A. M. Lieutenant Beckham reported to me, at General Johnston's headquarters, that he had found General Longstreet's division on the Williamsburg road halted for the purpose of allowing General D. H. Hill's troops to file by; and that General Longstreet was making dispositions to attack the enemy on that road, with D. H. Hill's division and his own. Lieutenant Beckham said, in reference to the troops of Longstreet's division, that he saw halted: What surprised me most was that they were "accompanied by wagons loaded with baggage and camp equipage."



TWO VIEWS OF FAIR OAKS STATION.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The upper picture shows the east front of the station. Four hundred dead were buried in the foreground. The railway passed between the buildings.

The lower picture shows the south side of the station and earthworks which on this side extended to the Williamsburg road.—ED.

In the mean time the head of the division under Whiting had remained near General Johnston's headquarters from 6 A. M. until about 11 A. M. It then moved forward on the Nine-mile road, accompanied by General Johnston, and halted near the point at which the road to New Bridge turns off, and remained there several hours, awaiting some indication or information that the attack had been commenced by the troops under General Longstreet on the Williamsburg road.

Returning now to my meeting with President Davis and General Lee on the Nine-mile road, just after the command of the army had devolved upon me, at dark on the 31st: I at once, in answer to inquiries made by the President, explained fully what I knew of General Johnston's intentions and expectations at sunrise that morning, viz.: That Longstreet's division should move by the Nine-mile road, which it was already on and near; that D. H. Hill's division should move by the Williamsburg road and Huger's by the Charles City road. These three divisions constituted the right wing, which was under General Longstreet's command. General Johnston expected that the three divisions under Longstreet would make a determined attack before 8 A. M. I explained the delays that had been caused by General Longstreet's misunderstanding in regard to the direction of his own division, and its consequent movement from the Nine-mile road to the Williamsburg road; and spoke of General Johnston's disappointment and anxiety because of the still further prolonged delay after Longstreet's division was transferred to the latter road. I told the President of the note received by General Johnston from General Longstreet at 4 P. M.,

asking for help; of the hurried movement of my division, under General Whiting, conducted by General Johnston in person, to the aid of Longstreet; and the sudden appearance of the enemy from the north side of the Chickahominy, which interrupted the movement in aid of Longstreet, and resulted in the contest north of Fair Oaks. I described the contest that had taken place on that part of the field, and then asked him, and others near, if anything had been heard on the Nine-mile road from the 30,000 men under Longstreet on the Williamsburg road, later than the note received by General Johnston about four o'clock P. M.

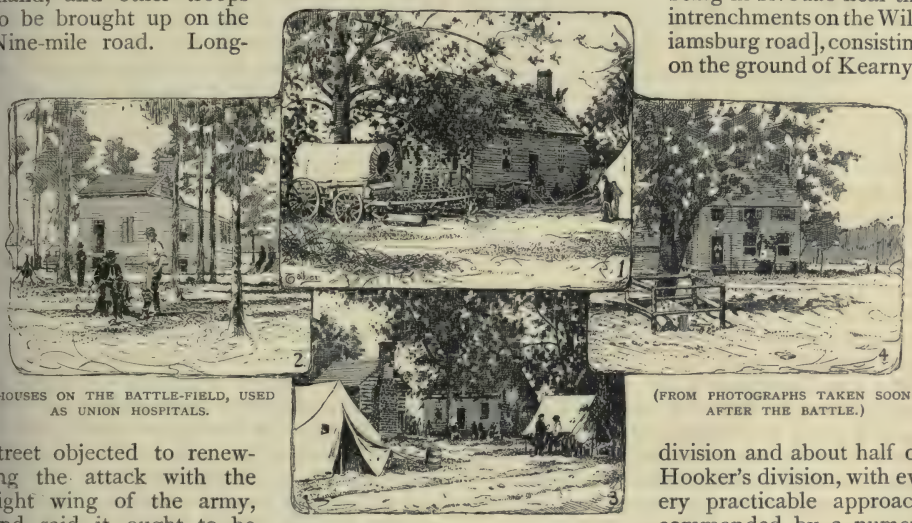
Nothing further had been heard, and the President then asked me what were my plans. I told him that I could not understandingly determine what was best to be done, until something was known of the condition of affairs in the right wing of the army, and some data obtained in regard to the position and strength of the enemy on that side; and added, it might be found expedient to withdraw to better ground covering Richmond, or it might not; all depended on what had occurred in the right wing. The President suggested that, if we remained, the enemy might withdraw during the night, which would give us the moral effect of a victory. I replied that I would not withdraw without good reason; all would depend upon the state of affairs on the Williamsburg road. Nothing had happened on our side to make it necessary to retire.

All I then knew of the actual battle was what had occurred north of Fair Oaks Station, where four brigades of my own division, which was commanded by General Whiting, and directed by General Johnston in person until he was wounded, engaged a strong Federal reënforcement from the north side of the river (which proved to be Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps). Judging from the note received by General Johnston from General Longstreet at 4 P. M., there was good reason to believe that the delay of the latter in bringing on the attack had given time for Federal reënforcements to reach the field from the direction of Bottom's Bridge; and there was reason, too, for the belief that General Longstreet's troops were nearly, if not quite, all in action when he called for help. It was very clear that the sudden and, if possible, crushing blow which General Johnston expected to have made early in the morning by the right wing of the army against the Federal forces isolated in the vicinity of Seven Pines, had failed. Night found two-thirds of the Confederate army in the swamps eight miles east of Richmond, at the end of a bloody and indecisive engagement begun about the middle of the afternoon, whilst the right of the Federal army was in the vicinity of Mechanicsville, a good deal nearer Richmond than we were. I had no reason to believe that all the bridges over the Chickahominy were broken and that stream impassable. In short, the condition of affairs was not altogether rose-colored, in my view, when the command of the army devolved upon me. But I could determine nothing understandingly until information was received from the right wing.

About half an hour after dark the President and General Lee rode away. General J. E. B. Stuart, who had been, during the day, on the extreme right with a portion of the cavalry, picketing the Charles City road and the White Oak Swamp, reached the field near Fair Oaks at nearly the same time, and reported to me that the enemy had not advanced from their position at White Oak Bridge; that our troops had carried the intrenched position at Seven Pines some time before sunset, and had advanced on the Williamsburg road beyond that point, but he did not know how far. He had good guides with him, and he offered to go in person to General Longstreet, and have him piloted to the headquarters on the Nine-mile road. Several parties had been previously sent to communicate with General Longstreet and request him to come over to the Nine-mile road for conference and instructions.

A short time before midnight, after I had made my headquarters at Old Tavern, I received a note from General Stuart stating that at 10:30 P. M. he had failed to find General Longstreet. At 12:40 Sunday morning (June 1), having heard nothing from General Longstreet, I addressed him a note asking the position of his command at dark, the condition of his men, and requesting his views in regard to the operations to be undertaken in his front that morning. Soon after that note was written, General Longstreet, without having received it, arrived at my headquarters, having been found about midnight by one of the staff-officers sent to communicate with him. General Longstreet reported that only a portion of his own division had been seriously engaged in close action, and that Huger's division had scarcely been engaged at all; the principal fighting having been done by D. H. Hill's division; that the enemy's works at Seven Pines had been carried late in the afternoon; the Federals had been pressed back about a mile beyond that point, and the fighting had been continued until dark. On receipt of this information, I directed General Longstreet to send one brigade of Huger's division to support the troops on the Nine-mile road, and renew the fighting with

the remainder of the right wing as early as possible after daylight, directing his efforts north instead of any farther east, pivoting this movement on the position of Whiting, near Fair Oaks Station. General Longstreet was assured that when a determined attack by the right wing was well developed, it should be favored by a strong demonstration, and, if necessary, by a real attack, by Whiting's command, and other troops to be brought up on the Nine-mile road. Long-



HOUSES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, USED AS UNION HOSPITALS.

(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SOON AFTER THE BATTLE.)

street objected to renewing the attack with the right wing of the army, and said it ought to be made by my division, which he thought had done little fighting on the 31st. After hearing all he chose to say on that subject, I gave the positive order, as above, and General Longstreet returned to the Williamsburg road.*

I then wrote to General Lee,—who was in general charge in Richmond of all Confederate army operations,— telling him what had been determined on, what orders had been given, and asking that such reënforcements as were within reach should be sent. General Lee's reply is dated Richmond, 5 A. M. He says: "Ripley will be ordered, and such forces from General Holmes as can be got up will be sent. Your movements are judicious, and determination to strike the enemy right."

The following statement of the position of the Federal forces at daylight on the 1st of June is the substance of an account by General George W. Mindil, aide-de-camp to General Phil. Kearny. Sedgwick's division and the detachment from Couch's, and five batteries, were on the extreme right, facing west-northwest. On the left of Sedgwick, at nearly a right angle, and parallel with the railroad, was Richardson's division, in three lines of a brigade front each, and four batteries. These two divisions constituted Sumner's corps. On the left, Keyes's corps [part of Couch's and Casey's divisions] held the strong works south of the Williamsburg road, called "the third line of defense," protected by sixty pieces of artillery. The interval between Keyes and Sumner was a little more than a mile, and was held by Heintzelman's corps [Hooker, during the night, being in bivouac near the intrenchments on the Williamsburg road], consisting on the ground of Kearny's division and about half of Hooker's division, with every practicable approach commanded by a numerous artillery. The troops outside the strong works south of the Williamsburg road were partly protected, a line of rifle-pits having been thrown up during the night. The pickets of the three corps were in communication throughout. General Mindil placed the outposts forming the connection between Sumner and Heintzelman.

On the Confederate side the troops under Longstreet had all been brought to the front. His extreme right was on the Williamsburg road, about half a mile east of Seven Pines; his left near two wood roads, about half a mile east of Fair Oaks Station. The troops forming his right faced east, those of his left faced north. Nearly if not all of his command was in the wood east of the Nine-mile road, and between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. My division under Whiting was on the Nine-mile road, a little west of Fair Oaks Station, near the ground on which it had fought the previous afternoon.

General Mindil says: "About five o clock on Sunday morning [June 1], in the gray of dawn, the Confederate skirmishers in front of Richardson opened fire." These were Hood's

* It appears that, "At 2 A. M., June 1st, a Federal council of war was held in General Sumner's tent, and it was resolved to attack the enemy as soon as disposition for that purpose could be made." See "The Peninsula," by General A. S. Webb, p. 114.—ED.

enterprising Texans, near Fair Oaks Station, who were seeking the enemy in front of the gap between Whiting's right and Longstreet's left. They were immediately recalled, because it was intended that the attack should be made by the right wing under Longstreet.

Again, General Mindil says:

"At half-past six o'clock a determined assault was made against General French's line (of Richardson's division), the enemy pushing forward along the two wood roads that crossed this line heavy columns of attack, supporting them on both flanks by battalions of infantry in deployed line. The firing commenced within half-musket shot, and was maintained at closer quarters for nearly an hour and a half before the enemy's [the Confederate] column wavered and broke."

In a note, dated 6:30 A. M., General Whiting reported to me, "Heavy firing in advance of us." It now seemed that the right wing under Longstreet was beginning the movement ordered. Some time later, perhaps an hour, General Whiting wrote: "I am going to try a diversion for Longstreet; . . . the musketry firing in advance is tremendous." On the far side of the gap between Whiting's right and Longstreet's left our troops were falling back. The firing had been at times quite heavy; but nothing had been observed from the Nine-mile road indicating that any large portion of the Confederate right wing had begun in earnest the movement in which Whiting was ordered to coöperate.

"Hardly had fresh Federal regiments taken the places of those which had exhausted their ammunition in repulsing the Confederate attack at 8 A. M. [says General Mindil], when the enemy's [Confederate] column, strongly reënforced, gave a general yell, and again dashed forward to the attack. This renewed fight was of the most desperate and sanguinary character, lasting more than an hour, when the enemy were again driven back, without gaining a single point of the Union line. . . . So fierce was the fighting in Richardson's front that he sustained a loss of nearly 800 men in a division much smaller in numbers than Sedgwick's, and his men were partly protected by the railroad embankment. . . . As Hooker neared the clearing on Hyer's farm, he ordered his four regiments to charge; this cleared the woods, and the enemy were entirely broken. . . . Hooker was now on the right flank and rear of the forces engaged with Richardson, and he was not slow to improve his opportunity."

A few moments after 9 A. M., General Whiting wrote to me: "Some of Griffith's regiments might be sent down to the railroad in rear of the position occupied by Hood, which, with a heavy enemy's battery in his rear, has become untenable." The Federals in pursuit of Longstreet's forces — that had probably withdrawn along the two wood roads previously mentioned — were getting nearly upon the prolongation of Hood's line, but not as yet in rear of it.

About 10:30 A. M. I received a note from General Longstreet, stating, "The brigade cannot be spared. Every man except a brigade is in action. . . . I am not able to do without it." A little later a note, dated 10 A. M., was received from General Longstreet, in which he says: "General, can you reënforce me? The entire [Federal] army seems to be opposed to me. . . . If I can't get help, I fear I must fall back."

On receipt of this note, I ordered five thousand men from the crest of the Chickahominy Bluffs, between the New Bridge and Mechanicsville roads, to move as soon as possible to the support of General Longstreet; and Ripley's brigade, which was expected to arrive by the Nine-mile road, was ordered to move to the front on the Williamsburg road as soon as it reached Richmond. General McLaws was sent to General Longstreet to inform him of the reënforcements that had been ordered to his support; to assure him that the whole of McClellan's army was not in his front; and to tell him that he must not fall back any farther, but must, if possible, regain the ground he had already lost. About 1 P. M. I received a note from General McLaws stating, "Longstreet says he can hold his position with five thousand more men. He has the same ground the enemy held yesterday."

In the mean time the right of Whiting's line had been drawn back because of the advance of the Federals, who were following up our withdrawing forces on the far side of the gap which existed between Longstreet's left and Whiting's right.

"After Richardson's and Hooker's divisions and Birney's brigade had driven the Confederates well back from the railroad in front of the position held by Richardson during the night, Sickles's brigade united with these forces [says General Mindil], and a general advance was made. No serious opposition was encountered, and Casey's camp was reoccupied before two o'clock P. M., the ground being covered with the rebel dead and wounded as well as our own."*

About 1:30 P. M. President Davis rode up to my headquarters, and asked for General Lee. Upon being told that General Lee was

* Those who think there was little fighting on the second day at Seven Pines, should compare the official revised returns of the Union losses of killed, wounded, and missing, on the first day, with those of the second day (see "War Records": series I., vol. XI.: part I., pages 757 to 762). These show that the losses of the troops which were engaged only in the second day's fight aggregate 1199, viz.: Richardson's three brigades (loss, 838), Birney's four regiments of Kearny's division (207), Hooker's division (Sickles' brigade, and two regiments of Starr's brigade) (154). The losses of the troops engaged the first day, aggregate 3832, viz.: Casey (1429), Couch (1168), Sedgwick (347), two brigades of Kearny's division (884), and the unattached artillery (4). But some of the troops engaged the first day were also engaged the second day; it is impossible, however, to estimate their losses on the second day. As much as we positively know, therefore, is that the Union losses on the second day were, at least, 1199, or about one-fourth of the total loss in the two days' battle, which was 5031.

General Johnston (see pages 119–20, herewith) estimates the losses of Longstreet and Hill at about 3000; and G. W. Smith's at 1283 — total, 4283. — Ed.

not there, he expressed so much surprise as to induce me to ask him if he had any special reason for supposing General Lee would be there at that time. To this he replied, Yes; and added he had early that morning directed General Lee to take command of the army at once. This was the first and only intimation I received in regard to the assignment of General Lee to the command. It was enough, however. The President chatted upon a variety of commonplace subjects, but made no allusion to anything pertaining to the state of affairs on the field.

General Lee came in about 2 P. M., and I at once turned over to him the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and commenced explaining to him what had occurred during the day. To these explanations President Davis seemed to give some attention, particularly to General Longstreet's notes asking for help. Whilst I was still speaking to General Lee of the state of affairs upon the field of battle, I received a note from General Longstreet, dated 1:30 P. M., in which he said: "The next attack will be from Sumner's division. I think that if we can whip it we shall be comparatively safe from the advance of McClellan's army. I hope that those who were whipped yesterday will not appear again. The attack this morning was made at an unfortunate time. We had but little ammunition, but we have since replenished our supply, and I sincerely hope that we may succeed against them in their next effort. Oh that I had ten thousand men more!"

After reading General Longstreet's note, I handed it to General Lee, and requested him to read and hand it to the President. General Lee looked very serious whilst reading; and after the President had read it, the latter seemed to take a little more interest in what was going on, but said nothing.

I informed General Lee that Longstreet was mistaken in regard to the state of things; that the two corps of the Federal army on the north bank of the river that morning had not yet crossed to our side; that the force attacked north of Fair Oaks the previous afternoon still held that position; that 5000 men ordered from the Chickahominy Bluffs were already closely approaching Longstreet's position on the Williamsburg road; that Ripley's brigade, which was expected, had been ordered to move on that road; that this would still leave Longstreet more than 30,000 men, even if his losses had already reached 5000; that the ground he now occupied was favorable to us; and that the danger to Richmond, if any, was not then on the Williamsburg road.

Near 3 P. M. the President rode off, leaving General Lee and myself in conference alone. General Lee made no adverse comment upon my management of the army, and gave no orders.

At 4 P. M. General Lee and I, with a courier as a guide, went over to the Williamsburg road, where we found the President and several members of his Cabinet talking with General Longstreet. They were at a point about half a mile nearer Richmond than the unfinished pentangular redoubt where our troops first struck the Federal main line the previous day. Everything was quiet; the reënforcements from the Chickahominy had reached Longstreet's position on the Williamsburg road. There were no further operations that day; the battle was ended.

At daylight on the 1st of June there were three Federal corps on the battle-field in the vicinity of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks. On the morning of the 31st of May there was but one Federal corps on that ground. The Confederate troops on the field on the 1st of June were those that General Johnston had ordered, on the 30th of May, to move forward as soon as possible after daylight on the 31st. The result of the action on June 1st is sufficiently indicated in the foregoing battle-field notes of General Longstreet.

Conflicting accounts of Confederate operations in this battle call for further allusion to General Johnston's original plan, as well as to the occurrences of the 1st of June. In 1874 General Longstreet wrote two letters to General G. W. Mindil, in reference to the battle of Seven Pines. These letters were shown to me by General Mindil a few months since; and he authorized me to make any use I chose of the statements made by General Longstreet. It is believed that these letters have not heretofore been published. The first is dated July 17, 1874. In this General Longstreet, speaking of the movements on the 31st of May, says:

"It is proper to explain now the plan of battle, as I can speak from accurate knowledge. The plan was to turn your [the Federal] left at daylight, by throwing Huger's division, by a passable route for infantry, to your left and rear. As the head of his column passed the swamp, D. H. Hill was to be ready, and I was to advise him to make the attack vigorously. Huger did not reach the field. At one o'clock D. H. Hill proposed to bring on the battle, and it was agreed to under the impression that Huger would be there surely by the time we were warmed up into actual battle. The entire strength of the plan was in his movement."

On the 2d of December, 1874, General Longstreet wrote to General Mindil, saying:

"Our plan was, as you stated, to turn your left by moving Huger's command across the head of White Oak Swamp; that to be followed by the attack of General D. H. Hill, on the Williamsburg road, which

BURYING THE DEAD, AND BURNING HORSES AT FAIR OAKS STATION AFTER THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT. (AFTER A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

was to be supported, if need be, by my command; the command on the Nine-mile road following Hill's movements. As you say in your article, Johnston's plan was faultless, and in my judgment at the time was the only plan that could be approved by a military mind. . . . Huger had to move over the same ground pretty much that I did. He was to precede me, and I believe that he did so over part of the route. My opinion is that he moved before me. That I waited until sunrise, so as to give him time to clear the road as far as the Charles City fork, and if my memory is correct I passed a part of his command resting on the side of the road. . . . The only reports that I remember to have heard from him were that he was moving on, and would soon be in position. General Johnston was on the Nine-mile road. This left me the senior — or at least nominally the senior — officer on the Williamsburg road, and exercising more or less command of Hill's and Huger's as well as of my own division. . . . Once the action was opened, we were drawn gradually into it, and of course the combat became more and more vigorous until night. . . . I was to support Hill, and being his senior, could have taken command on the Williamsburg road; but it would have been inexcusable had I done so, inasmuch as he had led his troops well and had been successful. I could not, therefore, do anything more than support and aid his able efforts."

Judging from the general character of what he writes to General Mindil, it appears that General Longstreet was not fully alive to the fact — then or later — that he was in command of one-half of General Johnston's army on that day. Much less does it seem that he realized the importance of prompt and decisive action. In view of what occurred late in the afternoon of the 31st, after time had been given for two Federal divisions to come to the assistance of the isolated corps in the vicinity of Seven Pines, it is not difficult to infer what would probably have been the result had Longstreet's own division, 14,000 strong, moved at daylight on the Nine-mile road, striking, on the right flank, the lines that D. H. Hill's division carried by assault in the afternoon.

In a letter addressed to me, General Johnston says:

"I refer to the mention of the misunderstanding between Longstreet and myself, in regard to the direction of his division. . . . I received information of Longstreet's misunderstanding — which may be my fault, as I told you at the time — whilst his troops were moving to the Williamsburg road, and sent to Longstreet to send three brigades by the Nine-mile road, if they had not marched so far as to make the change involve a serious loss of time."

The date of this letter, June 28, 1862, the circumstances under which it was written, and General Johnston's specific statements show not only that General Longstreet did misunderstand the direction in which Johnston intended Longstreet's division should move against the enemy, but make it certain that Johnston attempted, at least in part, to rectify Longstreet's mistake in regard to this matter. There is other positive evidence, not necessary to be repeated here, which establishes the same facts. But it appears now that General Johnston, in his "Narrative" published in 1874, has conceded that it was his fault that caused the misunderstanding on the part of Longstreet, in regard to the movement of the division in question. It is believed, however, that he has not conceded — and never will concede — that it was his plan to keep D. H. Hill's, Longstreet's, and G. W. Smith's divisions out of action until Huger's division could get into position on the left flank and rear of the enemy. This would have required that the 35,500 men in the divisions of Hill, Longstreet, and Smith — men inured to marching and fighting — should be held back until Huger's 5000 inexperienced troops could, by a circuitous route across a difficult swamp, get into position where they were not needed; and this, too, when prompt action was essential to success, and delay was dangerous.

Neither is it believed that General Johnston will concede that his plan was that my division, under Whiting, on the Nine-mile road, placed there to guard against Federal reënforcements coming from the north side of the Chickahominy, should be put in action on Hill's left, whilst the 14,000 men in Longstreet's division were held back on the Williamsburg road only to support Hill "if need be." But all this must be conceded in order to make up "the faultless plan," which was, in General Longstreet's judgment at the time, "the only plan that could be approved by a military mind."

In reference to operations on the 1st of June, General Longstreet writes to General Mindil in part as follows:

"I do not remember to have heard of any fighting on the second day except a sharp skirmish reported by General Pickett as he was retiring, under the orders of General Lee, to resume our former position. . . . Attack was not renewed on the 1st of June, because Johnston had been wounded and had been obliged to leave the field. Smith, the next in rank, had been taken quite sick, but would not give up. He was therefore slow in organizing for renewed attack, and before he did so arrange General Lee was announced as the commander of the army. As he had not been with the army the previous day, he was not prepared to conduct the continuance of the battle; so the troops were withdrawn to their original positions in the afternoon and evening. . . . About 10 A. M. General Lee was assigned to command, and rode out on the Nine-mile road, saw General Smith, took command, and came with General Smith across to the Williamsburg road. There we discussed the matter of renewed attack. I favored another effort to turn your [Federal] left. Smith opposed it, and gave as his reason the strength of your lines, which he claimed to have examined, and I was forced to yield my opinions, in consequence of his knowledge of superior position on your side."

The foregoing extracts are some of General Longstreet's contributions to the "history" of

the battle of Seven Pines, furnished by him to General Mindil, "in hopes of making the Confederate side a little clearer."

As to my being "taken quite sick," I was not seriously ill until the 2d of June. General Longstreet's statement that General Smith was slow in organizing for renewed attack because he was taken sick is, therefore, a mistake. In fact, at that time there was no organizing requisite, except, perhaps, in the right wing under Longstreet, and this was intrusted to him. I turned the command of the army over to General Lee about 2 P. M. He certainly gave no orders to General Longstreet, or to any part of the army, before 4 P. M. General Longstreet seems to have forgotten his notes of that morning, as well as that dated 1:30 P. M., ending with the exclamation, "Oh that I had 10,000 men more!"

When General Lee and General Smith joined General Longstreet on the Williamsburg road, Longstreet had lost on the 1st of June much of the ground he had gained on the 31st of May. I have no knowledge of any proposition having been made by General Longstreet to General Lee for renewing the attack. I had never seen the works in General Longstreet's front, over which the troops of the latter had fought forward on the 31st of May and back during the morning of the 1st of June. General Longstreet is in error when he says that he was forced to yield his opinions because of my superior knowledge of the position in his front.

During the night of the 1st of June the troops under Longstreet quietly fell back to resume their former positions in front of Richmond. The division under Whiting, on the Nine-mile road, remained for several days confronting the Federal position it had attacked, north of Fair Oaks Station.

The limited space allotted to this article would prevent much further comment on my part in reference to the incidents and previously published accounts of this battle, even if I felt disposed at this time to say more. I will therefore only add that in my opinion, then and since, General Johnston's "original plan" was entirely correct in principle, and promised assured success if carried into effect as he, at sunrise on the morning of the 31st of May, intended and expected.

Gustavus W. Smith.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—IV.*

TO THE CHICKAHOMINY.—THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTER.

THE roads were narrow and very muddy between the White House and the Chickahominy, and it was with great trouble that our trains were moved over them. A few miles west of the Pamunkey we found the country beautiful and undulating, with graceful, round-topped hills, here and there crowned with trees and clothed in the varied tints of early summer.

On our entire march up the Peninsula, we did not see a dozen white men left upon the soil. At last, on the twenty-third of May, we arrived upon the banks of the sluggish Chickahominy,—a small mill-stream, forty or fifty feet wide, with swampy lowland bordering on either side; the tops of the trees growing in the swamp being about on a level with the crests of the bluffs just beyond, on the Richmond side. Our first camp was pitched on the hills in the vicinity of Gaines's Farm.

The engineers soon began the construction of bridges for the passage of the troops, as it was very important to gain a foothold on the west bank, preparatory to our advance. While Duane's bridge was being constructed, we were ordered on duty along the banks; and upon approaching the river we found, in the thickets near it, one of our dead cavalrymen lying in the water, evidently having been killed while watering his horse. The bridges were thrown out with marvelous quickness, and the corduroy approaches were soon constructed. A small force was ordered to cross, to reconnoiter and to observe the condition of

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WHITE HOUSE, THE HOME OF GENERAL W. H. F. LEE, MCCLELLAN'S BASE OF SUPPLIES ON THE PAMUNKEY.—RUINS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. (FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE TIME.)

the roads with respect to the passage of artillery. I happened to be one of that squad. With orders not to return the fire if assailed, we advanced across the bridge and through the woods, a quarter of a mile; and, seeing the sloughy condition of the roads, were returning, when the crack of a rifle told us the enemy were upon us. At the first fire one of our men fell. He entreated us to leave him and save ourselves; while we were carrying him, the enemy wounded two more of our men, but not seriously. On each side of the narrow defile were woods with but little screening underbrush, and it was through this we were advancing when attacked. We could not see the enemy, who were secreted in the tree-tops around us, but the *zip*, *zip* of their bullets pursued us as we retreated.

The comrade who had been shot, apparently through the lungs, was examined by our surgeon, who at first thought the case fatal, as the bullet came out of the chest on the side opposite to which it entered; but it was found that the bullet had been deflected by a rib, and glanced round, beneath the skin, only causing a painful flesh-wound. In three weeks our comrade was on light duty about camp. Before seeing very much service we discovered that a man may be hit with bullets in a great many places without killing him. Later I saw a man who had both his eyes destroyed by a bullet, without injuring the bridge of his nose, or otherwise marking his face.

In the barn at Gaines's Farm there were a number of Confederate sick and wounded,—men captured in some skirmish during our advance; and while taking a peep at them through a crack, I saw a North Carolina lieutenant whom I recognized as a former school-acquaintance. I obtained permission to speak to him, but they told me he was violent and bitter in his language. On approaching him, and inquiring if he knew me, something like a smile of recognition lighted up his face; hesitating a moment, he finally extended his hand. We talked for fifteen or twenty minutes about our school-fellows and early days, but not one word about the war. In two days I visited the barn again, and upon inquiring for him was told by one of the men in charge, "That cock is done crowing." I asked where he was buried. "He isn't buried; they have carried him out!" I stepped into the barn-yard and found him thrown upon a heap of dirt. It was impossible to express all the indignation I felt; I emphatically said that none but cowards would have been guilty of such an act. I was ordered off for thus expressing my mind. Undoubtedly he had been very bitter, but that was no excuse. I mention this as the only instance I ever knew where a dead

enemy, or even a prisoner, was insulted by our soldiers. No *soldier* would have committed such a foul act. It was reserved for some miserable "skulker" who, to avoid the active duties of a soldier, had taken refuge in a hospital.

Considerable foraging was done, on the sly, about the neighboring plantations, but as a rule foraging was severely condemned by our commanders. There was much tobacco raised in this section of country, and we found the barns filled with the best quality of tobacco in leaf; this we appropriated without objection on the part of our officers. As all trades were represented in our ranks, that of cigar-maker was included, and the army rioted in cigars without enriching the sutlers.

By the lower bridges two of the army corps were sent across to take position near Seven Pines. Some of the bridges were of boats, with corduroy approaches. While they were in process of finishing, on the night of May 30, a terrible storm occurred; the rain-fall was immense, and the thunder the most terrific I ever heard, its sharp, crackling rattle at times sounding like the cannonading of an engagement. When morning dawned, our boat bridges were found dangling midway in a stream which covered the whole swampy and bottom land on both sides the original channel, and the water was waist-deep throughout the greater part of the swamp.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES (FAIR OAKS).

We were ordered on duty with Sumner's corps, which was stationed at Tyler's house, and held the center of the general line of the army. Not long after noon of the 31st we heard the dull reverberation of cannonading in the direction of Seven Pines, and the companies and regiments fell into line, ready to march at a moment's notice. About two in the afternoon the march was begun to the approaches of Sumner's upper bridge, also called the "Grapevine" bridge, which had been built of logs over the swampy bottom, and which was sustained in place by ropes tied to stumps on the up-stream side. At first it seemed impossible to cross, so swollen was the stream by the overflow; but when the troops were well on the bridge, it was held in place by the moving weight and rendered passable, although covered with water and swaying in the rushing torrent, which every moment threatened to float it away piecemeal. The men grumbled some, after the manner of soldiers. "If this bridge goes down I can't swim a stroke," said one. "Well," said

SUMNER'S MARCH TO REËNFORCE COUCH AT FAIR OAKS STATION.

Lieutenant Edmund Kirby, Battery I, First U. S. Artillery, says in his official report: "The roads were almost impassable for artillery, and I experienced great difficulty in getting my guns along. I was obliged at times to unlimber and use the prolonge, the cannoneers being up to their waists in water. About 4:30 P. M. I was within three-quarters of a mile of Fair Oaks Station, with three pieces [Napoleon twelve-pounders] and one caisson, the remainder of the battery being in the rear, and coming up as fast as circumstances would permit."

"Little" Day, always making the best of everything, "there will be, in that case, plenty of logs for you to float on." If we had gone down with all our marching-equipments, there would have been but little chance even for a good swimmer. Kirby's battery of Napoleon guns preceded us; we found them mired on the west shore. They were unlimbered, and the men of different regiments tugged and lifted at them, knee-deep in the mire, until they were extricated, and finally almost carried them to dry land, or rather firm land, as by no stretch of courtesy could anything in the vicinity be called dry.

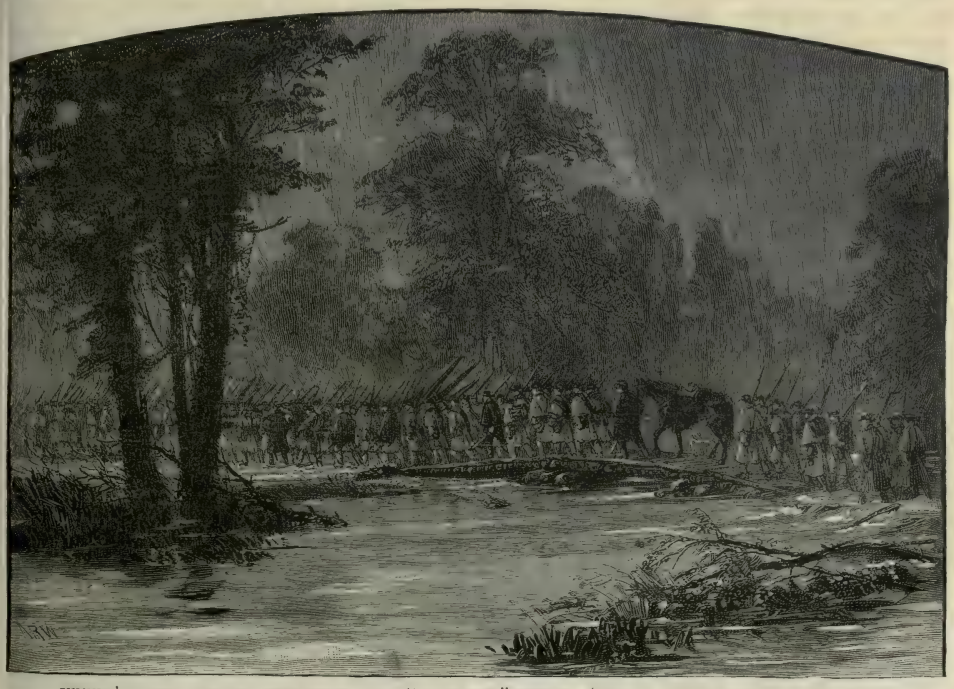
Sedgwick's division, being nearer the Grapevine bridge, took the lead at that crossing, while Richardson's division moved toward Sumner's lower bridge. There French's brigade crossed by wading to the waist, the other brigades being ordered to turn back and follow Sedgwick. It was this delay which kept Richardson out of the first day's fight.

A private of the Fifteenth Massachusetts (Gorman's brigade) afterward gave me his recollections of that forced march through water and mud. "Most of our artillery," he said, "became so badly mired that we were obliged to proceed without it, but the little battery of twelve-pound Napoleon guns, commanded by an energetic regular officer (Lieutenant Kirby), notwithstanding it was continually mired to its axles, was pluckily dragged along by horses and men. Despite the mire, we cracked jokes at each other, shouted and sang in high spirits, and toiled through the morass in the direction of the heavy firing."

About 3:30 P. M. we began to meet stragglers from the front. They all told in substance the same story: "Our companies and regiments are all cut to pieces!" One straggler had a strapping Confederate prisoner in charge. He inquired for a Pennyslvania regiment, saying that during the fight in the woods he lost his company, and while trying to find his way out came across the "reb," and was trying to "take him in." "Stranger," said the prisoner, "yer wouldn't have taken me in if I'd known yer war lost."

"Meanwhile the thunder of the conflict grew louder and louder, and about five o'clock we came upon fragments of regiments of that part of Couch's command which had become isolated at Fair Oaks Station; they had fallen back half a mile or so, and when we joined them beyond the Courtney house, they were hotly engaged with the enemy, who were in overwhelming numbers.

"As we came up through a stumpy field we were greeted with the quick *crack, crack* of the infantry in our front. The smoke of battle hung in clouds over the field, and through it could be seen the flashes of the



SUMNER'S CORPS CROSSING THE OVERFLOWED "GRAPEVINE" BRIDGE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS — PUTTING THE WOUNDED ABOARD THE CARS. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

artillery. The *ping*, *zip*, *zip* of bullets, and the wounded men limping from the front or carried by comrades, were a prelude to the storm to come. We formed on the left of Abercrombie's shattered brigade, near the Adams house, and were welcomed with hearty cheers. Presently there was a terrible explosion of musketry, and the bullets pattered around us, causing many to drop; a line of smoke ahead showed where this destructive fire came from. Kirby's five Napoleon guns came up, and in the angle of the woods opened with splendid precision upon the Confederate columns. The recoil of the pieces was often so great as to bury the wheels nearly to the hub in mud. Soon the "rebel yell" was heard as they charged on the right of Kirby's battery, which changed front to the right, and delivered a destructive fire of canister. This caused the enemy to break in confusion, and retreat to the cover of the woods. Shortly afterward the enemy developed in greater force in our front, and the hum of shot and shell was almost incessant; but in a few minutes the fire slackened, and the Confederate lines came dashing upon us with their shrill yells. We received them with a volley from our rifles, and the battery gave them its compliments. The gray masses of the enemy were seen dimly through the smoke, scattering to cover. Presently the order ran down the line, "Fix bayonets!" While waiting the moment for the final order, John Milan said: "It's light infantry we are, boys, and they expect us to fly over them criss-cross fences." Then the final order came: "Guide right — Double-quick — Charge!" Our whole line went off at double-quick, shouting as we ran. Some scattering shots were fired by the enemy as we struggled over the fences, and then their line broke and dissolved from view.

"That night we lay under the stars, thinking of the events of the day and the expected conflict of the morrow. Until dawn of Sunday (June 1) our officers were busy gathering together the scattered and separated forces. About five o'clock next morning we heard firing on our left flank, which was covered by Richardson's division of Sumner's corps. It was a line of Confederate pickets deploying in an open field on the south side of Fair Oaks Station. Shortly after six o'clock there was a furious fire of musketry on our left, which continued for an hour.

"During the day I went over a portion of the battle-field in the road through the woods, where the Confederates had made the unsuccessful charge upon Kirby's battery. Here the dead lay very thick, and a number of their wounded were hidden in the thickets. They had fallen in many instances on their faces in the headlong charge; some with their legs torn

off, some with shattered arms, and others with ghastly wounds in the head.

"On the 2d of June the whole line moved forward, and from Fair Oaks to the Williamsburg road occupied the positions which had been held previous to the battle. About that time I went over the battle-ground in front of Casey's position where the battle began. Many of the dead remained unburied. Some of the men who first took possession of the works informed me that they found large quantities of Confederate arms; also a number of the enemy who had become intoxicated on Yankee whisky. The camp had been well plundered, and the enemy had adopted a system of exchange in dress, throwing aside their ragged uniforms, and clothing themselves in the more comfortable and cleanly garments of the Federal soldiers. I saw a Sibley tent in which I counted over two hundred bullet-holes."

A comrade who visited the scene of the charge made by Sedgwick's men said that in the woods beyond, where the Confederate lines had been formed, a number had been killed while in the act of getting over the fence, and were suspended in the positions in which they had been shot. In the woods just beyond this fence were some swampy pools, to which a number of the enemy's wounded had crept for water and died during the night. There were two or three of these pools of stagnant water, around which were clusters of wounded and dead men.

When my company reached the vicinity of Fair Oaks, about a week after the battle, I was surprised to find how many limbs of trees had been cut away by bullets and shot. At one place a cannon-ball had apparently passed entirely through the stem of a large tree, splitting it for some distance; but the springy wood had closed together again so closely that the point of a bayonet could not be inserted in its track. The forests in the rear were marked in such a manner by bullets as to indicate that the enemy must have shot at times a long way over their intended mark.

In the advance, where Naglee's brigade made its struggle until overwhelmed by the enemy, graves were plenty in every direction, and some of the enemy's dead were found standing, in the swamp near by, in the position in which they were shot. They had decomposed so rapidly that the flesh had partly dropped from the bones.

Many of Casey's men had lost their knapsacks, blankets, and clothing, as well as their tents, and were in a sad plight for soldiering.

Thereafter our lines were constantly engaged in skirmishing, and we were kept in position for battle day after day, expecting an attack. Often the bugler at brigade headquarters sounded the alarm to "fall in," on one day sounding it ten times. During one of the frequent thunder-storms the Confederates made reconnaissance, and fired volleys so timed that they might be mistaken for thunder; but our men were not deceived and stood to their arms, expecting an attack. At one time the men in our rear were practicing the drill with blank cartridges, and were mistaken for the enemy. Thus the alarms of war kept our attention occupied.

Warren Lee Goss.

LINE OF BATTLE OF GENERAL DEVENS'S BRIGADE, COUCH'S DIVISION, WHERE GENERAL DEVENS WAS WOUNDED.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

MAY AND JUNE, 1862.

IN the following pages I purpose to give a brief sketch of the Peninsular campaign of 1862. As it is impossible, within the limits available, to describe even the most important battles, I shall confine myself to strategical considerations. But even this requires a rapid review of the circumstances under which, from a small assemblage of unorganized citizens, utterly ignorant of war and almost of the use of arms, was evolved that mighty Army of the Potomac, which, unshaken alike in victory and defeat, during a long series of arduous campaigns against an army most ably commanded and the equal in heroism of any that ever met the shock of battle, proved itself worthy to bear on its bayonets the honor and fate of the nation.

In July, 1861, after having secured solidly for the Union that part of western Virginia north of the Kanawha and west of the mountains, I was suddenly called to Washington on the day succeeding the first battle of Bull Run. Reaching the capital on the 26th, I found myself assigned to the command of that city and the troops gathered around it.

All was chaos and despondency; the city was filled with intoxicated stragglers, and an attack was expected. The troops numbered less than fifty thousand, many of whom were so demoralized and undisciplined that they could not be relied upon even for defensive purposes. Moreover, the term of service of a large part had already expired, or was on the point of doing so. On the Maryland side of the Potomac no troops were posted on the roads leading into the city, nor were there any intrenchments. On the Virginia side the condition of affairs was better in these respects, but far from satisfactory. Sufficient and fit material of war did not exist. The situation was difficult and fraught with danger.

The first and most pressing demand was the immediate safety of the capital and the Government. This was secured by enforcing the most rigid discipline, by organizing permanent brigades under regular officers, and by placing the troops in good defensive positions, far enough to the front to afford room for manœuvring and to enable the brigades to support each other.

The contingency of the enemy's crossing the Potomac above the city was foreseen and promptly provided for. Had he attempted this "about three months after the battle of Manassas," he would, upon reaching "the rear of Washington," have found it covered by respectable works, amply garrisoned, with a sufficient disposable force to move upon his rear and force him to "a decisive engagement under circumstances wholly unfavorable to him."* It would have been the greatest possible good fortune for us if he had made this movement at the time in question, or even some weeks earlier. It was only for a very few days after the battle of Bull Run that the movement was practicable, and every day added to its difficulty.

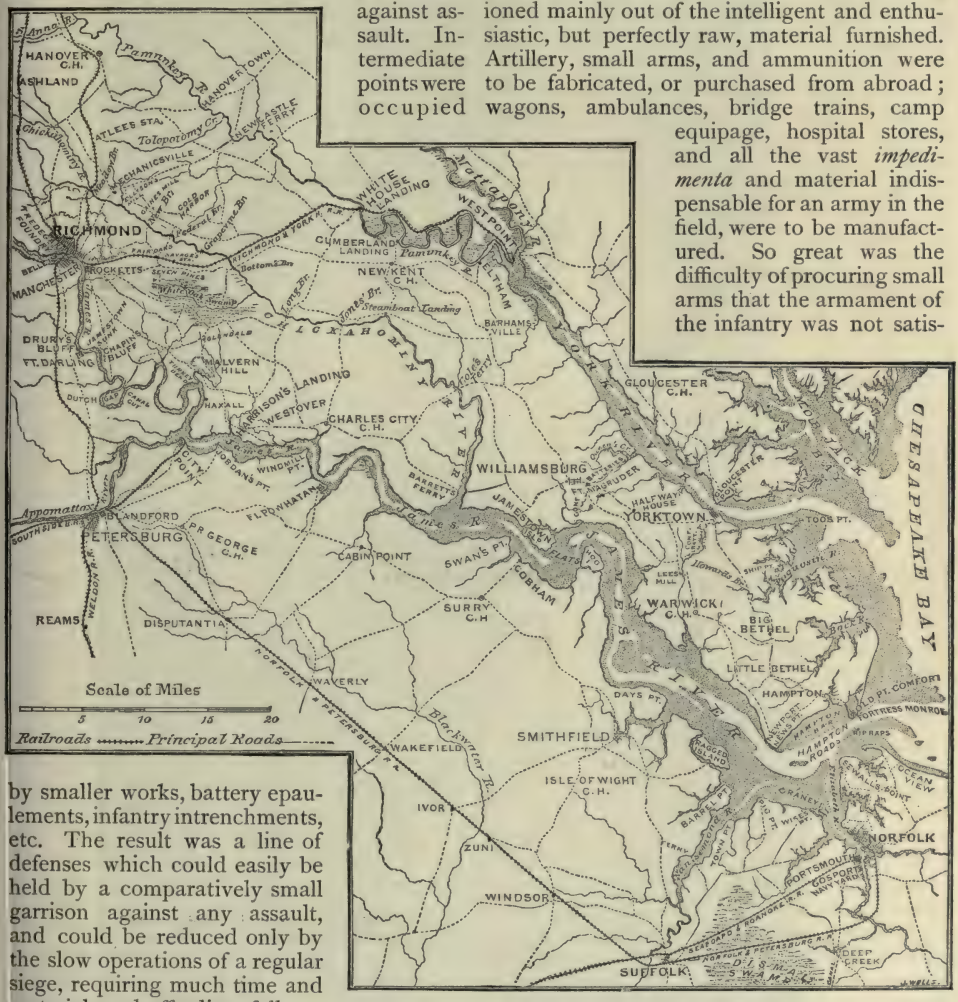
Two things were at once clear: first, that a large and thoroughly organized army was necessary to bring the war to a successful conclusion; second, that Washington must be so strongly fortified as to set at rest any reasonable apprehensions of its being carried by a sudden attack, in order that the active army might be free to move with the maximum strength and on any line of operations without regard to the safety of the capital.

These two herculean tasks were entered upon without delay or hesitation. They were carried to a successful conclusion, without regard to that impatient and unceasing clamor — inevitable among a people unaccustomed to war — which finally forced the hand of the general charged with their execution. He regarded their completion as essential to the salvation of his country, and determined to accomplish them, even if sacrificed in the en-

* See General Beauregard's "Battle of Bull Run," in THE CENTURY for November, 1884.

deavor. Nor has he, even at this distant day, and after much bitter experience, any regret that he persisted in his determination. Washington was surrounded by a line of strong detached works, armed with garrison artillery, and secure against assault. Intermediate points were occupied by smaller works, battery epaulements, infantry intrenchments, etc. The result was a line of defenses which could easily be held by a comparatively small garrison against any assault, and could be reduced only by the slow operations of a regular siege, requiring much time and material, and affording full opportunity to bring all the resources of the country to its relief. At no time during the war were the enemy able to undertake the siege of Washington, nor, if respectably garrisoned, could it ever have been in danger from an assault. The maximum garrison necessary to hold the place against a siege from any and every quarter was thirty-four thousand troops, with forty field-guns; this included the requisite reserves.

With regard to the formation of the Army of the Potomac, it must suffice to say that everything was to be created from the very foundation. Raw men and officers were to be disciplined and instructed. The regular army was too small to furnish more than a portion of the general officers, and a very small portion of the staff, so that the staff departments and staff officers were to be fashioned mainly out of the intelligent and enthusiastic, but perfectly raw, material furnished. Artillery, small arms, and ammunition were to be fabricated, or purchased from abroad; wagons, ambulances, bridge trains, camp equipage, hospital stores, and all the vast *impedimenta* and material indispensable for an army in the field, were to be manufactured. So great was the difficulty of procuring small arms that the armament of the infantry was not satisfactorily completed until the winter, and a large part of the field batteries were not ready for service until the spring of 1862. As soon as possible divisions were organized, the formation being essentially completed in November.



MAP OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

On the 1st of November, upon the retirement of General Winfield Scott, I succeeded to the command of all the armies, except the department of Virginia, which comprised the country within sixty miles of Fort Monroe. Upon assuming the general command, I found that

SECTION OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC NEAR WHITE HOUSE, VA. (PROCESS REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH.)

"We were now [middle of May] encamped [near White House] on the old Custis place, at present owned by General Fitzhugh Lee of the Rebel cavalry service. On every side of us were immense fields of wheat, which, but for the presence of armies, promised an abundant harvest. . . . It was marvelous that such quiet could exist where a hundred thousand men were crowded together, yet almost absolute stillness reigned throughout the vast camp during the whole of this pleasant Sabbath."—From George T. Stevens's "Three Years in the Sixth Corps." The picture represents the space occupied by about one brigade.—ED.

the West was far behind the East in its state of preparation, and much of my time and large quantities of material were consumed in pushing the organization of the Western armies. Meanwhile the various coast expeditions were employed in seizing important points of the enemy's seaboard, to facilitate the prevention of blockade-running, and to cut or threaten the lines of communication near the coast, with reference to subsequent operations.

The plan of campaign which I adopted for the spring of 1862 was to push forward the armies of Generals Halleck and Buell to occupy Memphis, Nashville, and Knoxville, and the line of the Memphis and Danville Railroad, so as to deprive the enemy of that important line, and force him to adopt the circuitous routes by Augusta, Branchville, and Charleston. It was also intended to seize Wilmington, North Carolina, at the earliest practicable moment, and to open the Mississippi by effecting a junction between Generals Halleck and Butler. This movement of the Western armies was to be followed by that of the Army of the Potomac from Urbanna on the Lower Rappahannock, to West Point and Richmond, intending, if we failed to gain Richmond by a rapid march, to cross the James and attack the city in rear, with the James as a line of supply.

So long as Mr. Cameron was Secretary of War I received the cordial support of that department; but when he resigned, the whole state of affairs changed. I had never met Mr. Stanton before reaching Washington, in 1861. He at once sought me and professed the utmost personal affection, the expression of which was exceeded only by the bitterness of his denunciation of the Government and its policy. I was unaware of his appointment as Secretary of War until after it had been made, whereupon he called to ascertain whether I desired him to accept, saying that to do so would involve a total sacrifice of his personal interests, and that the only inducement would be the desire to assist me in my work. Having no reason to doubt his sincerity, I desired him to accept, whereupon he consented, and with great effusion exclaimed: "Now we two will save the country."

On the next day the President came to my house to explain why he had appointed Mr. Stanton without consulting me; his reason being that he supposed Stanton to be a great friend of mine, and that the appointment would naturally be satisfactory, and that he feared that if I had known it beforehand it would be said that I had dragooned him into it.

The more serious difficulties of my position began with Mr. Stanton's accession to the War Office. It at once became very difficult to approach him, even for the transaction of ordinary current business, and our personal relations at once ceased. The impatience of the Executive immediately became extreme, and I can attribute it only to the influence of the new secretary, who did many things to break up the free and confidential intercourse that had heretofore existed between the President and myself. The Government soon manifested great impatience in regard to the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the destruction of the Confederate batteries on the Potomac. The first object could be permanently attained only by occupying the Shenandoah Valley with a force strong enough to resist any attack by the Confederate army then at Manassas; the second only by a general advance of the Army of the Potomac, driving the enemy back of the Rapidan. My own view was that the movement of the Army of the Potomac from Urbanna would accomplish both of these objects, by forcing the enemy to abandon all his positions and fall back on Richmond. I was therefore unwilling to interfere with this plan by a premature advance, the effect of which must be either to commit us to the overland route, or to minimize the advantages of the Urbanna movement. I wished to hold the enemy at Manassas to the last moment — if possible until the advance from Urbanna had actually commenced, for neither the reopening of the railroad nor the destruction of the batteries was worth the danger involved.

The positive order of the President, probably issued under the pressure of the Secretary of War, forced me to undertake the opening of the railway. For this purpose I went to Harper's Ferry in February, intending to throw over a force sufficient to occupy Winchester. To do this it was necessary to have a reliable bridge across the Potomac — to ensure supplies and prompt reënforcements. The pontoon bridge, thrown as a preliminary, could not be absolutely trusted on a river so liable to heavy freshets; therefore it was determined to construct a canal-boat bridge. It was discovered, however, when the attempt was made, that the lift-lock from the canal to the river was too narrow for the boats by some four or five inches, and I therefore decided to rebuild the railroad bridge, and content myself with occupying Charlestown until its completion, postponing to the same time the advance to Winchester. I had fully explained my intentions to the President and Secretary before leaving Washington, providing for precisely such a contingency. While at Harper's Ferry I learned that the President was dissatisfied with my action, and on

Capt. Le Clerc. Duc de Chartres. Comte de Paris. Prince de Joinville. Capt. Mohain.

THE FRENCH OFFICERS AT DINNER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres were aides on General McClellan's staff. The Prince de Joinville was at headquarters unattached. Captain Le Clerc and Captain Mohain were in the suite of the princes.

reaching Washington I laid a full explanation before the Secretary, with which he expressed himself entirely satisfied, and told me that the President was already so, and that it was unnecessary for me to communicate with him on the subject. I then proceeded with the preparations necessary to force the evacuation of the Potomac batteries. On the very day appointed for the division commanders to come to headquarters to receive their final orders, the President sent for me. I then learned that he had received no explanation of the Harper's Ferry affair, and that the Secretary was not authorized to make the statement already referred to; but after my repetition of it, the President became fully satisfied with my course. He then, however, said that there was another "very ugly matter" which he desired to talk about, and that was the movement by the lower Chesapeake. He said that it had been suggested that I proposed this movement with the "traitorous" purpose of leaving Washington uncovered and exposed to attack. I very promptly objected to the coupling of any such adjective with my purposes, whereon he disclaimed any intention of conveying the idea that he expressed his own opinion, as he merely repeated the suggestions of others. I then explained the purpose and effect of fortifying Washing-

ton, and, as I thought, removed his apprehensions, but informed him that the division commanders were to be at headquarters that morning, and suggested that my plans should be laid before them, that they might give their opinion as to whether the capital would be endangered; I also said that in order to leave them perfectly untrammeled I would not attend the meeting. Accordingly they met on the 8th of March and approved my plans.

On the same day was issued, without my knowledge, the order forming army corps and assigning the senior general officers to their command.* My own views were that, as the command of army corps involved great responsibility and demanded ability of a high order, it was safer to postpone their formation until trial in the field had shown which general officers could best perform those vital functions. An incompetent division commander could not often jeopardize the safety of an army; while an unfit corps commander could easily lose a battle and frustrate the best-conceived plan of campaign. Of the four corps commanders, one only had commanded so much as a regiment in the field prior to the Bull Run campaign. On the next day intelligence arrived that the enemy was abandoning his positions. I crossed to the Virginia side to receive information more promptly and decide upon what should be done. During the night I determined to advance the whole army, to take advantage of any opportunity to strike the enemy, to break up the permanent camps, give the troops a little experience on the march and in bivouac, get rid of extra baggage, and test the working of the staff departments. If this were done at all, it must be done promptly and by moving the troops by divisions, without waiting to form the army corps. Accordingly, I telegraphed to the Secretary, explaining the state of the case and asking authority to postpone the army corps formation until the completion of the movement. The reply was an abrupt and unreasonable refusal. I again telegraphed, explaining the situation and throwing the responsibility upon the Secretary, whereupon he gave way.

Meanwhile, as far back as the 27th of February, orders had been given for collecting the transportation necessary to carry out the Urbanna movement. This conclusion had been reached after full discussion. On the 27th of January had been issued the President's General War Order No. 1, directing a general movement of the land and naval forces against the enemy on the 22d of February. On the 31st of January was issued the President's Special War Order No. 1, directing the Army of the Potomac to advance to the attack of Manassas on the 22d of February. The President, however, permitted me to state my objections to this order, which I did, at length, in a letter of February 3 to the Secretary of War. As the President's order was not insisted upon, although never formally revoked, it is to be assumed that my letter produced, for a time at least, the desired effect. When Manassas was abandoned and the enemy was behind the Rapidan, the Urbanna movement lost much of its promise, as the enemy were now in position to reach Richmond before we could do so. The alternative remained of making Fortress Monroe and its vicinity the base of operations.

The plan first adopted was to commence the movement with the First Corps as a unit, to land north of Gloucester and move thence on West Point; or, should circumstances render it advisable, to land a little below Yorktown to turn the defenses between that place and Fortress Monroe. The Navy Department were confident that we could rely upon their vessels to neutralize the *Merrimac* and aid materially in reducing the batteries on the York River, either by joining in the attack or by running by them and gaining their rear. As transports arrived very slowly, especially those for horses, and the great impatience of the Government grew apace, it became necessary to embark divisions as fast as vessels arrived, and I decided to land them at Fortress Monroe, holding the First Corps to the last, still intending to move it in mass to turn Gloucester. On the 17th of March the leading division embarked at Alexandria. The campaign was undertaken with the intention of taking some 145,000 troops, to be increased by a division of 10,000 drawn from the troops in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, giving a total of 155,000. Strenuous efforts were made to induce the President to take away Blenker's German division of 10,000 men. Of his own volition he at first declined, but, the day before I left Washington, he yielded to the non-military pressure and reluctantly gave the order, thus reducing the expected force to 145,000.

While at Fairfax Court House, on the 12th of March, I learned that there had appeared in the daily papers the order relieving me

* The organization of the army at this time was: First Corps, McDowell — Divisions: Franklin, McCall, and King; Second Corps, Sumner — Divisions: Richardson, Blenker, and Sedgwick; Third Corps, Heintzelman — Divisions: Porter, Hooker, and Hamilton; Fourth Corps, Keyes — Divisions: Couch, Smith, and Casey. The reserve artillery (Hunt), the regular infantry (Sykes), and regular cavalry (Cooke) and engineer troops, were attached to headquarters.

from the general command of all the armies and confining my authority to the Department of the Potomac. I had received no previous intimation of the intention of the Government in this respect. Thus, when I embarked for Fortress Monroe on the 1st of April, my command extended from Philadelphia to Richmond, from the Alleghanies, including the Shenandoah, to the Atlantic; for an order had been issued a few days previously placing Fortress Monroe and the Department of Virginia under my command, and authorizing me to withdraw from the troops therein 10,000 to form a division to be added to the First Corps.

The fortifications of Washington were at this time completed and armed. I had already given instructions for the refortification of Manassas, the reopening of the Manassas Gap Railroad, the protection of its bridges by block-houses, the intrenchment of a position for a brigade at or near the railroad crossing of the Shenandoah, and an intrenched post at Chester Gap. I left about 42,000 troops for the immediate defense of Washington, and more than 35,000 for the Shenandoah Valley—an abundance to insure the safety of Washington and to check any attempt to recover the lower Shenandoah and threaten Maryland. Beyond this force, the reserves of the Northern States were all available.

On my arrival at Fortress Monroe on the 2d of April, I found five divisions of infantry, Sykes's brigade of regulars, two regiments of cavalry, and a portion of the reserve artillery disembarked. Another cavalry regiment and a part of a fourth had arrived but were still on shipboard; comparatively few wagons had come. On the same day came a telegram stating that the Department of Virginia was withdrawn from my control, and forbidding me to form the division of 10,000 men without General Wool's sanction. I was thus deprived of the command of the base of operations, and the ultimate strength of the army was reduced to 135,000, another serious departure from the plan of campaign. Of the troops disembarked, only four divisions, the regulars, the majority of the reserve artillery, and a part of the cavalry could be moved, in consequence of the lack of transportation. Casey's division was unable to leave Newport News until the 16th, from the impossibility of supplying it with wagons.

The best information obtainable represented the Confederate troops around Yorktown as numbering at least 15,000, with about an equal force at Norfolk; and it was clear that the army lately at Manassas, now mostly near Gordonsville, was in position to be thrown promptly to the Peninsula. It was represented that Yorktown was surrounded by strong earthworks, and that the Warwick River, instead of stretching across the Peninsula to Yorktown,—as proved to be the case,—came down to Lee's Mills from the north, running parallel with and not crossing the road from Newport News to Williamsburg. It was also known that there were intrenched positions of more or less strength at Young's Mills, on the Newport News road, and at Big Bethel, Howard's Bridge, and Ship's Point, on or near the Hampton and Yorktown road, and at Williamsburg.

On my arrival at Fortress Monroe, I learned, in an interview with Flag-Officer Goldsborough, that he could not protect the James as a line of supply, and that he could furnish no vessels to take an active part in the reduction of the batteries at York and Gloucester or to run by and gain their rear. He could only aid in the final attack after our land batteries had essentially silenced their fire.

I thus found myself, with 53,000 men in condition to move, faced by the conditions of the problem just stated. Information was received that Yorktown was already being reënforced from Norfolk, and it was apprehended that the main Confederate army would promptly follow the same course. I therefore determined to move at once with the force in hand, and endeavor to seize a point—near the Halfway House—between Yorktown and Williamsburg, where the Peninsula is reduced to a narrow neck, and thus cut off the retreat of the Yorktown garrison and prevent the arrival of reënforcements. The advance commenced on the morning of the 4th of April, and was arranged to turn successively the intrenchments on the two roads; the result being that, on the afternoon of the 5th, the Third Corps was engaged with the enemy's outposts in front of Yorktown and under the artillery fire of the place. The Fourth Corps came upon Lee's Mills and found it covered by the unfordable line of the Warwick, and reported the position so strong as to render it impossible to execute its orders to assault. Thus, all things were brought to a stand-still, and the intended movement on the Halfway House could not be carried out. Just at this moment came a telegram, dated the 4th, informing me that the First Corps was withdrawn from my command. Thus, when too deeply committed to recede, I found that another reduction of about 43,000, including several cavalry regiments withheld from me, diminished my paper force to 92,000, instead of the 155,000 on which the plans of the campaign had been founded and with which it was intended to operate. The number of men left behind, sick and from other causes inci-

dent to such a movement, reduced the total for duty to some 85,000, from which must be deducted all camp, depot, and train guards, escorts, and non-combatants, such as cooks, servants, orderlies, and extra-duty men in the various staff departments, which reduced the numbers actually available for battle to some 67,000 or 68,000.

The order withdrawing the First Corps also broke up the Department of the Potomac, forming out of it the Department of the Shenandoah, under General Banks, and the Department of Northern Virginia, under General McDowell, the latter including Washington. I thus lost all control of the depots at Washington, as I had already been deprived of the control of the base at Fortress Monroe and of the ground subsequently occupied by the depot at White House. The only territory remaining under my command was the paltry triangle between the Departments of northern Virginia and Virginia; even that was yet to be won from the enemy. I was thus relieved from the duty of providing for the safety of Washington, and deprived of all control over the troops in that vicinity. Instead of one directing head controlling operations which should have been inseparable, the region from the Alleghanies to the sea was parceled out among four independent commanders.

On the 3d of April, at the very moment of all others when it was most necessary to push recruiting most vigorously, to make good the inevitable losses in battle and by disease, an order was issued from the War Department discontinuing all recruiting for the volunteers and breaking up all their recruiting stations. Instead of a regular and permanent system of recruiting, whether by voluntary enlistment or by draft, a spasmodic system of large drafts was thereafter resorted to, and, to a great extent, the system of forming new regiments. The results were wasteful and pernicious. There were enough, or nearly enough, organizations in the field, if they had been constantly maintained at the full strength by a regular and constant influx of recruits, who, by association with their veteran comrades, would soon have become efficient. The new regiments required much time to become useful, and endured very heavy and unnecessary losses from disease and in battle owing to the inexperience of the officers and men. A course more in accordance with the best-established military principles and the uniform experience of war would have saved the country many millions of treasure and many thousands of valuable lives.

Then, on the 5th of April, I found myself with 53,000 men in hand, giving less than 42,000 for battle, after deducting extra-duty men and other non-combatants. In our front was an intrenched line, apparently too strong for assault, and which I had now no means of turning, either by land or water. I now learned that 85,000 would be the maximum force at my disposal, giving only some 67,000 for battle. Of the three divisions yet to join, Casey's reached the front only on the 17th, Richardson's on the 16th, and Hooker's commenced arriving at Ship Point on the 10th. Whatever may have been said afterwards, no one at the time — so far as my knowledge extended — thought an assault practicable without certain preliminary siege operations. At all events, my personal experience in this kind of work was greater than that of any officer under my command; and after personal reconnaissances more appropriate to a lieutenant of engineers than to the commanding general, I could neither discover nor hear of any point where an assault promised any chance of success. We were thus obliged to resort to siege operations in order to silence the enemy's artillery fire and open the way to an assault. All the batteries would have been ready to open fire on the 5th, or, at latest, on the morning of the 6th of May, and it was determined to assault at various points the moment the heavy batteries had performed their allotted task; the navy were prepared to participate in the attack as soon as the main batteries were silenced; the *Galena*, under that most gallant and able officer, John Rodgers, was to take part in the attack, and would undoubtedly have run the batteries at the earliest possible moment; but during the night of the 3d and 4th of May the enemy evacuated his positions, regarding them as untenable under the impending storm of heavy projectiles.

Meanwhile, on the 22d of April, Franklin's division of McDowell's Corps had joined me by water, in consequence of my urgent calls for reënforcements.

The moment the evacuation of Yorktown was known, the order was given for the advance of all the disposable cavalry and horse batteries, supported by infantry divisions, and every possible effort was made to expedite the movement of a column by water upon West Point, to force the evacuation of the lines at Williamsburg, and, if possible, cut off a portion of the enemy's force and trains.

The heavy storms which had prevailed recommenced on the afternoon of the 4th, and not only impeded the advance of troops by land, but delayed the movement by water so much that it was not until the morning of the 7th that the leading division — Franklin's — disembarked near West Point and took up a suitable position to hold its own and cover the

landing of reënforcements. This division was attacked not long after it landed, but easily repulsed the enemy.

Meanwhile the enemy's rear-guard held the Williamsburg lines against our advance, except where Hancock broke through, until the night of the 6th, when they retired.

The army was now divided; a part at the mouth of the Pamunkey, a part at Williamsburg, and a part at Yorktown, prepared to ascend the York River. The problem was to reunite them without giving the enemy the opportunity of striking either fraction with his whole force. This was accomplished on the 10th, when all the divisions were in communication, and the movement of concentration continued as rapidly as circumstances permitted, so that on the 15th the headquarters and the divisions of Franklin, Porter, Sykes, and Smith reached Cumberland; Couch and Casey being near New Kent Court House, Hooker and Kearny near Roper's Church, and Richardson and Sedgwick near Eltham. On the 15th and 16th, in the face of dreadful weather and terrible roads, the divisions of Franklin, Porter, and Smith were advanced to White House, and a depot established. On the 18th the Fifth and Sixth Corps were formed, so that the organization of the Army of the Potomac was now as follows: Second Corps, Sumner — Divisions, Sedgwick and Richardson; Third Corps, Heintzelman — Divisions, Kearny and Hooker; Fourth Corps, Keyes — Divisions, Couch and Casey; Fifth Corps, F. J. Porter — Divisions, Morell and Sykes and the Reserve Artillery; Sixth Corps, Franklin — Divisions, Smith and Slocum.

The cavalry organization remained unchanged, and we were sadly deficient in that important arm, as many of the regiments belonging to the Army of the Potomac were among those which had been retained near Washington.

The question now arose as to the line of operations to be followed: that of the James on the one hand, and, on the other, the line from White House as a base, crossing the upper Chickahominy.

The army was admirably placed for adopting either, and my decision was to take that of the James, operating on either bank as might prove advisable, but always preferring the southern. I had urgently asked for reënforcements to come by water, as they would thus be equally available for either line of operations. The destruction of the *Merrimac* on the 11th of May had opened the James River to us, and it was only after that date that it became available. My plan, however, was changed by orders from Washington. A telegram of the 18th from the Secretary of War informed me that McDowell would advance from Fredericksburg, and directed me to extend the right of the Army of the Potomac to the north of Richmond, in order to establish communication with him. The same order required me to supply his troops from our depots at White House. Herein lay the failure of the campaign, as it necessitated the division of the army by the Chickahominy, and caused great delay in constructing practicable bridges across that stream; while if I had been able to cross to the James, reënforcements would have reached me by water rapidly and safely, the army would have been united and in no danger of having its flank turned, or its line of supply interrupted, and the attack could have been much more rapidly pushed.

I now proceeded to do all in my power to insure success on the new line of operations thus imposed upon me. On the 20th of May our light troops reached the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge, which they found destroyed. I at once ordered Casey's division to ford the stream and occupy the heights beyond, thus securing a lodgment on the right bank. Heintzelman was moved up in support of Keyes. By the 24th Mechanicsville was carried so that the enemy was now all together on the other side of the river. Sumner was near the railroad, on the left bank of the stream; Porter and Franklin on the same bank near Mechanicsville.

It is now time to give a brief description of the Chickahominy. This river rises some fifteen miles north-westward of Richmond, and unites with the James about forty miles below that city. Our operations were on the part between Meadow and Bottom's bridges, covering the approaches to Richmond from the east. Here the river at its ordinary stage is some forty feet wide, fringed with a dense growth of heavy forest trees, and bordered by low marshy lands, varying from half a mile to a mile in width. Within the limits above mentioned the firm ground, above high-water mark, seldom approaches the river on either bank, and in no place did the high ground come near the stream on both banks. It was subject to frequent sudden and great variations in the volume of water, and a single violent storm of brief duration sufficed to cause an overflow of the bottom-lands for many days, rendering the river absolutely impassable without long and strong bridges. When we reached the river it was found that all the bridges, except that at Mechanicsville, had been destroyed. The right bank, opposite New, Mechanicsville, and Meadow bridges, was bordered by high bluffs, affording the enemy commanding positions for his batteries,

enfilading the approaches, and preventing the rebuilding of important bridges. We were thus obliged to select other less exposed points for our crossings. Should McDowell effect the promised junction, we could turn the head-waters of the Chickahominy, and attack Richmond from the north and northwest, still preserving our line of supply from White House. But with the force actually available such an attempt would expose the army to the loss of its communications and to destruction in detail; for we had an able and active antagonist, prompt to take advantage of any error on our part. The country furnished no supplies, so that we could not afford the separation from our depots. All the information obtained showed that Richmond was entrenched, that the enemy occupied in force all the approaches from the east, that he intended to dispute every step of our advance, and that his army was numerically superior. Early on the 24th of May I received a telegram from the President, informing me that McDowell would certainly march on the 26th, suggesting that I should detach a force to the right to cut off the retreat of the Confederate force in front of Fredericksburg, and desiring me to march cautiously and safely. On the same day another dispatch came, informing me that, in consequence of Stonewall Jackson's advance down the Shenandoah, the movement of McDowell was suspended. Next day the President again telegraphed that the movement against General Banks seemed so general and connected as to show that the enemy could not intend a very desperate defense of Richmond; that he thought the time was near when I "must either attack Richmond or give up the job, and come back to the defense of Washington." I replied that all my information agreed that the mass of the enemy was still in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, ready to defend it, and that the object of Jackson's movement was probably to prevent reënforcements being sent to me. On the 26th General Stoneman, with my advanced guard, cut the Virginia Central Railroad in three places. On the same day I learned that a very considerable force of the enemy was in the vicinity of Hanover Court House, to our right and rear, threatening our communications, and in position to reënforce Jackson or oppose McDowell, whose advance was then eight miles south of Fredericksburg. I ordered General F. J. Porter to move next morning to dislodge them. He took with him his own old division, Warren's provisional brigade and Emory's cavalry brigade. His operations in the vicinity of Hanover Court House were entirely successful, and resulted in completely clearing our flank, cutting the railroads in several places, destroying bridges, inflicting a severe loss upon the enemy, and fully opening the way for the advance of McDowell. As there was no indication of its immediate approach, and the position at Hanover Court House was too much exposed to be permanently held, General Porter's command was withdrawn on the evening of the 29th, and returned to its old position with the main army. The campaign had taken its present position in consequence of the assured junction of McDowell's corps. As it was now clear that I could not count with certainty upon that force, I had to do the best I could with the means at hand.

The first necessity was to establish secure communications between the two parts of the army, necessarily separated by the Chickahominy. Richmond could be attacked only by troops on the right bank. As the expectation of the advance of McDowell was still held out, and that only by the land route, I could not yet transfer the base to the James, but was obliged to retain it on the Pamunkey, and therefore to keep on the left bank a force sufficient to protect our communications and cover the junction of McDowell. It was still permissible to believe that sufficient attention would be paid to the simplest principle of war to push McDowell rapidly on Jackson's heels, when he made his inevitable return march to join the main Confederate army and attack our right flank. The failure of McDowell to reach me at or before the critical moment, was due to the orders he received from Washington. The bridges over the Chickahominy first built were swept away by the floods, and it became necessary to construct others more solid and with long log approaches, a slow and difficult task, generally carried on by men working in the water and under fire. The work was pushed as rapidly as possible, and on the 30th of May, the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were on the right bank of the Chickahominy, the most advanced positions being somewhat strengthened by entrenchments; Sumner's corps was on the left bank, some six miles above Bottom's Bridge; Porter's and Franklin's corps were on the left bank opposite the enemy's left. During the day and night of the 30th torrents of rain fell, inundating the whole country and threatening the destruction of our bridges.

Well aware of our difficulties, our active enemy, on the 31st of May, made a violent attack upon Casey's division, followed by an equally formidable one on Couch, thus commencing the battle of Fair Oaks.* Heintzel-

* The Confederates call this battle Seven Pines. For plan of battle see map on p. 118.—ED.

man came up in support, and during the afternoon Sumner crossed the river with great difficulty, and rendered such efficient service that the enemy was checked. In the morning his renewed attacks were easily repulsed, and the ground occupied at the beginning of the battle was more than recovered; he had failed in the purpose of the attack. The ground was now so thoroughly soaked by the rain, and the bridges were so much injured, that it was impracticable to pursue the enemy or to move either Porter or Franklin to the support of the other corps on the south bank. Our efforts were at once concentrated upon the restoration of the old and the building of new bridges.

On the 1st of June the Department of Virginia, including Fortress Monroe, was placed under my command.

On the 2d the Secretary telegraphed that as soon as Jackson was disposed of in the Shenandoah, another large body of troops would be at my service; on the 5th, that he intended sending a part of General McDowell's force as soon as it could return from Front Royal (in the Shenandoah Valley, near Manassas Gap, and about one hundred and fifteen miles north-west of Richmond), probably as many as I wanted; on the 11th, that McCall's force had embarked to join me on the day preceding, and that it was intended to send the residue of General McDowell's force to join me as speedily as possible, and that it was clear that a strong force was operating with Jackson for the purpose of preventing the forces there from joining me.

On the 26th the Secretary telegraphed that the forces of McDowell, Banks, and Frémont would be consolidated as the Army of Virginia, and would operate promptly in my aid by land.

Fortunately for the Army of the Potomac, however, I entertained serious doubts of the aid promised by the land route, so that, on the 18th, I ordered a number of transports, with supplies of all kinds, to be sent up the James, under convoy of the gun-boats, so that I might be free to cut loose from the Pamunkey and move over to the James, should circumstances enable me or render it desirable to do so.

The battle of Fair Oaks was followed by storms of great severity, continuing until the 20th of June, and adding vastly to the difficulties of our position, greatly retarding the construction of the bridges and of the defensive works regarded as necessary to cover us in the event of a repulse, and making the ground too difficult for the free movements of troops.

On the 19th Franklin's corps was transferred to the south side of the Chickahominy, Porter's corps, reënforced by McCall's division (which, with a few additional regiments, had arrived on the 12th and 13th), being left alone on the north side.

This dangerous distribution was necessary in order to concentrate sufficient force on the south side to attack Richmond with any hope of success; and, as I was still told that McDowell would arrive by the overland route, I could not yet change the base to the James.

It was not until the 25th that the condition of the ground and the completion of the bridges and intrenchments left me free to attack. On that day the first step was taken, in throwing forward the left of our picket-line, in face of a strong opposition, to gain ground enough to enable Sumner and Heintzelman to support the attack to be made next day by Franklin on the rear of Old Tavern. [See map.] The successful issue of this attack would, it was supposed, drive the enemy from his positions on the heights overlooking Mechanicsville, and probably enable us to force him back into his main line of works. We would then be in position to reconnoiter the lines carefully, determine the points of attack, and take up a new base and line of supply if expedient.

During the night of the 24th information arrived confirming the anticipation that Jackson was moving to attack our right and rear, but I persisted in the operation intended for the 25th, partly to develop the strength of the enemy opposite our left and center, and with the design of attacking Old Tavern on the 26th, if Jackson's advance was so much delayed that Porter's corps would not be endangered.

Late in the afternoon of the 25th Jackson's advance was confirmed, and it was rendered probable that he would attack next day. All hope of the advance of McDowell's corps in season to be of any service had disappeared; the dangerous position of the army had been faithfully held to the last moment. After deducting the garrisons in rear, the railroad guards, non-combatants, and extra-duty men, there were not more than 75,000 men for battle. The enemy, with a force larger than this, the strong defenses of Richmond close at hand in his rear, was free to strike on either flank. I decided then to carry into effect the long-considered plan of abandoning the Pamunkey and taking up the line of the James.

The necessary orders were given for the defense of the depots at the White House to the last moment and its final destruction and abandonment; it was also ordered that all possible stores should be pushed to the front while communications were open.

The ground to the James had already been

reconnoitered with reference to this movement.

During the night of the 26th Porter's siege-guns and wagon-trains were brought over to the south side of the Chickahominy. During the afternoon of that day his corps had been attacked in its position on Beaver Dam Creek, near Mechanicsville, and the enemy repulsed with heavy losses on their part. It was now clear that Jackson's corps had taken little or no part in this attack, and that his blow would fall farther to the rear. I therefore ordered the Fifth Corps to fall back and take position nearer the bridges, where the flanks would be more secure. This was skillfully effected early on the 27th, and it was decided that this corps should hold its position until night. All the corps commanders on the south side were on the 26th directed to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare in support of Porter on the next day. All of them thought the enemy so strong in their respective fronts as to require all their force to hold their positions.

Shortly after noon on the 27th the attack commenced upon Porter's corps, in its new position near Gaines's Mill, and the contest continued all day with great vigor.

The movements of the enemy were so threatening at many points on our center and left as to indicate the presence of large numbers of troops, and for a long time created great uncertainty as to the real point of his main attack. General Porter's first call for reënforcement and a supply of axes failed to reach me; but, upon receiving a second call, I ordered Slocum's division to cross to his support. The head of the division reached the field at 3:30 and immediately went into action. At about 5 P. M. General Porter reported his position as critical, and the brigades of French and Meagher — of Richardson's division — were ordered to reënforce him, although the fearless commander of the Second Corps, General Sumner, thought it hazardous to remove them from his own threatened front. I then ordered the reserve of Heintzelman to move in support of Sumner and a brigade of Keyes's corps to head-quarters for such use as might be required. Smith's division, left alone when Slocum crossed to the aid of Porter, was so seriously threatened that I called on Sumner's corps to send a brigade to its support.

French and Meagher reached the field before dusk, just after Porter's corps had been forced by superior numbers to fall back to an interior position nearer the bridges, and, by their steady attitude, checked all further progress of the enemy and completed the attainment of the purpose in view, which was to hold the left bank of the river until dark, so that the movement to the James might be safely commenced. The siege-guns, material, and trains on the left bank were all safe, and the right wing was in close connection with the rest of the army. The losses were heavy, but the object justified them, or rather made them necessary. At about six o'clock next morning the rear-guard of regulars crossed to the south side and the bridges were destroyed.

I now bent all my energies to the transfer of the army to the James, fully realizing the very delicate nature of a flank march, with heavy trains, by a single road, in face of an active enemy, but confident that I had the army well in hand and that it would not fail me in the emergency. I thought that the enemy would not anticipate that movement, but would assume that all my efforts would be directed to cover and regain the old depots; and the event proved the correctness of this supposition. It seemed certain that I could gain one or two days for the movement of the trains, while he remained uncertain as to my intentions; and that was all I required with such troops as those of the Army of the Potomac.

During the night of the 27th I assembled the corps commanders at headquarters, informed them of my intentions, and gave them their orders. Keyes's corps was ordered to move at once, with its trains, across White Oak Swamp, and occupy positions on the farther side to cover the passage of the remainder of the army. By noon of the 28th this first step was accomplished. During the 28th Sumner, Heintzelman, and Franklin held essentially their old positions; the trains converged steadily to the White Oak Swamp and crossed as rapidly as possible, and during this day and the succeeding night Porter followed the movement of Keyes's corps and took position to support it.

Early on the 28th, when Franklin's corps was drawing in its right to take a more concentrated position, the enemy opened a sharp artillery fire and made at one point a spirited attack with two Georgia regiments, which were repulsed by the two regiments on picket.

Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps and Smith's division of Franklin's were now ordered to abandon their intrenchments, so as to occupy, on the morning of the 29th, a new position in rear, shorter than the old and covering the crossing of the swamp. This new line could easily be held during the day, and these troops were ordered to remain there until dark, to cover the withdrawal of the rest of the trains, and then cross the swamp and occupy the positions about to be abandoned by Keyes's and Porter's corps. Meanwhile Slo-

cum's division had been ordered to Savage's Station in reserve, and, during the morning, was ordered across the swamp to relieve Keyes's corps. This was a critical day; for the crossing of the swamp by the trains must be accomplished before its close, and their protection against attack from Richmond must be assured, as well as communication with the gun-boats.

A sharp cavalry skirmish on the Quaker Road indicated that the enemy was alive to our movement, and might at any moment strike in force to intercept the march to the James. The difficulty was not at all with the movement of the troops, but with the immense trains that were to be moved virtually by a single road, and required the whole army for their protection. With the exception of the cavalry affair on the Quaker Road, we were not troubled during this day south of the swamp, but there was severe fighting north of it. Sumner's corps evacuated their works at daylight and fell back to Allen's farm, nearly two miles west of Savage's Station, Heintzelman being on their left. Here Sumner was furiously attacked three times, but each time drove the enemy back with much loss.

Soon afterwards Franklin, having only one division with him, ascertained that the enemy had repaired some of the Chickahominy bridges and was advancing on Savage's Station, whereupon he posted his division at that point and informed Sumner, who moved his corps to the same place, arriving a little after noon. About 4 P. M. Sumner and Franklin — three divisions in all — were sharply attacked, mainly by the Williamsburg road; the fighting continued until between 8 and 9 P. M., the enemy being at all times thoroughly repulsed, and finally driven from the field.

Meanwhile, through a misunderstanding of his orders, and being convinced that the troops of Sumner and Franklin at Savage's Station were ample for the purpose in view, Heintzelman withdrew his troops during the afternoon, crossed the swamp at Brackett's Ford, and reached the Charles City road with the rear of his column at 10 P. M.

Slocum reached the position of Keyes's corps early in the afternoon, and, as soon as the latter was thus relieved, it was ordered forward to the James near Malvern Hill, which it reached, with all its artillery and trains, early on the 30th. Porter was ordered to follow this movement and prolong the line of Keyes's corps to our right. The trains were pushed on in rear of these corps and massed under cover of the gun-boats as fast as they reached the James, at Haxall's plantation. As soon as the fighting ceased with the final repulse of the enemy, Sumner and Franklin were ordered to cross the swamp; this was effected during the night, the rear-guard crossing and destroying the bridge at 5 A. M. on the 30th. All the troops and trains were now between the swamp and the James, and the first critical episode of the movement was successfully accomplished.

The various corps were next pushed forward to establish connection with Keyes and Porter and hold the different roads by which the enemy could advance from Richmond to strike our line of march. I determined to hold the positions now taken until the trains had all reached a place of safety, and then concentrate the army near the James, where it could enjoy a brief rest after the fatiguing battles and marches through which it was passing, and then renew the advance on Richmond.

General Franklin, with Smith's division of his own corps, Richardson's of the Second, and Naglee's brigade were charged with the defense of the White Oak Swamp crossing. Slocum held the ground thence to the Charles City road; Kearny from that road to the Long Bridge Road; McCall on his left; Hooker thence to the Quaker Road; Sedgwick at Nelson's farm, in rear of McCall and Kearny. The Fifth Corps was at Malvern Hill, the Fourth at Turkey Bridge. The trains moved on during this day, and at 4 P. M. the last reached Malvern Hill and kept on to Haxall's, so that the most difficult part of the task was accomplished, and it only remained for the troops to hold their ground until nightfall, and then continue the march to the positions selected near Malvern Hill.

The fighting on this day (June 30) was very severe, and extended along the whole line. It first broke out, between twelve and one, on General Franklin's command, in the shape of a fierce artillery fire, which was kept up through the day and inflicted serious losses. The enemy's infantry made several attempts to cross near the old bridge and below, but was in every case thrown back. Franklin held his position until after dark, and during the night fell back to Malvern. At half-past two Slocum's left was attacked in vain on the Charles City road. At about three McCall was attacked, and, after five o'clock, under the pressure of heavy masses, he was forced back; but Hooker came up from the left, and Sedgwick from the rear, and the two together not only stopped the enemy, but drove him off the field.

At about four P.M. heavy attacks commenced on Kearny's left, and three ineffectual assaults were made. The firing continued until after dark. About midnight Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps and McCall's division withdrew

from the positions they had so gallantly held, and commenced their march to Malvern, which they reached unmolested soon after daybreak. Just after the rear of the trains reached Malvern, about 4 P. M., the enemy attacked Porter's corps, but were promptly shaken off.

Thus, on the morning of July 1st, the army was concentrated at Malvern, with the trains at Haxall's, in rear. The supplies which had been sent from White House on the 18th were at hand in the James.

After consultation with Commodore Rodgers, I decided that Harrison's Landing was a better position for the resting-place of the army, because the channel passed so close to City Point as to enable the enemy to prevent the passage of transports if we remained at Malvern. It was, however, necessary to accept battle where we were, in order to give ample time for the trains to reach Harrison's, as well as to give the enemy a blow that would check his farther pursuit.

Accordingly, the army was carefully posted on the admirable position of Malvern Hill, with the right thrown back below Haxall's. The left was the natural point of attack, and there the troops were massed and the reserve artillery placed, while full preparations were made to frustrate any attempt to turn our right. Early in the forenoon the army was concentrated and ready for battle, in a position of unusual strength,— one which, with such troops as held it, could justly be regarded as impregnable. It was, then, with perfect confidence that I awaited the impending battle.

The enemy began feeling the position between 9 and 10 A. M., and at 3 P. M. made a sharp attack upon Couch's division, which remained lying on the ground until the enemy were within close range, when they rose and delivered a volley which shattered and drove back their assailants in disorder. At 4 P. M. the firing ceased for a while, and the lull was availed of to rectify the position and make every preparation for the approaching renewal of the attack. It came at 6 P. M., opened by the fire of all their artillery and followed by desperate charges of infantry advancing at a run. They were always repulsed with the infliction of fearful loss, and in several instances our infantry awaited their approach within a few yards, poured in a single volley, and then dashed forward with the bayonet. At 7 P. M. the enemy was accumulating fresh troops, and the brigades of Meagher and Sickles were sent from Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps to reënforce Porter and Couch; fresh batteries were moved forward from the reserve artillery and ammunition replenished.

The enemy then repeated his attacks in the most desperate style until dark, but the battle ended with his complete repulse, with very heavy losses, and without his even for one moment gaining a foothold in our position. His frightful losses were in vain. I doubt whether, in the annals of war, there was ever a more persistent and gallant attack, or a more effective and cool resistance.

Although the result of this bloody battle was a complete victory on our part, it was necessary, for the reasons already given, to continue the movement to Harrison's, whither the trains had been pushed during the night of the 30th of June and the day of the 1st of July. Immediately after the final repulse the orders were given for the withdrawal of the army. The movement was covered by Keyes's corps. So complete was the enemy's discomfiture, and so excellent the conduct of the rear-guard, that the last of the trains reached Harrison's after dark on the 3d, without loss and unmolested by the enemy. This movement was now successfully accomplished, and the Army of the Potomac was at last in position on its true line of operations, with its trains intact, no guns lost save those taken in battle, when the artillerists had proved their heroism and devotion by standing to their guns until the enemy's infantry were in their midst.

During the "Seven Days" the Army of the Potomac consisted of 143 regiments of infantry, 55 batteries, and less than eight regiments of cavalry, all told. The opposing Confederate army consisted of 187 regiments of infantry, 79 batteries, and 14 regiments of cavalry. The losses of the two armies from June 25th to July 2d were

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*	*Total.*
Confederate Army.....	2,823	13,703	3,223	19,749
Army of the Potomac..	1,734	8,062	6,053	15,849

The Confederate losses in killed and wounded alone were greater than the total losses of the Army of the Potomac in killed, wounded, and missing.

No praise can be too great for the officers and men who passed through these seven days of battle, enduring fatigue without a murmur, successfully meeting and repelling every attack made upon them, always in the right place at the right time, and emerging from the fiery ordeal a compact army of veterans, equal to any task that brave and disciplined men can be called upon to undertake. They needed now only a few days of well-earned repose, a renewal of ammunition and supplies, and reënforcements to fill the gaps made in their ranks by so many desperate encounters, to be prepared to advance again,

with entire confidence, to meet their worthy antagonists in other battles. It was, however, decided by the authorities at Washington, against my earnest remonstrances, to abandon the position on the James, and the campaign. The Army of the Potomac was accordingly withdrawn, and it was not until two years later that it again found itself under its last commander at substantially the same point on the bank of the James. It was as evident in 1862 as in 1865 that there was the true defense of Washington, and that it was on the banks of the James that the fate of the Union was to be decided.

George B. McClellan.

NOTE: The foregoing outline of the Peninsular Campaign will be supplemented in succeeding numbers by papers dealing more directly with the engagements, including contributions from Generals Fitz-John Porter, D. H. Hill, Franklin, and Longstreet. The "Recollections of a Private" will also cover the ground of the Seven Days' Battles.— ED.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Effect of the Wind upon the Sound of Battle.

THE incident connected with the fight between the iron-clads in Hampton Roads related by Gen. R. E. Colston, where the power of the wind was sufficient to carry all sounds of the conflict away from people standing within plain sight of it, recalls several similar instances that came within my own experience while serving with the army operating along the seacoast of the Southern States during the war. At the bombardment of the Confederate works at Port Royal, South Carolina, in November, 1861, the transport my regiment was on lay near enough in shore to give us a fine view of the whole battle; but only in some temporary lull of the wind could we hear the faintest sound of the firing. The day was a pleasant one, and the wind did not appear to be unusually strong; but I noticed then and afterward that a breeze on the coast down that way was very different from the erratic gusts and flaws I had been used to in the New England States, the whole atmosphere seeming to move in a body, giving sound no chance to travel against it, but carrying it immense distances to the leeward. People living at St. Augustine, Florida, told me afterward that the Port Royal cannonade was heard at that place, 150 miles from where the fight took place.

A portion of the siege batteries at Morris Island, South Carolina, were not more than two miles from our camp; but at times the firing from them and the enemy's replies could only be heard very faintly even at that short distance, while at others, when the wind blew from the opposite direction, the sounds were as sharp and distinct as if the battle were taking place within a few rods of us.

S. H. Prescott.

CONCORD, N. H.

The Gun-boat "Taylor" or "Tyler."

WE are permitted to print the following note bearing on a recent criticism of Rear-Admiral Walke's designation of the gun-boat under his command on the Mississippi river as the *Taylor*:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, February 11, 1885.

SIR: In reply to your letter of the 30th ultimo, and referring to previous correspondence, you are informed that at the time Commander John Rodgers purchased the gun-boats *A. O. Tyler* and others, he was acting under the orders of the War Department. In a communication to this Department, dated June 8, 1861, he states as follows:

"I have, after consideration with General McClellan, and after inspection by Mr. Pook, the naval constructor, bought three steamboats for naval service in these waters. They were called the *A. O. Tyler*, the *Lexington*, and the *Conestoga*. The name of the first of these I will, with your permission, change to *Taylor*, a name of better augury than *Tyler*."

No action was taken by this Department concerning the changing of the name of the *A. O. Tyler*.

The Mississippi flotilla was not turned over to the Navy Department until the 1st of October, 1862. Prior to that date the officers and enlisted men, except the regular officers of the navy detailed for duty therein, were paid by Quartermaster Wise, under authority of the War Department.

I am unable to inform you what name the accounting officers of the Treasury recognized in settling the accounts of the vessel referred to. Very respectfully,

W. E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

Colonel A. H. MARKLAND, Washington, D. C.

Col. Markland has ascertained that on the records of the Quartermaster-General's Department the name of the vessel is sometimes written *Taylor*, but more generally *Tylor* or *Tyler*. He claims that as no authorization of the change of name by Admiral Rodgers has been found the boat should go down to history as the *Tyler*.—EDITOR.

Errata.

THE captain who, with his men, volunteered to go on the *Carondelet's* perilous passage of Island Number Ten (as described by Admiral Walke on p. 442 of the January number), was not Hollenstein but Hottenstein.—— In the papers on "Shiloh" in the February number, the name of General John C. Breckinridge (*sic* in his autograph) was misprinted Breckenridge, which, however, is not without the apparent sanction of Dr. Thomas's "Dictionary of Biography" (Lippincott). The Breckenridge branch of this eminent Kentucky family (including the Reverend Doctor Robert J. Breckenridge, uncle of the General) were, we believe, staunch supporters of the Union.—— A manifest error occurs on page 739 of the March number, in Colonel Wood's article on "The First Fight of Ironclads," where Norfolk is said to be "within two miles" of Fortress Monroe. The distance, as shown by the map in the same number, is twelve to fifteen miles.— EDITOR.

GENERAL GRANT.

I HAVE elsewhere related the principal events in General Grant's military career, and have but little new to offer on this theme.* All that I shall now attempt is a presentation or portrait of the man, endeavoring especially to show how personal and individual traits have been manifested in the public character. I have, indeed, known General Grant so closely that his image is far more vivid to me in this aspect than as a General or a President; and although many of his notable qualities were displayed when I was near enough to watch their development, I was always able to penetrate through the soldier or the statesman to the individual. The outside garment of public deeds took form and shape to me from the underlying personality.

The family of Grant is of Scotch descent, and the clan Grant claimed him in 1877 when he passed through their territory. I was once on a visit at Castle Grant, the seat of their chief, Lord Seafield, who was greatly interested in his American clansman. He took me to Craig Ellachie, a rocky eminence near by, where in Gaelic days a beacon was lighted to rouse the Grants for war. The device of the clan is still a burning mountain, and their war-cry has always been, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie." A Grant is to stand as firm as the rocks themselves.

About the same time I went to a gathering of the clans at Braemar, in the heart of the Highlands. The son of the Earl of Fife was there at the head of the Duffs; the chief of the Farquharsons was present with his clan; the Duke of Athole had marched his men across the Grampians, the Duchess, a woman of glorious beauty, riding by his side; the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Airlie, and the Lord Kilmarnock were all there, kilted Highlanders; and I found the Duffs and the Gordons and the Stewart-Murrays as ready as the Grants to claim kinship with an American President. They drank his health with Highland honors, and declared that the shrewd sagacity, the pertinacious resolve, the sustained energy which they had heard he possessed, were all due to his Caledonian origin.

General Grant's father was a native of Pennsylvania, but early emigrated to the West, and finally settled in Ohio. He was noted for intelligence as well as energy, and in all his dealings with men he bore an unblemished name. At the time when Ulysses was born he dealt largely in leather, and owned several tanneries. His mother also was a Pennsylvanian. The modest virtues of a Christian woman are not fit themes for public portraiture, but it is not difficult to imagine in them the source of that purity and simplicity of character which the strifes and temptations of a public career have been unable to destroy.

Ulysses was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, an obscure town on the north bank of the Ohio. The modest cottage where he first saw the light still overlooks the Kentucky shore, and his earliest hours were spent almost in sight of that great theater of war where he was destined to play so prominent a part. In 1823 his parents removed to Georgetown, Ohio, and there the boyhood of young Grant was passed. His father was now a well-to-do man, furnished with as large a supply of this world's goods as any of his neighbors, and both able and willing to afford the son whatever advantages of education were then attainable at so great a distance from the Atlantic coast.

Like Washington, Cromwell, Wellington, and others who became famous in their prime, Grant was in childhood in no way conspicuous above his fellows. It is true that by the reflex light of subsequent performance we can now discern in the traits of the boy the germs of what afterward became distinguished in the man, but the germs were latent till the light and sun of circumstance developed them. None of his early companions saw any indications of his future destiny.

At seventeen he was offered an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. The youth who had been sent the year before from his congressional district had failed to keep up with his class, and was dismissed in consequence. Had that young predecessor been more successful, Grant might never have received a military education, and possibly not have risen to distinction in arms.

He spent four years at the Academy, but made no brilliant mark there. He had no fondness for his profession, and manifested no special aptness for study, although he mastered the mathematics easily. Riding was his chief accomplishment and amusement. He was careless of the military etiquette imposed on the cadets, and, though far from in-

* See "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant from April, 1861, to April, 1865," by Adam Badeau (N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co., 1881), upon which the author has here drawn.— ED.

subordinate, and never guilty of more serious offense, was constantly subjected to petty punishments for leaving a shoe untied or being late at parade. The same distaste for trivial forms followed him through his military career. No officer of the army was less scrupulous in matters of costume, or exacted fewer ceremonies from those whom he commanded.

In 1843 he was graduated, twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. The army was full at the time, and its future commander could only be admitted as a supernumerary officer. He was commissioned brevet second lieutenant, and attached to the Fourth Infantry.

When the Mexican war broke out, Grant was ordered with his regiment to Texas to join the army of General Taylor. At Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he took his first lessons in actual war — battles which, compared with many of those of the Rebellion, were insignificant skirmishes. Grant often afterward assigned to a brigade more men than there composed the American army. He remained under Taylor until the capture of Monterey, participating in that achievement. His regiment was then transferred to Scott's command.

Grant was now made quartermaster of the regiment — a position which exempted him from the necessity of going under fire; but he was present at every battle of the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. After Molino del Rey he was brevetted for "distinguished gallantry," and at the capture of the capital displayed several of the traits that became notable in his later history.

As the army was approaching the city, Worth's division was ordered to seize a road on the western side. Grant was with Worth's advance. An abrupt turn in the road was defended by a parapet, and, as the division advanced, a raking fire of musketry made it necessary to seek every chance for cover. Grant, however, made his way alone across the space exposed to fire, and discovered an opportunity to flank the parapet. Hastening back to his men, some twenty or thirty in number, he cried out that he had found a chance to turn the enemy, and called for volunteers. Ten or a dozen soldiers jumped up at once and were soon crawling with him behind a wall, when they came upon an entire company under Captain — now General — Horace Brooks, making their way cautiously in the bottom of a ditch. Grant at once cried out: "Captain! I've found a way to flank the enemy"; and Brooks replied: "Well, you know the way. Go on; we'll follow you." So the lieutenant led, and the whole party, now fifty in number, assaulted the end of the parapet, carried it by storm, and took the enemy in rear. The Mexicans fled at once from the position, no longer tenable, and the work was carried.

The party was now on the direct road to the Garita San Cosme, one of the strongest entrances to the City of Mexico, whose spires and turrets were distinctly visible. They soon struck another parapet, this one defended by a cannon. Grant again advanced at the head of his little column, by this time a hundred and fifty strong, and the second parapet was carried. But they were now directly under the guns of the city, and Brooks, who had assumed command by virtue of seniority, declared he could not hold the position unless he was reënforced. Grant was therefore sent back to Worth to ask for troops, and had hardly left when the command was driven pell-mell from the parapet. He soon, however, found the division-general, and fresh troops were at once sent forward.

A little to the right of the parapet was a rickety village church with a steeple a hundred feet high. Toward this Grant led a section of artillery, dragging a mountain howitzer by hand across the ditches, of which the country is full. He found the priest and demanded the keys, which the father at first was unwilling to yield; but Grant soon convinced him of the necessity of surrender. The howitzer was quickly taken to pieces, and four or five men carried it to the belfry, while Grant disposed the remainder of his force so as to secure the church from easy capture. Then he mounted the steeple, and served and pointed the gun himself, and before long the enemy was driven a second time from the parapet. The gun was now directed upon the city, and the confusion of the Mexicans could be plainly seen, as they huddled in fright behind their walls.

Worth soon perceived the shells issuing from this novel position, and the effect they were producing on the enemy. He sent for Grant, congratulated him, and placed an entire company with a captain under his command. Thus reënforced, the lieutenant returned to his steeple with another howitzer, and reopened fire. That night the Garita San Cosme surrendered, and in the morning the City of Mexico was in the hands of Americans. For this exploit, undertaken without orders, by a lieutenant with no legitimate command, and obliged therefore to gather up men and weapons on the field, Grant was mentioned in all the dispatches, and received a second brevet within five days after the first.

At the close of the war he returned to the United States, and in 1848 he was married. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, by way of California. Life was rough then on the

Pacific coast, and his wife was left behind. The route was by sea to the Isthmus of Panama, and during the passage of the Isthmus the cholera broke out. Grant was again acting quartermaster. The Panama railroad at this time extended only thirty miles from the Atlantic, after which boats were taken up the Chagres River to the head of navigation. From this point the troops were to march to the Pacific, about thirty miles farther; but the steamship company had contracted to furnish mules or horses for the sick, and for the wives and children of the soldiers. There were, however, several hundred passengers besides the soldiers, and when the cholera appeared a panic followed. The passengers offered higher prices to the natives than the company had agreed to pay, and thus secured all the animals, leaving absolutely none for the soldiers and their families. The troops marched on, but Grant was left behind with the sick and the women and children, who were unable to walk under the July sun of the tropics. He remained a week in entire command, caring for the sick and the dying, burying the dead, controlling the half-hostile Indians, and struggling to procure transportation. During all this while he never took off his clothes, and only snatched rare intervals of sleep, stretched on a bench or under a shed, exposed to the miasma of the rank forest and the swamp. Finally, as the agents of the steamship company failed entirely in their duty, Grant took upon himself the responsibility of making a new contract in their name. He hired mules and litters at prices double those that the company had agreed to pay, he engaged Indians to bury the dead, and after seven days took up his march for the Pacific. A hundred and fifty souls had been left with him in the interior of the Isthmus, half of whom perished in that week of cholera. His life, however, was preserved. Neither Mexican bullets nor tropical pestilence had been permitted to harm him.

In 1854, having served in the army eleven years, he resigned his commission and occupied a farm, a few miles out of St. Louis, where his wife's family resided. His means were limited, and he worked at the plow himself, or, in winter, cut and corded wood, driving the cart to market in St. Louis. He built a log-house on his farm, and lived a simple life, never so happy as with his wife and children. He had now three sons and a daughter.

Despite his poverty, however, he saw and mingled with the important people of St. Louis. His wife's family belonged to what is called good company, and Grant himself was always welcomed by its most distinguished members. His old army rank was itself a social introduction, and his old army friends kept up their intimacy.

But with all his industry farming did not succeed. He tried collecting money, but for this he had no talent, and at times his circumstances were narrow indeed. In 1860 he removed to Galena, where his father and brothers were engaged in the leather trade. They gave him occupation, and here he lived for nearly a year, unimportant and unknown. He seemed to have forgotten his military pursuits. The title of captain, which he still retained, hardly recalled the storming of Chapultepec, or the guns he had mounted on the crazy steeple under the walls of Mexico. No restless ambition disturbed his spirits. No craving for fame made him dissatisfied with obscurity. Those nearest him never suspected that he possessed extraordinary ability. He himself never dreamed that he was destined for great place or power.

Yet his vicissitudes as soldier, farmer, and trader, his frontier career among the Indians, his life at West Point, and in Ohio, in Oregon, and Mexico, had given him a wide and practical experience, and made him, unknown to himself, a representative American. In war he had served under the two greatest captains the country had produced in the century, had shared their most important battles, and witnessed their marches and sieges and assaults; in peace he had mingled with all classes of his countrymen, had learned much of life, and laid many of its lessons well to heart.

He had learned patience when hope was long deferred, and endurance under heavy and repeated difficulties; he had displayed audacity in emergencies, as well as persistency of resolve and fertility of resource. If one means failed, he tried another; he was not discouraged by ill fortune, nor discontented with little things. Above all, he never quailed and never despaired. The leather merchant of Galena was not without preparation even for that great future which awaited him, all unknown.

On the 11th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked by Americans. On the 15th the news reached Galena that Lincoln had called for volunteers. On the 19th Grant was drilling a company, and in a week he led his men to Springfield, the capital of Illinois. He was no politician, and had never voted for a President but once; he had been a slaveholder, but he had no doubt of his duty or his principles. He had been educated by the country, and the country had a right to whatever of skill or experience he had acquired.

The ignorance of all military matters which then prevailed was almost universal. Half a century of peace had hardly been disturbed

by the distant Mexican campaign, and a generation had grown up unused to war. Grant's knowledge of organization and routine now stood him well in hand. He served five weeks without a commission, mustering in new troops under the direction of the Governor of Illinois. Meanwhile he offered his services to the Secretary of War in any capacity that might be desired, but the letter was not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a reply. He then proceeded to Cincinnati, in the hope that McClellan might offer him a position on his staff. He went twice to headquarters, but did not gain admission to McClellan's presence, and returned to Illinois without mentioning his aspirations to any one.

In June the Governor offered him a regiment of infantry. He said he felt competent to command a regiment, and was ordered at once to Missouri. In August he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers. The member of Congress from his district had noticed his diligence and energy in a subordinate position, and when the President was nominating brigadiers from Illinois, Washburne suggested Grant, the whole delegation recommending him. The new general knew nothing of his rank until he saw the announcement in the newspapers. No promotion that he ever received was suggested or procured by any application from himself.

He proceeded at once to Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Colonel (afterwards General) Oglesby was in command of the post, but had never met his new superior. Grant was in citizen's clothes, for he had not found time to purchase a uniform, and walked into headquarters without being recognized. Asking for pen and paper, he wrote out an order assuming command, and handed it to Oglesby. The immature colonel was greatly amazed at the procedure, with which he was unfamiliar; and when Grant inquired if his predecessor had not also assumed command in orders, Oglesby replied: "I guess he didn't know how."

The population of Kentucky was at this time divided in feeling in regard to the war, and the Governor had set up a claim of neutrality. But two days after Grant's arrival at Cairo, the enemy invaded the State and threatened Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. As this was a place of great importance, commanding both the Ohio and the Tennessee, Grant at once notified the State Legislature, which was loyal, and sent word to Fremont, his immediate superior. Later on the same day he telegraphed to Fremont: "Am getting ready to go to Paducah. Will start at six and a half o'clock." Receiving no reply, he set out the same night on transports with a couple of regiments and a battery. He arrived at Paducah in the morning, and seized the town without firing a gun, a force of the enemy hurrying out by train while he was landing. At noon he returned to Cairo, where he found General Fremont's permission to take Paducah, "if he felt strong enough." Kentucky by this stroke was secured to the Union. No more was heard of neutrality. But Grant was rebuked for corresponding with the Legislature.

This event was the key-note to his entire military career. The keenness with which he perceived both the strategical importance of Paducah and the necessity for immediate action, the indifference with which he brushed away the sophistical pleas of the politicians, the promptness with which he decided to act,— for many can see to the core of things, and yet are not gifted with the power to determine in accordance with what they perceive,— and above all the celerity in putting resolve into execution — these are traits which were displayed a hundred times afterward, and which brought in the end the same result to the general-in-chief as at Paducah they insured to the district commander.

For eight weeks he was now employed teaching his men the very rudiments of war. There was not a professional soldier in his command. The troops and officers were alike from civil life, and Grant was adjutant and quartermaster again, though on a larger scale. Every detail of his past experience became of importance now. He wrote out his own orders, drilled his troops and instructed his colonels, and never worked harder than while preparing his recruits to take the field.

In November he was ordered to make a demonstration on Belmont. The story has been often told — the movement down the Mississippi River, the elation of the raw troops at last led out of camp, and the determination of Grant, who perceived that their blood was up, to convert the demonstration into a real attack. Three thousand men were landed on the west bank, immediately under the guns of Columbus, an important work of the enemy on the opposite shore; they surprised and destroyed the hostile camp; but then, intoxicated with their triumph, they became at once uncontrollable; they shouted and ran around like school-boys, while their colonels made stump speeches for the Union. The enemy, seeing this, recovered from their panic, and reënforcements were sent from the eastern bank. Not a man in Grant's command had ever been in battle before, and it was impossible to restore order, until at last he directed an officer to set fire to the camps.

This, as he had expected, drew the attention of the gunners at Columbus, who opened on his little force; and the troops, perceiving their danger, at length returned to the ranks. But by this time the enemy had also reformed, and were ready to resist his march to the transports. His own men were at first greatly dismayed, and one of his officers came up with the news: "We are surrounded." "Well," said Grant, "if that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut our way in. We have whipped them once, and I think we can do it again." His own confidence quickly inspired his command. The troops took heart; they did "cut their way out as they cut their way in"; they "whipped 'em again," and succeeded in all that had been planned or desired.

This, Grant's earliest absolute battle, although on so small a scale, illustrates, like Paducah, many of the traits which were afterward conspicuous in his military character. His sympathy with the troops at the start, his steadiness under apparent disaster, his promptness in an emergency, the grim device of setting the camps on fire to draw the attention of the enemy, and his ability to restore confidence to the flustered recruits, were all auguries of soldiership not afterward belied.

After this, every one of his great battles brought out some peculiar personal quality to which he was indebted for success. In a war where the prowess of the soldiers was equal, where the Southern enthusiasm was matched by the Northern determination, where the men were of the same race, and on each side thought they were fighting for country and right, the individual qualities of the leaders naturally told.

At Donelson, beyond all doubt, it was the personal traits of Grant that secured the victory; both in the movements preceding the attack and in the battle itself, the influence of the individual man is unmistakable. Numerous soldiers, it is said, had early recognized the importance of capturing the place. McClellan, Buell, Halleck, Cullum, all may, perhaps, lay claim to a perception of the advantages to follow from its fall. But, while they were considering and discussing these advantages, Grant proceeded and accomplished the task. He proposed it to Halleck, his immediate commander, who was probably at that moment contemplating the enterprise, and, not a little chagrined, rebuffed his intrusive subordinate. Grant, however, kept in ignorance of what his superior may have been planning, renewed the suggestion, and Halleck finally gave the orders. Grant started the next day, and four days afterward Fort Henry fell. On the 6th of February he announced the fact to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th, and return to Fort Henry." Halleck, however, preferred more cautious proceedings, and telegraphed: "Hold on to Fort Henry at all hazards. Shovels and picks will be sent to strengthen Fort Henry. The guns should be arranged so as to resist an attack." Grant thought the surest way to defend Fort Henry was to attack Fort Donelson, and while Halleck was ordering picks and shovels for the Tennessee, he was asking for heavy ordnance on the Cumberland. This continued till the fall of the place, and the day of the surrender Halleck's chief of staff, who had not heard the news, telegraphed to Grant "not to be too rash."

It was, however, in the thick of the battle of Fort Donelson that his first great feat of generalship was achieved. He was off the field, consulting with the naval commander, when the enemy, encompassed and disheartened, determined to break through the national lines. They came out before daybreak, throwing themselves in force against Grant's right. The struggle was severe, but the national troops were pushed back more than a mile. At this juncture Grant arrived on the field. He found his own men not yet recovered from the shock of battle, but doggedly retiring, while the enemy, though successful up to a certain point, had not absolutely broken through the lines. There was no pursuit, and the battle had evidently lulled, not ended. The new troops, however, were flustered, and reported that the enemy had come out with their haversacks filled, as if they meant to stay out and fight for several days. Grant at once perceived the significance of the circumstance. "Are the haversacks filled?" he inquired. "Then they mean to fight their way out. They have no idea of staying here to fight us." The whole intent of the enemy was apparent to him in an instant. They were despairing. This was the moment, when both sides were hard pressed, to convert resistance into victory. "Whichever party first attacks now," he said, "will win, and the Rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." He ordered an instant attack on the left, where the troops had not been engaged, and before night the fate of Fort Donelson was determined.

General Grant has often told me that there comes a time in every hard-fought battle when both armies are nearly or quite exhausted and it seems impossible for either to do more. This he believes to be the turning-point; whichever afterward first renews the fight

is sure to win. He acted upon this belief, not only at Donelson, but at Shiloh, and time after time again. In the Vicksburg campaign, in the Wilderness — always when odds and obstacles were even, or perhaps against him, when both his own men and the enemy were exhausted — then to proceed or to hold out unreasonably brought victory. The general or the man who does what can neither be expected nor required is the one who succeeds.

At Shiloh the same quality was manifest. At a certain moment in this battle the national troops were thrust back nearly to the river. The reënforcements had not arrived; a part of the command was broken; thousands had been taken prisoner, and thousands had fled to the rear. At this juncture General Buell came upon the field, in advance of his troops, still miles away. It was the darkest moment of the day. He rode up to Grant near the river, and, seeing the crowd of cravens there, supposed that all was lost. "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" he inquired. Grant replied, "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet." "But if you should be whipped," said the other, "how will you get your men across the river? These transports will not take ten thousand men." "If I have to cross the river," said Grant, "ten thousand will be all I shall need transports for." His army was thirty thousand strong.

On this day, also, General Sherman tells that at four o'clock Grant was at his front, and, despite the terrible fighting and the reverses he had sustained, gave orders to assume the offensive in the morning. And this was before Buell's advance had crossed the Tennessee.

If Donelson, Belmont, and Shiloh illustrated the aggressive audacity and stubborn determination, as well as the quickness of perception and the celerity and certainty both of decision and action, which distinguished Grant in absolute battle, Vicksburg and Chattanooga brought out the characteristics of his strategy and the more purely military peculiarities of his genius.

The long series of attempts on the north and west of Vicksburg exhibited indeed the persistency of resolve and fertility of resource of the commander. The amphibious campaign in the bayous and marshes and canals, the ditches that were dug, the levees that were cut, the troops that were carried on narrow tugs through devious channels or marched at night by lighted candles through the canebrake, the transports that were run by the Vicksburg batteries — all these make an epic worthy of Homer in incident and interest; but all these endeavors Grant never really hoped would succeed. He was waiting during all these months for the waters to subside, so that he could throw his army south of Vicksburg. Then he undertook the campaign which at once placed him in the front rank of generals. The audacity which led him to penetrate the enemy's country, cutting loose from his base with thirty thousand men, carrying only three days' rations, and leaving an army larger than his own between himself and his supplies, has only been equaled once, if ever, in recent history; while the strategy which separated his antagonists, driving one eastward to strike him alone, and then turning west to destroy the other,— surprising, deceiving, misleading, outmanœuvring the enemy, first dividing and then combining his own command, and finally accomplishing the greatest surrender of men and material that had then been known in modern war,— has no parallel except in the exploits of Moltke or Napoleon.

Chattanooga came next. This was the most elaborate of all Grant's battles, the most like a game between skillful players. Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan. The manœuvring was in the presence and in sight of the enemy. Grant fought with portions of three armies. One had been brought from the Mississippi and one from the Potomac, and they came upon the field as if they had been timed; they crossed a river and scaled a mountain according to order and under fire, while even the enemy performed his part as Grant had expected and desired. This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war. It was the only one on such a scale where the movements of each army were visible, the only one in which the commanding general could watch the operations in person, could perceive the movements he directed, and trust to his own observations to continue or vary his designs. And, while undoubtedly the contingencies that were unforeseen contributed to the result,— for Grant always knew how to avail himself of unexpected emergencies,— it still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plan laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools.

In the last year of the war, after Grant became general-in-chief, there was need for a combination of his best traits — for the determination which carried him through the Wilderness, which refused to be recalled from Richmond when Early threatened Washington, which kept him immovable in front of Petersburg when the country was impatient

at his apparent lack of success; for the daring which sanctioned Sherman's march against the opinion and wish of the Executive; for the decision that told when the moment had come to assault the works that had detained him so long. But in addition to all this — as general-in-chief — Grant had to command armies separated by thousands of miles, to plan campaigns that extended over a year, to match one command against another, to balance the different forces, to weave a tangled skein into a single web, to play a game as intricate as ever taxed the subtlest or profoundest intellect; against an antagonist wary, untiring, determined, and astute; with stakes of the most tremendous character, of reputation to himself and existence to his cause; and he won. Courage and means and moral support, all were necessary; an army to follow, subordinates to carry out his plans, the country to back him; but none nor all of these would have sufficed without the highest sagacity as a soldier. A weak man would have succumbed under such a responsibility; a man with less ability would have been unable to wield the power or the weapons intrusted to Grant. He was equal to all his opportunities.

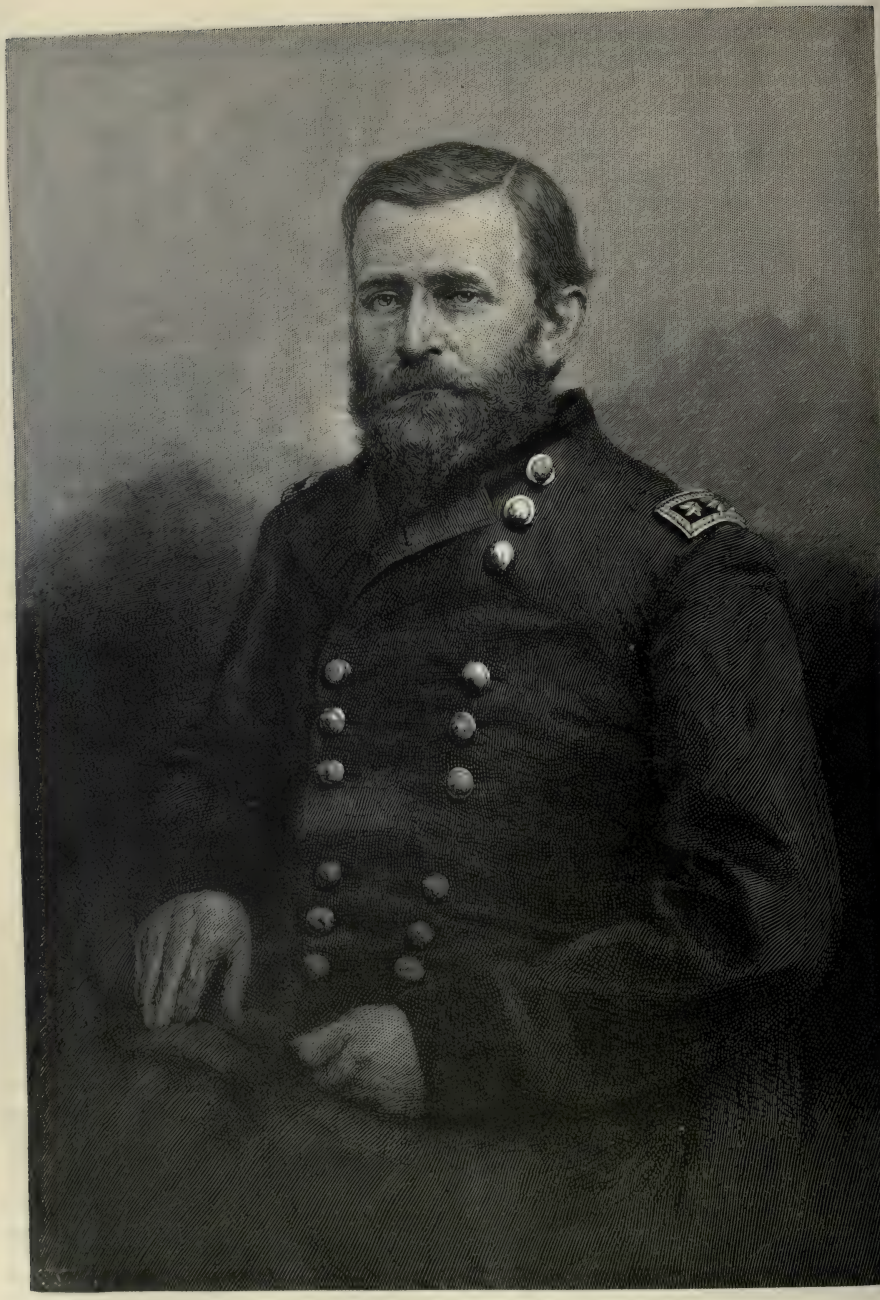
At the close of the war, the man who had led the victorious armies was not forty-three years of age. He had not changed in any essential qualities from the captain in Mexico or the merchant in Galena. The daring and resource that he showed at Donelson and Vicksburg had been foreshadowed at Panama and Garita San Cosme; the persistency before Richmond was the development of the same trait which led him to seek subsistence in various occupations, and follow fortune long deferred through many unsuccessful years. Developed by experience, taught by circumstance, learning from all he saw and even more from what he did, as few have ever been developed or taught, or have learned, he, nevertheless, maintained the self-same personality through it all. The characteristics of the man were exactly those he manifested as a soldier — directness and steadiness of purpose, clearness and certainty of judgment, self-reliance and immutable determination.

Grant's genius too, was always ready; it was always brightest in an emergency. All his faculties were sharpened in battle; the man who to some seemed dull, or even slow, was then prompt and decided. When the circumstances were once presented to him, he was never long in determining. He seemed to have a faculty of penetrating at once to the heart of things. He saw what was the point to strike, or the thing to do, and he never wavered in his judgment afterward, unless, of course, under new contingencies. Then he had no false pride of opinion, no hesitation in undoing what he had ordered; but if the circumstances remained the same, he never doubted his own judgment. I asked him once how he could be so calm in terrible emergencies, after giving an order for a corps to go into battle, or directing some intricate manœuvre. He replied that he had done his best and could do no better; others might have ordered more wisely or decided more fortunately, but he was conscious that he had done what he could, and he gave himself no anxiety about the judgment or the decision. Of course he was anxious about the accomplishment of his plans, but never as to whether he ought to have attempted them. So, on the night of the battle of the Wilderness, when the right of his army had been broken and turned, after he had given his orders for new dispositions, he went to his tent and slept calmly till morning.

This confidence, which was not arrogance, for he often spoke of Sherman as the greatest soldier living, and afterward of Sheridan in equal strains — this confidence engendered composure, and left all his faculties at his own disposal. This was the secret of his courage, and of the steadiness which held him to his purpose, not only in a single battle like Shiloh, but through the tremendous losses and encounters of the Wilderness campaign. All through those terrible forty days and nights he never wavered; he never once thought of retiring; he never once quailed. After the fiercest fighting, and the most awful destruction of life, he still knew and felt that only by fresh effort of the same sort could he conquer, and gave the orders grimly, but unshaken still.

Not that he was indifferent to human life or human suffering. I have been with him when he left a hurdle race, unwilling to see men risk their necks needlessly; and he came away from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Niagara, angry and nervous at the sight of one poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the whirlpool on a wire. But he could subordinate such sensations when necessity required it. He risked his life, and was ready to sacrifice it, for his country; and he was ready, if need came, to sacrifice his countrymen, for he knew that they too made the offering.

It was undoubtedly as a fighter rather than a manœuvrer that Grant distinguished himself. He was ready with resource and prompt in decision at Belmont and Donelson, but it was the invincible determination at both these places as well as at Shiloh that won. As with men, so with armies and generals: skill and strength are tremendous advantages, but courage outweighs them all. I said something



(ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.)

like this to him once in discussing a battle, and asked if he concurred. "That is your opinion," he replied; "let it pass." There are friends of Grant who always urge me not to present this view of his character too strongly. They say: "The world already is inclined to think him a 'hammerer.' You should not press this idea of force—even of moral force." But I cannot forbear; it was the moral force of the man, the courage always, under adverse or favorable fortune, the audacity at Vicksburg, the indomitable defiance at Shiloh, the persistent determination in the Wilderness, that always brought victory in the end.

And for my part I cannot see that this trait is less admirable than technical skill or strategical astuteness. A quality that dominates events as well as men, that compels circumstances and accomplishes the grandest results, seems to me equal to that more ingenious, but not necessarily more intellectual, even if more brilliant and fascinating, attribute which attains its purposes by circuitous roads or evasive means. And in the War of the Rebellion no mere manœuvring would have succeeded. The enemy was not only too adroit, but, above all, too determined, to be foiled by stratagems alone. No skill would have tired out Lee. No capture of places or outflanking of armies would have annihilated the Confederacy. It had to be stamped out; its armies and its resources had to be destroyed, its territory and its people conquered; its soldiers killed. Its own magnificent bravery, the spirit of its armies, the heroism of its population, rendered just such a course as Grant pursued indispensable. His greatness lay in the fact that he perceived the situation, and adapted his means to the end. His good fortune was that his nature was fitted for just such emergencies.

The world is right; it was by energy and tenacity that he won, and that the nation was saved. It was because he held up the Government and persisted with his army that the country remained firm and the enemy finally lost heart. Those opposed to him felt that it was hopeless to struggle against a man with the determination of fate itself; and the suffering, anxious crowds at home, amid their tears, felt that the cup could not pass from them. Only through blood and suffering are nations saved.

Nevertheless, it was not mere brute force that availed. The man who devised the various attempts to penetrate the marshes around Vicksburg was not destitute of invention, and he who conceived and executed the subsequent campaign can never be said to have accomplished his most brilliant successes by butchery or hammering; while, above all, he who was capable of the combinations that stretched across a continent, who could direct the operations of a twelvemonth so that every movement was part of the plan, and finally concentrate all his forces toward a single point and consummate exactly what he set out to do a year before, with a completeness unexampled then, and unsurpassed since in war, may laugh at the critics who pronounce him inapt or blundering.

In battle, as in strategical movements, Grant always meant to take the initiative; he always advanced, was always the aggressor, always sought to force his plans upon the enemy; and if by any chance or circumstance the enemy attacked, his method of defense was an attack elsewhere. At Donelson, as we have seen, when his troops were pushed back on the right he assaulted on the left; and this was only one instance out of a hundred. This, too, not only because he was the invader, or because his forces were numerically stronger, but because it was his nature in war to assail. In the Vicksburg campaign his army was smaller than Pemberton's; yet he was the aggressor. In the operations about Iuka his position was a defensive one, but he attacked the enemy all the same. It was his idea of war to attack incessantly and advance invariably, and thus to make the operations of the enemy a part and parcel of his own.

Nevertheless, no one was quicker than he to perceive the new possibilities that battle is constantly offering. He always left his plans open to change; and some of his greatest successes were suggested and achieved in consequence of the mistakes of the enemy. The final assault at Donelson was provoked by the Rebel attack on the right; the battle of Champion's Hill in the Vicksburg campaign was unplanned until invited by Pemberton's blunders; the reënforcements with which Sheridan conquered at Five Forks were not sent until Lee had attempted to overwhelm him.

Like most great soldiers, Grant was indifferent to fatigue in the field. He could outride the youngest and hardiest of his officers, and endured the lack of food or the loss of sleep longer than any of his staff. Yet he slept late whenever it was possible, and never put himself to needless trouble. So, too, he never braved danger unnecessarily; he was not excited by it, but was simply indifferent to it, was calm when others were aroused. I have often seen him sit erect in his saddle when every one else instinctively shrank as a shell burst in the neighborhood. Once he sat on the ground writing a dispatch in a fort just captured from the enemy, but still commanded by another near. A shell burst im-

mediately over him, but his hand never shook, he did not look up, and continued the dispatch as calmly as if he had been in camp.

This calmness was the same in the greatest moral emergencies. At the surrender of Lee he was as impassive as on the most ordinary occasion; and until some of us congratulated him, he seemed scarcely to have realized that he had accomplished one of the greatest achievements in modern history. It did not occur to him to enter Richmond as a conqueror when that city fell; nor to cross inside the Rebel lines at Appomattox until his officers requested it. Then he consented, but meeting Lee at the outposts, he stopped to talk with him for a couple of hours, until the time was past. He returned that day to Washington, and never saw the inside of the lines that had resisted him for a year.

His relations with the troops were peculiar. He never made speeches to the soldiers, and of course never led them himself into battle after he assumed his high commands. But in every battle they saw him certainly once or twice far to the front, as exposed as they; for there always seemed to come a time in each engagement when he was unwilling to use the eyes or ears of another, but must observe for himself in order to determine. The soldiers saw all this; they knew, too, that when he rode around in camp it meant action, and the sight of his blue overcoat, exactly like their own, was a signal to prepare for battle. They found out his character and respected his qualities. They felt that he meant well, although when the time came he spared them not, for the cause. Thus, though so undemonstrative, he awoke a genuine enthusiasm. After the battle of the Wilderness he rode at night along the road where Hancock's veterans lay, and when the men discovered it was Grant, and that his face was turned toward Richmond, they knew in a moment they were not to retire across the Rapidan as so often before; and they rose in the darkness and cheered until the enemy thought it was a night attack and came out and opened fire. When the works were carried at Petersburg, their enthusiasm was of course unbounded; and whenever they caught a glimpse of him in the Appomattox campaign, the cheers were vociferous. After the surrender of Lee they began without orders to salute him with cannon, but he directed the firing to cease, lest it should wound the feelings of the prisoners, who, he said, were once again our countrymen.

This sentiment he retained. Soon after the close of the war I was present when a committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him to propose that a picture should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers.

His friendship for Sherman all the world knows. It had, however, two great exemplifications which should not be omitted from the portraiture. When Sherman had finished his March to the Sea, and had come out successful at Savannah, the country of course rang with plaudits. Grant had been sitting quietly before Richmond for months and apparently had accomplished nothing, while his great subordinate had not only captured Atlanta, but had absolutely marched through the Confederacy. It was at once proposed to raise Sherman to the same rank with Grant, and make him capable of supreme command. Sherman heard of this, and promptly wrote to Grant: "I have written to John Sherman to stop it. I would rather have you in command than any one else. . . . I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry." To this Grant replied: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I, and if you should be placed in my position and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win." These were not mere professions on either side. They were pledges in the view of possible contingencies. And they would have been fulfilled.

There were many during the war and afterward who declared and believed that Sherman thought himself the superior of Grant, and that he should have come out foremost; who represented many of his actions as prompted by rivalry or jealousy; but it was impossible to shake Grant's confidence in his friend. I never saw him so angry as when I showed him Stanton's denunciation of the terms of peace that Sherman had granted Johnston. He declared it was "infamous" to impute any but patriotic motives to a man who had served the country as Sherman had. And although he was empowered, and in fact ordered, to proceed to Sherman's army and "direct in person the operations against the enemy," he scrupulously refrained from assuming personal command. He might, under his orders, have received the surrender of Johnston as well as of Lee, snatching the laurels that his friend had fairly earned; but the enemy did not know of his arrival until after the terms were signed, and Grant went

back to Washington without having seen the Rebel army, and without his presence having been generally known even to Sherman's command.

This friendship did not end with the war. Shortly before his first inauguration as President, while he was still general-in-chief, Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, proposed to Grant that a resolution should be introduced in both Houses of Congress giving him a leave of absence for four years, so that he could resume his position in the army at the close of his Presidency. The rank of general, it was said, had been created for him, and he should not be called on to relinquish the place and emoluments bestowed for a lifetime, because in order to serve the country he had accepted even a higher position, which could only last four years. The offer was made in the name of a large majority of both Houses; but Grant declined it peremptorily. He said he could not sleep at night if he felt that he had deprived Sherman and others of the promotion they had earned as fairly as he could be said to have deserved his own. His refusal was final, and the resolution was not proposed.

He formed a similar friendship for Sheridan, but this began later in the war, and has gone on ripening since. His admiration for the present general-in-chief is equally outspoken and generous, and he thinks and says to-day that Sheridan is the peer of any soldier living.

McPherson also was a dear friend; to Rawlins he was warmly attached; and with all his immediate subordinates he lived on terms of comparative intimacy, and with some of personal friendship. He had the faculty in a large degree, which nearly or quite all great commanders possess, of attaching those brought closely about him. His personal staff were, without exception, devoted to him; any one of them would have risked his life for his chief had he known he must share the fate of Desaix when he sacrificed himself for Napoleon. In the last year of the war they organized a system at City Point by which one sat up on guard of him every night to watch against plots of the enemy; for there had been devices of dynamitic character, and attempts not only to capture, but to assassinate prominent national officers.

That camp life at City Point can never be forgotten by those who shared it, living in summer in a group of tents, in winter in rude huts, of which the commander-in-chief's was larger, but in no other respect better than that of the humblest captain on the staff. He shared his table with all his aides-de-camp, and at night he always joined the circle around the camp-fire, and told his stories or conversed about old comrades, and discussed the chances of Sherman on his march or of Sheridan in the Valley, of Thomas at Nashville or of Butler at Fort Fisher. But with all this familiarity he preserved exactly the degree of reticence that he intended. He never betrayed what he meant should be secret, and though willing to listen to suggestions as to movements or plans, he made no remark in reply. In the middle of a conversation he would leave the circle, enter his tent, write out a telegram without consulting any one, and returning say, "I have ordered Thomas to fight to-morrow," or, "I have sent another division to Sheridan." Thus he gave his orders for the last assault on Petersburg; thus, too, in spite of urgent endeavors on the part of Rawlins and others to change the plan, he wrote the final permission to Sherman to start for the sea.

For all his great determinations were his own, he was never averse to availing himself of the ideas of others, and, as I must always repeat, no man ever learned the lesson of experience quicker, or applied it more absolutely. But the suggestions of others were presented simply, and either accepted or rejected as his judgment dictated; he was never persuaded. And if he took up an idea that he found, it was so developed by his own mind that it became as original in reality as if he had conceived the germ. Every one who might be called an associate felt this. Sherman resented the ascription to himself of the origin of the Vicksburg campaign, and has often told the story of his objection to the movement with loyal and splendid magnanimity.

There are many traits in Grant resembling those displayed by Moltke. All great soldiers indeed have much in common, but perhaps the parallel between these two is closer than any other in recent history. Both lived simply and almost unknown to their countrymen for many years. Moltke, it is true, remained in his profession and was more fortunate as the world goes; but until the great opportunity came he also was comparatively obscure. Both are plain in behavior, modest under unexampled success, undemonstrative in manner, simple in habits and tastes, unassuming and retiring though thrust into the highest positions. Neither ever sought advancement, but each earned it by his deeds. Both are admirable in the family, and attach friends warmly despite their reserved and dispassionate demeanor.

Both have displayed in their public career the tremendous determination, the sustained energy, the persistency of purpose which the world has recognized. Both have exhibited the power to hurl men in successive masses

to certain danger or even destruction in order to gain the victory which they deemed essential to their country, as well as the ability to control different armies simultaneously on the widest theaters, moving them in apparently opposite directions only to concentrate them at last for a single aim. The manœuvres in the early days of the Franco-German war have a similarity in their suddenness and celerity and success to the rapid strokes of the Vicksburg campaign; while the great combinations that spread over all France, and finally resulted in Sedan and Metz and the fall of Paris, are not unlike those by which Grant controlled Sherman and Thomas and Sheridan, and brought about the surrenders of Lee and Johnston, and the capture of Richmond. One general struck down an empire and accomplished the capitulation of a sovereign; the other overthrew a rebellion greater than the world had ever seen before, and stamped out every vestige of resistance on a continent.

When the war was over, Grant's popularity naturally knew no bounds. No American ever received during his lifetime such a unanimity of praise. But he remained unchanged, as simple when the foremost man in all the country as when earning his daily bread in a little inland town. I accompanied him when he returned to Galena, and after the first burst of enthusiasm among those who had been his fellow-citizens had subsided, he resumed much of his life of former years, visited and received his earlier friends without any assumption of superiority, took tea in the little houses of Galena, and chatted with his neighbors about their crops and gains, as if he had never commanded generals nor manœuvred a million of men across a continent.

He was as popular at the South as at the North. The men whom he had conquered never forgot his magnanimity. A few months after Appomattox he made a tour through the Southern States, and then entered Richmond for the first time. Had he been the savior instead of the captor of the town, he could hardly have been more cordially received. The Southerners felt indeed that he had been a savior to them. He had saved them from the rancor and revengeful spirit of many at the North. The terms he had granted them at Appomattox were unexampled for clemency; and when Andrew Johnson attempted to violate those terms, Grant declared he would resign his position in the army unless they were respected. At Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah, the most important Southerners, civilians and soldiers, made it their duty to call upon him, to welcome him, to show him their gratitude. At Raleigh the State Legislature was in session, and he was invited to be present, and the body rose as he entered the capitol which his armies had captured not six months before. Important Southerners soon addressed him, requesting him to become a candidate for the Presidency, assuring him of the unanimous desire of the South to see him at the head of the Government. General Richard Taylor came to me on this errand, and urged that Grant should allow himself to become the candidate of the Democrats.

But Grant was then averse to entering politics. I have rarely seen him more indignant than when individuals with little or no acquaintance persisted in declaring that he must be the next President. For years his nearest friends never heard him express a willingness to accept a nomination. To my certain knowledge both political parties made overtures to him both during and after the war; but it was not until the breach between the Executive and Congress, and the impeachment of Johnson, that he thought it his duty to allow his name to be used. He regretted extremely the original harshness of Mr. Johnson, and frequently interposed to modify his views or to palliate the past offenses of Southerners; he obtained numerous pardons in the days when clemency was not the rule, and only the weight of his great services could have prevailed; but when Mr. Johnson swung to the other extreme, contended with Congress, and was anxious to set up his own policy in opposition to that of the mass of the people who had won, Grant thought he had no choice and threw in his lot with those with whom he had fought.

He never, however, lost his hold on the Southerners. In 1880, on his return from Europe, his reception at the South was as enthusiastic as at the North, and thousands of Southern Democrats assured his political friends that had he been nominated at Chicago the mass of the Southern vote would have been thrown in his favor. Whether they were right or wrong, no one now can tell; but that a large number of prominent Southerners were of this opinion shows the feeling that must have existed at the South for him who fought them to the end.

The man of war, indeed, always preferred peace. He never liked his profession. In England, when the Duke of Cambridge offered him a review, the courtesy was declined; and Grant declared to his intimates that a review was the last thing he desired to see. He had seen soldiers enough, he said, to last him a lifetime.

The great measure of his Presidency was the treaty with England, which submitted the

differences between the two countries to arbitration instead of war; and this, although no one felt more keenly than he the conduct of England during the Rebellion, and, as a soldier, no one could see more plainly the immense advantages we might have retained had the Treaty of Washington never been signed. But he always regarded the negotiation of that treaty as the great achievement of his administration, and he was in some sort rewarded by the extraordinary reception he met with in England.

I had been living in that country officially for some years when General Grant visited England. I supposed that he would be received by the important people in a manner becoming their own station and his illustrious position and fame; but the popular enthusiasm that his arrival evoked was a marvel. It equaled anything in the ovations at home immediately after the war. Streets were illuminated, triumphal arches built, holidays were proclaimed because he entered a town; the whole population crowded to see him, and were as eager to shake his hand as those whom he had helped to save. Every great city welcomed him officially; he was the guest of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Lord Wharncliffe, the bitterest enemy the Union had in the whole nobility, toasted him at public dinners, and declared: "Had General Grant been an Englishman, I should not now be responding for the House of Lords, for he would have been a duke." And always in England this enthusiasm was avowedly based on the fact that, although a great soldier, he had, as President, referred a grave international dispute to a peaceful tribunal instead of the arbitrament of war.

The same simplicity which he had manifested at Galena was retained at the table of kings. Some one in England inclined to cavil criticised his lack of loquacity and comparative plainness of behavior; but one who could sympathize with him in both respects, the present Earl of Derby, declared there could be no question about General Grant. The man who had achieved what all knew he had performed, and could retain his simplicity and modesty, must be a very great man. This was the universal verdict.

As all the world knows, his triumphal procession continued for years. He passed through every country of Europe and the most important of Africa and Asia, enjoying an experience that had never before fallen to man. No great personage of ancient or modern times ever made such a journey. He was received everywhere as the equal of the potentates of the earth. The sovereigns of Europe, the Sultan of Turkey, the Czar of Russia, the Pope, the Khedive, the Emperors of Germany and China and Japan, all met him on a level. The Czar took him by the hand and led him to a sofa, talked statecraft with him and compared experiences, asked how he did when his ministers were troublesome and what was his practice in popular emergencies, while Gortschakoff stood behind and helped his master to a word or a phrase when his English halted. Something of the same sort happened with the Emperor of Germany; while the Mikado of Japan and the King of Siam were anxious to learn politics of him. Then came the statesmen themselves — Bismarck and Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield and Gambetta, who could approach him as they would not or could not a sovereign, and were equally anxious to compare notes with the American President; and so with others of high degree. Last of all, Grant, being a genuine democrat, went among the people themselves, talked with them, studied them, understood them as no sovereign or aristocrat would be able to do; so that he went through three tiers of experience — with the monarchs, the statesmen, the people; and being, as I say, a thorough democrat and republican, believing in the people and being of the people, he preserved not only his simplicity of habit and taste amid the pomp of courts and the adulation of the world, but his firm confidence in the superiority of republican institutions and of the American character. He saw the highest and best of modern civilization, and he returned, if possible, a better democrat than when he started.

Adam Badeau.

BIRD-VOICES.

THE robin and sparrow a-wing, in silver-throated accord;
The low soft breath of a flute, and the deep short pick of a chord,
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

A. Lampman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Volume of "The Century."

THE present number of THE CENTURY begins its thirtieth half-yearly volume with a first edition of a quarter of a million copies.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his latest friendly comments upon America, says that he is "not, by nature, disposed to think so much as most people do of 'institutions'"; whereas "Americans think and talk very much of their 'institutions.'" But he adds that the more he saw of America the more he found himself "led to treat 'institutions' with increased respect." Until he went to the United States he "had never seen a people with institutions which seemed expressly and thoroughly suited to it." Well, we think that Mr. Arnold will be quick to acknowledge that the illustrated magazine is an American "institution," and one "expressly and thoroughly suited" to the country, and he must consider it merely an American trait if it treat itself with respect. To be sure, Mr. Arnold has, on another occasion, expressed himself as not particularly impressed by mere numbers; he prefers quality to quantity, and has great faith in a saving remnant. But we are pleased to be able to tell all who think as Mr. Arnold does, that in its path of "popular" success THE CENTURY has never felt it necessary to "appeal downward." It is an unbounded satisfaction for us to be able to put on record here, as a compliment to the great audience of our countrymen, and as an encouragement to all present and future workers in similar fields, that popular success has, from the beginning, followed THE CENTURY'S unswerving attempts at greater thoroughness and excellence in every department. Take the matter of wood-engraving, for instance: for what is the new school — the so-called American school — celebrated, except for its delicacy, its refinement, its artistic expressiveness? And the American romancists and novelists — have they been blamed for a lack of, or rather, indeed, for an excess of, refinement and subtlety?

Those who are actively and eagerly engaged in an enterprise are not the ones to give a final judgment upon it. There are faults which they may not be fully aware of, and tendencies, good or bad, which they cannot discern. At the same time, experience has taught them some things which can profitably be told, and their views and aims may have at least a curious interest. The conduct of a periodical which, twelve times a year, reaches an audience of not much less than a million of people, is so grave a care that those who bear it upon their minds and hearts naturally feel a desire to make friends with this great multitude, to ask for their sympathy, to appeal to their confidence, and, in a certain way, to share with them the burden of responsibility.

This is not a fantastic idea. It is a real thing. There are some who deprecate the very existence of the popular magazines upon which our American writers are so largely dependent — especially dependent in the deplorable absence of international copyright laws, which would not only give them revenue from abroad, but protect them at home from the base competition of stolen literary wares. There are some, we say, who fear that our literature may lose in frankness and in force from the supposed necessity of trimming too consciously to the taste of an audience which has many sensitive and hypercritical elements. There is some truth in this. It cannot be denied that much of the world's most valuable literature, sacred and secular, could never reach the public through the pages of the "family magazine." There is, moreover, a certain unwritten guarantee that every periodical evolves from its own history and habit. It behooves all concerned to see to it that the limitations of the popular periodical do not have a narrowing or flattening effect upon current literature; do not put our best writers into a sort of literary bondage; do not repress originality and individuality either of style or of opinion. It may be said on this point that while the world will always have its share of the long-eared race, fortunately the number of the over-anxious and the super-sensitive seems to be growing yearly less considerable; and the idea is rapidly passing away that editors are bound to the infinite task of themselves entertaining every shade of opinion and belief expressed by the various writers for the periodical with which they are connected. Readers afford help to editors by being tolerant, open-minded, and sympathetic, with "many moods of many minds," as editors themselves must be.

In a country like this, of enormous extent, and wide divergences in local opinions, customs, and legislation, the modern "popular magazine" — with its fresh and graphic records of the various geographical, social, industrial, educational, scientific, artistic, and religious phenomena and enterprises of our great democratic empire — is a national factor of no little importance. If self-knowledge is of the highest consequence to the man, it is no less so to the empire of men; and what agency can be more powerful to this end than those periodicals which are written, not by local coteries of writers, however able, or however sincere in their convictions, but that draw from every quarter the best that can be found, — periodicals which look to no locality for support and audience, but rather to the intelligence of the entire country and continent?

The truth of these remarks is borne in upon us in contemplation of the discussion now going on in THE CENTURY with regard to the pressing question as to the reorganization of society in the Southern States of our Union — one of the gravest and most difficult with which humanity in any age has had to deal. On this question, owing, in some degree, to the blinding effect of inherited views and party bitterness, the North needs information as to facts; the South needs to put itself more and more in a position where it can observe facts with a calmer and deeper vision. The

Northern freeman needs to put himself in the place of the Southern; the Southern freeman in the place of the Southern *freedman*. Mutual respect, sympathy, knowledge — these are indispensable. It is of the highest importance that the Southern majority should consent to consider the opinions advanced by Mr. Cable in the name of the Southern minority. It is of the highest importance that the Northern majority should consider such a representative Southern statement as that of Mr. Grady in the last number of the magazine. The next thing we shall do is to ask our Northern and Southern readers to consider another convinced, outspoken, and eloquent statement on this pressing subject, this time from the (Episcopal) bishop of one of our lately slave-holding states.

In the war now being chronicled in THE CENTURY by many of its leading figures, the North and South each discovered the mettle of the other. It is a help to mutual understanding and good-will that the North should know all that is admirable and desirable in Southern life and character, and much of this has been and will be recorded in these pages. It is important that the South should lay aside its prejudice, hold itself in the literary and human frame of mind, and — read, for instance (as it may in our present number), of the life-work of the great lyrical prophet of emancipation, told by the author of the never-to-be-forgotten ballad of Ossawatomie Brown. Later on, we shall ask the South, along with the North, to study the character and motives of one whom even the North itself does not yet fully know, and whom the South long hated with a bitterness born of inherited devotion to an anomalous social system now forever destroyed.

The country, the section, or the man that is not infidel to truth, will never fear honest freedom of debate.

In looking back over what is written above, we fear we have magnified our office. And yet, were not the first illustrated-magazinists kings of the earth? The great Egyptian sovereign, Thothmes III., one of whose obelisks to-day adorns New York's Central Park, was a distinguished member of the ancient and honorable craft. There were no printing-presses in those times, so his pictures and articles were graven upon rock, and may be seen and read of all men to this day. The old Egyptian magazines contained poems, historical articles, accounts of travel, and descriptions of various industries and enterprises,— with, by way of illustration, portraits, scenes of battle, of the chase, of agriculture, etc., pictures of plants and of animals at home and abroad, and engravings of architecture and objects of minuter art. In one of these illustrated articles, published by Thothmes, it is said: "Here are all sorts of plants and all sorts of flowers of the Holy Land, which the king discovered when he went to the land of Ruten to conquer it." The king swears by the sun "that all is plain truth; there is no trace of deception in that which I relate. What the splendid soil brings forth in the way of productions, I have had portrayed in these pictures."

Let us hope that the work of the writers and artists of our own CENTURY shall have as long life, and prove as valuable to mankind, as that of the writers and artists of those centuries of long ago, by the storied and eternal Nile.

The Future Life.

"IF a man die, shall he live again?" To that question the mind returns in every generation, with an exhaustless and deepening interest. Any worthy discussion of it is sure to attract the thoughtful reader with a fascination such as hardly any other theme possesses. It is discussed in this number of THE CENTURY by a writer who rises to the height of the great argument. We believe that Mr. Munger's article is unique, in the combination of powers which it applies to the great problem,— the familiarity with the principles alike of science and philosophy, the firm logic and the spiritual feeling, the open-mindedness and the seriousness. For the adequate study of questions like this there are needed the spirit of science, the spirit of poetry, and the spirit of religion; and Mr. Munger has all three.

We do not attempt to add here a single word to the philosophical discussion, desiring only to set, as it were, a finger-post toward the article, for all readers who care for noble reasoning on the ultimate problems of life. But our thoughts turn toward the many who have a personal and intense interest in the question of immortality, yet feel themselves unable to thoroughly follow such arguments, or to judge whether the welcome conclusion has been fairly reached. Let us remind all such of the truth which Mr. Munger intimates in his opening,— that, in the end, it is not a process of intellect, but a process of life, which best supplies the hope and confidence of immortality. That we may face our future destiny undismayed and joyful, the chief requisite is not that a man be able to reason logically, but that he be faithful, patient, and brave.

The march of the mind in its great quest for truth is like a work of tunneling through a mountain. Marvelous is the engineer's sagacity that directs the advance; mighty are the forces that slowly blast the rock; strong are the arms and resolute the hearts that push their way on through the darkness toward the light beyond. But out on the mountain-side the glad sunlight is poured; every dew-drop glistens in it, every flower drinks it, birds sing and children play in its embrace. So, while thinkers are working their way, there are countless folk, simple or learned, who daily live in untroubled and happy sense of a divine love, from which they can never escape.

It is Life itself which with its various voices teaches us the things best worth knowing. And the voices which come home to us with sovereign authority are those of Love and Death,— and, for the mother's sake, shall we add, Birth? Let one of the chief of women interpret for the mothers,— it is Elizabeth Barrett Browning, speaking to two parents who mourn their child as lost:

> "'God lent him and takes him,' you sigh;
> Nay, there let me break with your pain:
> God's generous in giving, say I;
> And the thing which He gives, I deny
> That He ever can take back again.
>
> "He gives what He gives. I appeal
> To all who bear babes. In the hour
> When the veil of the body we feel
> Rent round us,— while torments reveal
> The motherhood's advent in power,
>
> "And the babe cries! — has each of us known
> By apocalypse (God being there

Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

"He lends not; but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather,— amend,
And finish it up to your dream,—

"Or keep, as a mother may toys
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys
Kept over their heads on the shelf."

So speaks the woman. And what has the man to say? Here is he whom we boast as the wisest and highest among our American authors,— a man, too, so wrapt in philosophic thought, so happy in his lonely contemplation, that he seems generally to stand apart from the struggling, work-a-day world, where most of us live. But the man is a father, like other men; his boy dies, and how does he bear it? He puts his heart into the tenderest poem he ever wrote, the "Threnody." He looks longingly back on just such pictures as other parents do,— the throng of children about the baby in his willow wagon, led by the boy "with sunny face of sweet repose,"— the painted sled, the snow fort, the sand castle, the garden of which his "blessed feet" had trod every step,— and now the boy is gone. The lonely father thinks of it, and will not drown or forget his grief; and slowly there comes to him the sense that love can never lose its own. The rainbow, the sunset, all beauty, all experiences of the soul, teach him a new lesson:

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

The moments when such convictions flash in — such insights, rather — are an assurance deeper than belief; but how much can be carried forth from them into the common levels of every-day life? How much will stay after the first exalted hours? There are not many of whom the world can take testimony on these questions; but occasionally there is some one in whom a typical experience is wrought out, and who has the gift of expressing it, like Tennyson in "In Memoriam." It is almost twenty-five years since Mrs. Browning died. Here is a little volume of new poems by her husband, "Ferishtah's Fancies." There run through it — as there have run through all his best works — the notes of the same constant love-song. It is as tender as it was of old, and it merges now in a symphony,— the love of the one blending with the love of all; the immortality of one union prefiguring a universal joy. In the verses that close the book, the poet tells his companion spirit how all the sadness and trouble of the world cries out to him, and he listens; but, as he hears, a vision rises, and he sees, as if in a rift made by the moon through clouds, the heroes and saviors of past ages;— they bid him fight and trust as they fought and trusted.

"Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind!

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
Lay the blame, or lit the praise; no care for cowards: fight!

"Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's success:
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul appeared perfection, nothing less."

True hearts make answer to each other in all ages. Just as Browning from the joy of a personal undying love goes out with fresh heart for the common battle, so Paul, after his exultant cry, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" rallies for the present work: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; inasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Time would fail us to call in other witnesses, of our own day — such as Bryant, Whittier, and the American author of that little poem which is like a sun-burst: "On one who died in May." This last touches the deepest truth,— that it is only the presence of death which teaches the full significance of the present life:

"Dark Death let fall a tear
Why am I here?
O heart ungrateful! will man never know
I am his friend, nor ever was his foe?
All Hope, all Memory,
Have their deep springs in me;
And Love, that else might fade,
By me immortal made,
Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes!"

These voices speak home to the common heart because they speak out of the common heart at its noblest. They are not individual experiences merely; they are typical. It is motherhood and fatherhood, friendship and love that speak; it is the voice of humanity; it is the music drawn from the heart of man when touched by the hand and filled by the breath of God.

OPEN LETTERS.

An Interview with General Robert E. Lee.

A YEAR or more before the death of General Lee, he came to Baltimore as one of a committee to enlist the authorities of the city and the president and directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the project for a railroad down the Valley of Virginia.

I had met General Lee but once, and then only for a few minutes; and though his home during his last years was in my native place, I did not intend calling on him in Baltimore; but a Southerner of wealth, then in New York, Cyrus H. McCormick, having telegraphed me to see the General and invite him to come on and be his guest, I called upon him to deliver

the invitation. The General said he was here on a hurried visit, that his duties to the College required his presence at home, and that with many thanks for the courtesy, and the hope that he would be able to enjoy the proffered hospitalities some other time, he must decline. I urged him not to carry out that decision, assuring him that the College would probably gain substantial benefit from his visiting my friend. He at length agreed to hold the question under consideration during a day or two he was to be absent in the country, and made an appointment for my meeting him on his return.

The two days having expired, I called again and found him expecting me. He stated that, having fully considered the subject, he had decided that he must return home. After again presenting reasons why he should make the visit to my friend, I said:

"I think I see, General, that the real difficulty lies in your shrinking from the conspicuity of a visit to New York. I can readily understand that this would be unpleasant. But you need not be exposed to any publicity whatever; my friend has given me *carte blanche* to make all arrangements for your coming. I will engage a compartment in the palace car of the night train, and will telegraph my friend to meet you with his carriage on your arrival in New York."

I shall never forget the deep feeling manifested in the tones of his voice, as he replied:

"Oh, Doctor, I couldn't go sneaking into New York in that way. When I do go there, I'll go in daylight, and go like a man."

I felt rebuked at having made the suggestion; and finding he was fixed in his determination, the subject was dropped. But he seemed in a talkative mood,—remarkably so, considering his reputation for taciturnity,—and immediately began to speak of the issues and results of the war. The topic which seemed to lie uppermost and heaviest on his heart was the vast number of noble young men who had fallen in the bloody strife. In this particular he regarded the struggle as having been most unequal. The North, he said, had, indeed, sent many of her valuable young men to the field; but as in all large cities there is a population which can well be spared, she had from this source and from immigrants from abroad unfailing additional supplies. The South, on the other hand, had none but her own sons, and she sent and sacrificed the flower of her land.

After dwelling with emphasis and with feeling on this point, the General then introduced another topic which also moved him deeply, viz., the persistent manner in which the leading Northern journals, and the Northern people generally, insisted that the object of the war had been to secure the perpetuation of slavery. On this point he seemed not only indignant, but hurt. He said it was not true. He declared that, for himself, he had never been an advocate of slavery; that he had emancipated most of his slaves years before the war, and had sent to Liberia those who were willing to go; that the latter were writing back most affectionate letters to him, some of which he received through the lines during the war. He said, also, as an evidence that the colored people did not consider him hostile to their race, that during this visit to Baltimore some of them who had known him when he was stationed here had come up in the most affectionate manner and put their hands into the carriage-window to shake hands with him. They would hardly have received him in this way, he thought, had they looked upon him as fresh from a war intended for their oppression and injury. One expression I must give in his own words.

"So far," said General Lee, "from engaging in a war to perpetuate slavery, I am rejoiced that slavery is abolished. I believe it will be greatly for the interests of the South. So fully am I satisfied of this, as regards Virginia especially, *that I would cheerfully have lost all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained.*" This he said with much earnestness.

After expressing himself on this point, as well as others in which he felt that Northern writers were greatly misrepresenting the South, he looked at me and, with emphasis, said:

"Doctor, I think some of you gentlemen that use the pen should see that justice is done us."

I replied that the feeling engendered by the war was too fresh and too intense for anything emanating from a Southern pen to affect Northern opinion; but that time was a great rectifier of human judgments, and hereafter the true history would be written; and that he need not fear that then injustice would be done him.

As the General was in a talking mood, he would have gone on much further, no doubt, but that at this point his son, General W. H. F. Lee, whom he had not seen for some time, and who had just arrived in Baltimore, entered the room.

John Leyburn.

BALTIMORE.

Bishop Bryennios and the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.

THERE is a quarter of Constantinople called Phanar, inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks. Here the houses are larger and cleaner, and an appearance of greater thrift and comfort exists, than in the Turkish parts of the city. Here is the residence of the Greek Patriarch and of the more celebrated Greek bishops. Here is the patriarchal church, where the great festivals of Christmas and Easter are celebrated with the utmost pomp. Here, too, is the confused and irregular mass of buildings belonging to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and forming what is called the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. Hardly more than a stone's-throw to the east, opposite the entrance of the great patriarchal church, is a narrow, unpainted wooden house, four stories high. This house has been for years the residence of Philotheos Bryennios, metropolitan of Diocletian's ancient capital, Nicomedia, and, of late, specially famous for his discovery of the manuscript volume containing what is called the Διδαχή, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. In the library of the Jerusalem Monastery that manuscript is still kept which has been more discussed, and has attracted more attention, than any other ancient manuscript since Tischendorf discovered the Codex Sinaiticus.

It has been my good fortune to meet Bishop Bryennios on several occasions. Twice I have had the rare privilege of seeing and glancing over the manuscript — a privilege only one other American gentle-

man has enjoyed. I am sure a few details concerning the book and its discoverer will be of interest to the reader.

The exterior of the Bishop's house is unpretentious and of gloomy appearance. Double doors opening in response to the resounding iron knocker — a broken bell-handle at the side speaks of what has long since ceased to ring — disclose a long, narrow passage, paved with marble. A blank wall stretches on the right. An Oriental kitchen, with servants at work, appears in the distant vista at the end. On the left are numerous doors, giving access, doubtless, to servants' apartments. In the very middle of this left-hand side is the winding wooden staircase, up which the visitor is to go. Two flights bring him to the third story, which is peculiarly the Bishop's dominion. The courteous servant leads the way past a half-open door, which discloses a little chamber with holy pictures on the wall, and burning lamps before them, all marking the tiny sanctuary which, in every Greek house, large or small, patrician or plebeian, is set apart for purposes of devotion. Thence one passes through a spacious hall to a large room facing on the street. This is at once the Bishop's parlor and his private study. No flowers, no pictures, no ornaments adorn the walls. Bare asceticism stamps the place as the residence of a wifeless ecclesiastic, of an Eastern monk. A low, broad divan or sofa bounds one side of the apartment. Eighteen or twenty chairs are drawn up in military precision along the two other sides. Add a table covered and littered with books and pamphlets and papers, and the furniture is complete. Simple and unassuming as is the room, it is nevertheless the audience chamber of a man in ecclesiastical rank second only to the Patriarch and the Bishop of Ephesus, unequaled among his own countrymen for learning.

A tall gentleman rises from his seat behind the table and comes forward rapidly to meet his guest. The warm welcome of his manner is pleasant, and makes the stranger feel at home; but this graceful, gracious cordiality does not characterize Bryennios alone. It is the welcome which the foreigner almost invariably receives from every dignitary in the East.

Now for his personal appearance. Imagine a Greek ecclesiastic in the very prime of life; his head covered by the black, brimless, high-crowned cap which is worn indoors as well as in the street; possessing the long, never-shaven mustache and beard; his black hair unclipped by scissors, braided and gathered in a knot; over his shoulders the black robe entirely enveloping his person and falling to the bottom of his feet; and you have a picture not only of him, but of every orthodox Greek priest, whatever his degree. But the face is Bishop Bryennios's own private possession. A large dark eye, full of expression, looks kindly at you from the handsome oval face, over which a smile is constantly playing or ready to play, but an eye that can flash forth fire when its owner is excited. A white, high, broad forehead is half concealed by the priestly cap. In the ambuscade of mustache and beard, a small mouth is hidden which can pour forth words in a hot, impetuous torrent, with no regard to pauses or periods, but which will make no slips, will utter no more than its master wishes, and will commit no blunders to apologize for or recall. The whole face is remarkably intelligent and winning. A personal magnetism characterizes the man. While one is with him he thinks as he thinks, feels as he feels, receives every word he utters as unquestionable and sincere. The impression he makes is that of personal power and force of character. You feel whatever he chooses to attempt he will accomplish; whatever he sets before him he will attain. You say, this man will become Patriarch if he desires it, and deigns to accept the office; this man can shake his church and nation with reform, and not die, like Kyril Lucar or the Russian Nicon, defeated and disgraced at the end. Or, if by a calmer field his ambitions are bounded, there is no limit to which he may not successfully go. There is nothing more curious than the difference of impression one experiences when with him and away from him. In his presence surmise, doubt, suspicion, grounded or groundless, all are hushed. You are with him heart and soul. His eye holds you, something as the eye of the ancient mariner held the wedding guest. Half an hour after one has left him the personal magnetism has spent its force. One remembers a charming host, a brilliant entertainer for whose courtesies he is grateful; but somehow, I know not how, other feelings have succeeded those experienced in his presence. But Bishop Bryennios must not keep us from the book with which his fame is identified.

I need not tell my readers that the Διδαχὴ, or "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," is the name given to a treatise which was composed in or shortly after the Apostolic age. The Διαλαγαὶ or Διδασκαλία or Διδαχὴ, something apparently distinct from the Apostolic Constitutions, is often referred to by the early Christian writers, but doubt has been expressed whether they spoke of a work then existing and afterward lost, or generally of the doctrine or instruction of the Lord through his Apostles. Very many arguments were adduced to prove that such a treatise of about two hundred lines did once exist; that this was the fountain whence seeming quotations were drawn, and that on this was based part of the venerable rules or regulations called the Apostolic Constitutions. But in any case no extant copy of it was known. How, when, where, why it had disappeared no one could tell.

In 1873 Bishop Bryennios was busily looking over the manuscripts in the Jerusalem Monastery at Constantinople. His eye fell upon a small, bulky volume he had never seen before. Indifferently he took it up to glance at its contents. It was not a manuscript on a single subject, but rather a number of manuscripts brought together in one volume, and apparently all written by the same hand. Among them were two treatises of exceedingly great value, or rather three, these being the first and second Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians and the Epistle of Barnabas. In his joy at this discovery he barely noticed and gave only an absent-minded glance at an unpretending treatise occupying the very middle of the book. This was comprised in a little less than ten pages. It was introduced with two inscriptions, one of which was "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and the other "Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Nations." Not till seven years after, in 1880, when the Bishop, freer from cares, again perused the

little treatise, did he realize what he had found. From 1880 he spent upon it every moment he could spare, until it was published with introduction and copious notes in 1883. All this account which I am giving is the Bishop's most interesting story of his discovery, and is derived from his own lips.

The library of the Jerusalem Monastery is contained in a small stone chamber, erected for this purpose, and detached from the other monastic buildings. Its walls are two and a half feet thick. Scanty light struggles in through two strongly barred windows. The massive iron door, when its bolts and chains are removed, on opening, discloses a second and inner door thicker and heavier than that outside. The entrance is piously adorned with many holy pictures, and with the never-failing and always lighted lamps of olive oil. Upon the dingy shelves are arranged perhaps one thousand volumes in an orderly neatness which apparently is seldom disturbed. Moreover, there are found within, as the archimandrite Polycarp, the superior of the monastery, informed me with characteristic indefiniteness, from four hundred to six hundred manuscripts. The collection of manuscripts bound in one volume, and containing the "Teaching," is numbered 456. This is a small thick book, covered with black leather. It is 7.4 inches long and 5.8 inches wide. Altogether it comprises one hundred and twenty leaves of vellum, or two hundred and forty pages. The contents of these one hundred and twenty leaves are most precious to lovers and students of patristic theology. As given by Bryennios in his commentary upon the Epistles of Clement, they are the following:

(I.) The synopsis of the Old Testament by St. Chrysostom, contained between leaves 1 and 32, or until the 65th page.

(II.) The Epistle of Barnabas, leaves 33 to 51b, or to the 102d page.

(III. and IV.) The two Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians, leaves 51b to 76a, or to page 151.

(V.) Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, leaves 76a to 80, or to page 160.

(VI.) Epistle of Mary of Cassoboli to the saint and martyr Ignatius, Archbishop of Theopolis, or Antioch, leaves 81–82a, or to page 163.

(VII.) Twelve Epistles of St. Ignatius of Antioch, leaves 82 to 120a, or to page 239.

Finally is the colophon, or signature of Leo the transcriber, in these words:

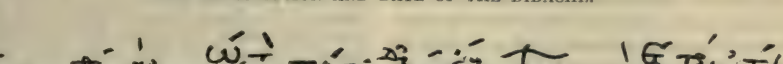
"It was finished in the month of June the 11th day Tuesday the ninth year of the Indiction in the year 6564 by the hand of Leo notary and sinner."

In ecclesiastical documents the Greeks reckon still by the indiction, or period of fifteen years, commencing in 312 A. D.

As the Constantinople Greek calendar estimates our Saviour's birth to have taken place 5508 years after the creation, 6564 corresponds to 1056 of the Christian era. 1056 is ten years before the Norman conquest of England, and forty years before the first crusade. It is only two years after the great schism between the Eastern and Western churches, which has never been closed over and never will be, and seventeen years before Hildebrand the son of the carpenter ascended the papal throne as Gregory VII.

It is an interesting fact that the manuscript written out by the humble notary is to-day demanding and receiving a larger share of learned consideration than the struggles of Hildebrand, or the crusades, or the Norman conquest. Little did Leo imagine how intently barbarous and unknown lands were to discuss his work 800 years after he died. The handwriting is small and cramped, but wonderfully distinct. A photographic facsimile of the signature of Leo and of the first four lines of the Διδαχὴ accompanies this article. Both photographs have been obtained with the utmost difficulty. In fact, the authorities of the monastery are for some reason most reluctant to allow

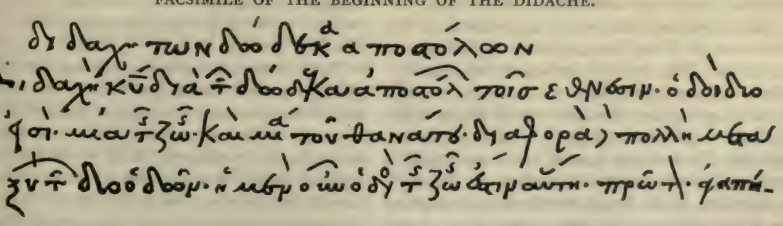
THE SUBSCRIPTION AND DATE OF THE DIDACHE.



TRANSLATION.

"Finished Tuesday, June 11, A. M. 6564, by Leon, notary and sinner."
This date is equivalent to A. D. 1056.

FACSIMILE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE DIDACHE.



TRANSLATION.

["Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.
Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Gentiles.
There are Two Ways: one of Life, and one of Death; but there is a great difference between the two ways. The way of Life is this: first, Thou shalt love."]

any person to even see the manuscript. On two occasions I have held it in my hand. Each second of those two golden opportunities I improved as best I could. The archimandrite Polycarp and the librarian Sophronios both assure me that no other Frank has seen so much of it as myself. But my own inspection of it has been most hurried, incomplete, and unsatisfactory. A hundred questions arise concerning it which I cannot answer; questions, some of them, which no man can solve until after careful and rigid examination. The text, as published by Bishop Bryennios in 1883, has been translated and commented largely in Germany, France, and England, but probably it has received more attention in America than in all the three other countries combined. This study has been concentrated, however, only on Bishop Bryennios's rendering or transcription of the text. Leo's yellow bundle of manuscript these learned scholars have never seen. Doubts and uncertainties must exist concerning the manuscript of the "Teaching" which can be set at rest only by patient and competent investigation. May the time speedily come when this manuscript shall be as open to research and inspection as are the like treasures of almost every other monastery in the East.

Edmund A. Grosvenor.

ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE CONTENTS AND VALUE OF THE TEACHING.

TO THE foregoing interesting account of Bryennios and his important discovery, we add a brief estimate of the contents and practical value of the document which professes to contain the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," or the "Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Gentiles."

The "Didache," as it is briefly called, consists of about ten octavo pages, which Bryennios has divided into sixteen chapters. It is a sort of Church Manual, or Directory of Catechetical Instruction, Public Worship, and Church Discipline. It is the oldest and simplest work of that kind, and was afterwards superseded by more extensive works which go under the names of "Ecclesiastical Canons," "Apostolical Constitutions," etc.

The "Didache" naturally divides itself into four parts: I. DOCTRINAL or CATECHETICAL part, chs. 1–6. This contains a summary of practical duties to be taught to such Gentiles as apply for admission to baptism and church membership. The duties resolve themselves into the royal command of love to God and love to our neighbor. The whole is set forth in the parabolic form of Two Ways, a Way of Life and a Way of Death. This was a favorite form of primitive instruction, suggested by Matt. vii. 13, 14; Jer. xxi. 8 ("Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death"); Deut. xxx. 15 ("I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil"). Nor was it unknown among the heathen, as the myth of Hercules shows, who in his youth stood hesitating between the easy way of pleasure and disgrace, and the arduous way of virtue and glory. This part of the "Didache" is an echo of the Sermon on the Mount, as reported in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew. It shows how simple and prevailingly moral the first Christian preaching and teaching was in that part of the church (probably Syria or Palestine) where the "Didache" was composed.

II. RITUALISTIC or DEVOTIONAL, chs. 7–10. This part treats of the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper, in connection with the love-feasts. Here occurs the passage which has given rise to so much lively discussion between Baptists and Pedobaptists, as it sanctions both immersion and affusion or sprinkling, but makes no allusion to infant baptism. It reads thus (ch. 7):

"As regards baptism, baptize as follows: Having first taught all the preceding instruction [on the Way of Life and the Way of Death, chs. 1–6], baptize into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, in living [*i. e.*, running] water. But if thou hast not living water, baptize into other water [*e. g.*, standing water]; and if thou canst not in cold, then in warm [*i. e.*, water]. And if thou hast neither the one nor the other [*i. e.*, in sufficient quantity for immersion], pour water on the head three times, into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. But before the baptism let the baptizer and the candidate for baptism fast, and any others who can; and thou shalt command the candidate to fast one or two days previously."

This passage shows clearly that preference was given to immersion (total or partial) in running water (as the Jordan where John baptized, and where Christ was baptized, and, as in the oldest catacomb pictures, where the candidate stands knee-deep or waist-deep in the water), but that in exceptional cases pouring or affusion was likewise regarded as valid baptism. This we knew already from Cyprian, but the "Didache" gives us a testimony which is at least a hundred and probably a hundred and fifty years older.

In the same section occur also the oldest and simplest eucharistic prayers (chs. 9 and 10), namely:

"As regards the Eucharist [this was the usual Greek name for the Lord's Supper], give thanks as follows: First for the cup: 'We thank Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David thy servant, which thou hast made known to us by Jesus thy servant. To Thee be the glory for ever.' And for the broken bread: 'We thank Thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou hast made known to us by Jesus thy servant. To Thee be the glory for ever. As this broken bread was scattered over the mountains, and being brought together became one, so let thy church be brought together from the ends of the earth into thy kingdom; for thine is the glory and the power, through Jesus Christ, forever.'"

To this is added the warning:

"But let no one eat or drink of your Eucharist, except those baptized into the name of the Lord, for respecting this the Lord has said (Matt. vi. 6), 'Give not that which is holy to the dogs.'"

Then follows a simple and sublime prayer of thanksgiving. It would be difficult to draw out of this passage any of the particular theories of the Lord's Supper — whether transubstantiation, or consubstantiation, or symbolic or dynamic presence — which, in later ages, have so sadly divided the Christian Church. The Lord's Supper was evidently a joyous feast of thanksgiving for the edification of believers, and not a subject of curious speculation and doctrinal controversy.

III. The third part relates to CHURCH POLITY (chs. 11–15). It contains curious information about apostles, *i. e.*, traveling evangelists and prophets, with warnings against mercenary teachers and clerical

tramps who seem to have disturbed and misled congregations in those days. Of congregational officers, bishops (*i. e.*, presbyters) and deacons are mentioned, but no deaconesses. They were elected by the congregation and received an adequate support.

IV. The fourth and last part (ch. 16) is ESCHATOLOGICAL, and warns the congregations to be in readiness for the second coming, the resurrection, and the final judgment. This chapter consists of reminiscences of the discourses of our Lord on the last things, Matt. xxiv., and perhaps also of the passage of Paul, 1 Thess. iv. 13–18. The writer speaks of the coming of Antichrist, or, as he is called, "the world-deceiver," who shall appear "as the son of God, and shall do signs and wonders, and the earth shall be given into his hands, and he shall commit iniquities such as have never yet been done since the beginning."

From this analysis the reader may measure the value of this remarkable document. It takes its place among the writings of the so-called Apostolic Fathers,— Clement of Rome, Polycarp, Barnabas, Ignatius, and Hermas,— which fall far below the inspired height of the Apostles and Evangelists, yet breathe the spirit of the apostolic age and fill up the gap between the New Testament and the latter half of the second century; as the Apocrypha of the Old Testament fill up the gap between Malachi and John the Baptist. The "Didache" is no authority whatever in matters of doctrine or discipline, and does not claim to be the work of the Apostles. Its peculiarities do not exactly fit into any church or party. It is neither Episcopal nor Presbyterian, but both; it is neither sacramentarian nor antisacramentarian, neither sacerdotal nor antisacerdotal, neither Baptist nor Pedobaptist, though favoring both sides in part. We may safely use it as a witness of catechetical teaching and ecclesiastical usages at the close of the first or the beginning of the second century of that country where the book originated, *i. e.*, probably Palestine or Syria. It is the record by some unknown writer of what he ascertained either from personal instruction or oral tradition and honestly regarded as the teaching and practice of the Twelve Apostles. Its value is historical, and historical only; but as such it is a very important contribution to our knowledge. For this contribution the Christian church will always feel indebted to the Metropolitan of Nicomedia who drew the "Didache" from the obscurity of the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, where it had been buried for centuries.

Philip Schaff.

Mark Twain.

MARK TWAIN'S "Tom Sawyer" is an interesting record of boyish adventure; but, amusing as it is, it may yet be fair to ask whether its most marked fault is not too strong adherence to conventional literary models? A glance at the book certainly does not confirm this opinion, but those who recall the precocious affection of Tom Sawyer, at the age when he is losing his first teeth, for a little girl whom he has seen once or twice, will confess that the modern novel exercises a very great influence. What is best in the book, what one remembers, is the light we get into the boy's heart. The romantic devotion to the little girl, the terrible adventures with murderers and in huge caves, have the air of concessions to jaded readers. But when Tom gives the cat Pain-Killer, is restless in church, and is recklessly and eternally deceiving his aunt, we are on firm ground — the author is doing sincere work.

This later book, "Huckleberry Finn," has the great advantage of being written in autobiographical form. This secures a unity in the narration that is most valuable; every scene is given, not described; and the result is a vivid picture of Western life forty or fifty years ago. While "Tom Sawyer" is scarcely more than an apparently fortuitous collection of incidents, and its thread is one that has to do with murders, this story has a more intelligible plot. Huckleberry, its immortal hero, runs away from his worthless father, and floats down the Mississippi on a raft, in company with Jim, a runaway negro. This plot gives great opportunity for varying incidents. The travelers spend some time on an island; they outwit every one they meet; they acquire full knowledge of the hideous fringe of civilization that then adorned that valley; and the book is a most valuable record of an important part of our motley American civilization.

What makes it valuable is the evident truthfulness of the narrative, and where this is lacking and its place is taken by ingenious invention, the book suffers. What is inimitable, however, is the reflection of the whole varied series of adventures in the mind of the young scapegrace of a hero. His undying fertility of invention, his courage, his manliness in every trial, are an incarnation of the better side of the ruffianism that is one result of the independence of Americans, just as hypocrisy is one result of the English respect for civilization. The total absence of morbidness in the book — for the *mal du siècle* has not yet reached Arkansas — gives it a genuine charm; and it is interesting to notice the art with which this is brought out. The best instance is perhaps to be found in the account of the feud between the Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords, which is described only as it would appear to a semi-civilized boy of fourteen, without the slightest condemnation or surprise,— either of which would be bad art,— and yet nothing more vivid can be imagined. That is the way that a story is best told, by telling it, and letting it go to the reader unaccompanied by sign-posts or directions how he shall understand it and profit by it. Life teaches its lessons by implication, not by didactic preaching; and literature is at its best when it is an imitation of life and not an excuse for instruction.

As to the humor of Mark Twain, it is scarcely necessary to speak. It lends vividness to every page. The little touch in "Tom Sawyer," page 105, where, after the murder of which Tom was an eye-witness, it seemed "that his school-mates would never get done holding inquests on dead cats and thus keeping the trouble present to his mind," and that in the account of the spidery six-armed girl of Emmeline's picture in "Huckleberry Finn," are in the author's happiest vein. Another admirable instance is to be seen in Huckleberry Finn's mixed feelings about rescuing Jim, the negro, from slavery. His perverted views regarding the unholiness of his actions are most instructive and

* Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (Tom Sawyer's Comrade). By Mark Twain. With one hundred and seventy-four illustrations. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1885.

amusing. It is possible to feel, however, that the fun in the long account of Tom Sawyer's artificial imitation of escapes from prison is somewhat forced; everywhere simplicity is a good rule, and while the account of the Southern *vendetta* is a masterpiece, the caricature of books of adventure leaves us cold. In one we have a bit of life; in the other Mark Twain is demolishing something that has no place in the book.

Yet the story is capital reading, and the reason of its great superiority to "Tom Sawyer" is that it is, for the most part, a consistent whole. If Mark Twain would follow his hero through manhood, he would condense a side of American life that, in a few years, will have to be delved out of newspapers, government reports, county histories, and misleading traditions by unsympathetic sociologists.

T. S. Perry.

Our National Defenses.

A SUGGESTION.

It has been generally assumed that we derive immunity from foreign attack, from:

First, our remoteness from any probable enemy;

Second, the habitually peaceful nature of our relations with other powers;

Third, our enormous resources, our acknowledged fertility of invention, and our huge population, leavened with the soldiers and traditions of the civil war.

Taking these in order, the first assumption is speedily disposed of.

We *were* distant from Europe half a century ago. To-day we are separated from it by a journey of a week; no longer time than would ordinarily be consumed by an army in marching from New York to Albany. In 1776 the citizens of the latter place could hardly have felt secure from attack because remote from the British force at New York. Why, then, the people of the country in general and the citizens of our commercial metropolis in particular should now rely upon a mere geographical bulwark is a mystery past finding out. They do not realize that the time spent in breaking off diplomatic relations and in reaching the actual declaration of war (which, by the way, usually *follows* hostilities) would be utilized in preparing a fleet of ocean greyhounds as transports that, under cover of iron-clads we are powerless to resist, could each land her regiment of men on any point of our feeble coast. They do not know that England, at least, has the transport fittings for scores of merchant steamers constantly on hand and that but a few days are needed to erect them on board. Nor do they know that every war office in Europe contains accurate plans of our harbors and alleged fortifications, complete statistics of our actual force and the number of troops, both regular and militia, which could be massed at any place in a given time, the extent and condition of our moribund floating defense, together with well-matured plans of an offensive campaign on our very soil.

Yet these gentlemen accumulate their millions, pay their taxes, and calmly look on while money that ought to be spent in insuring protection against a foe is deliberately thrown away.

To-day Spain and France reach across the Atlantic to bases of attack in Cuba and Martinique; Germany's colonial aspirations may make her a near neighbor; while England lies along our northern and lake frontier, and has threatening coigns of vantage at our very door, in Halifax, Bermuda, and Nassau.

Do our Western citizens appreciate the facts that Chili could with impunity pounce on San Francisco, that at Vancouver England is building the largest dock-yard on the continent, that by the Welland Canal she could turn a fleet of gun-boats loose on Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, or that we possess absolutely no navigable water-way between the ocean and the great lakes, upon which we are forbidden by treaty to keep more than one armed vessel?

It is idle to trust to the negative defense of distance; we are, to-day, dangerously near the coasts of Europe.

Our international relations have always been shaped with a view to peace. We have never sought a quarrel in the past, and I hope we shall never seek one in the future.

I am not sure, however, that it is not well, once in a while, to assert ourselves as standing on a right, because it *is* right, and as prepared to maintain it at any cost. Until human nature changes, the respect which the right would secure in the eyes of the world is and will be largely measured by the force with which it is backed.

A ship-owner, known to all the commercial world, tells me that he never sends his ships on a foreign cruise under the American flag. He tried the experiment faithfully for a time, but found that they were subjected to so many petty annoyances and trivial expenses at the hands of officials who care nothing for America's enormous strength at home (to them a vague tradition, not embodied in the tangible shape of an ever-ready war vessel), that, in despair, he was forced to secure them British colors and a British registry. Now they never fail to receive civility and attention, because it is known that any offense will be followed by an immediate demand for explanation, apology, or indemnity, the demand being supported by the presence of a British man-of-war.

Would this have been necessary in the days when the United States, unaided by European powers, resisted the exactions of the Barbary States, and suppressed the piracy which had levied toll on all Christendom?

Or would it have occurred in 1859, when the American flag was as common on the seas as it is now rare, and when our navy, though small in numbers, contained, class for class, the finest ships in the world?

Without discussing the merits of the case, let me ask whether Prince Bismarck would have ventured to intercept and return to the British House of Commons a resolution of sympathy addressed to the Reichstag?

Granted that our own behavior on a well-known occasion was in the highest degree dignified, it is humiliating to confess that no other course could have been open to us even had the chancellor's ill-breeding committed his country to a positive affront directed against the whole American people.

Those who give the subject thought cannot fail to recognize the influence which the Panama Canal, or any other water communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, must exert upon our international relations. If England, under the peace-loving rule of Mr. Gladstone, was forced to sacrifice life and treasure in preserving the integrity of the Suez Canal (for, after all said and done, there lies the gist of prolonged British intervention in Egypt), can the United

States hope to shirk the obligation of maintaining the neutrality of that part of her water-front which in the near future shall stretch across the great American Isthmus?

We are living in a fool's paradise. The rude awakening must come. Already we have been longer at peace than is our wont. It behooves us to make ready, so that if called upon to stand up for justice and right, we shall respond like men, and not hang our heads like cowards, buying a servile peace with hard dollars.

No, we cannot trust to the even tenor of our diplomatic relations to escape troubles, at least until the millennium comes.

It is taken for granted that in some mysterious, if not providential, manner we shall be able to raise and equip armies, forge guns, build forts, and launch iron-clads.

Let us not be deceived. Matters have changed since 1861.

Although more is exacted of him now than then, the foot-soldier is soon manufactured; the cavalryman less speedily; field artillery slowly, while cannon fit to defend our harbors cannot be made in very many months. There is hardly a power, European or South American, with which we might be embroiled, that could not send here one or more armored ships whose sides would shed our puny projectiles as easily as they would peas. Guns which they would have cause to dread take over a twelvemonth in building, while modern ships are years on the stocks.

To construct guns of to-day, vastly more is needed than an iron furnace and a casting-pit. Plant is demanded for the production of steel of suitable texture and, in adequate masses, hydraulic presses or heavy steam-hammers for shaping it (one of a hundred tons would be required for some pieces, and the whole country contains none heavier than seventeen tons), etc., etc.,— a host of appliances which simply *do not exist* on this side of the Atlantic.

Our fertility of resource is phenomenal, but we cannot construct formidable guns as pins and screws are made, nor can effective ships be built as gun-boats were built during the war of secession, in ninety days; yet upon guns, ashore in forts and afloat in armored ships, will the issue of the next conflict depend.

Thanks to the tremendous development of implements of war, the fate of a campaign is now decided almost at its outset. If to-day we neglect our duty to ourselves, we must expect to pay dearly when the day of reckoning comes. Money judiciously spent at present will be but a small premium to pay for security, and will save itself a thousand-fold.

I am not urging such colossal armaments as have crippled three European states financially. Ours is not a military bully among the nations. I only plead for the lock and bolt with which every man provides his house and the revolver with which he purposes defending his family and his household goods when the thief tries to break in.

It is unnecessary to bring proofs as to the condition of our defenses. Every one knows that our forts are obsolete in design and useless in the few cases where money has been forthcoming for their maintenance; that we have no proper guns ashore or afloat, no torpedo boats, and no ships. Surely a lower ebb is out of the question. Let us hope the tide will turn ere long.

In providing a remedy where everything is lacking, it is hard to say which want is most pressing. It would appear, however, as if the fortifications were in the least hopeful condition.

In this respect I speak with much diffidence, but my observation and reading impel me to believe that for ordinary sites properly designed earthworks afford ample protection.* If their walls are not less than from thirty to forty feet thick, stand fifty feet or more above the water's edge (the more the better), and have high parapet crests, then the ship may expend all the ammunition she can carry without much hope of destroying their defensive integrity. Of course in certain places, armored forts will be indispensable. Types of these are without end: casemates, turrets, cupolas, disappearing guns, etc., etc., a real embarrassment of riches.

The majority of our forts will, it may be assumed, be earthworks, and neither complex nor costly. But forts do not consist of mounds of earth alone. They must be armed with the best guns obtainable if they are to have the breath of life. And the best guns will involve a host of adequate appliances in the shape of approved gun-carriages, shot-lifts, loading machinery, etc., that must be seen to be realized. Here true economy lies in the direction of a wise liberality. As the manufacture of the largest guns (if made of American metal, a consummation devoutly to be wished for) could hardly begin within two years were the word given to-day, longer delay is simply suicidal.

Stationary torpedoes will be needed to keep an enemy from pushing by, but torpedoes are passive in their nature and limited in their range. By themselves they are valueless. They could not, for example, prevent a ship from approaching Coney Island and tossing her shell over into New York. Moreover, I doubt whether we have on hand enough cables and cases to control the channels past Sandy Hook alone.

If any one element of coast defense stands approved by more universal acceptance abroad than another without having been subjected to the crucial test of war, it is the fast torpedo boat. While not sharing personally the general belief that its attack is neither to be repelled nor avoided, I am strongly of opinion that herein the defense may find a very deadly and indispensable weapon. The Germans, who treat military subjects from a purely business stand-point, are creating a torpedo navy of one hundred and fifty boats for their short stretch of coast. And we — have absolutely nothing.

Given forts and torpedoes of the best kinds, they must be supplemented by mobile floating batteries, to act as scouts and skirmishers, undertaking hostile operations in conjunction with shore batteries, reënforcing a hardly pressed point, or covering the weak places between strong strategic centers; in other words, fortifications and ships, both in design and numbers, must be built with a view to effective coöperation.

The proper composition and disposition of our joint land and sea defenses form a question not yet solved — scarcely even thought of. Yet none is of more vital importance to-day. It cannot be decided by one man,

* The question has been discussed *à propos* of the bombardment of Alexandria in a public document accessible to all interested in the technical details.

for it extends beyond the range of a single mind. The naval officer is apt to exaggerate the weight of his branch of the profession of arms, while the soldier in turn looks upon his share in the task as paramount. The truth probably lies between these extremes. Each may, therefore, properly bring his quota of experience to the common fund of knowledge, but neither is fitted to act as the final judge, awarding to every element its due place and value.

Until the subject of our necessities is treated in a broad, catholic manner, and authoritatively revealed in all its shocking magnitude, public opinion must remain vague and ineffectual, through lack of a well-defined end in view. Therefore, besides the immediate establishment of the gun-factories recommended by the "Gun Foundry Board," I urge, as of pressing moment, the forming, under act of Congress, of a commission to inquire into our wants and to suggest the remedy. This commission should be composed of distinguished citizens and officers of the army and navy. To such a board the nation would look for guidance out of its perils, nor would it look in vain.

We may buy peace as butter and cheese are bought, or we may preserve it through being able and ready to fight for it. The choice lies with the people. They shall decide.*

C. F. Goodrich,
Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.

General Sam Houston: A Correction.

CERTAIN statements of mine concerning what is called the archives war in Texas, which appeared in an article entitled "General Sam Houston" (THE CENTURY for August, 1884), having been challenged, I desire as a matter of justice to myself, to THE CENTURY, and to those who took part in the so-called war, to make a correction.

I was forced to draw my material from various sources, and I find to my regret that I have allowed some errors to creep into my statements. I should have given my authority or else have sought to verify the newspaper story upon which some of them were founded.

The statement I desire to correct, being the only one to which my attention has been called, may be found on page 503 (August CENTURY), and refers to an attempt made by President Houston to remove the state archives from Austin, where they were in danger from the constant incursions of the Mexicans and Indians, to a place of safety in the temporary capital; also to a duel between a certain Colonel Morton and a scout called Deaf Smith. I gleaned the details of these events from a letter appearing in a leading New York paper purporting to have been written from Austin, Texas.

To be brief, no such man as Morton lived about Austin at that time, and no such duel took place. Deaf Smith had been dead at the date given for five years. The story is a fabrication of a well-known spinner of historical yarns of those days, Judge A. W. Arrington, of Texas. Early in March, 1842, General Vasquez at the head of twelve hundred Mexicans, sacked San Antonio. The citizens of Austin and the vicinity armed for resistance. The President, with the heads of departments, rode out of the place. The seat of government was removed from Austin to Houston, and afterward to Washington on the Brazos. Certain of the public records had been taken away, but a large portion still remained in Austin.

In a few weeks the citizens of Austin returned, and finding their town, which they looked upon as the legal capital, almost deserted, organized themselves into committees to see to it that no further removal of public records took place. During the unsettled and precarious condition of the country in the summer and fall of 1842, President Houston made several attempts to obtain the archives by persuasion, but failed. In December of the same year, after new perils from the Mexicans under General Wool, Houston sent Captain Thomas Smith (confounded with Deaf Smith in Arrington's story) and Captain Chandler to proceed to Austin and remove the papers of the Land Office. The attempt came very near proving successful; the archives were packed and loaded on wagons, ready for removal, before the citizens took in the situation and rallied in sufficient force to resist the measure. A small cannon was trained and fired upon the party at the Land Office, but Captain Smith, protected in the rear by the building, began his march toward Brushy Creek. The citizens followed, continually strengthened by accessions, and compelled the restoration of the archives. Captain Smith's posse, under plea of going to the creek to water their horses, quietly escaped, and the archives remained in Austin until annexation restored the whole government to that place. For a time bitter animosities existed, till annexation left them in the rear.

I am indebted to Judge Joseph Lee, of Austin, and Hon. John Henry Brown, of Dallas, actors in these events, for the account here presented, the facts having come to my knowledge since the August CENTURY was issued.

This correction is intended to be as frank as it is full.

Alexander Hynds.

DANDRIDGE, TENN., December 10, 1884.

* Since the above was written I have read a British War-office pamphlet on "The Protection of Heavy Guns for Coast Defense," issued by General Sir Andrew Clarke, Royal Engineers, Inspector General of Fortifications. In his preface Sir Andrew says:

"In my opinion it is undesirable in the highest interests of the country that questions of defense should be dealt with as the special prerogative of a handful of officers in a single office, and I strongly hold that the more minds are brought to bear upon them the better. It is, I consider, of special importance that naval and artillery officers should have an opportunity of hearing and expressing opinions upon matters relating to coast defense. These views cannot fail to act as a wholesome corrective to those of engineers. The opinions advanced in this paper may not, therefore, receive universal acceptance. They are merely put forward as suggestions open to discussion and criticism."

I hope, sincerely, that so laudable an example of the sinking of personal ambitions and class jealousies for the good of the country, may be followed on this side of the Atlantic, and be applied to the larger problem awaiting our solution.

AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION — EXTREMES MEET.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

WE have no account of anything older than the vices, and we have no account that a single one of them has ever been lost or mislaid.

THERE is perhaps one excuse for telling our sorrows: it makes others better satisfied with their own.

CONSERVATISM is a kind of half-way house between right and wrong, where people meet and talk, and settle nothing.

IMITATION is all that moderns can do, but it is possible for an imitation to surpass an original.

THE man who is first to give his opinion on any subject is equally ready to back out of it whenever it is questioned.

FEAR as often springs from knowledge as from ignorance.

VERY great talkers must lie more or less, for there isn't truth enough in existence to keep their tongues wagging.

IT doesn't require any genius or talent to abuse or insult a man; but it does to give him credit for what he is actually worth.

Uncle Esek.

Cameron's Herd.

ACROSS the prairie, thinking it is theirs,
The foolish sheep go wandering at will;
Or, shepherded by tempting grass that snares
Their idle fancy, stand content and still.

The herdsman with his collie lingers near:—
"The laird owns a' the bonnie brae; but, Flo,
I ken it's mair our ain, who a' the year
Bide here, whatever airt the wind may blow."

The while an unseen artist subtly caught
The tawny fields unspotted by a stone,
The wandering sheep, nay, even the herder's thought,
And made the fields, the sheep, the man, his own.

And she who saw the picture in the town
Thought for herself alone the gracious dower;—
The sheep were there, the prairie was so brown,
That she might charm away an idle hour.

But I who write have caught the lady, too—
Prisoned her in my verse; now all are mine!—
Dear reader, for whose patient ear I sue,
Read but my verse, and all of these are thine.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

To Spring.

THOU fairy-footed Spring,
Lead on the brown-eyed Houris in bright array,
While elfin hands thy floral tributes bring;
For now I hear, like music far away,
Thy tuneful herald on the pendent spray,
With idly folded wing.

Now maidens in their teens
And youths that love to dream on flowering banks,
With fancies caught from pleasing rural scenes,
Will swell the horde of versifying cranks
And reap rich harvests of returning "thanks"
From standard magazines.

J. A. Macon.

A Sea Song.

THE ship swings slowly up and down,
No ripple stirs the sea,
The hardy sailor, tall and brown,
Is whistling wistfully,
E-e E-e E-e E-e!
He whistles shrill,
He whistles high,
But the lazy wind does not reply.

With faces turned to wind'ard then
The sailors stand in row,
In tuneful concert all the men
Pipe for the wind to blow,
O-o O-o O-o O-o!
They whistle shrill,
They whistle high,
But the lazy wind does not reply.

Now if my sailor, by this sign,
Should softly, sweetly say,
"Oh, pretty lassie, Susan mine,
I pray you come this way,
A-a A-a A-a A-a!"
He'd whistle clear,
He'd whistle low,
And swifter than the winds I'd go.

Stanley Wood.

In the German.

SHE stood upon the polished floor,
Amid the ball-room's blazing light,
And slowly scann'd the circle o'er,
That form'd the dance that night.

(The waltz they play'd was "Woman's Love.")
She stood and stroked her long white glove.

The creamy silk her form caress'd,
A bunch of plumes hung o'er her heart,
Her bosom by soft lace was press'd,
Her rich red lips apart.

(The German was the dance that night.)
One high-heel'd shoe was just in sight.

She held a favor in her hand—
A dainty, perfumed, painted thing,
A tiny heart—yet he would stand,
Who won that prize, a king.

(The waltz they play'd was, "Woman's Love.")
How fast my throbbing pulse did move!

Men watch'd her there with eager eyes,
Upon her curls the light did shine;
Then with a look of sweet surprise
Her great gray eyes met mine.

(The German was the dance that night.)
She smiled—her smile was wondrous bright.

She waved her fan coquettishly,
And half inclined her well-poised head,
As in a tone part coy, part shy,
"Here, take my heart," she said.

(The waltz they play'd was "Woman's Love.")
Her hand in mine lay like a dove.

I felt love in my pulses start—
She was my own for that brief space;
Her heart was beating 'gainst my heart,
Her breath play'd o'er my face.

(The German was the dance that night.)
The dawn broke slowly into light.

Has she who gave forgotten quite?
I wear that heart my own above.
(The German was the dance that night;
The waltz they play'd was "Woman's Love.")

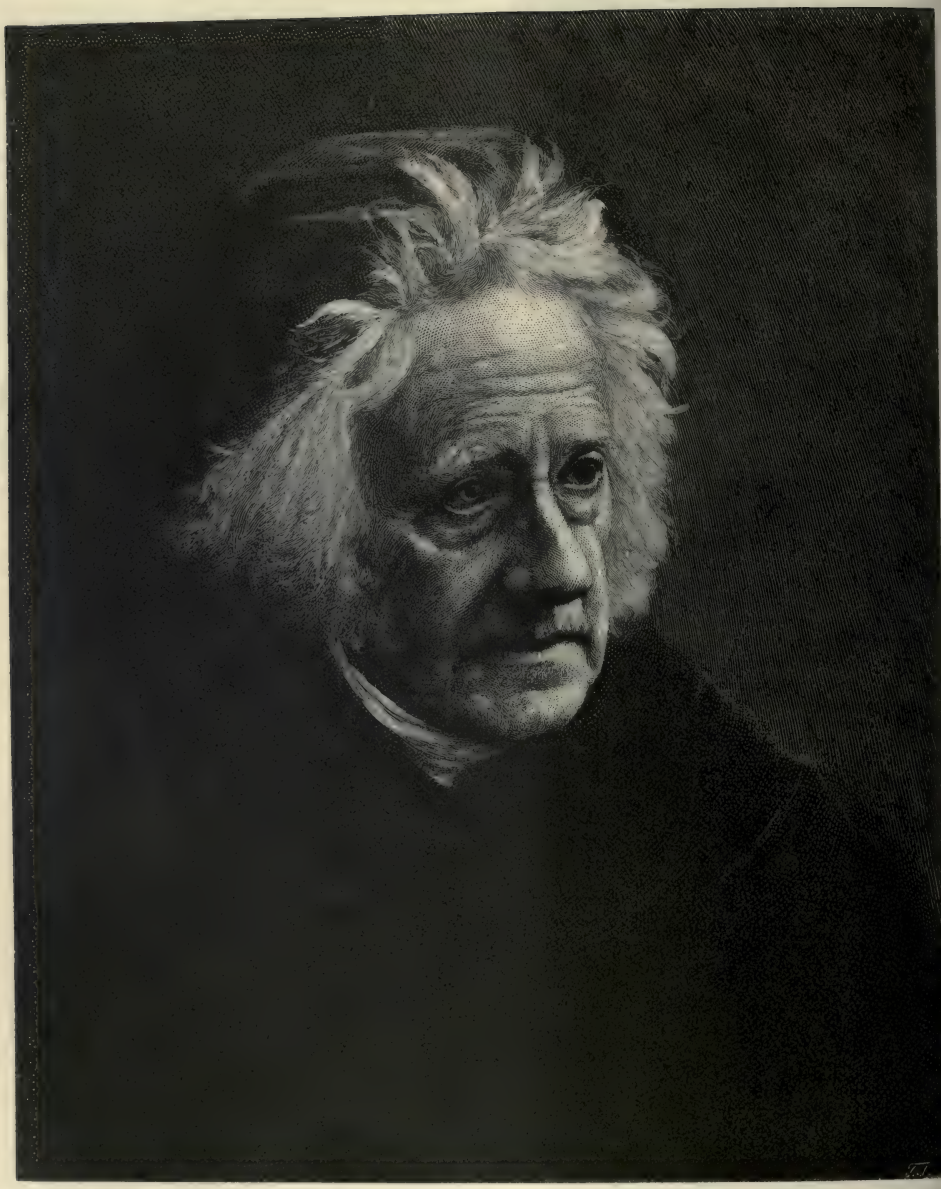
Chas. W. Coleman, Jr.

Unspoken.

THERE are rich springs underground,
Flowing still, yet never free;
And we never hear their sound,
Nor their waters ever see.

There are thoughts deep in my heart,
Longing for a living tongue;
Yet their secrets ne'er depart,
Never spoken, never sung.

George Birdseye.



SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

[ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. CAMERON.]

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX. JUNE, 1885. No. 2.

THE THREE HERSCHELS.

THERE is scarcely a name more familiar to English ears than the German name of Herschel. From 1781, when "Mr. William Herschel, organist of the Octagon Chapel at Bath," announced the discovery of the new planet Uranus, down to 1871, when Sir John died full of years and honors, this was easily the foremost name in English science. How familiar and authoritative the name of Herschel has been, we may easily see from a trifling sign. In 1836 our news from Europe was brought in fast sailing-vessels from England. This was the opportune time chosen by Mr. R. A. Locke to write his ingenious and popular "Moon Hoax," which described the wonderful discovery of inhabitants in the moon, with all the particularities of their life. It was necessary to fasten some famous name to this discovery, and there could be no hesitation in the choice of such a name. Speaking from recollection (for copies of it are now rare), I believe that only two names occur in this once celebrated "Hoax": that of the astronomer, Sir John Herschel, who was reputed to have made the discoveries, and that of Lieutenant Drummond, whose newly discovered lime-light was utilized to increase the light of the moon sufficiently to enable extraordinary magnifying powers to be used!

The first half of the "Hoax" was published, and the arrival of the next packet was awaited with breathless anxiety, that the marvelous discoveries might be confirmed. In due time a second part was furnished with still more startling details, and the name of Herschel carried conviction everywhere. This trivial illustration serves to emphasize the main fact, that, during the ninety years just past, every intelligent person in England and America, and the most intelligent persons in Europe, knew that a Herschel — some Herschel — was doing something likely to be of immense interest and importance to all, and certain to be of value in the special science of astronomy. Exactly what that something might be was not so well known, but the faith in its existence never failed.

Caroline Herschel herself had this feeling. She writes to her nephew in 1829: "I fear you must often be exposed to great dangers by creeping about in holes and corners among craters of volcanoes, but you know best, and I hope you found something."

In recalling this almost universal sense that the Herschels were perpetually doing something, we are reminded how very little we know, and how very little the three generations concerned have known, of what these Herschels were *being* all the while. Their works were widely and popularly known; their lives, their characters, their personalities were known only to their own friends and companions.

The "Memoir" of Caroline Herschel (1876) has given a charming insight into Sir William's life and her own; but this is only a glimpse at best. It is for this reason that the beautiful portraits in this number of THE CENTURY are of such interest.

Here we have the men themselves, with the results of a whole life and character imprinted on their faces; and here too is Caroline, the faithful assistant and helper of her brother during all his years of "minding the heavens," and his ardent admirer for the eighty years of her long life.

If we wish to know what manner of man the burgomaster or the goldsmith of the seventeenth century was, what readier way than to study the portraits by Rembrandt and De Vos? Or how could we picture a Spanish lawyer of that time more fully than through the wonderful portrait by Moroni in the

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National Gallery at London? In the same way these pictures of the three Herschels represent three wonderful lives. The most that need be done here is to endeavor to exhibit their true setting and background.

William Herschel deserted from the band of the King's Guard at Hanover and fled to England in 1757. He was then nineteen years old. All his equipment was some "good linen and clothing," a knowledge of French, English, and Latin, skill in playing the oboe, the organ, and the violin, and "an uncommon precipitancy" in doing what there was to be done. He had no friends of any note, and we hardly know how his life was passed for the three years to 1760. At this time he made his first step onward, and in 1765 he had become organist at Halifax, and a year later organist of the Octagon Chapel at fashionable Bath. He was conductor of the theater orchestra also, and in the intervals between the acts he made a complete "review of the heavens," examining "all the stars of Harris's maps and the telescopic ones near them as far as the eighth magnitude." This review, and all his subsequent work, were done with telescopes made by his own hands.

Just at this time he was the busiest man in England. He had sent for his brother Alexander (a musician of ability) and for his sister Caroline from their home in Hanover. The oratorios of the Messiah, Judas Maccabæus, and Samson were given under Herschel's direction, with an orchestra of nearly one hundred pieces. His sister Caroline was the leading soloist; Alexander was a 'cellist. He was giving music lessons at every hour of the day to fashionable pupils, and he was making his telescopes, his eye-pieces, his apparatus, "not taking his hands from it for sixteen hours together," his sister being obliged, "by way of keeping him alive, to feed him by putting the victuals by bits into his mouth" while he was at work. This was for the daylight hours. At night, "between the acts of the theater" and long into the morning, he was employing his own telescopes in seeing "for himself" every one of the objects his maps and books portrayed. As he says, "My situation permitted me not to consult large libraries; nor indeed was it very material, for as I intended to view the heavens myself, Nature, that great volume, appeared to me to contain the best catalogue."

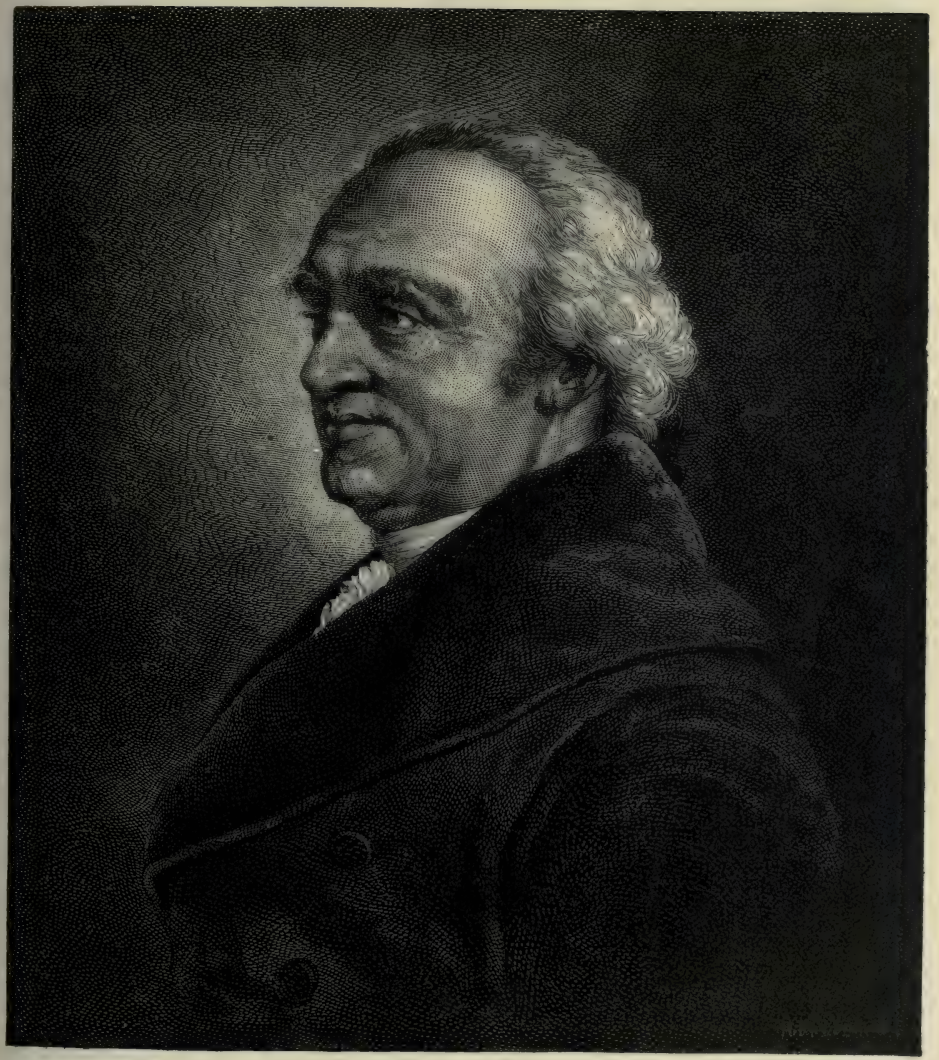
These exhausting labors could not have lasted long. They were too wasteful of his physical vigor. But when he was forty-three years old, in 1781, he had the great good fortune to discover a new planet. This was the most startling discovery since Galileo's telescope had shown that "Venus, the Mother of Love, emulated the phases of Cynthia," or that the sun was no longer to be considered as pure fire and immaculate.

Herschel became at one bound the best known man in Europe. The King made him royal astronomer. He had the medals of the learned societies. Oxford made him Doctor of Laws. Best of all, his discovery purchased his freedom to work in his own way. I never see the planet Uranus without remembering that it gave forty years of Herschel's life to the world, and furnished the opportunity to two of the greatest minds of our own generation. A consideration of its perturbations led Adams and Le Verrier to the discovery of Neptune.

The portrait of the Herschel of this period hangs in the British National Gallery. A copy of it is prefixed to Caroline Herschel's "Memoirs." The face is eager, ardent, intense; it has that "earnestness to explain" which was characteristic. But it is the face of Herschel the observer, the discoverer, not of Herschel the philosopher and the sage. This early portrait belongs to his friends, to his contemporaries, to those who have some personal relation with him. For us, to whom the first half of his life was nothing but a preparation, and to whom the discovery of Uranus appears little more than an opportunity achieved, the portrait given here is our ideal Herschel.

What did he do for the world in the last half of his long life? It is almost impossible to answer this without seeming to fall into exaggeration. Almost every notion of astronomy that is popularly held comes either from Herschel or from his great predecessors, Ptolemy and Galileo. The mere observing activity of his life was amazing. Double stars, planets, satellites, nebulæ, the moon, the sun —all of these he observed with an assiduity that shames us, his successors. But it is not as a mere observer that we must regard him. Up to his time the sky as a whole had never been examined. Special parts, special stars, had alone been studied. He formed the plan of examining its every part. In the course of his "sweeps," new objects in profusion were found. But the main end was not to discover these; it was to unfold the laws of their distribution, of their connection with each other; to find out, in Herschel's favorite phrase, "the construction of the heavens."

It is usually impossible to condense philosophical writing, so as to present at once the argument and the results in a few pregnant words. There are two cases in Herschel's writings in which this is practicable, and they relate to the most far-reaching questions and to the grandest results. The first below gives us an instantaneous view of Nature. It is the progress of evolution halted



WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

[ENGRAVED BY HENRY VELTEN AFTER A DRAWING BY H. GREVEDON.]

for a moment by a master's hand so that the world may gaze at it:

"Not only were *round* nebulæ and clusters formed by central powers, but likewise every cluster of stars or nebula that shows a gradual condensation, or increasing brightness towards a center.

"This theory of central power is fully established on grounds of observation which cannot be overturned.

"Clusters can be found of 10′ diameter with a certain degree of compression and stars of a certain magnitude, and smaller clusters of 4′, 3′, 2′ diameter, with smaller stars and greater compression, and so on through resolvable nebulæ by imperceptible steps, to the smallest and faintest and most distant nebulæ.

"Other clusters there are, which lead to the belief that either they are more compressed or are composed of larger stars. Spherical clusters are probably not more different in size among themselves than different individuals of plants of the same species. As it has been shown that the spherical figure of a cluster of stars is owing to central powers, it follows that those clusters which, *cæteris paribus*, are the most complete in this figure, must have been the longest exposed to the action of these causes.

"The maturity of a sidereal system may thus be judged from the disposition of the component parts. Planetary nebulæ may be looked on as very aged.

"This method of viewing the heavens seems to throw them into a new kind of light. They are now seen to resemble a luxuriant garden which contains the greatest variety of productions in different flourishing beds; and one advantage we may at least reap from it is that we can, as it were, extend the range of our experience to an immense duration. For is it not almost the same thing whether we live successively to witness the germination, blooming, foliage, fecundity, fading, withering, and corruption of a plant, or whether a vast number of specimens, selected from every stage through which the plant passes in the course of its existence, be brought at once to our view?"

The second instance, which follows, tells us the ultimate destiny of the Milky Way — of the Galaxy in which our sun is but one unimportant star, and in which the solar system is as nothing:

"Since the stars of the Milky Way are permanently exposed to the action of a power whereby they are irresistibly drawn into groups, we may be certain that from mere clustering stars they will be gradually compressed through successive stages of accumulation till they come up to what may be called the ripening period of the globular form, and total insulation; from which it is evident that the Milky Way must be finally broken up and cease to be a stratum of scattered stars.

"The state into which the incessant action of the clustering power has brought it at present, is a kind of chronometer that may be used to measure the time of its past and future existence; and although we do not know the rate of going of this mysterious chronometer, it is nevertheless certain that since the breaking up of the Milky Way affords a proof that it cannot last forever, it equally bears witness that its past duration cannot be admitted to be infinite."

There is a majesty in these sentences which is close to the limit of human powers.

"—— To him the fates were known
Of orbs dim hovering on the skirts of space."

The simple story of his sister's life is as noble in its way as the more exalted history of his own. He was her favorite brother in the little household at Hanover. When he had become the successful son of the family in England, she was sent for to sing in oratorios, to aid in grinding the mirrors for his telescopes, to record his observations at night, to reduce them into order the next day. "I became in time," she writes, "as useful a member of the workshop as a boy might be to his master during the first year of his apprenticeship. As I was to take part in the oratorios, I had for a whole twelvemonth two lessons per week from Miss Fleming, the celebrated dancing-mistress, to drill me for a gentlewoman (God knows how she succeeded)."

She calls herself and thinks of herself as "a mere tool which my brother had the trouble of sharpening." There was a true temper to the tool. She acquired the necessary knowledge to perform what simple calculations were necessary, and during his whole lifetime kept his multitude of observations in perfect order. She learned the details of observing with such success, that she independently discovered eight comets. As an assistant to him she rendered her highest service. Her devotion was spaniel-like. I cannot find that of herself she had any inclination to astronomy. Certainly, her work was distasteful to her at first. But her devotion to her brother and his interests was simply boundless and unquestioning — even unreflecting. This devotion appears to have been accompanied by a kind of feline jealousy, which was one of the sources of her misery. At Sir William's death she transferred her allegiance to his son. Everything that was done by the object of her love was perfect, and every other action was a possible attack. Her own life lasted more than a quarter of a century after her brother's death. Her only interest was in receiving the "Astronomische Nachrichten" and in recalling the incidents of her real life which ended with his activity. She was honored by various scientific societies in various ways. Each tribute was received with true humility, and gave her no real pride, but much real satisfaction. She lived for years in the radiance of genius. She shared its labors and its privileges. She became jealous for all its rights, and could not conceive of any improvements in its methods. The reflecting telescopes of Lord Rosse never were the same as "the forty-foot," her brother's masterpiece. Her individuality was strong and obstinate. Wherever her brother was concerned she abolished self, and replaced her nature with his. All this needs to be said and

seen. Her devotion was not primarily to science, but to an individual. Even the successes which she gained she regarded as a tribute to her brother, not as the reward of her own efforts.

The beauty of her character was not in the least intellectual, though she was possessed of a natural sprightliness and wit. In the appreciative introduction to her "Memoirs" her character is exactly described:

"Great men and great causes have always some helper of whom the outside world knows but little. These helpers and sustainers have the same quality in common — absolute devotion and unwavering faith in the individual or the cause. Seeking nothing for themselves, thinking nothing of themselves, they have all an intense power of sympathy, a noble love of giving themselves for the service of others. Of this noble company of unknown helpers Caroline Herschel was one."

Her devotion was to an individual, and she gave her entire effort and her entire sympathy, and such inspiration as entire sympathy may give. Her face expresses this exactly; here is no Dorothy Wordsworth, but a patient, persistent, faithful soul, which will give up its life for an ideal which is not even fully conceived, but which is held with entire tenacity during every moment of a long life. In another world her first training might be the development of an individuality to which she allowed no scope in this.

In 1792 John Herschel, the only child of the philosopher, was born. There is an amazing difference between the conditions of his early life and that of his father. The contrast is complete. For penury he had luxury; for obscurity, celebrity. He was trained in the midst of the famous telescopes of the most famous observatory of the world. His father and his aunt were still engaged in observations, though the period of greatest activity was past. The whole atmosphere of the household was filled with high philosophy.

From his home he went to Eton, and thence to Cambridge, where he was graduated with the highest honor. He was the senior wrangler of his year, and his first published work was in the direction of pure mathematics. At Cambridge he formed lasting friendships with the men who were to be the intellectual heads of England. His ability, his charming disposition, and his name made him friends everywhere. His first inclination was to the law, but it was not long before science claimed all his energies. He was a highly skillful chemist, and his early tastes were certainly in the direction of chemistry, or at least of chemical physics. It was filial feeling, he himself declares, that led him to astronomy. His admirable training in mathematics, and the unparalleled advantages which the possession of his father's telescopes and methods gave him, soon led him to genuine successes in his inherited profession, and there is no sign of any flagging interest in astronomy in all his subsequent life. The multitude of his observations, their great importance, and the zeal with which they were prosecuted, constitute him one of the most distinguished observers of the century. Before 1833 he had reëxamined most of his father's discoveries and made many of his own. Between 1833 and 1838 he labored at the Cape of Good Hope, where he investigated the southern sky in the same manner. He accomplished the magnificent task of examining the whole sky, from pole to pole, in a uniform way. Our accurate knowledge of the southern sky dates from his work, in the same way that our knowledge of the structure of the northern heavens dates from his father's labors.

The construction of the whole heavens can thus be studied from observations made with a single telescope and by a single observer. All our opinions as to the constitution of the stellar system are grounded in the conceptions of the elder Herschel and best known through the masterly extension and exposition of them by his son.

It is no small virtue to have furnished the basis for the thoughts of the whole intelligent world. This, Sir John Herschel has done in more than one direction. His "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy" and his "Outlines of Astronomy" will always remain as classic expositions of our certain knowledge and as eloquent suggestions for future progress. The chemical principles on which photography rests are his discovery, and it was undoubtedly only his intense occupation in other directions that prevented his anticipating the invention of Daguerre by many years. His public usefulness was very great. As a member of the Royal Society, as one of the founders of the Royal Astronomical Society, as a member of nearly every scientific society in the world, his authority was to England what Humboldt's authority was to Germany. It was always used in the wisest and most temperate way, with patience and moderation and high purpose. By inheritance, by education, and by the effect of his own scientific career, he was forcibly led to take wide and philosophical views. Add to this that he was possessed of poetic and literary abilities of a high order, and there may be a sufficient explanation for the gentleness, the elevation, the strength of his life, which was the ideal life of the man of science — the philosopher. Every opportunity of life was open to him, and of each one he made a full and a wise use. The portrait which accompanies

CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL.

[ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. WILLIAMS, FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.]

this paper seems to show him in the possession of these gifts and full of the elevation which comes from an undisturbed dwelling amidst high thoughts.

The Royal Society of London had no more glorious name than that of Herschel for nearly a hundred years, and to-day two of his sons are counted among its honored members. The Royal Astronomical Society was, as has been said, founded largely through his efforts. His father was its first president; he himself was its first secretary. It is impossible that the venerable Sir William should not have been impressed with the strange and wonderful change which had brought him to occupy that chair, and had given him a son as coadjutor who was worthy to succeed to his honors.

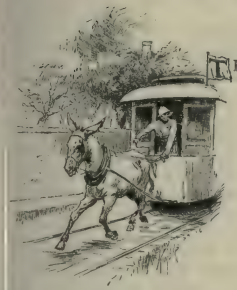
There is no private history which better illustrates the progress which the world has made in flexibility — in prompt acceptance of accomplished facts. We have learned what is useful to us, and we have learned the great lesson of accepting these gifts wherever and whenever we find them, and of giving honor and opportunity to our greatest men. There is an opposite to this virtue, however. We forget too quickly and too lightly. Would it be believed that the Royal Society of London has no portrait of Sir William Herschel, who, next to Newton, was its greatest astronomer? Or, that there is now no way of studying his magnificent memoirs, except by consulting the thirty-nine quarto volumes of the Philosophical Transactions in which they are scattered?

The world at large has accepted the results of all these labors, and does not concern itself with the details. The ideas of the two Herschels have gone into the great common stock of knowledge, along with those of Ptolemy, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Kant, Laplace. Their names are immortal in the surest way, for their beliefs are held by millions of their fellow-men.

Edward S. Holden,

IN AND OUT OF THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

(SECOND PAPER.)



THE common way of going from the city to the Exposition is the one-mule car. There were plans for steam transit at first, and something may come of them before the fair closes; but the only charter granted fell into the hands of some speculative persons, who had no money to build a road themselves and demanded fifty thousand dollars for their privilege. As I wrote in February, the fair-time being already one-third gone, the only alternative to mule transit is the steamboats on the river, which are too far away for most visitors to make use of. The mule-car is not a bad conveyance, however. True, the track is rough and the seats are hard, but the little animal clatters along at a lively pace over the plank roadway in the middle of the street, pulling his load with ease, for the ground is so level that the water in the deep ditches seems in doubt which way to run, and usually ends by standing still and hiding itself under a covering of green slime. In a few minutes the car gets beyond the business district, and thence on to the Exposition gates it runs through green and fragrant suburbs, where the date-palm, the magnolia, and the orange shade delicious little inclosures, half garden and half lawn, which look as if their beauty was quite unpremeditated, and came from nature's own generous moods. Handsome mansions, with pillared fronts, alternate with pretty one-story cottages, and a little farther out are the red and green houses of the negroes with their projecting hood-like roofs. There is no crowding of population into tenement houses in New Orleans. The poorest laborer that rolls cotton-bales on the levee can afford a three-room cottage for his family, where there is plenty of light, air, and shade. In hut and mansion life goes on with open doors all the year round, and even in December and January, when fires are kept up, the children play on the thresholds, and you get glimpses of the interiors as the car jogs past. The winter in New Orleans does not seem to be the death of the year, but only a brief sleep filled with dreams of the summer's luxuriance of leaf and blossom. Most of the trees, such as the live-oaks, the water-oaks, the oranges, and the magnolias, do not shed their foliage, and the roses seem not to know when to leave off blooming. I found the rainy season in January, of which there was so much complaint in newspaper correspondence, not altogether disagreeable. The frequent warm showers, and the spring-like feeling in the air, made the weather seem like an English May.

In the street-cars there is less reserve than in such vehicles in Northern cities. Strangers open conversation with you from mere expansiveness and friendliness of feeling. There is a deal of chatting about the city,

the weather, and the fair. Children are noticed and petted, and babies create a general sensation. In every other car smoking is permitted. If ladies get into the smoking-cars, which are plainly distinguished from the others, they are expected to make the best of the situation and not glare at the men for finishing their cigars. Sometimes there are outspoken protests against this custom. A party of ladies entered a car one day in which a Creole gentleman sat in placid enjoyment of his cigar and his morning paper. The windows were shut and the air was thick. The ladies began to make half-whispered remarks about the "horrid air." Then something was said about "no gentleman smoking in the presence of ladies where they came from." Still the smoker was obdurate. He puffed away with increased vigor. He had a right to smoke, and he evidently did not intend to be intimidated. Various sarcastic comments were made with less and less pretense of undertone, until the attention of all the passengers was attracted to the struggle. Finally, one of the women said, "Let's offer him five cents for his cigar." "Of course he'll take it," said another; "he could buy two of the sort he's smoking." This shot finished the poor Creole. He threw his cigar out of the window, scowled at his tormentors, but was too polite to make any retort.

The steamboat route to the Exposition starts from the head of Canal street. It's very odd, this going up hill to get to the water side of the city, and finding all the open drains flowing from the river instead of toward it. During the sail, which lasts nearly an hour, you pass along the greater part of the river frontage of the city and get a strong impression of the extent and variety of its commercial activity. There are dozens of cotton-steamers, flying English, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Italian flags, steamers from Mexico, Cuba, and South America, fruit-schooners with fragrant cargoes from the lagoons of Yucatan and Honduras, black brigs laden with logwood and mahogany, and all sorts of queer, nondescript sail-craft from bays and bayous bringing fish and oysters, sugar and rice. The river steamboats do not make as great a show at the levees as they did years ago, the new railroad running parallel to the Mississippi and Red rivers, or crossing the Atchafalaya and the many navigable bayous that help carry to the gulf the abundant waters of those great streams, having seriously impaired the river trade of late. There is an amusing irregularity in the movements of the Exposition boats. If they have a time-table, they pay no attention to it. The gang-plank is not hauled in as long as a possible passenger is in sight on shore. Two boats will lie for an hour at the wharf, keeping up a terrific din with bells and whistles as if just about to pull out. Each has its runners ashore soliciting passengers, the rival captains standing by the gang-planks and shouting, "First boat for the city — Start in one minute.— Give her another toot, Jim.— Stand by, there, to cast off that line.— This way, gentlemen — go half an hour before that other boat." Meanwhile, the passengers who have come aboard at the advertised time of leaving do not grumble. It's the custom of the country. Nobody is in a hurry; nobody cares to be on time. Even the restless, impatient Northerner soon falls in with the ways of the natives, and finds it delightful to enter into the easy-going spirit of this lazy land, "wherein it seemeth always afternoon."

ON DIXIE'S LINE.

CONDITION OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE city of New Orleans was in need of the invigorating influences of the Exposition. Its trade has been at a standstill of late. The Eads jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi and the building of new railroads

gave it a fresh impetus a few years ago; but these new forces seem to have culminated. The place is not decaying, but it is not advancing. I noted but two conspicuous new buildings that have been erected in the business quarter since my last visit, six years ago. The receipts of cotton have not averaged as many bales during the past five years as in the five years preceding the war. The heaviest receipts in the history of the city were in the crop year 1859–60 — 2,139,425 bales. The receipts for 1883–84 were only 1,529,188 bales. Besides, the profit arising from handling the staple is much less than formerly, owing to the establishment of steam-presses at various points in the interior which compress the bales ready for shipment to Europe, so that there is nothing for New Orleans to do with them but transfer them directly to the ocean vessels from the cars and steamboats. The sugar crop of Louisiana was 221,515 hogsheads in 1883, and was 449,324 hogsheads as long ago as 1853. The grain movement to Europe by way of New Orleans is not increasing, notwithstanding the enormous expansion in recent years of the Western wheat crop. The gains achieved for the general business of the city appear to have come from the building of railroads and the consequent bringing of the surrounding country within easy reach of its trade. The important new roads — all built with Northern capital and managed by Northern men — are two lines to Texas, connecting with the Southern Pacific system, a line north-eastwardly into Alabama, forming a part of one of the through Northern routes of travel, and a line following the general course of the Mississippi to Memphis. In 1880 the census showed 216,000 people in New Orleans, a gain of only 13,000 in a decade. The present population is probably 225,000, not including the people brought here by the Exposition. These figures do not, however, convey a correct idea of the importance of the city as a center of commerce, for the reason that it is commerce alone that makes New Orleans, the multitude of manufacturing industries which would be found in a Northern city of any considerable size being almost wholly absent. Besides, New Orleans is great by comparison. In all the South-western and Gulf States, the next largest city had only 43,000 inhabitants in 1880. That was Nashville, Tennessee. The gap between 216,000 and 43,000 is a wide one. After Nashville came Memphis with 33,500, Mobile with 29,000, and Galveston with 22,000. The prominence of New Orleans is explained by the fact that it is from five to ten times as large as the other principal cities within the circuit of its trade relations.

"THE SMOKER WAS OBDURATE."

There is much complaint of the badness of the city government and the lethargy of the business men. At a *café chantant* one night I heard a popular song criticising the mayor, the aldermen, and the merchants, because of dull times, diverted trade, and unemployed labor, and the refrain to each verse was:

"Stick a pin in them and see if they're alive."

The Exposition sprang from the conviction that the future growth of New Orleans depends on securing a larger share of the trade of Latin America. The idea back of it is that the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea and the islands of the Antilles should exchange their products here for the manufactures of the North. If this idea bears important fruit, it must be through the accession of fresh Northern blood and capital to the business circles of the Crescent City. This is what it is hoped the Exposition will accomplish, by bringing Northern enterprise here to see the opportunities open to the southward for commercial activity. New blood is needed, because the old stock becomes lethargic through the enervating climatic influences. Rarely does the successful merchant who comes as a young man from the cooler latitudes leave a son who inherits the father's energy. One generation is enough to change character.

A STEVEDORE.

The long, hot, moist summers of the Louisiana lowlands are fatal to vigor. A city that lies below the level of the river which washes its wharves and only a few feet above the poisonous swamps surrounding it, and which has six sweltering summer months, must always continue to draw upon the North for new men to carry on its larger business activities.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her zealous assistants have made of this department a pleasing and successful feature of the Exposition, in spite of a grievous want of funds growing out of the miscalculations of the general management, which obliged them to resort to benefit concerts and lectures to raise money to pay expenses. Their row of State alcoves in one of the galleries of the Government Building look like a series of sumptuous parlors, profusely decorated with pictures and embroideries. It is pleasant to retreat to one of these nooks from the masculine spaces of the fair, with their aggressive claims upon the attention, and to find one's self surrounded with only feminine influences. No great intellectual effort or physical exertion is needed to see and appreciate the delicate needlework, the decorated porcelain, or the bright crazy-quilts, or the attempts at painting and sculpture here displayed. In fact, the mind is rather benumbed at the view of the patient labor expended to produce pretty effects, as, for instance, the flowered quilt from Louisiana, made of a mosaic of 100,584 pieces of silk. Another quilt from Minnesota is covered with the autographs of the celebrities of all nations, and is said to be the result of ten years' effort. The thought of sleeping under the weight of all those congregated great names is appalling.

Woman's work is shown in more practical fields by the Philadelphia silk-culture exhibit, by scientific analyses of food adulterations; and there are also a library of books by women, some botanical collections, and a few patented inventions. Some of the States have not seen fit to join the department in the gallery, preferring to show their women's exhibits in their State sections on the floor. Among these is Ohio, whose painted pottery and carved wood-work from Cincinnati touch, perhaps, the highest range of feminine achievements in art to be seen at the fair.

The impression a critical observer takes away from the Woman's Department, besides the pleasing one of its soft and pretty decorative effects, is that it is wholly and of necessity inadequate to present a view of the attainments of women in the industries and arts, and their share in carrying forward the world's civilization. Woman's work is so entangled with that of man in a thousand lines of effort, that it cannot be separated, ticketed with a feminine label, and put on exhibition. To realize what women are doing in this country, we must look at the census schedules of the occupations they engage in, and the number employed in each. An enormous amount of the labor, skill, and taste employed to carry on the processes of our modern life comes from women's hands and brains. These handsomely adorned alcoves, each with its State name, which occupy the gallery of the Woman's Department with their treasures of needle-work, and ornamented pottery, and ambitious little pictures, show woman's play rather than woman's work. They are very admirable in their way, and I would not in the least disparage them; but let us not for a moment suppose that they adequately typify woman's achievements. Nine-tenths of the educational exhibit is in reality woman's work, and a majority of the fabrics and wares which fill the Main Building have probably received some touch in making or decoration from her hand. If it were possible to present a picture of what woman does to-day in America, in the multiform lines of human effort, and to contrast it with a view of her limited field half a century ago, when closely confined to household duties, none of the revolutions of modern times which have set the world forward would appear so significant and so far-reaching.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE MEXICAN BAND.

THE MEXICAN EXHIBITS.

AMONG foreign nations Mexico has taken the most active interest in the New Orleans World's Fair. Her government has formed an admirable exhibit, which presents a faithful epitome of her natural resources and her industrial life. The aim has not been to display a few articles of exceptional merit, but to show the whole range of useful products and native manufactures. One is surprised at the number of things the Mexicans make, and make well. Their cotton fabrics are good, and of tasteful patterns; their woolens are

well woven; their leather-work, especially in saddlery, is wonderfully fine; their pottery is quaintly original; they prepare a multitude of food products and wines. Many articles show ingenuity and a great deal of patient labor. The little painted clay statuettes made by Indians, and representing phases of Mexican life,— the beggar, the fruit-seller, the priest, the country gentleman, the fisherman, etc.,— and the bird-pictures made from the feathers of the birds they represent, show the genius of close imitation, of patient handicraft, and to some extent of original conception, and seem to indicate an aptitude in the people for the higher kinds of manufacturing industry, which could be much developed by training. After spending an hour in the Mexican courts one marvels that a people who can produce all these things should make so small a figure in the sum-total of the world's civilizing forces.

CACTUS FROM MEXICO.

In the Horticultural Hall Mexico makes a remarkable display of the different species of the cactus plant. This odd freak of the vegetable kingdom assumes no end of fantastic shapes. There are cacti like enormous pincushions, as big as barrels; cacti like giants' clubs, standing thirty feet high; cacti with thorns a finger long; cacti covered with delicate gray hairs; cacti with beautiful tubular pink blossoms; cacti with big roses growing among their spikes; cacti with red, apple-shaped fruit; cacti in pods, in bulbs, in branching candelabra. This cactus show is alone worth a visit to the Exposition. After seeing it one understands why the Mexican infantry soldiers wear high-topped boots. I have spoken before of the Moorish Building erected for the display of Mexican mining products, and of the barracks for the Mexican soldiers and the military band. The band has enlivened the fair through all its stages, furnishing music on every ceremonial occasion with never-failing courtesy and good-nature, and with a cosmopolitan impartiality, playing Dixie or Hail Columbia, Gounod, or Rossini, or Mozart, or Strauss with equal good-will, or singing the songs of love and patriotism of their own country. To these swarthy musicians, sixty of them I think in all, and representing most of the types of Mexico's much mixed races, the Exposition is greatly indebted.

LOUISIANA AGRICULTURE.

NEAR the great tower of green sugar-canes which serves as a beacon to guide the visitor through the mazes of the Government Building to the Louisiana section, and beneath the rice-thatched pavilion, is a placard with the following legend: "Louisiana wants more men and women of brains, energy, and capital. Her lands are the most productive and the cheapest of all the Southern States." Close at hand, on one of the white pillars which show the sources whence the United States draws its supplies of sugar, and the comparative amount furnished by Louisiana, is a statement in black letters that "only one-twentieth of the land in Louisiana available for sugar is now under cultivation." These two inscriptions provoke inquiry. Here is one of the oldest settled portions of the Union, which could show a flourishing agriculture and a considerable

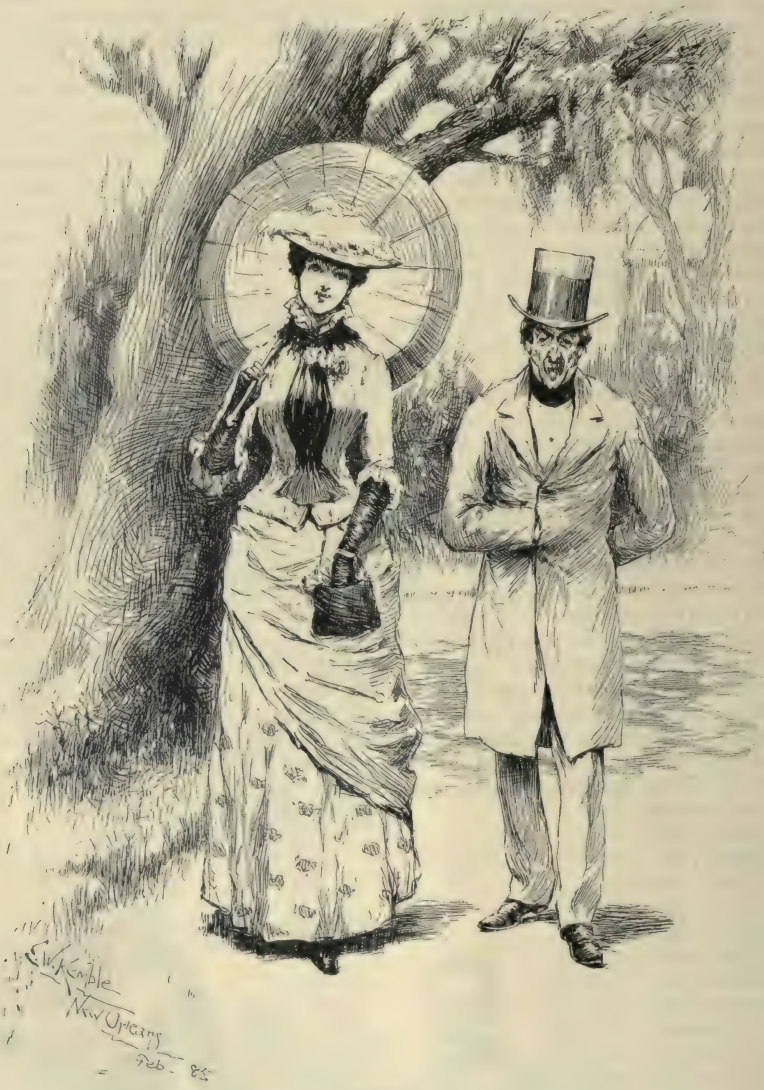
commercial city when such States as Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin were peopled only by savages, and such cities as Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Paul had not even a name, setting up claims for immigration in competition with those of Dakota and Oregon. How does it happen that there are still great areas of rich land untilled in the Mississippi delta? The first answer to the question is, that these lands largely require protection from overflow by levees, and that the present population has all it can do to maintain the old embankments, and cannot afford to build new ones to redeem more soil from the swamps. The second is, that the social organism is based on agriculture, and agriculture in all the lowland districts is based on negro labor. As many white people are now living on the labor of the negroes as that labor will support. The small immigration from Europe and the North goes to the towns and engages in trade. There has been very little influx of new blood in the country districts. The negro labor is probably in the aggregate as productive as in the days of slavery; but a smaller share of its results goes to the white land-owners, and a larger share to the blacks themselves. Thus the whites always speak of "the good old days before the war," and were, no doubt, as a class, in better circumstances then than now, though the aggregate annual wealth-production was not as great. Of the three special staples of Louisiana agriculture, cotton, raised in the uplands north of the Red River, shows some gain in its annual yield; sugar is variable in quantity, depending greatly on the seasons, and requiring large capital for its culture; rice, which is especially a black man's crop, has increased steadily, beginning with 20,978 barrels in 1865, and without a single set-back advancing to 498,138 barrels in 1883.

The time is not far distant when land will be too valuable on this continent for large areas of the warm, bountiful soils of Louisiana to be allowed to remain idle, and when the Mississippi delta, with its interlacing rivers and bayous, will be a semi-tropical Holland, as well diked and as thoroughly utilized as the thrifty, populous country in the Rhine delta.

The most interesting phase of Louisiana agriculture is sugar-planting and sugar-making. This whole industry rests on a few lines in the tariff law. Without the duty on sugar and molasses the Louisiana planters could not maintain themselves in competition with those of the West India islands, where labor is cheaper, and where the cane sprouts afresh from the roots every year. The sugar industry in Louisiana is an exotic, but it is too late now to discuss the wisdom of nurturing it by favoring legislation. It is established; it employs large capital; it supports a considerable population; it is one of the pillars of the whole industrial and social fabric in an entire State. To withdraw the legislative shield which protects it would be to bring bankruptcy and misery to many thousands of people. The recent threat of the Spanish treaty produced great alarm in the sugar districts. The planters occupy a peculiarly critical position, their industry and the value of their landed property and machinery depending upon the good-will of Congress, a large majority of whose members represent constituencies having no interest in the taxation of foreign sugars at the custom-house.

In ante-bellum times the sugar-planters were the flower of the slave-holding aristocracy. They owned large estates, lived gen-

A STUDY IN THE HOTEL.



CREOLES.

erously, valued education, and cultivated the social amenities. They were a gentle, luxurious, hospitable race, and were rudely shaken by the storm of war and the emancipation of the slaves. Many of them were unable to adapt themselves to the new social conditions, and have disappeared in the oblivion of financial and personal ruin. Others hold on to their lands, but are not able to cultivate more than a small part of them. Many of the old, influential families have perished, and their estates have gone into the hands of new men from the North, or of Hebrew money-lenders in New Orleans. There is still enough left, however, of the old planting life behind the levees on the rivers and bayous, where the warm land slopes back to the mournful cypress swamps, and where the pillared porches of old mansions gleam through the foliage of orange-trees, to give picturesqueness and character to the region.

THE COLORED DEPARTMENT.

It would be more correct to call it the Somewhat Colored Department. Nowhere

THE PROMENADE.

does it appear to represent the achievements of the pure-blooded negro. The woman who comes forward to explain the Kentucky exhibits has blue eyes and brown hair. The lady-like person who calls your attention to the embroideries and the handsome artificial flowers in the Louisiana section is an octoroon. The maker of an assortment of tools, forged with the hammer, hangs his photograph beside his work and displays unmistakable Caucasian features. And so it goes throughout the whole display. Even the chief of the department, a distinguished bureau official from Washington and a former United States senator, is three-fourths white. As a display of a few useful and many ornamental objects and some atrocities in art, produced by people having more or less African blood in their veins, this gallery possesses a moderate interest; but as a presentation of the industrial or educational attainments of the negro race in America, it is of very small value. It is impossible to say in the case of any article whether the white blood or the black, in the veins of the representative of mixed ancestry who made it, produced the progressive tendency. The absurdity of showing the work of quadroons and octoroons as that of the black race will be manifest if we turn the thing around, and imagine at a fair held in Hayti, where white people are said to be greatly despised, a white department opened and filled with articles made by persons three-fourths black. If this be not a fair comparison, then we must imagine the black blood in the mixed race to have greater potency than the white to develop its own race tendencies, and insist that in an ethnological sense the old barbarous rule of slavery was correct, and that the smallest visible admixture of the African taint makes the man a negro. Of course, the truth is on the opposite side of the proposition: the white blood is the more powerful, and the man who carries a preponderance of it in his veins is not a negro, and must be classed with the white race if any scientific line is to be drawn.

There is every reason to believe that the blacks of our Southern States are making steady progress. On a "Historical Chart of the Colored Race" displayed in the Colored Department is this motto: "We must unite; we must acquire wealth; we must educate, or we will perish." The negroes are slowly getting property and education. They inherit from slavery one great blessing — the habit of

industry; and this is their salvation. As to the higher attainments of civilization, whatever they exhibit, except in rare and isolated cases, is plainly traceable either to contact with the white race or to the admixture of white blood.

I had almost forgotten to point out one undoubted product of negro genius in the Colored Department. The Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, who preaches that the earth stands still, and the sun revolves around

"WHAT'S THE CHEER GOOD FOR IF IT AIN'T TO SET DOWN IN?"

it, and tries to demolish astronomy with Scripture texts, has his autobiography on sale. Beside the books lies his photograph, which is that of a man whose unmixed African ancestry will not be questioned.

TYPES AND ODDITIES.

THE visitors themselves are as well worth seeing as the show. To sit on a bench on one of the broad aisles of the Main Building, or better still beneath the spreading arms of the great live-oaks on the grounds, and observe the passing throng, is to my mind the best part of the sight-seeing at the fair. The first broad division one makes is between Northern and Southern people. The energetic tread, the business-like air, and the evident disposition to do up the exhibition thoroughly and speedily, betrays the man from the North, as well as the cut of his coat, his Derby hat, and the unnecessary overcoat he lugs about on his arm, incredulous as to May weather lasting long in February. The Northern woman is more fashionably dressed than her Southern sister, has a quicker gait, a better complexion, a nervous, eager manner, and an appearance of being in quest of information quite essential to her well-being. The Southern visitors saunter and chat a good deal; they seem never in a hurry. The women affect black in preference to colors, and are not particular as to the forms of their bonnets. The Hebrew clothing merchant, who has pervaded the entire South since the war, has nearly driven out the black

broadcloth suit which was once the regulation garb for gentlemen, and it is not much worn now except by the older men, but the soft slouch hat holds its own. There are more distinct and recognizable types among the Southern population than in the North. The large-boned Kentuckian or Tennesseean, reared on a limestone soil, differs widely from the inhabitant of the malarial lowlands of Mississippi and Louisiana. The Georgian can be told by speech and look from his neighbor in South Carolina. The Texan is a big breezy fellow, with a long stride and an air of owning half the universe. The Creole Louisianian (by which term, let it be explained for the hundredth time for the benefit of persistent ignorance, is meant, not a mulatto, but a native white of French or Spanish ancestry) is short of stature, slight of frame, with a curious mixture of languor and vivacity in manner, carefully dressed, very polite, and with small interest in the doings of the world outside his own State.

"WHEN DID YOU COME FROM INDIANA?"

The odd characters at the fair are the terror of exhibitors. A Cincinnati furniture-maker discovered a countryman from Arkansas whittling a handsome mahogany cabinet "to see what the wood was like." The man's knowledge of furniture was evidently limited to articles which could not be damaged by a reasonable use of the jack-knife. Another exhibitor, who had fitted up a room with the finest specimens of his art, was horrified to find an old lady eating her lunch of fried chicken seated in one of his satin upholstered chairs. "What's the cheer good for if it ain't to set down in?" she placidly remarked, in reply to his earnest request that she would go somewhere else with her victuals. The same exhibitor one day found that some visitor to his alcoves had left a token of his approval on the polished surface of a costly mantel, in the words "This is pretty good" scratched with a knife.

The Turks who sell olive-wood, beads, and other trinkets "from Jerusalem"—all made in Paris—are picturesque additions to the permanent personnel of the fair, though their genuineness, like that of their wares, will not always bear inspection. An amusing scene occurred one day at one of these Oriental bazaars. A tall man, with a rural air, stopped before the stand and appeared to take a lively interest, not in the goods, but in the features of one of the salesmen in scarlet fez and baggy trousers. He surveyed the Oriental in front and in profile, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Hello, Jake, when did you come from Indiana?" The Turk from Indiana acknowledged his old acquaintance and begged that he would not "give him away."

SOUTHERN TIMBER.

THE Southern States seek in their State displays, in the Government Building, to impress visitors with the fact that they have great undeveloped resources in their forests, which, on account of the rapid devastation of

the Northern pineries, are inviting to enterprise. In these displays sections of tree-trunks and specimens of boards are everywhere conspicuous. Florida erects a quadrilateral wall of trunks, entire below, split above to show the wood, both plain and varnished, and ending with the pressed leaves, accompanied by a little condensed information as to each specimen. In all there are one hundred and eighty varieties. Forty-two per cent. of all the varieties of forest trees known to exist in the United States are found in Florida. An artistic way of showing timber specimens is seen in the Tennessee section, where, on polished squares of the different kinds of wood found in the State, the leaves and flowers of each are prettily painted, the whole forming a large mosaic screen.

Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas have still many thousand square miles of yellow pine timber-lands, barely touched here and there by the lumberman's operations. The yellow pine is the common building wood of the South, and is sent to the ship-yards of the North. The sweet-gum tree, which grows abundantly in northern Louisiana, Arkansas, and the Yazoo delta of Mississippi, is beginning to come into use for furniture-making, and, now that the Northern black-walnut is so nearly exhausted, is likely to attract attention. Its wood takes a fine polish. There are said to be nine million acres of this timber. The tree grows to the height of ninety feet. In the swamps in the lower Mississippi basin the cypress is everywhere the dominant tree. Its trunk spreads out at the base to get a firm hold on the water-soaked loam, and it rears its branches to a height of over one hundred feet. The wood is very tough and durable, and is said to last forty years in the form of shingles and siding without the protection of paint. It is used for general building purposes, for boats, and for furniture veneered with mahogany. The white locust, the white holly, the ash, and the cotton-wood are other valuable Southern woods. There used to be a good deal of black-walnut in Tennessee and Arkansas, but the furniture factories in Cincinnati and Grand Rapids have bought the little that remains uncut.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.

One sees few evidences in the Exposition of the development of manufactures in the Southern States. In some special lines, at least, such development is going forward to a notable extent, but it is very inadequately represented here. The number of cotton-mills has increased from 161 in 1880 to 270 in 1884. There ought to be a collective display of the products of these factories. Most of them are small mills, and make only yarns or coarse cloths; but the fact that 109 establishments should have been put in operation in four years is a remarkable evidence of progress. The great coal and iron deposits in northern Alabama have brought into existence a growing iron industry at Birmingham, where pig-iron is now made at less cost than at any other place in the United States. The Alabama coal is fast displacing that of Illinois, Ohio, and western Pennsylvania in New Orleans for domestic and steam fuel.

We must not, however, be led by these facts to suppose that there is any such general growth of manufacturing in the South as is taking place in Western States, like Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. The Southern States make a striking display of raw materials suitable for various forms of industry, and with iron and coal, timber and fibers, extend an eager invitation to all the world to come and make use of these bountiful gifts of nature; but their people appear to expect somebody else to do for them the work of diversifying their industries. They do little for themselves in this direction, compared to what is done in the West. If the exhibition is a faithful mirror of their achievements, we must conclude that most that we have heard of their recent progress beyond the old lines of raising agricultural staples has been newspaper talk only. Must we not also conclude that the genius of skillful handicraft does not spring from opportunity, but is a rare instinct? Manufacturing is an inherited tendency in the New England stock, and has advanced westward with the migration of that stock. A bountiful supply of natural resources does not give birth to this instinct. The New England States are singularly poor in such resources, while Virginia, Tennessee, and other Southern States are notably rich in them. Yet there are single towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut whose annual product of manufactures nearly equals that of all the Southern States. If the South is ever to become the seat of extensive general manufacturing operations, it will be when the West is full of people, and the tide of migration, which now follows lines of latitude, is deflected southward. The old Southern stock, very little changed by the infusion of new blood since the war, has no aptitude for the small economies, the close application, the attention to detail, and the mastery of machinery required for successful manufacturing.

BRAZILIAN COFFEE.

The Rio de Janeiro Society of Labor and Commerce displays six hundred and twenty-

four samples of coffee, comprising eighty different qualities, each of which has its own name. This society has been striving for years to rescue Brazilian coffee from the low standing it has in the markets of the world, by proving that "Rio" is merely a trade name for a poor grade, and that all the better grades sold as Java, Ceylon, and Mocha are produced in large quantities in Brazil. It seems that it is the custom of the coffee merchants to sort the beans, calling the small round ones, of which only one grows in a cherry, "Mocha," and the large well-formed ones "Java" or "Ceylon," and then to lump the remainder together, mixed perhaps with a still poorer article from Venezuela or Costa Rica, and call it "Rio." A talk with the members of the Rio de Janeiro Society in charge of this interesting coffee exhibit will show most coffee-drinkers that they are ignorant of the main facts concerning the little berry of which their favorite beverage is made. How few people are connoisseurs of coffee. How few know that, like wine, the berry improves with age, gaining in delicacy and aroma the longer the time between the gathering and the use. We insist that wine should have a proper age, yet we buy the fresh green berries, recently gathered. Most consumers think the green color is an evidence of good quality, while in fact it shows that the bean is not sufficiently cured to be at its best, and that it will give the beverage a raw, crude flavor. The best coffee is of a light yellowish color. As the bean loses in weight with age, it is to the interest of the producer to market it at once. The consumer who is critical as to quality and aroma will lay in one or two years' supply, to insure the proper age, and will have the quantity needed for his breakfast-table freshly roasted and ground every morning in his own kitchen. There is as much difference in coffee as in wine, and nothing is more difficult, as every traveler knows, than to get even a tolerably fair cup of this most common of beverages. I doubt if one American in a hundred ever drank a really good cup of coffee, yet it is a luxury within the reach of everybody. In New Orleans the survival of French traditions in cooking insures a palatable *café au lait*, but the berry in common use comes from Mecca and lacks delicacy of aroma. The custom is to make the coffee very strong and black by the drip method, and to put in the cup as much hot milk as coffee. This makes a very nutritious drink, and, with a loaf of bread about as big as a man's fist and some fresh butter, is the Creole breakfast. To eat meat, potatoes, or hot bread in the morning the Creole regards as an American barbarism.

INDIAN ENGLISH.

In the New Mexico section are shown a curious batch of compositions written by Indian pupils in the Catholic schools. Some of these specimens of Indian English are very funny. Here are two of them:

The Cow and Oxen.

I write about the cow and oxen. The cows give to milk and the oxen is used to work in the garden and not have milks. Just used to work, and the cows have much milk and very good to drink cows milks, and the oxen is very strong and large oxen, and some oxen not large. The cows is not very fast run and some cows is very poor not fat and some very fat cows. The cows is everywhere walking and very just stay in the home — not go way, all time stand on the fence. The cows are very large horn, and some not cows not very large horn and some not very large. The cows are not have teeth just in the other side and all times chewing grass and oxen also chewing grass. The cows has calf and some not have calf, just has milk and just gave the people, is very good to drink this cows milk.

A Boule Dog.

The dog live in the house take care of it. Dog sleep on the door. Some dogs are good to catch rabbits. Much is snow. Me go mountain and very good dog to catch rabbits take of men. Come house. Good eat. Some dog not runs fast. Just sleep home about fire. Where you sleep fox, guess on the mountain. Guess not sleep every night. Walk rabbits.

BELGIUM AT THE FAIR.

Belgium receives hearty praise on all hands for the generous recognition her Government and her manufacturers have given to the Exposition. Other European nations have treated it with indifference, giving no money to aid it, and no stimulus of special effort, and contenting themselves with turning over those of their people who wished to exhibit goods to their respective consuls at New Orleans. Belgium, though in the midst of efforts for an exhibition of her own, of no small importance, to open in Antwerp in May, has devoted both money and effort to the creditable display, under competent supervision, of her art, her machinery, her textile fabrics, and her general manufactures, in the distant city at the mouth of the Mississippi. In all its departments, whether of railway appliances or paintings, cannon or cloths, iron-forging or delicate laces, the exhibit is attractive and worthy of study. The youngest of European nations, created by diplomacy only a little more than half a century ago, has an eye to business as well as to international courtesy in her prompt attendance at all important world's fairs. Her various industries compete sharply with those of France, Germany, and England. In a speech opening the Belgian section, the commissioner spoke of the purpose of his country

to develop commerce between Antwerp and New Orleans, and not only to extend her trade with the United States, but to reach out from New Orleans to Mexico and Central America for new markets for her manufactures. The Belgian paintings show the influence of both Munich and Paris. A distinct national school has hardly yet arisen. There are no great pictures shown, but there are many noticeably good ones, and no bad ones, and the display as a whole is very interesting.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

FRENCH EDUCATION.

THE cheap shop-keeping character of the general French exhibit may well be overlooked in view of the very instructive display of educational methods and results made by the French Government, through its Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. This display is in charge of Professor B. Breisson. It covers the whole field of educational effort in France, from the crêche for infants and the primary school to the colleges, the medical schools, the schools for manual labor, and the national schools of decorative arts. The American teacher visiting the crowded gallery containing this exhibit will be struck, first, by the way in which the French carry their love of system into their school work; next, by a certain artistic feeling and indefinable touch of taste in the work of the pupils; and then, most of all, by the many evidences that instruction is carried outside the text-book, as far as possible, to objects and their relations, teaching theories by things and not by sentences learned by rote. The tendency is strongly in this direction in our own country, but the French carry it farther than we do, seeking in many ways to make the pupil familiar with the main facts in natural science, and with the practical sides of life.

THE LIBERTY BELL AND THE OLD FLAG.

THE old Liberty Bell, which stands in the Main Building upon the car built to transport it and its guard of stalwart policemen from Philadelphia, appears to awaken a sentiment of nationality in the breasts of the Southern visitors to the Exposition. Their patriotic feelings do not always extend to the national flag, however. It is rare to see the Stars and Stripes in New Orleans save on the shipping and the Government buildings. The people are fond of bunting, and to gratify their taste for color they devise many strange banners. Visitors are puzzled to make out the meaning of these combinations of red, purple, green, yellow, and white floating from flagstaffs on stores and hotels. To the frequent question, "What sort of a flag is that?" the answer is, "Oh, that don't mean anything in particular. It's just a fancy flag," or more often, "That's the flag of Rex, the King of the Carnival." When the Bankers' Building on the Exposition Grounds was decorated, a photographer from Philadelphia, who had been taking a picture of the throng, called out from his platform as the Stars and Stripes were unfurled from the roof of the structure, "Three cheers for our flag!" There were a few cheers and almost as many hisses. The Exposition will, unquestion-

ably, do much toward stimulating the growth of the national idea in the South. A study of the enormous aggregation of products, arts, and inventions in the Government Building classified by States cannot fail to produce an enlarged conception of the greatness of the republic, and a feeling of pride in its magnificent resources. Opposition to the national emblem is only a sentiment in the South, and is fast fading into a tradition. There is not the slightest desire for separation. The Southerner does not want to hurrah for the old flag, simply because he thinks that to do so would be to show unfaithfulness to the memory of the cause for which he or his kindred fought —a memory which to him is sacred.

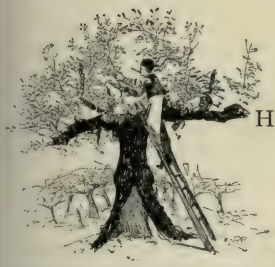
A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

THE Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was held when the business of the country was deep down in the rut of depression into which it had been settling after the panic of 1873. The exhibition seemed to be the turning-point. It set people in motion and broke the spell of lethargy. Hard times are a mental disease. At the outset a necessary reaction from the fever of speculation, they become a chronic condition prolonged far beyond the time needed for restoring wholesome conditions to trade. People grasp their money tightly, become overcautious, draw back from the most inviting enterprises, and retrench expenses beyond reasonable economy. The malady affects even those whose incomes have not in the least suffered. The rich grow penurious without themselves knowing why. Thus the consumption of products of all kinds diminishes and manufactures and trade languish. A great exhibition encourages people to travel, interests their minds by its display of inventions, processes, and products, and thus lifts them out of the old grooves of inactivity and causes them to loosen their energies and their purse-strings. Perhaps the New Orleans fair is destined to do the same good work in breaking up hard times as was done by the Centennial. It is a pity that its magnitude and attractions did not become earlier known to the country at large. It took about two months to educate the country up to an appreciation of the Philadelphia Exhibition, but afterwards came the pleasant fall weather, most inviting to travel and sight-seeing. Unfortunately, the summer will begin in New Orleans about as soon as a knowledge of the merits of the "World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition" is widely diffused. If it were practicable to hold the great show together and reopen it in the coming autumn, its benefits would be much increased, and the wise plan of its projectors of bringing together within its gates for better acquaintance and mutual profit the peoples of all the North American republics and colonies might be more fully realized.

Eugene V. Smalley.

A FLORENTINE MOSAIC.

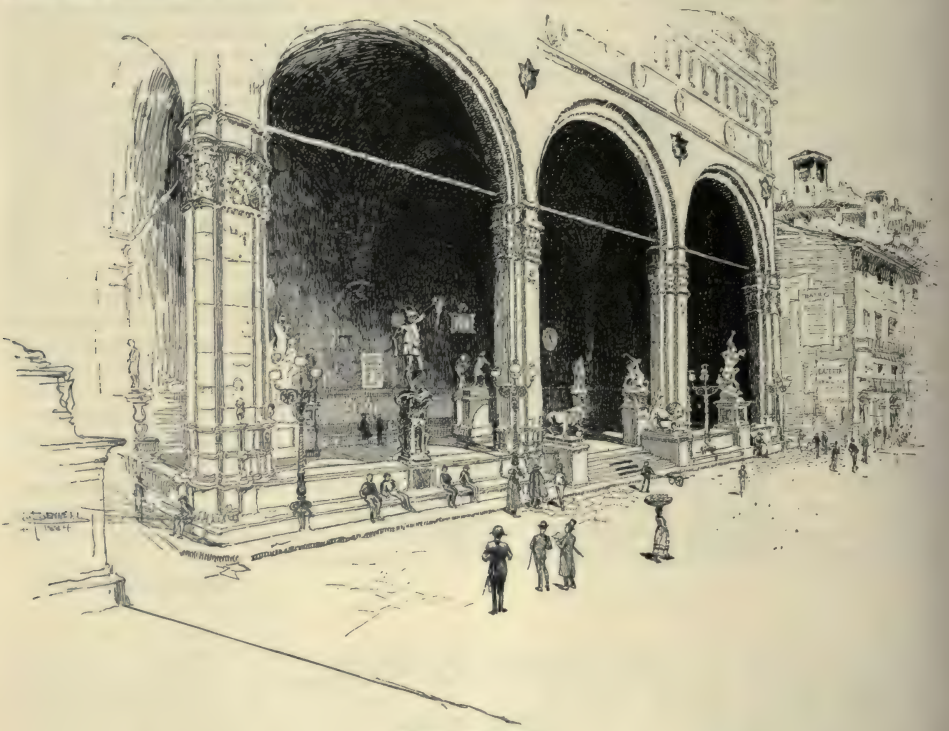
(THIRD PAPER.)



THOSE words of Michael Angelo's answer to Strozzi's civil verses on his Day and Night are nobly simple, and of a colloquial and natural pitch to which their author seldom condescended in sculpture. Even the Day is too muscularly awaking and the Night too anatomically sleeping for the spectator's perfect loss of himself in the sculptor's thought; but the figures are so famous that it is hard to reconcile one's self to the fact that they do not celebrate the memory of the greatest Medici. That Giuliano whom we see in the chapel there is little known to history; of that Lorenzo, history chiefly remembers that he was the father of Alessandro, whom we have seen slain, and of Catharine de' Medici. Some people may think this enough; but we ought to read the lives of the other Medici before deciding. Another thing to guard against in that chapel is the cold; and, in fact, one ought to go well wrapt up in visiting any of the indoor monuments of Florence. Santa Croce, for example, is a temple whose rigors I should not like to encounter again in January, especially if the day be fine without. Then the sun streams in with a deceitful warmth through the mellow blazon of the windows, and the crone, with her scaldino at the door, has the air almost of sitting by a register. But it is all an illusion. By the time you have gone the round of the strutting and mincing allegories, and the pompous effigies with which art here, as everywhere, renders death ridiculous, you have scarcely the courage to penetrate to those remote chapels where the Giotto frescoes are. Or if you do,

you shiver round among them with no more pleasure in them than if they were so many boreal lights. Vague they are, indeed, and spectral enough, those faded histories of John the Baptist, and John the Evangelist, and St. Francis of Assisi, and as far from us, morally, as anything at the pole; so that the honest sufferer, who feels himself taking cold in his bare head, would blush for his absurdity in pretending to get any comfort or joy from them, if all the available blood in his body were not then concentrated in the tip of his nose. For my part, I marveled at myself for being led, even temporarily, into temptation of that sort; and it soon came to my putting my book under my arm and my hands in my pockets, and, with a priest's silken skull-cap on my head, sauntering among those works of art with no more sense of obligation to them than if I were their contemporary. It is well, if possible, to have some one with you to look at the book, and see what the works are and the authors. But nothing of it is comparable to getting out into the open piazza again, where the sun is so warm — though not so warm as it looks.

It suffices for the Italians, however, who are greedy in nothing and do not require to be warmed through, any more than to be fed full. The wonder of their temperance comes back with perpetual surprise to the gluttonous northern nature. Their shyness of your fire, their gentle deprecation of your out-of-hours hospitality, amuse as freshly as at first; and the reader who has not known the fact must imagine the well-dressed throng in the Florentine street more meagerly breakfasted and lunched than anything but destitution with us, and protected against the cold indoors by nothing but the clothes which are much more efficient without.



LOGGIA DEI LANZI.

II.

WHAT strikes one first in the Florentine crowd is that it *is* so well dressed. I do not mean that the average of fashion is so great as with us, but that the average of raggedness is less. Venice, when I saw it again, seemed in tatters, but, so far as I can remember, Florence was not even patched; and this, in spite of the talk one constantly hears of the poverty which has befallen the city since the removal of the capital to Rome. All classes are said to feel this adversity more or less, but none of them show it on the street; beggary itself is silenced to the invisible speech which one sees moving the lips of the old women who steal an open palm towards you

at the church doors. Florence is not only better dressed on the average than Boston, but, with little over half the population, there are, I should think, nearly twice as many private carriages in the former city. I am not going beyond the most non-committal *si dice* in any study of the Florentine civilization, and I know no more than that it is said (as it has been said ever since the first northern tourist discovered them) that they will starve themselves at home to make a show abroad. But if they do not invite the observer to share their domestic self-denial,— and it is said that they do not, even when he has long ceased to be a passing stranger,— I do not see why he should complain. For my part their abstemiousness cost me no sacrifice, and I found a great deal of pleasure in looking at the turn-outs in the Cascine, and at the fur-lined coats in the streets and piazzas. They are always great wearers of fur in the south, but I think it is less fashionable than it used to be in Italy. The younger swells did not wear it in Florence, but now and then I met an elderly gentleman, slim, tall, with an iron-gray mustache, who, in folding his long fur-lined overcoat loosely about him as he walked, had a gratifying effect of being an ancestral portrait of himself; and with all persons and classes content to come short of recent fashion, fur is the most popular wear for winter. Each has it in such measure as he may; and one day in the Piazza della Signoria, when there was for some reason an assemblage of market-folk there, every man had hanging operatically from his shoulder an overcoat with cheap fur collar and cuffs. They were all babbling and gesticulating with an impassioned amiability, and their voices filled the place with a leafy rustling which it must have known so often in the old times, when the Florentines came together there to govern Florence. One ought not, I suppose, to imagine them always too grimly bent on public business in those times. They must have got a great deal of fun out of it, in the long run, as well as trouble, and must have enjoyed sharpening their wits upon one another vastly.

The presence now of all those busy-tongued people — bargaining or gossiping, whichever they were — gave its own touch to the peculiarly noble effect of the piazza, as it rose before me from the gentle slope of the Via Borgo dei Greci. I was coming back from that visit to Santa Croce, of which I have tried to give the sentiment, and I was resentfully tingling still with the cold, and the displeasure of a backward glance at the brand-new ugliness of the façade, and of the big clumsy Dante on his pedestal before it, when all my burden suddenly lifted from me, as if nothing could resist the spring of that buoyant air. It was too much for even the dull, vague rage I felt at having voluntarily gone through that dreary old farce of old-master doing again, in which the man only averagely instructed in the history of art is at his last extreme of insincerity, weariness, and degradation — the ridiculous and miserable slave of the guide-book asterisks marking this or that thing as worth seeing. All seemed to rise and float away with the thin clouds, chasing one another across the generous space of afternoon sky which the piazza opened to the vision; and my spirit rose as light as the lion of the Republic, which capers so nimbly up the staff on top of the palace tower.

There is something fine in the old piazza being still true to the popular and even plebeian use. In narrow and crowded Florence, one might have supposed that fashion would have tried to possess itself of the place, after the public palace became the residence of the Medici; but it seems not to have changed its ancient character. It is now the starting-point of a line of omnibuses; a rank of cabs surrounds the base of Cosimo's equestrian statue; the lottery is drawn on the platform in front of the palace; second-rate shops of all sorts face it from two sides, and the restaurants and cafés of the neighborhood are inferior. But this unambitious environment leaves the observer all the freer to his impressions of the local art, the groups of the Loggia dei Lanzi, the symmetrical stretch of the Portico degli Uffizzi, and, best of all, the great, bold, irregular mass of the old palace itself, beautiful as some rugged natural object is beautiful, and with the kindliness of nature in it. Plenty of men have been hung from its windows, plenty dashed from its turrets, slain at its base, torn in pieces, cruelly martyred before it; the wild passions of the human heart have beaten against it like billows; it has faced every violent crime and outbreak. And yet it is sacred, and the scene is sacred, to all who hope for their kind; for there, in some sort, century after century, the purpose of popular sovereignty — the rule of all by the most — struggled to fulfill itself, purblindly, bloodily, ruthlessly, but never ignobly, and inspired by an instinct only less strong than the love of life. There is nothing superfine, nothing of the *salon* about the place, nothing of the beauty of Piazza San Marco at Venice, which expresses the elegance of an oligarchy and suggests the dapper perfection of an aristocracy in decay; it is loud with wheels and hoofs, and busy with commerce, and it has a certain ineffaceable rudeness and unfinish like the structure of a democratic state.

III.

When Cosimo I., who succeeded Alessandro, moved his residence from the family seat of the Medici to the Palazzo Vecchio, it was as if he were planting his foot on the very neck of Florentine liberty. He ground his iron heel in deeply; the prostrate city hardly stirred afterwards. One sees what a potent and valiant man he was from the terrible face of the bronze bust by Benvenuto Cellini, now in the Bargello Museum; but the world, going about its business these many generations, remembers him chiefly by a horrid crime — the murder of his son in the presence of the boy's mother. Yet he was not only a great warrior and wild beast; he befriended letters, endowed universities, founded academies, encouraged printing; he adorned his capital with statues and public edifices; he enlarged and enriched the Palazzo Vecchio; he bought Luca Pitti's palace, and built the Uffizzi, thus securing the eternal gratitude of the tourists who visit these galleries, and have something to talk about at the *table d'hôte*. It was he who patronized Benvenuto Cellini, and got him to make his Perseus in the Loggia de' Lanzi; he built the fishermen's arcade in the Mercato Vecchio, and the fine Loggia of the Mercato Nuovo; he established the General Archives, and reformed the laws and the public employments; he created Leghorn, and throughout Tuscany, which his arms had united under his rule, he promoted the material welfare of his people, after the manner of tyrants when they do not happen to be also fools.

His care of them in other respects may be judged from the fact that he established two official spies in each of the fifty wards of the city, whose business it was to keep him informed of the smallest events, and all that went on in the houses and streets, together with their conjectures and suspicions. He did not neglect his people in any way; and he not only built all those fine public edifices in Florence,— having merely to put his hand in his people's pocket and do it, and then take the credit of them,— but he seems to have loved to adorn it with that terrible face of his on many busts and statues. Its ferocity, as Benvenuto Cellini has frankly recorded it, and as it betrays itself in all the effigies, is something to appall us still; and whether the story is true or not, you see in it a man capable of striking his son dead in his mother's arms. To be sure, Garzia was not Cosimo's favorite, and, like a Medici, he had killed his brother; but he was a boy, and when his father came to Pisa to find him, where he had taken refuge with his mother, he threw himself at Cosimo's feet and implored forgiveness. "I want no Cains in my family!" said the father, and struck him with the dagger which he had kept hidden in his breast. "Mother! Mother!" gasped the boy, and fell dead in the arms of the hapless woman, who had urged him to trust in his father's mercy. She threw herself on the bed where they laid her dead son, and never looked on the light again. Some say she died of grief, some that she starved herself; in a week she died, and was carried with her two children to Florence, where it was presently made known that all three had fallen victims to the bad air of the Maremma. She was the daughter of a Spanish king, and eight years after her death her husband married the vulgar and ignoble woman who had long been his mistress. This woman was young, handsome, full of life, and she queened it absolutely over the last days of the bloody tyrant. His excesses had broken Cosimo with premature decrepitude; he was helpless in the hands of this creature, from whom his son tried to separate him in vain; and he was two years in dying, after the palsy had deprived him of speech and motion, but left him able to think and to remember!

The son was that Francesco I. who is chiefly known to fame as the lover and then the husband of Bianca Capello,— to so little may a sovereign prince come in the crowded and busy mind of aftertime. This grand duke had his courts and his camps, his tribunals and audiences, his shows of authority and government; but what we see of him at this distance is the luxurious and lawless youth, sated with every indulgence, riding listlessly by under the window of the Venetian girl who eloped with the Florentine banker's clerk from her father's palace in the lagoons, and is now the household drudge of her husband's family in Florence. She is looking out of the window that looks on Savonarola's convent, in the tallest of the stupid, commonplace houses that confront it across the square; and we see the prince and her as their eyes meet, and the work is done in the gunpowdery way of southern passion. We see her again at the house of those Spaniards in the Via de' Banchi, which leads out of our Piazza Santa Maria Novella, from whence the Palazzo Mandragone is actually in sight; and the marchioness is showing Bianca her jewels and— Wait a moment! There is something else the marchioness wishes to show her; she will go get it; and when the door reopens Francesco enters, protesting his love, to Bianca's confusion, and no doubt to her surprise; for how could she suppose he would be there? We see her then at the head of the grand-ducal

court, the poor, plain Austrian wife thrust aside to die in neglect; and then when Bianca's husband, whom his honors and good fortune have rendered intolerably insolent, is slain by some of the duke's gentlemen,— in the narrow street at Santo Spirito, hard by the handsome house in Via Maggio which the duke has given her,— we see them married, and receiving in state the congratulations of Bianca's father and brother, who have come on a special embassy from Venice to proclaim the distinguished lady Daughter of the Republic,— and, of course, to withdraw the price hitherto set upon her head. We see them then in the sort of life which must always follow from such love,— the grand duke had spent three hundred thousand ducats in the celebration of his nuptials,— overeating, overdrinking, and seeking their gross pleasures amid the ruin of the state. We see them trying to palm off a supposititious child upon the Cardinal Ferdinand, who was the true heir to his brother, and would have none of his spurious nephew; and we see these three sitting down in the villa at Poggio a Caiano to the famous tart which Bianca, remembering the skill of her first married days, has made with her own hands, and of which she courteously presses the Cardinal to be the first to partake. He politely refuses, being provided with a ring of admirable convenience at that time in Italy, set with a stone that turned pale in the presence of poison. "Some one has to begin," cries Francesco, impatiently; and in spite of his wife's signs — she was probably treading on his foot under the table, and frowning at him — he ate of the mortal viand; and then in despair Bianca ate too, and they both died. Is this tart perhaps too much for the reader's digestion? There is another story, then, to the effect that the grand duke died of the same malarial fever that carried off his brothers Garzia and Giovanni, and Bianca perished of terror and apprehension; and there is still another story that the Cardinal poisoned them both. Let the reader take his choice of them; in any case, it is an end of Francesco, of whom, as I said, the world remembers so little else.

It almost forgets that he was privy to the murder of his sister Isabella by her husband Paolo Orsini, and of his sister-in-law Eleonora by her husband Pietro de'Medici. The grand duke, who was then in the midst of his intrigue with Bianca, was naturally jealous of the purity of his family; and as it has never been denied that both of those unhappy ladies had wronged their husbands, I suppose he can be justified by the moralists who contend that what is a venial lapse in a man is worthy death, or something like it, in a woman. About the taking-off of Eleonora, however, there was something gross, Medicean, butcherly, which all must deprecate. She knew she was to be killed, poor woman, as soon as her intrigue was discovered to the grand duke; and one is not exactly able to sympathize with either the curiosity or the trepidation of that "celebrated Roman singer" who first tampered with the letter from her lover, intrusted to him, and then, terrified at its nature, gave it to Francesco. When her husband sent for her to come to him at his villa, she took leave of her child as for the last time, and Pietro met her in the dark of their chamber and plunged his dagger into her breast.

The affair of Isabella Orsini was managed with much greater taste, with a sort of homicidal grace, a sentiment, if one may so speak, worthy a Roman prince and a lady so accomplished. She was Cosimo's favorite, and she was beautiful, gifted, and learned, knowing music, knowing languages, and all the gentler arts; but one of her lovers had just killed her page, of whom he was jealous, and the scandal was very great, so that her brother, the grand duke, felt that he ought, for decency's sake, to send to Rome for her husband, and arrange her death with him. She, too, like Eleonora, had her forebodings, when Paolo Orsini asked her to their villa (it seems to have been the custom to devote the peaceful seclusion of the country to these domestic rites); but he did what he could to allay her fears by his affectionate gayety at supper, and his gift of either of those stag-hounds which he had brought in for her to choose from against the hunt planned for the morrow, as well as by the tender politeness with which he invited her to follow him to their room. At the door we may still see her pause, after so many years, and turn wistfully to her lady in waiting:

"Madonna Lucrezia, shall I go or shall I not go to my husband? What do you say?"

And Madonna Lucrezia Frescobaldi answers, with the irresponsible shrug which we can imagine: "Do what you like. Still, he is your husband!"

She enters, and Paolo Orsini, a prince and a gentleman, knows how to be as sweet as before, and without once passing from caresses to violence, has that silken cord about her neck——

Terrible stories, which I must try to excuse myself for telling the thousandth time. At least, I did not invent them. They are all part of the intimate life of the same family, and the reader must group them in his mind to get an idea of what Florence must have been under the first and second grand dukes. Cosimo is believed to have killed his son Garzia, who had stabbed his brother Giovanni. His son Pietro kills his wife, and his daughter Isabella is strangled by her husband,

both murders being done with the knowledge and approval of the reigning prince. Francesco and Bianca his wife die of poison intended for Ferdinand, or of poison given them by him. On these facts throw the light of St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, whither Catharine de' Medici, the cousin of these homicides, had carried the methods and morals of her family, and you begin to realize the Medici.

By what series of influences and accidents did any race accumulate the enormous sum of evil which is but partly represented in these crimes? By what process was that evil worked out of the blood? Had it wreaked its terrible force in violence, and did it then no longer exist, like some explosive which has been fired? These would be interesting questions for the casuist; and doubtless such questions will yet come to be studied with the same scientific minuteness which is brought to the solution of contemporary social problems. The Medici, a family of princes and criminals, may come to be studied like the Jukes, a family of paupers and criminals. What we know at present is, that the evil in them did seem to die out in process of time; though, to be sure, the Medici died with it. That Ferdinand who succeeded Francesco, whichever poisoned the other, did prove a wise and beneficent ruler, filling Tuscany with good works, moral and material, and, by his marriage with Catharine of Lorraine, bringing that good race to Florence, where it afterwards reigned so long in the affections of the people. His son Cosimo II. was like him, but feebler, as a copy always is, with a dominant desire to get the sepulcher of our Lord away from the Turks to Florence, and long waging futile war to that end. In the time of Ferdinand II., Tuscany, with the rest of Italy, was wasted by the wars of the French, Spaniards, and Germans, who found it convenient to fight them out there, and by famine and pestilence. But the grand duke was a well-meaning man enough; he protected the arts and sciences as he got the opportunity, and he did his best to protect Galileo against the Pope and the inquisitors. Cosimo III., who followed him, was obliged to harass his subjects with taxes to repair the ruin of the wars in his father's reign; he was much given to works of piety, and he had a wife who hated him, and finally forsook him and went back to France, her own country. He reigned fifty years, and after him came his son Gian Gastone, the last of his line. He was a person, by all accounts, who wished men well enough, but, knowing himself destined to leave no heir to the throne, was disposed rather to enjoy what was left of his life than trouble himself about the affairs of state. Germany, France, England, and Holland had already provided him with a successor, by the treaty of London, in 1718; and when Gian Gastone died, in 1737, Francis II. of Lorraine became Grand Duke of Tuscany.

IV.

UNDER the later Medici the Florentines were drawing towards the long quiet which they enjoyed under their Lorrainese dukes — the first of whom, as is well known, left being their duke to go and be husband of Maria Theresa and emperor consort. Their son, Pietro Leopoldo, succeeded him in Tuscany, and became the author of reforms in the civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical law, which then astonished all Europe, and which tardy civilization still lags behind in some things. For example, Leopold found that the abolition of the death penalty resulted not in more, but in fewer crimes of violence; yet the law continues to kill murderers, even in Massachusetts.

He lived to see the outbreak of the French revolution, and his son, Ferdinand III., was driven out by the forces of the Republic in 1796, after which Tuscany rapidly underwent the Napoleonic metamorphoses, and was republican under the Directory, regal under Lodovico I., Bonaparte's king of Etruria, and grand-ducal under Napoleon's sister, Elisa Bacciocchi. Then, in 1816, Ferdinand III. came back, and he and his descendants reigned till 1848, when Leopold II. was driven out, to return the next year with the Austrians. Ten years later he again retired, and in 1860 Tuscany united herself by popular vote to the kingdom of Italy, of which Florence became the capital, and so remained till the French evacuated Rome in 1871.

The time from the restoration of Ferdinand III. till the first expulsion of Leopold II. must always be attractive to the student of Italian civilization as the period in which the milder Lorrainese traditions permitted the germs of Italian literature to live in Florence, while everywhere else the native and foreign despotisms sought diligently to destroy them, instinctively knowing them to be the germs of Italian liberty and nationality; but I confess that the time of the first Leopold's reign has a greater charm for my fancy. It is like a long stretch of sunshine in that lurid, war-clouded landscape of history, full of repose and genial, beneficent growth. For twenty-five years, apparently, the good prince got up at six o'clock in the morning, and dried the tears of his people. To be more specific, he "formed the generous project," according to Signor Bacciotti, by whose "Firenze Illustrata" I would not thanklessly profit, "of restoring

Tuscany to her original happy state"— which, I think, must have been prehistoric. "His first occupation was to reform the laws, simplifying the civil and mitigating the criminal; and the volumes are ten that contain his wise statutes, edicts, and decrees. In his time, ten years passed in which no drop of blood was shed on the scaffold. Prisoners suffered no corporeal penalty but the loss of liberty. The amelioration of the laws improved the public morals; grave crimes, after the abolition of the cruel punishments, became rare, and for three months at one period the prisons of Tuscany remained empty. The hospitals that Leopold founded, and the order and propriety in which he kept them, justly entitled him to the name of Father of the Poor. The education he gave his children aimed to render them compassionate and beneficent to their fellow-beings, and to make them men rather than princes. An illustrious Englishman, then living in Florence, and consequently an eye-witness, wrote of him: 'Leopold loves his people. He has abolished all the imposts which were not necessary; he has dismissed nearly all his soldiers; he has destroyed the fortifications of Pisa, whose maintenance was extremely expensive, overthrowing the stones that devoured men. He observed that his court concealed him from his people; he no longer has a court. He has established manufactures, and opened superb roads at his own cost, and founded hospitals. These might be called, in Tuscany, the palaces of the grand duke. I visited them, and found throughout cleanliness, order, and delicate and attentive treatment; I saw sick old men, who were cared for as if by their own sons; helpless children watched over with a mother's care; and that luxury of pity and humanity brought happy tears to my eyes. The prince often repairs to these abodes of sorrow and pain, and never quits them without leaving joy behind him, and coming away loaded with blessings: you might fancy you heard the expression of a happy people's gratitude, but that hymn rises from a hospital. The palace of Leopold, like the churches, is open to all without distinction; three days of the week are devoted to one class of persons; it is not that of the great, the rich, the artists, the foreigners; it is that of the unfortunate! In many countries, commerce and industry have become the patrimony of the few: in Tuscany, all that know how may do; there is but one exclusive privilege — ability. Leopold has enriched the year with a great number of work-days, which he took from idleness and gave back to agriculture, to the arts, to good morals. . . . The grand duke always rises before the sun, and when that beneficent star rejoices nature with its rays, the good prince has already dried many tears. . . . Leopold is happy, because his people are happy; he believes in God; and what must be his satisfaction when, before closing his eyes at night, before permitting himself to sleep, he renders an account to the Supreme Being of the happiness of a million of subjects during the course of the day!'"

English which has once been in Italian acquires an emotionality which it does not perhaps wholly lose in returning to itself; and I am not sure that the language of the illustrious stranger, whom I quote at second hand, has not kept some terms which are native to Signor Bacciotti rather than himself. But it must be remembered that he was an eighteenth-century Englishman, and perhaps expressed himself much in this way. The picture he draws, if a little too idyllic, too pastoral, too operatic, for our realization, must still have been founded on fact, and I hope it is at least as true as those which commemorate the atrocities of the Medici. At any rate it is delightful, and one may as probably derive the softness of the modern Florentine morals and manners from the benevolence of Leopold as from the ferocity of Cosimo. Considering what princes mostly were in the days when they could take themselves seriously, and still are now when I should think they would give themselves the wink on seeing their faces in the glass, I am willing to allow that kindly despot of a Leopold all the glory that any history may claim for him. He had the genius of humanity, and that is about the only kind of genius which is entitled to reverence in this world. If he perhaps conceived of men as his children rather than his brothers, still he wished them well and did them all the good he knew how. After a hundred years it must be allowed that we have made a considerable advance beyond him — in theory.

V.

WHAT society in Florence may now be like underneath its superficial effect of gentleness and placidity, the stranger, who reflects how little any one really knows of his native civilization, will carefully guard himself from saying upon his own authority. From the report of others, of people who had lived long in Florence and were qualified in that degree to speak, one might say a great deal — a great deal that would be more and less than true. A brilliant and accomplished writer, a stranger naturalized by many years' sojourn, and of an imaginable intimacy with his subject, sometimes spoke to me of a decay of manners which he had noticed in his time: the peasants no longer saluted persons of civil condition

in meeting them; the young nobles, if asked to a ball, ascertained that there was going to be supper before accepting. I could not find these instances very shocking, upon reflection; and I was not astonished to hear that the sort of rich American girls who form the chase of young Florentine noblemen show themselves indifferent to untitled persons. There was something more of instruction in the fact that these fortune-hunters care absolutely nothing for youth or beauty, wit or character, in their prey, and ask nothing but money. This implies certain other facts — certain compensations and consolations, which the American girl with her heart set upon an historical name would be the last to consider. What interested me more was the witness which this gentleman bore, with others, to the excellent stuff of the peasants, whom he declared good and honest, and full of simple, kindly force and uprightness. The citizen class, on the other hand, was unenlightened and narrow-minded, and very selfish towards those beneath them; he believed that a peasant, for example, who cast his lot in the city, would encounter great unfriendliness in them if he showed the desire and the ability to rise above his original station. Both from this observer, and from other foreigners resident in Florence, I heard that the Italian nobility are quite apart from the national life; they have no political influence, and are scarcely a social power. (There are but three of the old noble families founded by the German emperors remaining — the Ricasoli, the Gherardeschi, and the Stufe; and a title counts absolutely for nothing with the Italians.) At the same time a Corsini was syndic of Florence; all the dead walls invited me to "vote for Peruzzi" in the approaching election for deputy, and at the last election a Ginori had been chosen. It is very hard to know about these things, and I am not saying my informants were wrong; but it is right to oppose to theirs the declaration of the intelligent and sympathetic scholar with whom I took my walks about Florence, and who said that there was great good-will between the people and the historical families, who were in thorough accord with the national aspirations and endeavors. Again, I say, it is difficult to know the truth; but happily the truth in this case is not important.

One of the few acquaintances I made with Italians outside of the English-speaking circles was that of a tradesman who, in the intervals of business, was reading Shakspere in English, and — if I may say it — "Venetian Life." I think some Americans had lent him the latter classic. I did not learn from him that many other Florentine tradesmen gave their leisure to the same literature; in fact, I inferred that, generally speaking, there was not much interest in any sort of literature among the Florentines; and I only mention him in the hope of throwing some light upon the problem with which we are playing. He took me one night to the Literary Club, of which he was a member, and of which the Marchese Ricci is president; and I could not see that any presentation could have availed me more than his with that nobleman or the other nobleman who was secretary. The president shook my hand in a friendly despair, perfectly evident, of getting upon any common ground with me; and the secretary, after asking me if I knew Doctor Holmes, had an amiable effect of being cast away upon the sea of American literature. These gentlemen, as I understood, came every week to the club, and assisted at its entertainments, which were sometimes concerts, sometimes lectures and recitations, and sometimes conversation merely, for which I found the empty chairs, on my entrance, arranged in groups of threes and fives about the floor, with an air perhaps of too great social premeditation. Presently there was playing on the piano, and at the end the president shook hands with the performer. If there was anything of the snobbishness which poisons such intercourse with our race, I could not see it. May be snobbishness, like gentlemanliness, is not appreciable from one race to another.

VI.

My acquaintance, whom I should grieve to make in any sort a victim by my personalities, did me the pleasure to take me over the little ancestral farm which he holds just beyond one of the gates; and thus I got at one of the homely aspects of life which the stranger is commonly kept aloof from. A narrow lane, in which some boys were pitching stones for quoits in the soft Sunday afternoon sunshine, led up from the street to the farm-house, where one wandering roof covered house, stables, and offices with its mellow expanse of brown tiles. A door opening flush upon the lane admitted us to the picturesque interior, which was divided into the quarters of the farmer and his family, and the apartment which the owner occupied during the summer heats. This contained half a dozen pleasant rooms, chief of which was the library, overflowing with books representing all the rich past of Italian literature in poetry, history, and philosophy — the collections of my host's father and grandfather. On the table he opened a bottle of the wine made on his farm; and then he took me up

to the terrace at the house-top for the beautiful view of the city, and the mountains beyond it, streaked with snow. The floor of the terrace, which, like all the floors of the house, was of brick, was heaped with olives from the orchard on the hillside which bounded the little farm; but I could see from this point how it was otherwise almost wholly devoted to market-gardening. The grass keeps green all winter long at Florence, not growing, but never withering; and there were several sorts of vegetables in view, in the same sort of dreamy arrest. Between the rows of cabbages I noticed the trenches for irrigation; and I lost my heart to the wide, deep well under the shed-roof below, with a wheel, picturesque as a mill-wheel, for pumping water into these trenches. The farm implements and heavier household utensils were kept in order here; and among the latter was a large wash-tub of fine earthenware, which had been in use there for a hundred and fifty years. My friend led the way up the slopes of his olive-orchard, where some olives still lingered among the willow-like leaves, and rewarded my curious palate with the insipidity of the olive which has not been salted. Then we returned to the house, and explored the cow-stables, where the well-kept Italian kine between their stone walls were much warmer than most Italian Christians in Florence. In a large room next the stable and behind the kitchen the farm-people were assembled, men, women, and children, in their Sunday best, who all stood up when we came in — all but two very old men, who sat in the chimney and held out their hands over the fire that sent its smoke up between them. Their eyes were bleared with age, and I doubt if they made out what it was all about; but they croaked back a pleasant answer to my host's salutation, and then let their mouths fall open again and kept their hands stretched over the fire. It would be very hard to say just why these old men were such a pleasure to me.

VII.

One January afternoon I idled into the Baptistry, to take my chance of seeing some little one made a Christian, where so many babes, afterwards memorable for good and evil, had been baptized; and, to be sure, there was the conventional Italian infant of civil condition tied up tight in the swathing of its civilization, perfectly quiescent, except for its feebly wiggling arms, and undergoing the rite with national patience. It lay in the arms of a half-grown boy, probably its brother, and there were the father and the nurse; the mother of so young a child could not come, of course. The officiating priest, with spectacles dropped quite to the point of his nose, mumbled the rite from his book, and the assistant, with one hand in his pocket, held a negligently tilted taper in the other. Then the priest lifted the lid of the font in which many a renowned poet's, artist's, tyrant's, philanthropist's twisted little features were similarly reflected, and poured on the water, rapidly drying the poor little skull with a single wipe of a napkin; then the servant in attendance powdered the baby's head, and the group, grotesquely inattentive throughout to the sacred rite, dispersed, and left me and a German family who had looked in with murmurs of sympathy for the child, to overmaster as we might any interest we had felt in a matter that had apparently not concerned them.

One is always coming upon this sort of thing in the Italian churches, this droll nonchalance in the midst of religious solemnities, which I suppose is promoted somewhat by the invasions of sight-seeing everywhere. In the Church of the Badia at Florence, one day, the indifference of the tourists and the worshipers to one another's presence was carried to such a point that the boy who was showing the strangers about, and was consequently in their interest, drew the curtain of a picture, and then, with his back to a group of kneeling devotees, balanced himself on the chapel-rail and sat swinging his legs there, as if it had been a store-box on a curbstone.

Perhaps we do not sufficiently account for the domestication of the people of Latin countries in their every-day-open church. They are quite at their ease there, whereas we are as unhappy in ours as if we were at an evening party; we wear all our good clothes, and they come into the houses of their Father in any rag they chance to have on, and are at home there. I have never seen a more careless and familiar group than that of which I was glad to form one, in the Church of Ognissanti, one day. I had gone, in my quality of American, to revere the tablet to Amerigo Vespucci which is there, and I found the great nave of the church occupied by workmen who were putting together the foundations of a catafalque, hammering away, and chatting cheerfully, with their mouths full of tacks and pins, and the funereal frippery of gold, black, and silver braid all about them. The church-beggars had left their posts to come and gossip with them, and the grandchildren of these old women were playing back and forth over the structure, unmolested by the workmen, and unawed either by the function going on in a distant chapel or by the theatrical magnificence of the sculptures around them and the fresco overhead, where a painted colonnade lifted another roof high above the real vault.

I liked all this, and I could not pass a church door without the wish to go in, not only for the pictures or statues one might see, but for the delightfully natural human beings one could always be sure of. Italy is above all lands the home of human nature,—simple, unabashed even in the presence of its Maker, who is probably not so much ashamed of his work as some would like to have us think. In the churches, the beggary which the civil government has disheartened almost out of existence in the streets is still fostered, and an aged crone with a scaldino in her lap, a tattered shawl over her head, and an outstretched, skinny palm, guards the portal of every sanctuary. She has her chair, and the church is literally her home; she does all but eat and sleep there. For the rest, these interiors had not so much novelty as the charm of old association for me. Either I had not enlarged my interests in the twenty years since I had known them, or else they had remained unchanged; there was the same old smell of incense, the same chill, the same warmth, the same mixture of glare and shadow. A function in progress at a remote altar, the tapers starring the distant dusk; the straggling tourists; the sacristan, eager, but not too persistent with his tale of some special attraction at one's elbow; the worshipers, all women or old men; a priest hurrying to or from the sacristy; the pictures, famous or unknown, above the side altars; the monuments, serious Gothic or strutting rococo,—all was there again, just as it used to be.

But the thing that was really novel to me, who found the churches of 1883 in Florence so like the churches of 1863 in Venice, was the loveliness of the deserted cloisters belonging to so many of the former. These inclose nearly always a grass-grown space, where daisies and dandelions began to abound with the earliest consent of spring. Most public places and edifices in Italy have been so much photographed that few have any surprise left in them: one is sure that one has seen them before; but the cloisters are not yet the prey of this sort of preacquaintance. Whether the vaults and walls of the colonnades are beautifully frescoed, like those of Sta. Maria Novella or Sta. Annunziata or San Marco, or the place has no attraction but its grass and sculptured stone, it is charming; and these cloisters linger in my mind as something not less Florentine in character than the Ponte Vecchio or the Palazzo Pubblico. I remember particularly an evening effect in the cloister of Santa Annunziata, when the belfry in the corner, lifted aloft on its tower, showed with its pendulous bells like a great, graceful flower against the dome of the church behind it. The quiet in the place was almost sensible; the pale light, suffused with rose, had a delicate clearness; there was a little agreeable thrill of cold in the air; there could not have been a more refined moment's pleasure offered to a sympathetic tourist loitering slowly homeward to his hotel and its *table d'hôte;* and why we cannot have old cloisters in America, where we are getting everything that money can buy, is a question that must remain to vex us. A suppressed convent at the corner of, say, Clarendon street and Commonwealth Avenue, where the new Brattle street church is, would be a great pleasure on one's way home in the afternoon; but still I should lack the final satisfaction of dropping into the chapel of the Brothers of the Misericordia, a little farther on towards Santa Maria Novella.

The sentimentalist may despair as he pleases, and have his fill of panic about the threatened destruction of the Ponte Vecchio, but I say that while these brothers, "black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream," continue to light the way to dusty death with their flaring torches through the streets of Florence, the mediæval tradition remains unbroken; Italy is still Italy. They knew better how to treat Death in the middle ages than we do now, with our vain profanation of flowers to his service, our loathsome dapperness of "burial caskets," and dress-coat and white tie for the dead. Those simple old Florentines, with their street wars, their pestilences, their manifold destructive violences, felt instinctively that he, the inexorable, was not to be hidden or palliated, not to be softened or prettified, or anywise made the best of, but was to be confessed in all his terrible gloom; and in this they found, not comfort, not alleviation, which time alone can give, but the anæsthesis of a freezing horror. Those masked and trailing sable figures, sweeping through the wide and narrow ways by night to the wild, long rhythm of their chant, in the red light of their streaming torches, and bearing the heavily draped bier in their midst, supremely awe the spectator, whose heart falters within him in the presence of that which alone is certain to be. I cannot say they are so effective by daylight, when they are carrying some sick or wounded person to the hospital; they have not their torches then, and the sun seems to take a cynical satisfaction in showing their robes to be merely of black glazed cotton. An anteroom of their chapel was fitted with locked and numbered drawers, where the brothers kept their robes; half a dozen coffin-shaped biers and litters stood about, and the floor was strewn with laurel-leaves,—I suppose because it was the festa of St. Sebastian.

THE BROTHERS OF MISERICORDIA.

VIII.

I DO not know that the festas are noticeably fewer than they used to be in Italy. There are still enough of them to account for the delay in doing almost anything that has been promised to be done. The carnival came on scatteringly and reluctantly. A large sum of money which had been raised for its celebration was properly diverted to the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in Lombardy and Venetia, and the Florentines patiently set about being merry each on his own personal account. Not many were visibly merry, except in the way of business. The gentlemen of the operatic choruses clad themselves in stage-armor, and went about under the hotel-windows, playing and singing, and levying contributions on the inmates; here and there a white clown or a red devil figured through the streets; two or three carriages feebly attempted a *corso*, and there was an exciting rumor that *confetti* had been thrown from one of them: I did not see the *confetti*. There was for a long time doubt whether there was to be any *veglione* or ball on the last night of the carnival; but finally there were two of them: one of low degree at the Teatro Umberto, and one of more pretension at the Pergola Theater. The latter presented an agreeable image of the carnival ball which has taken place in so many romances: the boxes filled with brilliantly dressed spectators, drinking champagne; the floor covered with maskers, gibbering in falsetto, dancing, capering, coquetting till daylight. This, more than any other aspect of the carnival, seemed to give one the worth of his money in tradition and association. Not but that towards the end the masks increased in the streets, and the shops where they sold costumes were very gay; but the thing is dying out, as at least one Italian, in whose veins the new wine of Progress had wrought, rejoiced to tell me. I do not know whether I rejoiced so much to hear it; but I will own that I did not regret it a great deal. Italy is now so much the sojourn of barbarians that any such gayety must be brutalized by them, till the Italians turn from it in disgust. Then it must be remembered that the carnival was fostered by their tyrants to corrupt and ener-

vate them; and I cannot wonder that their love of Italy is wounded by it. They are trying to be men, and the carnival is childish. I fancy that is the way my friend felt about it.

IX.

AFTER the churches, the Italians are most at home in their theaters, and I went as often as I could to see them there, preferably where they were giving the Stenterello plays. Stenterello is the Florentine mask or type who survives the older Italian comedy which Goldoni destroyed; and during carnival he appeared in a great variety of characters at three different theaters. He is always painted with wide purplish circles round his eyes, with an effect of goggles, and a hare-lip; and his hair, caught into a queue behind, curls up into a pigtail on his neck. With this face and this wig he assumes any character the farce requires, and becomes delicious in proportion to his grotesque unfitness for it. The best Stenterello was an old man, since dead, who was very famous in the part. He was of such a sympathetic and lovely humor that your heart warmed to him the moment he came upon the stage, and when he opened his mouth, it scarcely mattered what he said: those Tuscan gutturals and abounding vowels as he uttered them were enough; but certainly to see him in "Stenterello and his own Corpse," or "Stenterello Umbrella-mender," or "Stenterello Quack Doctor" was one of the great and simple pleasures. He was an actor who united the quaintness of Jefferson to the sweetness of Warren; in his wildest burlesque he was so true to nature in every touch and accent, that I wanted to sit there and spend my life in the innocent folly of enjoying him. Apparently, the rest of the audience desired the same. Nowhere, even in Italy, was the sense of rest from all the hurrying, great weary world outside so full as in certain moments of this Stenterello's absurdity at the Teatro Rossini, which was not otherwise a comfortable place. It was more like a section of a tunnel than like a theater, being a rounded oblong, with the usual tiers of boxes, and the pit where there were seats in front, and two-thirds of the space left free for standing behind. Every day there was a new bill, and I remember "Stenterello White Slave in America" and "Stenterello as Hamlet" among the attractions offered. In fact, he runs through an indefinite number of dramas, as Brighella, Arlecchino, Pantalone, Florindo, Rosaura and the rest, appear and reappear in the comedies of Goldoni while he is temporizing with the old *commedia d'arte*, where he is at his best.

At what I may call the non-Stenterello theaters in Florence, they were apt to give versions of the more heart-breaking, vow-broken, French melodramas, though occasionally there was a piece of Italian origin, generally Giacosa's. But it seemed to me that there were now fewer Italian plays given than there were twenty years ago; and the opera season was almost as short and inclement as in Boston.

X.

I VISITED many places of amusements more popular than the theater, but I do not know that I can fitly offer them all to the more polite and formal acquaintance of my readers, whom I like always to figure as extremely well-behaved and well-dressed persons. Which of these refined and fastidious ladies and gentlemen shall I ask, for example, to go with me to see a dying Zouave in wax in a booth at the Mercato Vecchio, where there were other pathetic and monstrous figures? At the door was a peasant-like personage who extolled himself from time to time as the inventor of a musical instrument within, which he said he had exemplarily spent his time in perfecting, instead of playing cards and *mora*. I followed him inside with the crowd, chiefly soldiers, who were in such overwhelming force that I was a little puzzled to make out which corps and regiment I belonged to; but I shared the common edification of the performance, when our musical genius mounted a platform before a most intricate instrument, which combined in itself, as he boasted, the qualities of all other kinds of instruments. He shuffled off his shoes and played its pedals with his bare feet, while he sounded its pipes with his mouth, pounding a drum-attachment with one hand and scraping a violin-attachment with the other. I do not think the instrument will ever come into general use, and I have my doubts whether the inventor might not have better spared a moment or two of his time to *mora*. I enjoyed more a little vocal and acrobatic entertainment, where again I found myself in the midst of my brothers in arms. Civilians paid three cents to come in, but we military only two; and we had the best seats and smoked throughout the performance. This consisted of the feats of two nice, innocent-looking boys, who came

THE CLOWN.

out and tumbled, and of two sisters who sang a very long duet together, screeching the dialogue with which it was interspersed in the ear-piercingest voices; it represented a lovers' quarrel, and sounded very like some which I have heard on the roof and the back fences. But what I admired about this and other popular shows was the perfect propriety. At the circus in the Via Nazionale they had even a clown in a dress-coat.

Of course, the two iron tanks full of young crocodiles which I saw in a booth in our piazza classed themselves with great moral shows, because of their instructiveness. The water in which they lay soaking was warmed for them, and the chill was taken off the air by a sheet-iron stove, so that, upon the whole, these saurians had the most comfortable quarters in the whole shivering city. Although they had up a sign, "Animali pericolosi—non si toccano," nothing was apparently further from their thoughts than biting; they lay blinking in supreme content, and allowed a captain of horse to poke them with his finger throughout my stay, and were no more to be feared than that younger brother of theirs whom the showman went about with in his hand, lecturing on him; he was half-hatched from his native egg, and had been arrested and neatly varnished in the act for the astonishment of mankind.

XI.

We had the luck to be in Florence on the 25th of March, when one of the few surviving ecclesiastical shows peculiar to the city takes place. On that day a great multitude, chiefly of peasants from the surrounding country, assemble in front of the Duomo to see the explosion of the Car of the Pazzi. This car somehow celebrates the exploit of a crusading Pazzi, who broke off a piece of the Holy Sepulcher and brought it back to Florence with him; I could not learn just how or why, from the very scoffing and ironical little pamphlet which was sold in the crowd; but it is certain the car is covered with large fire-crackers, and if these explode successfully, the harvest for that year will be something remarkable. The car is stationed midway between the Duomo and the Baptistry, and the fire to set off the crackers is brought from the high altar by a pyrotechnic dove, which flies along a wire stretched for that purpose. If a mother with a sick child passes under the dove in its flight, the child is as good as cured.

The crowd was vast, packing the piazza outside around the car and the cathedral to its walls with all sorts and conditions of people, and every age and sex. An alley between the living walls was kept open under the wire, to let the archbishop, heading a procession of priests, go out to bless the car. When this was done, and he had returned within, we heard a faint pop at the high altar, and then a loud fizzing as the fiery dove came flying along the wire, showering sparks on every side; it rushed out to the car, and then fled back to the altar, amidst a most satisfactory banging of the fire-crackers. It was not a very awful spectacle, and I suspect that my sarcastic pamphleteer's description was in the mood of most of the Florentines looking on, whatever the peasant thought. "'Now, Nina,' says the priest to the dove, 'we're almost ready, and look out how you come back, as well as go out. That's a dear! It's for the good of all, and don't play me a trick—you understand? Ready! Are you ready? Well, then,—*Gloria in excelsis Deo*,— go, go, dear, and look out for your feathers! *Shhhhh!* pum, pum! Hurrah, little one! Now for the return! Here you come! *Shhhhh!* pum, pum, pum! And I don't care a fig for the rest!' And he goes on with his mass, while the crowd outside console themselves with the cracking and popping. Then those inside the church join those without, and follow the car up to the corner of the Pazzi palace, where the unexploded remnants are fired in honor of the family."

XII.

The civil rite now constitutes the only legal marriage in Italy, the blessing of the church going for nothing without it before the law; and I had had a curiosity to see the ceremony which one may see any day in the office of the syndic. The names of those intending matrimony are posted for a certain time on the base of the Public Palace, which gives everybody the opportunity of dedicating sonnets to them. The pay of a sonnet is one franc, so that the poorest couple can afford one; and I suppose the happy pair whom I saw waiting in the syndic's anteroom had provided themselves with one of these simple luxuries. They were sufficiently commonish, kindly-faced young people, and they and their friends wore, with their best clothes, an air of natural excitement. A bell sounded, and we followed the group into a large handsome saloon hung with red silk and old tapestries, where the bride and groom sat down in chairs placed for them at the rail before the syndic's desk, with their two witnesses at their left. A clerk recorded the names and residences of all four; and then the usher summoned the syndic, who entered, a large, stout old gentleman, with a tricolor sash accenting his fat middle — waist he had none. Everybody rose, and he asked the bride and groom severally if they would help each other

through life and be kind and faithful; then in a long, mechanical formula, which I could not hear, he dismissed them. They signed a register, and the affair was all over for us, and just begun for them, poor things. The bride seemed a little moved when we returned to the anteroom; she borrowed her husband's handkerchief, lightly blew her nose with it, and tucked it back in his breast-pocket.

XIII.

In pursuance of an intention of studying Florence more seriously than anything here represents, I assisted one morning at a session of the police court, which I was willing to compare with the like tribunal at home. I

A SCAVENGER.

found myself in much the same sort of crowd as frequents the police court here; but upon the whole the Florentine audience, though shabby, was not so truculent-looking nor so dirty as the Boston one; and my respectability was consoled when I found myself shoulder to shoulder with an *abbate* in it. The thing that chiefly struck me in the court itself was the abundance of form and "presence," as compared with ours. Instead of our clerk standing up in his sack-coat, the court was opened by a crier in a black gown with a white shoulder-knot, and order was kept by others as ceremoniously appareled, instead of two fat, cravatless officers in blue flannel jackets and Japanese fans. The judges, who were three, sat on a dais under a bust of King Umberto, before desks equipped with inkstands and sand-boxes exactly like those in the theater. Like the ushers, they wore black gowns and white shoulder-knots, and had on visorless caps bound with silver braid; the lawyers also were in gowns. The business with which the court opened seemed to be some civil question, and I waited for no other. The judges examined the witnesses, and were very keen and quick with them, but not severe; and what I admired in all was the good manner — self-respectful, unabashed; nobody seemed browbeaten or afraid. One of the witnesses was one whom people near me called a *gobbino* (hunchbackling), and whose deformity was so grotesque that I am afraid a crowd of our people would have laughed at him, but no one smiled there. He bore himself with dignity, answering to the beautiful Florentine name of Vanuccio Vanucci; the judges first addressed him as *voi* (you), but slipped insensibly into the more respectful *lei* (lordship) before they were done with him. I was too far off from them to make out what it was all about.

XIV.

I believe there are not many crimes of violence in Florence; the people are not brutal, except to the dumb brutes, and there is probably more cutting and stabbing in Boston; and for shooting, it is almost unheard of. A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been established by some humane English ladies, which directs its efforts wisely to awakening sympathy for them in the children. They are taught kindness to cats and dogs, and it is hoped that when they grow up they will even be kind to horses. These poor creatures, which have been shut out of the pale of human sympathy in Italy by their failure to embrace the Christian doctrine ("*Non sono Cristiani!*"), are very harshly treated by the Florentines, I was told; though I am bound to say that I never saw an Italian beating a horse. The horses look wretchedly underfed and overworked, and doubtless they suffer from the hard, smooth pavements of the city, which are so delightful to drive on; but as for the savage scourgings, the kicking with heavy boots, the striking over the head with the butts of whips, I take leave to doubt if it is at all worse with the Italians than with us, though it is so bad with us that the sooner the Italians can be reformed the better.

If they are not very good to animals, I saw how kind they could be to the helpless and hapless of our own species, in a visit which I paid one morning to the Pia Casa di Rico-

A COURT-YARD NEAR FLORENCE.

vero in Florence. This refuge for pauperism was established by the first Napoleon, and is formed of two old convents, which he suppressed and joined together for the purpose. It has now nearly eight hundred inmates, men, women, and children; and any one found begging in the streets is sent there. The whole is under police government, and an officer was detailed to show me about the airy wards and sunny courts, and the clean, wholesome dormitories. The cleanliness of the place, in fact, is its most striking characteristic, and is promoted in the persons of the inmates by baths, perfunctory or voluntary, every week. The kitchen, with its shining coppers, was deliciously fragrant with the lunch preparing, as I passed through it: a mush of Indian meal boiled in a substantial meat-broth. This was served with an abundance of bread and half a gill of wine in pleasant refectories; some very old incapables and incurables were eating it in bed. The aged leisure gregariously gossiping in the wards, or blinking vacantly in the sunshine of the courts, was an enviable spectacle; and I should have liked to know what these old fellows had to complain of; for, of course, they were discontented. The younger inmates were all at work; there was an admirably appointed shop where they were artistically instructed in wood-carving and fine cabinet-work; and there were whole rooms full of little girls knitting, and of big girls weaving: all the clothes worn there are woven there. I do not know why the sight of a very old tailor in spectacles, cutting out a dozen suits of clothes at a time, from as many thicknesses of cloth, should have been so fascinating. Perhaps in his presence I was hovering upon the secret of the conjectured grief of that aged leisure: its clothes were all cut of one size and pattern!

XV.

I HAVE spoken already of the excellent public schools of Florence, which I heard extolled again and again as the best in Italy; and I was very glad of the kindness of certain friends, which enabled me to visit them nearly all. The first which I saw was in that famous old Via de' Bardi where Romola lived, and which was inspired by a charity as large-minded as her own. It is for the education of young girls in book-keeping and those departments of commerce in which they can be useful to themselves and others, and has a subsidy from the state of two-fifths of its expenses; the girls pay each ten francs a year for their tuition, and the rest comes from private sources. The person who had done most to establish it was the lady in whose charge I found it, and who was giving her time to it for nothing; she was the wife of a professor in the School of Superior Studies (as the University of Florence modestly calls itself), and I hope I may be forgiven, for the

sake of the completer idea of the fact which I wish to present, if I trench so far as to add that she found her devotion to it consistent with all her domestic duties and social pleasures: she had thoroughly philosophized it, and enjoyed it practically as well as æsthetically. The school occupies three rooms on the ground floor of an old palace, whose rear windows look upon the Arno; and in these rooms are taught successively writing and mathematics, the principles of book-keeping, and practical book-keeping, with English and French throughout the three years' course. The teacher of penmanship was a professor in the Academy of Fine Arts, and taught it in its principles; in this case, as in most others, the instruction is without text-books, and seemed to me more direct and sympathetic than ours: the pupil felt the personal quality of the teacher. There are fifty girls in the school, mostly from shop-keeping families, and of all ages from twelve to seventeen; and although it had been established only a short time, several of them had already found places. They were prettily and tidily dressed, and looked interested and happy. They rose when we entered a room, and remained standing till we left it; and it was easy to see that their mental training was based upon a habit of self-respectful subordination, which would be quite as useful hereafter. Some little infractions of discipline—I have forgotten what —were promptly rebuked by Signora G——, and her rebuke was received in the best spirit. She said she had no trouble with her girls, and she was experiencing now, at the end of the first year, the satisfaction of success in her experiment: hers I call it, because, though there is a similar school in Naples, she was the foundress of this in Florence.

There is now in Italy much inquiry as to what the Italians can best do to resume their place in the business of the world; and in giving me a letter to the director of the Popular Schools in Florence, Signora G—— told me something of what certain good heads and hearts there had been thinking and doing. It appeared to these that Italy, with her lack of natural resources, could never compete with the great industrial nations in manufacturing, but they believed that she might still excel in the mechanical arts which are nearest allied to the fine arts, if an intelligent interest in them could be reawakened in her people, and they could be enlightened and educated to the appreciation of skill and beauty in these. To this end a number of Florentine gentlemen united to establish the Popular Schools, where instruction is given free every Sunday to any man or boy of any age who chooses to wash his hands and face and come. Each of these gentlemen pledges himself to teach personally in the schools, or to pay for a teacher in his place; there is no aid from the state; all is the work of private beneficence, and no one receives pay for service in the schools except the porter.

ON THE ARNO — REAR OF VIA DE' BARDI.

I found them in a vast old palace in the Via Parione, and the director kindly showed me through every department. Instruction is given in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the other simpler branches; but the final purpose of the schools is to train the faculties for the practice of the decorative arts, and any art in which disciplined and nimble wits are useful. When a pupil enters, his name is registered, and his history in the school is carefully recorded up to the time he leaves it. It was most interesting to pass from one room to another, and witness the operation of the admirable ideas which animated the whole. Of course, the younger pupils were the quicker; but the director called them up without regard to age or standing, and let me hear them answer their teachers' questions, merely saying, "This one has been with us six weeks; this one, two; this one, three years," etc. They were mostly poor fellows out of the streets, but often they were peasants who walked five or six miles to and fro to profit by the chance offered them for a little life and light. Sometimes they were not too clean, and the smell in the rooms must have been trying to the teachers; but they were decently clad, attentive, and well-behaved. One of the teachers had come up through the schools, with no other training, and was very efficient. There was a gymnasium, and the pupils were taught the principles of hygiene; there was abundant scientific apparatus, and a free circulating library. There is no religious instruction, but in one of the rooms a professor from the Studii Superiori was lecturing on the Duties of a Citizen; I heard him talk to the boys about theft; he was very explicit with them, but just and kindly; from time to time he put a question to test their intelligence and attention. An admirable spirit of democracy — that is to say, of humanity and good sense — seemed to prevail throughout. The director made one little fellow read to me. Then, "What is your business?" he asked. "Cleaning out eave-troughs." Some of the rest tittered. "Why laugh?" demanded the director, sternly. "It is an occupation, like another."

There are no punishments; for gross misbehavior the offender is expelled. On the other hand, the pupils are given premiums for excellence, and are encouraged to put them into the savings-bank. The whole course is for four years; but in the last year's room few remained. Of these was a certain *rosso* (red-head), whom the director called up. Afterwards he told me that this *rosso* had a wild romantic passion for America, whither he supremely desired to go, and that it would be an inexpressible pleasure for him to have seen me. I came away regretting that he could form so little idea, from my looks, of what America was really like.

In an old Medici palace, which was also once a convent, at the Oltarno end of the Trinità bridge, is the National Female Normal School, one of two in the kingdom, the other being at Naples. On the day of my visit, the older girls had just returned from the funeral of one of their professors — a priest of the neighboring parish of S. Spirito. It was at noon, and, in the natural reaction, they were chatting gayly; and as they ranged up and down stairs and through the long sunny corridors, pairing off, and whispering and laughing over their luncheon, they were very much like school-girls at home. The porter sent me upstairs through their formidable ranks to the room of the professor to whom I was accredited, and he kindly showed me through his department. It was scientific, and to my ignorance, at least, was thoroughly equipped for its work with the usual apparatus; but at that moment the light, clean, airy rooms were empty of students; and he presently gave me in charge of the directress, Signora Billi, who kindly led the way through the whole establishment. Some Boston lady, whom she had met in our educational exhibit at the Exposition in Paris, had made interest with her for all future Americans by giving her a complete set of our public-school textbooks, and she showed me with great satisfaction, in one of the rooms, a set of American school furniture, desks, and seats. But there the Americanism of the Normal School ended. The instruction was oral, the text-books few or none; but every student had her notebook in which she set down the facts and principles imparted. I do not know what the comparative advantages of the different systems are; but it seemed to me that there must be more life and sympathy in the Italian.

The pupils, who are of all ages from six years to twenty, are five hundred in number, and are nearly all from the middle class, though some are from the classes above and below that. They come there to be fitted for teaching, and are glad to get the places which the state, which educates them for nothing, pays scantily enough — two hundred and fifty dollars a year at most. They were all neatly dressed, and well-mannered, of course, from the oldest to the youngest; the discipline is perfect, and the relation of teachers and pupils, I understood, most affectionate. Perhaps after saying this I ought to add that the teachers are all ladies, and young ladies. One of these was vexed that I should see her girls with their hats and sacks on: but they were little ones and just going home; the little

AN ARRANGEMENT IN CHIMNEY-POTS.

ones were allowed to go home at one o'clock, while the others remained from nine till two. In the room of the youngest were two small Scotchwomen who had quite forgotten their parents' dialect; but in their blue eyes and auburn hair, in everything but their speech, they were utterly alien to the dusky bloom and gleaming black of the Italians about them. The girls were nearly all of the dark type, though there was here and there one of those opaque southern blondes one finds in Italy. Fair or dark, however, they all had looks of bright intelligence, though I should say that in beauty they were below the American average. All their surroundings here were wholesome and good, and the place was thoroughly comfortable, as the Italians understand comfort. They have no fire in the coldest weather, though at Signora G——'s commercial school they had stoves, to be used in extreme cases; but on the other hand they had plenty of light and sunny air, and all the brick floors and whitewashed walls were exquisitely clean. I should not have been much the wiser for seeing them at their lessons, and I shall always be glad of that impression of hopeful, cheerful young life which the sight of their leisure gave me, as they wandered happy and free through the corridors where the nuns used to pace with downcast eyes and folded palms; and I came away very well satisfied with my century.

My content was in nowise impaired by the visit which I made to the girls' public school in Via Montebello. It corresponded, I suppose, to one of our primary schools; and here, as elsewhere, the teaching was by dictation; the children had readers, but no other textbooks; these were in the hands of the teachers alone. Again everything was very clean, very orderly, very humane and kindly. The little ones in the various rooms, called up at random, were wonderfully proficient in reading, mathematics, grammar, and geography; one small person showed an intimacy with the map of Europe which was nothing less than dismaying if one had had his difficulties in keeping the Caspian Sea out of it.

I did not succeed in getting to the boys' schools, but I was told that they were practically the same as this; and it seemed to me that if I must miss either, it was better to see the future mothers of Italy at their books. Here alone was there any hint of the church in the school: it was a Friday, and the priest was coming to teach the future mothers their catechism.

XVI.

Few of my readers, I hope, have failed to feel the likeness of these broken and ineffectual sketches to the pictures in stone which glare at you from the windows of the mosaicists on the Lungarno and in the Via Borgognissanti; the wonder of them is greater than the pleasure. I have myself had the fancy, in my work, of a number of small views and figures of mosaic, set in a slab of black marble for a table-top,—or, if the reader does not like me to be so ambitious, a paperweight; and now I am tempted to form a border to this *capo d'opera*, bizarre and irregular, such as I have sometimes seen composed of the bits of *pietra viva* left over from a larger work. They are mere fragments of color, scraps and shreds of Florence, which I find still gleaming more or less dimly in my note-books, and I have no notion of making any ordered arrangement of them.

But I am sure that if I shall but speak of how the sunshine lies in the Piazza of the Annunziata at noonday, falling on the feebly dribbling grotesques of the fountain there, and on John of Bologna's equestrian grand duke, and on that dear and ever lovely band of babes by Luca della Robbia in the façade

of the Hospital of the Innocents, I shall do enough to bring it all back to him who has once seen it, and to justify myself at least in his eyes.

The beautiful pulpit of Donatello in San Lorenzo I find associated in sensation with the effect, from the old cloistered court of that church, of Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's tower showing in the pale evening air above all the picturesque roofs between San Lorenzo and the cathedral; and not remote from these is my pleasure in the rich vulgarity and affluent bad taste of the modern decoration of the *Caffè del Parlamento*, in which one takes one's ice under the chins of all these pretty girls, popping their little sculptured heads out of the lunettes below the frieze, with the hats and bonnets of fifteen years ago on them.

Do you remember, beloved brethren and sisters of Florentine sojourn, the little windows beside the grand portals of the palaces, the *cantine*, where you could buy a graceful wicker-covered flask of the prince's or marquis's wine? "Open from ten till four — till one on holidays," they were lettered; and in the Borgo degli Albizzi I saw the Cantina Filicaja, though it had no longer the old sigh for Italy upon its lips:

"Deh, fossi tu men bella o almen più forte!"

I am far from disdaining the memory of my horse-car tour of the city, on the track which followed so nearly the line of the old city wall that it showed me most of the gates still left standing, and the last grand duke's arch of triumph, very brave in the sunset light. The tramways make all the long distances in the Florentine outskirts and suburbs, and the cars never come when you want them, just as with us, and are always as crowded.

I had a great deal of comfort in two old fellows, unoccupied custodians, in the convent of San Marco, who, while we were all fidgeting about, doing our Fra Angelico or our Savonarola, sat motionless in a patch of sunshine and tranquilly gossiped together in senile falsetto. On the other hand, I never saw truer grief, or more of it, in a custodian than the polite soul displayed in the Bargello on whom we came so near the hour of closing one day that he could show us almost nothing. I could see that it wrung his heart that we should have paid our francs to come in then, when the Dante in the peaceful Giotto fresco was only a pensive blur to the eye, and the hideous realizations of the great Pest in wax were mere indistinguishable nightmares. We tried to console him by assuring him of our delight in Della Robbia's singing boys in another room, and of the compensation we had in getting away from the Twelve (Useless) Labors of Hercules by Rossi, and two or three particularly unpleasant muscular Abstractions of Michael Angelo. It was in fact too dark to see much of the museum, and we had to come again for that; but no hour could have been better than that of the falling dusk for the old court, with its beautiful staircase, where so many hearts had broken in the anguish of death, and so many bloody heads rolled upon the insensible stones since the first Podestà of Florence had made the Bargello his home, till the last Medici had made it his prison.

Of statues and of pictures I have spoken very little, because it seems to me that others have spoken more than enough. Yet I have hinted that I did my share both of suffering and enjoying in galleries and churches, and I have here and there still lurking in my consciousness a color, a look, a light, a line from some masterpiece of Botticelli, of Donatello, of Mino da Fiesole, which I would fain hope will be a consolation forever, but which I will not vainly attempt to impart to others. I will rather beg the reader, when he goes to Florence, to go for my sake, as well as his own, to the Academy and look at the Spring of Botticelli as long and often as he can keep away from the tender and dignified and exquisitely refined Mino da Fiesole sculptures in the Badia, or wherever else he may find them. These works he may enjoy without technique, and simply upon condition of his being a tolerably genuine human creature. There is something also very sweet and winningly simple in the archaic reliefs in the base of Giotto's tower; and the lessee of the Teatro Umberto in showing me behind the scenes of his theater had a politeness that was delicious, and comparable to nothing less than the finest works of art. In quality of courtesy the Italians are still easily first of all men, as they are in most other things when they will, though I am not sure that the old gentleman who is known in Florence as The American, *par excellence*, is not perhaps preëminent in the art of driving a circus-chariot. This compatriot has been one of the most striking and characteristic features of the place for a quarter of a century, with his team of sixteen or twenty horses guided through the Florentine streets by the reins gathered into his hands. From time to time his horses have run away and smashed his carriage, or at least pulled him from his seat, so that now he has himself strapped to the box, and four grooms sit with folded arms on the seats behind him, ready to jump down and fly at the horses' heads. As the strange figure, drawn at a slow trot, passes along, with stiffly-waxed mustache and impassive face, it looks rather like a mechanical contrivance in the human form; and you are yielding to this fancy, when, approaching

FOUNTAIN IN THE BOBOLI GARDENS.

a corner, it breaks into a long cry, astonishingly harsh and fierce, to warn people in the next street of its approach. It is a curious sight, and seems to belong to the time when rich and privileged people used their pleasure to be eccentric, and the "madness" of Englishmen especially was the amazement and delight of the Continent. It is in character with this that the poor old gentleman should bear one of our own briefly historical names, and that he should illustrate in the indulgence of his caprice the fact that no great length of time is required to arrive at all that centuries can do for a noble family. I have been sorry to observe a growing impatience with him on the part of the Florentine journalists. Upon the occasion of his last accident they asked if it was not time his progresses should be forbidden. Next to tearing down the Ponte Vecchio, I can imagine nothing worse.

Journalism is very active in Florence, and newspapers are sold and read everywhere; they are conspicuous in the hands of people who are not supposed to read; and more than once the cab-driver whom I called at a street corner had to fold up his cheap paper and put it away before he could respond. They are of a varying quality. The "Nazione," which is serious and political, is as solidly, if not so heavily, written as an English journal; the "Fanfulla della Domenica," which is literary, contains careful and brilliant reviews of new books. The cheap papers are apt to be inflammatory in politics; if humorous, they are local and somewhat unintelligible. The more pretentious satirical papers are upon the model of the French — a little more political, but abounding mostly in jokes at the expense of the seventh commandment, which the Latins find so droll. There are in all thirty periodicals, monthly, weekly, and daily, published in Florence, which you are continually assured is no longer the literary center of Italy. It is true none of the leaders of the new realistic movement in fiction are Florentines by birth or residence; the chief Italian poet, Carducci, lives in Bologna, the famous traveler De Amicis lives in Turin, and most new books are published at Milan or Naples. But I recur again to the group of accomplished scholars who form the intellectual body of the Studii Superiori, or University of Florence; and thinking of such an able and delightful historian as Villari, and such a thorough and indefatigable littérateur as Gubernatis, whom the congenial intellectual atmosphere of Florence has attracted from Naples and Piedmont, I should not, if I were a Florentine, yield the palm without a struggle.

One does not turn one's face from Florence without having paid due honors in many a regretful, grateful look to the noble and famous river that runs through her heart. You are always coming upon the Arno, and always seeing it in some new phase or mood. Belted with its many bridges, and margined with towers and palaces, it is the most beautiful and stately thing in the beautiful and stately city, whether it is in a dramatic passion from the recent rains, or dreamily raving of summer drouth over its dam, and stretching a bar of silver from shore to shore. The tawny splendor of its flood; the rush of its rapids; the glassy expanses in which the skies mirror themselves by day, and the lamps by night; the sweeping curve of the pale buff line of houses that follows its course, give a fascination which is not lost even when the anxiety of a threatened inundation mingles with it. The storms of a single night, sending down their torrents from the hills, set it foaming; it rises momently, and nothing but the presence of all the fire-engine companies in the city allays

public apprehension. What they are to do to the Arno in case it overflows its banks, or whether they are similarly called out in summer when it shrinks to a rill in its bed, and sends up clouds of mosquitoes, I do not know; nor am I quite comfortable in thinking the city is drained into it. From the vile old rancid stenches which steam up from the crevices in the pavement everywhere, one would think the city was not drained at all; but this would be as great a mistake as to think New York is not cleaned, merely because it looks filthy.

Before we left Florence we saw the winter drowse broken in the drives and alleys of the Cascine; we saw the grass, green from November till April, snowed with daises, and the floors of the dusky little dingles empurpled with violets. The nightingales sang from the poplar tops in the dull rich warmth; the carriages blossomed with lovely hats and parasols; handsome cavaliers and slim-waisted ladies dashed by on blooded horses (I will say blooded for the effect), and a fat flower-girl urged her wares upon every one she could overtake. It was enough to suggest what the Cascine could be to Florence in the summer, and enough to make one regret the winter, when one could have it nearly all to one's self.

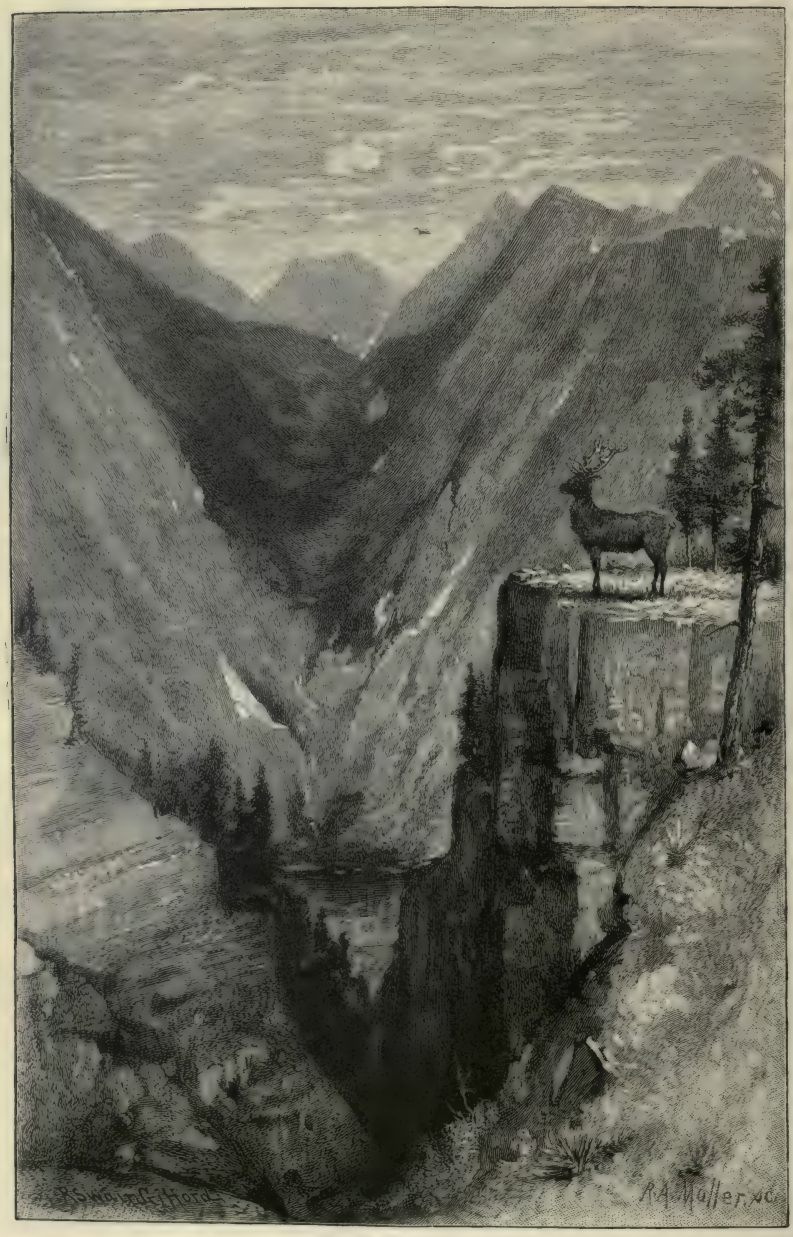
You can never see the Boboli Garden with the same sense of ownership, for it distinctly belongs to the king's palace, and the public has the range of it only on Sundays, when the people throng it. But, unless one is very greedy, it is none the less a pleasure for that, with its charming, silly grottoes, its masses of ivy-covered wall, its curtains of laurel-hedge, its black spires of cypress and domes of pine, its weather-beaten marbles, its sad, unkempt lawns, its grotesque, overgrown fountain, with those sea-horses so much too big for its lake, its wandering alleys and moss-grown seats abounding in talking age and whispering lovers. It has a tangled vastness in which an American might almost lose his self-consciousness; and the view of Florence from one of its heights is incomparably enchanting,—like every other view of Florence.

Like that, for instance, which one has from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, looking down on the picturesque surfaces of the city tiles, the silver breadth and stretch of the Arno, the olive- and vine-clad hills, the vast champaign widening in the distance till the misty tops of the mountains softly close it in at last. Here, as from San Miniato, the domed and galleried bulk of the cathedral showed prodigiously first of all things; then the eye rested again and again upon the lowered crests of the mediæval towers, monumentally abounding among the modern roofs that swelled above their broken pride. The Florence that I saw was indeed no longer the Florence of the sentimentalist's feeble desire, or the romancer's dream, but something vastly better: contemporary, real, busy in its fashion, and wholesomely and every-daily beautiful. And my heart still warms to the famous town, not because of that past which, however heroic and aspiring, was so wrong-headed and bloody and pitiless, but because of the present, safe, free, kindly, full of possibilities of prosperity and fraternity, like Boston or Denver.

The weather had grown suddenly warm overnight. I looked again at the distant mountains, where they smoldered along the horizon: they were purple to their tips, and no ghost of snow glimmered under any fold of their mist. Our winter in Florence had come to an end.

W. D. Howells.

RELIEF FROM PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.



IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

[DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD, ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.]

STILL-HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

THE grizzly bear undoubtedly comes in the category of dangerous game, and is, perhaps, the only animal in the United States that can be fairly so placed, unless we count the few jaguars found north of the Rio Grande. But the danger of hunting the grizzly has been greatly exaggerated, and the sport is certainly very much safer than it was at the beginning of this century. The first hunters who came into contact with this great bear were men belonging to that hardy and adventurous class of backwoodsmen which had filled the wild country between the Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi. These men carried but one weapon, the long-barreled, small-bored pea-rifle, whose bullets ran seventy to the pound, the amount of powder and lead being a little less than that contained in the cartridge of a thirty-two-caliber Winchester. In the Eastern States almost all the hunting was done in the woodland; the shots were mostly obtained at short distance, and deer and black bear were the largest game; moreover, the pea-rifles were marvelously accurate for close range, and their owners were famed the world over for their skill as marksmen. Thus these rifles had so far proved plenty good enough for the work they had to do, and had also done excellent service as military weapons in the ferocious wars that the men of the border carried on with their Indian neighbors, and even in conflict with more civilized foes, as at the battles of King's Mountain and New Orleans. But when the restless frontiersmen pressed out over the Western plains, they encountered in the grizzly a beast of far greater bulk and more savage temper than any of those found in the Eastern woods, and their small-bore rifles were utterly inadequate weapons with which to cope with him. It is small wonder that he was considered by them to be almost invulnerable and extraordinarily tenacious of life. He would be a most unpleasant antagonist now to a man armed only with a thirty-two-caliber rifle, that carried but a single shot and was loaded at the muzzle. A rifle, to be of use in this sport, should carry a ball weighing from half an ounce to an ounce. With the old pea-rifles the shot had to be in the eye or heart, and accidents to the hunter were very common. But the introduction of heavy breech-loading repeaters has greatly lessened the danger, even in the very few and far-off places where the grizzlies are as ferocious as formerly. For nowadays these great bears are undoubtedly much better aware of the death-dealing power of men, and, as a consequence, far less fierce, than was the case with their forefathers, who so unhesitatingly attacked the early Western travelers and explorers. Constant contact with rifle-carrying hunters, for a period extending over many generations of bear-life, has taught the grizzly by bitter experience that man is his undoubted overlord, as far as fighting goes; and this knowledge has become a hereditary characteristic. No grizzly will attack a man now unprovoked, and one will almost always rather run than fight; though if he is wounded or thinks himself cornered he will attack his foes with a headlong, reckless fury that renders him one of the most dangerous of wild beasts. The ferocity of all wild animals depends largely upon the amount of resistance they are accustomed to meet with, and the quantity of molestation to which they are subjected. The change in the grizzly's character during the last half century has been precisely paralleled by the change in the characters of his northern cousin, the polar bear, and of the South African lion. When the Dutch and Scandinavian sailors first penetrated the Arctic seas they were kept in constant dread of the white bear, who regarded a man as simply an erect variety of seal, quite as good eating as the common kind. The records of these early explorers are filled with examples of the ferocious and man-eating propensities of the polar bears; but in the accounts of most of the later Arctic expeditions it is portrayed as having learned wisdom, and being now most anxious to keep out of the way of the hunters. A number of my sporting friends have killed white bears, and none of them were ever even charged. And in South Africa the English sportsmen and Dutch boers have taught the lion to be a very different creature from what it was when the first white man reached that continent. If the Indian tiger had been a native of the United States, it would now be one of the most shy of beasts.

How the prowess of the grizzly compares with that of the lion or tiger would be hard to say; I have never shot either of the latter myself, and my brother, who has killed tigers in India, has never had a chance at a grizzly. Owing to its bulk and muscular development being two or three times as great, I should think that any one of the big bears we killed

on the mountains would make short work of a lion or a tiger; but, nevertheless, I believe either of the latter would be much more dangerous to a hunter or other human being, on account of the immensely superior speed of its charge, the lightning-like rapidity of its movements, and its apparently sharper senses. Still, after all is said, the man should have a thoroughly trustworthy weapon and a fairly cool head who would follow into his own haunts and slay grim Old Ephraim.

A grizzly will only fight if wounded or cornered, or, at least, if he thinks himself cornered. If a man by accident stumbles on to one close up, he is almost certain to be attacked, really more from fear than from any other motive,— exactly the same reason that makes a rattlesnake strike at a passer-by. I have personally known of but one instance of a grizzly turning on a hunter before being wounded. This happened to a friend of mine, a Californian ranchman, who, with two or three of his men, was following a bear that had carried off one of his sheep. They got the bear into a cleft in the mountain from which there was no escape, and he suddenly charged back through the line of his pursuers, struck down one of the horsemen, seized the arm of the man in his jaws and broke it as if it had been a pipe-stem, and was only killed after a most lively fight, in which, by repeated charges, he at one time drove every one of his assailants off the field.

But two instances have come to my personal knowledge where a man has been killed by a grizzly. One was that of a hunter at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains who had chased a large bear and finally wounded him. The animal turned at once and came straight at the man, whose second shot missed. The bear then closed and passed on, after striking only a single blow; yet that one blow, given with all the power of its thick, immensely muscular fore-arm, armed with nails as strong as so many hooked steel spikes, tore out the man's collar-bone and snapped through three or four ribs. He never recovered from the shock, and died that night.

The other instance occurred, two or three years ago, to a neighbor of mine, who has a small ranch on the Little Missouri. He was out on a mining trip, and was prospecting with two other men near the headwaters of the Little Missouri, in the Black Hills country. They were walking down along the river, and came to a point of land thrust out into it, which was densely covered with brush and fallen timber. Two of the party walked round by the edge of the stream; but the third, a German, and a very powerful fellow, followed a well-beaten game-trail leading through the bushy point. When they were some forty yards apart the two men heard an agonized shout from the German, and at the same time the loud coughing growl, or roar, of a bear. They turned just in time to see their companion struck a terrible blow on the head by a grizzly, which must have been roused from its lair by his almost stepping on it; so close was it that he had no time to fire his rifle, but merely held it up over his head as a guard. Of course it was struck down, the claws of the great brute at the same time shattering his skull like an egg-shell. The man staggered on some ten feet before he fell; but when he did fall he never spoke or moved again. The two others killed the bear after a short, brisk struggle, as he was in the midst of a most determined charge.

In 1872, near Fort Wingate, New Mexico, two soldiers of a cavalry regiment came to their death at the claws of a grizzly bear. The army surgeon who attended them told me the particulars, so far as they were known. They were mail-carriers, and one day did not come in at the appointed time. Next day a relief party was sent out to look for them, and after some search found the bodies of both, as well as that of one of the horses. One of the men still showed signs of life; he came to his senses before dying, and told the story. They had seen a grizzly and pursued it on horseback, with their Spencer rifles. On coming close, one had fired into its side, when it turned with marvelous quickness for so large and unwieldy an animal, and struck down the horse, at the same time inflicting a ghastly wound on the rider. The other man dismounted and came up to the rescue of his companion. The bear then left the latter and attacked the other. Although hit by the bullet, it charged home and threw the man down, and then lay on him and deliberately bit him to death; his groans and cries were frightful to hear. Afterwards it walked off into the bushes without again offering to molest the already mortally wounded victim of its first assault.

At certain times the grizzly works a good deal of havoc among the herds of the stockmen. A friend of mine, a ranchman in Montana, told me that one fall bears became very plenty around his ranches, and caused him severe loss, killing with ease even full-grown beef-steers. But one of them once found his intended quarry too much for him. My friend had a stocky, rather vicious range stallion, which had been grazing one day near a small thicket of bushes, and towards evening came galloping in with three or four gashes in one haunch, that looked as if they had been cut with a dull axe. The cowboys

knew at once that he had been assailed by a bear, and rode off to the thicket near which he had been feeding. Sure enough a bear, evidently in a very bad temper, sallied out as soon as the thicket was surrounded, and, after a spirited fight and a succession of charges, was killed. On examination, it was found that his under jaw was broken, and part of his face smashed in, evidently by the stallion's hoofs. The horse had been feeding, when the bear leaped out at him, but failed to kill at the first stroke; then the horse lashed out behind, and not only freed himself, but also severely damaged his opponent.

Doubtless the grizzly could be hunted to advantage with dogs, which would not, of course, be expected to seize him, but simply to find and bay him, and distract his attention by barking and nipping. Occasionally a bear can be caught in the open and killed with the aid of horses. But nine times out of ten the only way to get one is to put on moccasins and still-hunt it in its own haunts, shooting it at close quarters. Either its tracks should be followed until the bed wherein it lies during the day is found, or a given locality in which it is known to exist should be carefully beaten through, or else a bait should be left out and a watch kept on it to catch the bear when he has come to visit it.

During last summer we found it necessary to leave my ranch on the Little Missouri, and take quite a long trip through the cattle country of south-eastern Montana and northern Wyoming; and having come to the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, we took a fortnight's hunt through them after elk and bear.

We went into the mountains with a pack-train, leaving the ranch wagon at the place where we began to go up the first steep rise. There were two others besides myself in the party: one of them, the teamster, a weather-beaten old plainsman, who possessed a most extraordinary stock of miscellaneous misinformation upon every conceivable subject; and the other, my ranch foreman, Merrifield. Merrifield was originally an Eastern backwoodsman, and during the last year or two has been my *fidus Achates* of the hunting field; he is a well-built, good-looking fellow, an excellent rider, a first-class shot, and a keen sportsman. None of us had ever been within two hundred miles of the Big Horn range before; so that our hunting trip had the added zest of being also an exploring expedition.

Each of us rode one pony, and the packs were carried on four others. We were not burdened by much baggage. Having no tent, we took the canvas wagon-sheet instead; our bedding, plenty of spare cartridges, some flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, and salt, and a few very primitive cooking utensils, completed the outfit.

The Big Horn range is a chain of bare rocky peaks, stretching lengthwise along the middle of a table-land which is about thirty miles wide. At its edges this table-land falls sheer off into the rolling plains country. From the rocky peaks flow rapid brooks of clear, icy water, which take their way through deep gorges that they have channeled out in the surface of the plateau; a few miles from the heads of the streams these gorges become regular cañons, with sides so steep as to be almost perpendicular. In traveling, therefore, the trail has to keep well up towards timber-line, as lower down horses find it difficult or impossible to get across the valleys. In strong contrast to the treeless cattle plains extending to its foot, the sides of the table-land are densely wooded with tall pines. Its top forms what is called a park country,—that is, it is covered with alternating groves of trees and open glades, each grove or glade varying in size from half a dozen to many hundred acres.

We went in with the pack-train two days' journey before pitching camp in what we intended to be our hunting grounds, following an old Indian trail. No one who has not tried it can understand the work and worry that it is to drive a pack-train over rough ground and through timber. We were none of us very skillful at packing, and the loads were all the time slipping. Sometimes the ponies would stampede with the packs half tied, or they would get caught among the fallen logs, or, in a ticklish place, would suddenly decline to follow the trail, or would commit some other of the thousand tricks which seem to be all a pack-pony knows. Then, at night, they were a bother; if picketed out, they fed badly and got thin, and if they were not picketed, they sometimes strayed away. The most valuable one of the lot was also the hardest to catch. Accordingly, we used to let him loose with a long lariat tied round his neck, and one night this lariat twisted up in a sage brush, and in struggling to free himself the pony got a half-hitch round his hind leg, threw himself, and fell over a bank into a creek on a large stone. We found him in the morning very much the worse for wear, his hind legs swelled up so that his chief method of progression was by a series of awkward hops. Of course, no load could be put upon him, but he managed to limp along behind the other horses, and actually, in the end, reached the ranch on the Little Missouri, three hundred miles off. No sooner had he got there and been turned loose to rest, than he fell down a big wash-out and broke his neck. Another time, one of the mares—a homely beast,

with a head like a camel's — managed to flounder into the very center of a mud-hole, and we spent the better part of a morning in fishing her out.

We spent several days at the first camping-place, killing half a dozen elk, but none with very fine heads. All of these were gotten by still-hunting, Merrifield and I following up their trails, either together or separately. Throughout this trip I used a buckskin hunting-suit, a fur cap, and moccasins. Not only was this dress very lasting, but it was also very inconspicuous in the woods (always an important point for a hunter to attend to); and in it I could walk almost noiselessly, the moccasins making no sound whatever, and the buckskin reducing the rustling of branches and twigs as I passed through them to a minimum. Both of us carried Winchester rifles. Mine was a 45-75, half-magazine, stocked and sighted to suit myself. At one time I had bought a double-barreled English Express, but I soon threw it aside in favor of the Winchester, which, according to my experience, is much the best weapon for any American game.

Although it was still early in September, the weather was cool and pleasant, the nights being frosty; and every two or three days there was a flurry of light snow, which rendered the labor of tracking much more easy. Indeed, throughout our stay in the mountains, the peaks were snow-capped almost all the time. Our fare was excellent, consisting of elk venison, mountain grouse, and small trout, the last caught in one of the beautiful little lakes that lay almost up by the timber-line. To us, who had for weeks been accustomed to make small fires from dried brush, or from sage-brush roots, which we dug out of the ground, it was a treat to sit at night before the roaring and crackling pine logs; as the old teamster quaintly put it, we had at last come to a land "where the wood grew on trees." There were plenty of black-tail deer in the woods, and we came across a number of bands of cow and calf elk, or of young bulls; but after several days' hunting, we were still without any head worth taking home, and had seen no sign of grizzly, which was the game we were especially anxious to kill for neither Merrifield nor I had ever seen a wild bear alive.

One day we separated. I took up the trail of a large bull elk, and though after a while I lost the track, in the end I ran across the animal itself, and after a short stalk got a shot at the noble-looking old fellow. It was a grand bull, with massive neck and twelve-tined antlers; and he made a most beautiful picture, standing out on a crag that jutted over the sheer cliff wall, the tall pine-trees behind him and the deep cañon at his feet, while in the background rose the snow-covered granite peaks. As I got up on my knees to fire he half-faced towards me, about eighty yards off, and the ball went in behind the shoulder. He broke away into the forest, but stopped before he had gone twenty rods, and did not need the second bullet to which he fell. I reached camp early in the afternoon, and waited for a couple of hours before Merrifield put in an appearance. At last we heard a shout — the familiar long-drawn *Ei-koh-h-h* of the cattlemen — and he came in sight, galloping at speed down an open glade, and waving his hat, evidently having had good luck; and when he reined in his small, wiry cow-pony, we saw that he had packed behind his saddle the fine, glossy pelt of a black bear. Better still, he announced that he had been off about ten miles to a perfect tangle of ravines and valleys where bear sign was very thick; and not of black bear either, but of grizzly. The black bear (the only one we got on the mountains) he had run across by accident. While riding up a valley in which there was a patch of dead timber grown up with berry bushes, he noticed a black object, which he first took to be a stump; for during the past few days we had each of us made one or two clever stalks up to charred logs which our imagination converted into bears. On coming near, however, the object suddenly took to its heels; he followed over frightful ground at the pony's best pace, until it stumbled and fell down. By this time he was close on the bear, which had just reached the edge of the wood. Picking himself up, he rushed after it, hearing it growling ahead of him; after running some fifty yards the sounds stopped, and he stood still listening. He saw and heard nothing until he happened to cast his eyes upwards, and there was the bear, almost overhead, and about twenty-five feet up a tree; and in as many seconds afterwards it came down to the ground with a bounce, stone dead. It was a young bear, in its second year, and had probably never before seen a man, which accounted for the ease with which it was treed and taken. One minor result of the encounter was to convince Merrifield — the list of whose faults did not include lack of self-confidence — that he could run down any bear; in consequence of which idea we on more than one subsequent occasion went through a good deal of violent exertion.

Merrifield's tale made me decide to shift camp at once, and go over to the spot where the bear-tracks were so plenty, which was not more than a couple of miles from where I had slain the big elk. Next morning we were off, and by noon pitched camp by a clear brook, in a valley with steep, wooded sides, but with

good feed for the horses in the open bottom. We rigged the canvas wagon-sheet into a small tent, sheltered by the trees from the wind, and piled great pine logs nearly where we wished to place the fire; for a night-camp in the sharp fall weather is cold and dreary unless there is a roaring blaze of flame in front of the tent.

That afternoon we again went out, and I shot another fine bull elk. I came home alone towards nightfall, walking through a reach of burnt forest, where there was nothing but charred tree-trunks and black mold. When nearly through it I came across the huge, half-human footprints of a great grizzly, which must have passed by within a few minutes. It gave me rather an eerie feeling in the silent, desolate woods, to see for the first time the unmistakable proofs that I was in the home of the mighty lord of the wilderness. I followed the tracks in the fading twilight until it became too dark to see them any longer, and then shouldered my rifle and walked back to camp.

That night we almost had a visit from one of the animals we were after. Several times we had heard at night the calling of the bull elks, a sound than which there is nothing more musical in nature. No writer has done it justice; it has in it soft, flute-like notes, and again chords like those of an Æolian harp, or like some beautiful wind instrument. This night, when we were in bed and the fire was smoldering, we were roused by a ruder noise,—a kind of grunting or roaring whine, answered by the frightened snorts of the ponies. It was a bear, which had evidently not seen the fire, as it came from behind the bank, and had probably been attracted by the smell of the horses. After it made out what we were, it staid round a short while, again uttered its peculiar roaring grunt, and went off. We had seized our rifles and run out into the woods, but in the darkness could see nothing; indeed, it was rather lucky we did not stumble across the bear, as he could have made short work of us when we were at such a disadvantage.

Next day we went off on a long tramp through the woods and along the sides of the cañons. There were plenty of berry bushes growing in clusters, and all around these there were fresh tracks of bear. But the grizzly is also a flesh-eater, and has a great liking for carrion. On visiting the place where Merrifield had killed the black bear, we found that the grizzlies had been there before us, and had utterly devoured the carcass with cannibal relish. Hardly a scrap was left, and we turned our steps toward where lay the second bull elk I had killed. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached the place. A grizzly had evidently been at the carcass during the preceding night, for his great foot-prints were in the ground all around it, and the carcass itself was gnawed and torn, and partially covered with earth and leaves; for the grizzly has a curious habit of burying all of his prey that he does not at the moment need. A great many ravens had been feeding on the body, and they wheeled about over the tree-tops above us, uttering their barking croaks.

The forest was composed mainly of what are called ridge-pole pines, which grow close together, and do not branch out until the stems are thirty or forty feet from the ground. Beneath these trees we walked over a carpet of pine-needles, upon which our moccasined feet made no sound. The woods seemed vast and lonely, and their silence was broken now and then by the strange noises always to be heard in the great forests, and which seem to mark the sad and everlasting unrest of the wilderness. We climbed up along the trunk of a dead tree which had toppled over until its upper branches struck in the limb-crotch of another, that thus supported it at an angle half-way in its fall. When above the ground far enough to prevent the bear's smelling us, we sat still to wait for his approach; until, in the gathering gloom, we could no longer see the sights of our rifles, and could but dimly make out the carcass of the great elk. It was useless to wait longer, and we clambered down and stole out to the edge of the woods. The forest here covered one side of a steep, almost cañon-like ravine, whose other side was bare except of rock and sage-brush. Once out from under the trees, there was still plenty of light, although the sun had set, and we crossed over some fifty yards to the opposite hillside and crouched down under a bush to see if perchance some animal might not also leave the cover. To our right the ravine sloped downward towards the valley of the Big Horn River, and far on its other side we could catch a glimpse of the great main chain of the Rockies, their snow-peaks glinting crimson in the light of the set sun. Again we waited quietly in the growing dusk until the pine-trees in our front blended into one dark, frowning mass. We saw nothing; but the wild creatures of the forest had begun to stir abroad. The owls hooted dismally from the tops of the tall trees, and two or three times a harsh, wailing cry, probably the voice of some lynx or wolverine, arose from the depths of the woods. At last, as we were rising to leave, we heard the sound of the breaking of a dead stick from the spot where we knew the carcass lay. It was a sharp, sudden noise, perfectly distinct

from the natural creaking and snapping of the branches,—just such a sound as would be made by the tread of some heavy creature. "Old Ephraim" had come back to the carcass. A minute afterward, listening with strained ears, we heard him brush by some dry twigs. It was entirely too dark to go in after him; but we made up our minds that on the morrow he should be ours.

Early next morning we were over at the elk carcass, and, as we expected, found that the bear had eaten his fill at it during the night. His tracks showed him to be an immense fellow, and were so fresh that we doubted if he had left long before we arrived; and we made up our minds to follow him up and try to find his lair. The bears that lived on these mountains had evidently been little disturbed. Indeed, the Indians and most of the white hunters are rather chary of meddling with "Old Ephraim," as the mountain men style the grizzly, unless they get him at a disadvantage; for the sport is fraught with some danger and but small profit. The bears thus seemed to have very little fear of harm, and we thought it far from unlikely that the bed of the one who had fed on the elk would not be far away.

My companion was a skillful tracker, and we took up the trail at once. For some distance it led over the soft, yielding carpet of moss and pine-needles, and the foot-prints were quite easily made out, although we could follow them but slowly; for we had, of course, to keep a sharp lookout ahead and around us as we walked noiselessly on in the somber half-light always prevailing under the great pine-trees, through whose thickly interlacing branches stray but few beams of light, no matter how bright the sun may be outside. We made no sound ourselves, and every little sudden noise sent a thrill through me as I peered about with each sense on the alert. Two or three of the ravens which we had scared from the carcass flew overhead, croaking hoarsely; and the pine-tops moaned and sighed in the slight breeze — for pine-trees seem to be ever in motion, no matter how light the wind.

After going a few hundred yards the tracks turned off on a well-beaten path made by the elk; the woods were in many places cut up by these game-trails, which had often become as distinct as ordinary foot-paths. The beast's footprints were perfectly plain in the dust, and he had lumbered along up the path until near the middle of the hillside, where the ground broke away and there were hollows and bowlders. Here there had been a windfall, and the dead trees lay among the living, piled across one another in all directions; while between and around them sprouted up a thick growth of young spruces and other evergreens. The trail turned off into the tangled thicket, within which it was almost certain we would find our quarry. We could still follow the tracks, by the slight scrapes of the claws on the bark, or by the bent and broken twigs; and we advanced with noiseless caution, slowly climbing over the dead tree-trunks and upturned stumps, and not letting a branch rustle or catch on our clothes. When in the middle of the thicket we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, passed by the upright stem of a great pine. As soon as he was by it he sank suddenly on one knee, turning half round, his face fairly aflame with excitement; and as I strode past him, with my rifle at the ready, there, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the young spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew exactly where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches sideways to us. Then he saw us and dropped down again on all fours, the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders seeming to bristle as he turned towards us. As he sank down on his fore feet I had raised the rifle; his head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white bead fairly between his small, glittering, evil eyes, I pulled trigger. Half rising up, the huge beast fell over on his side in the death-throes, the ball having gone into his brain, striking as fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule.

The whole thing was over in twenty seconds from the time I caught sight of the game; indeed, it was over so quickly that the grizzly did not have time to show fight at all or come a step towards us. It was the first I had ever seen, and I felt not a little proud as I stood over the great brindled bulk, which lay stretched out at length in the cool shade of the evergreens. He was a monstrous fellow, much larger than any I have seen since, whether alive or brought in dead by the hunters. As near as we could estimate (for of course we had nothing with which to weigh more than very small portions), he must have weighed about twelve hundred pounds; and though this is not as large as some of his kind are said to grow in California, it is yet a very unusual size for a bear. He was a good deal heavier than any of our horses; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we were able to skin him. He must have been very old, his teeth and claws being all worn down and blunted; but nevertheless he had been living in plenty, for he was as fat as a prize hog, the layers on his back being a finger's length in thickness. He

was still in the summer coat, his hair being short, and in color a curious brindled brown, somewhat like that of certain bull-dogs; while all the bears we shot afterwards had the long thick winter fur, cinnamon or yellowish brown. By the way, the name of this bear has reference to its character, and not to its color, and should, I suppose, be properly spelt grisly,—in the sense of horrible, exactly as we speak of a "grisly specter,"—and not grizzly; but perhaps the latter way of spelling it is too well established to be now changed.

In killing dangerous game steadiness is more needed than good shooting. No game is dangerous unless a man is close up, for nowadays hardly any wild beast will charge from a distance of a hundred yards, but will rather try to run off; and if a man is close it is easy enough for him to shoot straight if he does not lose his head. A bear's brain is about the size of a pint bottle; and any one can hit a pint bottle off-hand at thirty or forty feet. I have had two shots at bears at close quarters, and each time I fired into the brain, the bullet in one case striking fairly between the eyes, as told above, and in the other going in between the eye and ear. A novice at this kind of sport will find it best and safest to keep in mind the old Norse viking's advice in reference to a long sword: "If you go in close enough, your sword will be long enough." If a poor shot goes in close enough, he will find that he shoots straight enough.

I was very proud over my first bear; but Merrifield's chief feeling seemed to be disappointment that the animal had not had time to show fight. He was rather a reckless fellow, and very confident in his own skill with the rifle; and he really did not seem to have any more fear of the grizzlies than if they had been so many jack-rabbits. I did not at all share his feeling, having a hearty respect for my foes' prowess, and in following and attacking them always took all possible care to get the chances on my side. Merrifield was sincerely sorry that we never had to stand a regular charge; we killed our five grizzlies with seven bullets, and, except in the case of the she and cub spoken of farther on, each was shot about as quickly as it got sight of us.

The last one we got was an old male, which was feeding on an elk carcass. We crept up to within about sixty feet, and, as Merrifield had not yet killed a grizzly purely to his own gun, and I had killed three, I told him to take the shot. He at once whispered gleefully, "I'll break his leg, and we'll see what he'll do!" Having no ambition to be a participator in the antics of a three-legged bear, I hastily interposed a most emphatic veto; and with a rather injured air he fired, the bullet going through the neck just back of the head. The bear fell to the shot, and could not get up from the ground, dying in a few minutes; but first he seized his left wrist in his teeth and bit clean through it, completely separating the bones of the paw and arm. Although a smaller bear than the big one I first shot, he would probably have proved a much more ugly foe, for he was less unwieldy, and had much longer and sharper teeth and claws. I think that if my companion had merely broken the beast's leg he would have had his curiosity as to its probable conduct more than gratified.

We tried eating the grizzly's flesh, but it was not good, being coarse and not well flavored; and besides, we could not get over the feeling that it had belonged to a carrion-feeder. The flesh of the little black bear, on the other hand, was excellent; it tasted like that of a young pig. Doubtless, if a young grizzly, which had fed merely upon fruits, berries, and acorns, was killed, its flesh would prove good eating; but even then it would probably not be equal to a black bear.

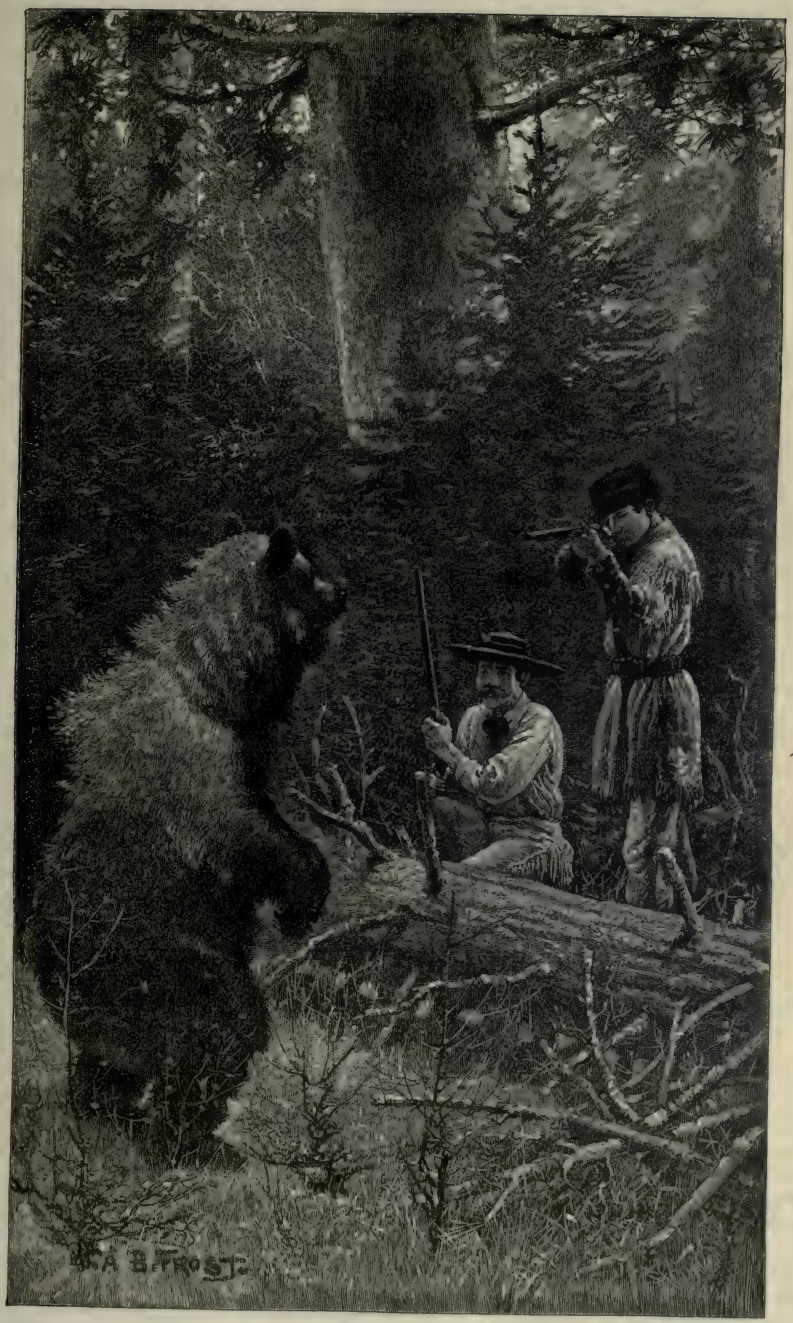
A day or two after the death of the big bear, we went out one afternoon on horseback, intending merely to ride down to see a great cañon lying some six miles west of our camp; we went more to look at the scenery than for any other reason, though, of course, neither of us ever stirred out of camp without his rifle. We rode down the valley in which we had camped through alternate pine groves and open glades, until we reached the cañon, and then skirted its brink for a mile or so. It was a great chasm, many miles in length, as if the table-land had been rent asunder by some terrible and unknown force; its sides were sheer walls of rock, rising three or four hundred feet straight up in the air, and worn by the weather till they looked like the towers and battlements of some vast fortress. Between them at the bottom was a space, in some places nearly a quarter of a mile wide, in others very narrow, through whose middle foamed a deep rapid torrent of which the sources lay far back among the snow-topped mountains around Cloud Peak. In this valley, dark-green, somber pines stood in groups, stiff and erect; and here and there among them were groves of poplar and cottonwood, with slender branches and trembling leaves, their bright green already changing to yellow in the sharp fall weather. We went down to where the mouth of the cañon opened out, and rode our horses to the end of a great jutting promontory of rock, thrust out into the plain; and in the cold clear air we looked far over the broad valley of the Big Horn as it lay

at our very feet, walled in on the other side by the distant chain of the Rocky Mountains.

Turning our horses, we rode back along the edge of another cañon-like valley, with a brook flowing down in its center, and its rocky sides covered with an uninterrupted pine forest — the place of all others in whose inaccessible wildness and ruggedness a bear would find a safe retreat. After some time we came to where other valleys, with steep grass-grown sides, covered with sage-brush, branched out from it, and we followed one of these out. There was plenty of elk sign about, and we saw several black-tail deer. These last were very common on the mountains, but we had not hunted them at all, as we were in no need of meat. But this afternoon we came across a buck with remarkably fine antlers, finer than any I had ever got, and accordingly I shot it, and we stopped to cut off and skin out the horns, throwing the reins over the heads of the horses and leaving them to graze by themselves. The body lay near the crest of one side of a deep valley or ravine which headed up on the plateau a mile to our left. Except for scattered trees and bushes the valley was bare; but there was heavy timber along the crests of the hills on its opposite side. It took some time to fix the head properly, and we were just finishing when Merrifield sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Look at the bears!" pointing down into the valley below us. Sure enough, there were two bears (which afterwards proved to be an old she and a nearly full-grown cub) traveling up the bottom of the valley, much too far off for us to shoot. Grasping our rifles and throwing off our hats, we started off as hard as we could run diagonally down the hillside, so as to cut them off. It was some little time before they saw us, when they made off at a lumbering gallop up the valley. It would seem impossible to run into two grizzlies in the open, but they were going up hill and we down, and moreover the old one kept stopping. The cub would forge ahead and could probably have escaped us, but the mother now and then stopped to sit up on her haunches and look round at us, when the cub would run back to her. The upshot was that we got ahead of them, when they turned and went straight up one hillside as we ran straight down the other behind them. By this time I was pretty nearly done out, for running along the steep ground through the sage-brush was most exhausting work; and Merrifield kept gaining on me and was well in front. Just as he disappeared over a bank, almost at the bottom of the valley, I tripped over a bush and fell full length. When I got up I knew I could never make up the ground I had lost, and besides could hardly run any longer. Merrifield was out of sight below, and the bears were laboring up the steep hillside directly opposite and about three hundred yards off; so I sat down and began to shoot over Merrifield's head, aiming at the big bear. She was going very steadily and in a straight line, and each bullet sent up a puff of dust where it struck the dry soil, so that I could keep correcting my aim; and the fourth ball crashed into the old bear's flank. She lurched heavily forward, but recovered herself and reached the timber, while Merrifield, who had put on a spurt, was not far behind.

I toiled up the hill at a sort of trot, fairly gasping and sobbing for breath; but before I got to the top I heard a couple of shots and a shout. The old bear had turned as soon as she was in the timber, and come towards Merrifield; but he gave her the death-wound by firing into her chest, and then shot at the young one, knocking it over. When I came up he was just walking towards the latter to finish it with the revolver, but it suddenly jumped up as lively as ever and made off at a great pace — for it was nearly full-grown. It was impossible to fire where the tree-trunks were so thick, but there was a small opening across which it would have to pass, and collecting all my energies I made a last run, got into position, and covered the opening with my rifle. The instant the bear appeared I fired, and it turned a dozen somersaults downhill, rolling over and over; the ball had struck it near the tail and had ranged forward through the hollow of the body. Each of us had thus given the fatal wound to the bear into which the other had fired the first bullet. The run, though short, had been very sharp, and over such awful country that we were completely fagged out, and could hardly speak for lack of breath. The sun had already set, and it was too late to skin the animals; so we merely dressed them, caught the ponies — with some trouble, for they were frightened at the smell of the bear's blood on our hands — and rode home through the darkening woods. Next day we brought the teamster and two of the steadiest pack-horses to the carcasses, and took the skins into camp.

The feed for the horses was excellent in the valley in which we were camped, and the rest after their long journey across the plains did them good. They had picked up wonderfully in condition during our stay on the mountains; but they were apt to wander very far during the night, for there were so many bears and other wild beasts round that they kept getting frightened and running off. We were very loath to leave our hunting grounds, but time was pressing, and we had already



THE DEATH OF OLD EPHRAIM.

[DRAWN BY A. B. FROST, ENGRAVED BY S. P. DAVIS.]

many more trophies than we could carry; so one cool morning, when the branches of the evergreens were laden with the feathery snow that had fallen overnight, we struck camp and started out of the mountains, each of us taking his own bedding behind his saddle, while the pack-ponies were loaded down with bear skins, elk and deer antlers, and the hides and furs of other game. In single file we moved through the woods and across the cañons to the edge of the great table-land, and then slowly down the steep slope to its foot, where we found our canvas-topped wagon. Next day saw us setting out on our long journey homewards, across the three hundred weary miles of treeless and barren-looking plains country.

Theodore Roosevelt.

ORCHIDS.

THE tulipomania which two hundred and fifty years ago shook financial Holland to its very center finds a mild, modern echo in the orchidomania of to-day.

Orchids, it is true, have not created an "exchange" where fortunes are won and lost in a day. An orchid bulb has never been owned by a company and sold on shares, as its prototype was in sober, money-getting Holland in days gone by; still, the fact that a single plant of this group has been known to cost hundreds and even thousands of dollars offers some slight justification for the coinage of a word to express the popular estimate of the fancy that lies back of such transactions.

A visit to a fine collection of plants some months ago brought conviction home that there were still a few people ignorant of what an orchid is. Within the space of ten minutes I heard one group of people informed that they were "pitcher-plants," and that "travelers were often saved from death by the water they held"; and another party was informed that they were "a species of the prickly pear." Pointing to one of the bulbs, the instructress said, "There is the pear, you see, but this one hasn't any prickles."

Orchids are plants belonging to the monocotyledons—the same great class as Indian corn; many of them are air-plants; all of them, almost without exception, show some marked peculiarity of form or function. There are no flowers which so richly repay study as do the orchids; their forms are so extraordinary, their properties so curious, their structure and habits so marvelous, that it is not strange they should prove so absorbingly interesting to the intelligent collector. A taste for orchids can be indulged by very few people, because of the great expense it entails. The variety of these plants which will grow in an ordinary greenhouse is comparatively small. Being gathered, as they are, from every latitude, growing under every climatic condition, it is necessary, in order to insure success in artificial rearing, to have several different greenhouses for a collection including any great variety.

FIG. 1.—ODONTOGLOSSUM CORDATUM.

The mere mimetic quality of orchids, which catches the eye and fancy of casual observers, has been absurdly exaggerated both in verbal description and popular illustration. Making all due allowance, however, for this exaggeration, the suggestion found in their curious forms of birds and butterflies, spiders (Fig. 1) and ants, and even of strange mythologic monsters, is strong enough to give added interest to their fantastic beauty of form and color.

I shall make no attempt here to illustrate many of the more magnificent varieties of the orchids,—of the *Vandeæ*, the *Sobralias*, the *Lælias* and *Stanhopias*,—since, without reproducing their natural size and colors, no idea of the real beauty of the flowers could be given. The gorgeousness of tint, the singularity of marking to be found among them, are to be found nowhere else in the vegetable world. Every color of the rainbow is represented in the orchid family, and scores of tints that the rainbow knows not. Great rosy sheets of blossoms, masses of gorgeous orange (Fig. 2), vivid lemon-color, somber brown, and coral red, clusters of delicate blue and lilac and pink, of Nile green, and opalescent

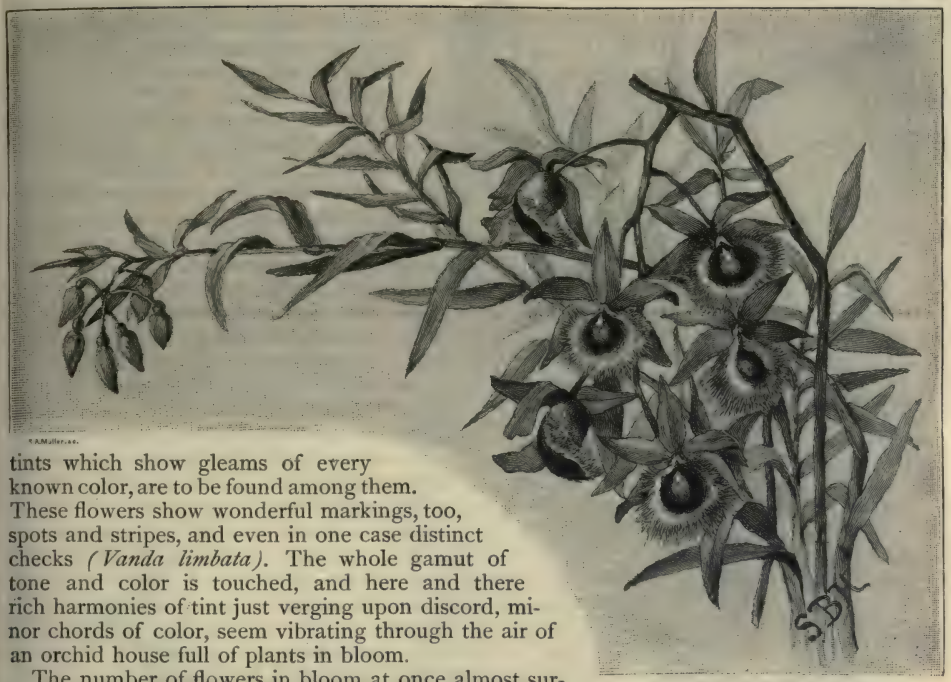


FIG. 2.—DENDROBIUM FIMBRIATUM.

tints which show gleams of every known color, are to be found among them. These flowers show wonderful markings, too, spots and stripes, and even in one case distinct checks *(Vanda limbata)*. The whole gamut of tone and color is touched, and here and there rich harmonies of tint just verging upon discord, minor chords of color, seem vibrating through the air of an orchid house full of plants in bloom.

The number of flowers in bloom at once almost surpasses belief.* I have seen two hundred and seventy blossoms on a single plant in a private orchid house on Madison Square, and even greater numbers are on record.

In *Le Flore* is the account of a plant (*Phalænopsis Schilleriana*, Fig. 3) bearing three hundred and seventy-eight flowers at once, which was purchased at auction by Sir Trevor Lawrence for about $3300. When it is remembered that every one of these blossoms is as large and perfect as a Cape jasmine, and in color "celestial rosy red," some idea of the glory of the plant may be reached. The duration of the flower is another great charm of some of the members of the orchid family. The plant just spoken of is very remarkable in this respect. Mr. Murray, formerly head gardener of Mr. Isaac Buchanan's orchid house, in Astoria, Long Island, informed me some time ago that he had exhibited the same plant, covered with the same blossoms, for five consecutive months at the Horticultural Rooms,† the flowers remaining perfect all that time.

The fact that so many of these plants are epiphytes, or air-plants, makes an orchid house the most interesting of all conservatories. While the shelves are filled with the terrestrial forms, and such of the air-plants as require a great deal of moisture,—their roots immersed in wet moss, in pots pierced with many holes,—the walls and roofs are hung with myriads of other varieties, fastened upon bits of bark, tied to cross-sections of small trees (Fig. 4), in hanging baskets and other devices, from which great sprays sweep down and out, bearing dozens of exquisite or curious blossoms. Some of them, in accordance with the eccentricities of the family, prefer to live upside down (Fig. 5), and have never been successfully reared until they were hung by the heels in this way.

The epiphytic orchids have often a very curious look, with all their domestic economy in view—their long straggling white roots reaching down into the air below them to gather nutriment and moisture from it. In some common varieties, as well as rare ones, new bulbs form on parts of the stem, which send out leaves and roots and blossoms while still attached to the parent plant (Fig. 6). These pseudo-bulbs, as Fitzgerald calls them, form reservoirs of moisture stored up against a time of drought. Many of the Australian orchids show very

* Fitzgerald speaks of an Australian variety, *Dendrobium Hillii*, which had forty thousand flowers in bloom at once.

† On Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway, where the first Tuesday of every month a display of orchids may usually be seen among other flowers. In May and June the display is sometimes of orchids alone.

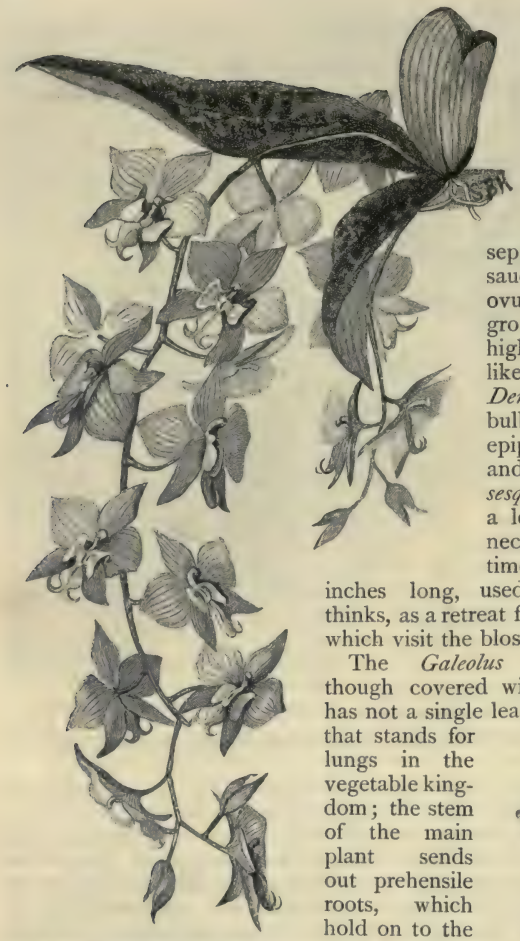


FIG. 3.—PHALÆNOPSIS SCHILLERIANA.

remarkable peculiarities. The *Calochilus campestris* has a fringed labellum, which looks like a pink and blue ostrich feather, as large as the rest of the flower. The *Caleana major* is wonderfully suggestive of a family of fantastic red ants taking a gay promenade up the stem; colors and all are correct imitations. In the corysanthes all the parts are rudimentary except the labellum and the upper sepal. The flower rests like a cup in its saucer upon a flat heart-shaped leaf. If the ovules are fertilized, the column or its pedicel grows from one and one-half to six inches high; if not, the flower perishes, and lies like a blot upon the foliage leaf beneath. *Dendrobium tetragonium* has square pseudo-bulbs. *Spathoglottis Paulinæ*, though an epiphyte, is independent of insect agency and fertilizes itself. The flower of *Angræcum sesquipedale*, like *A. Scottianum* (Fig. 12), has a long whip-like nectary, sometimes fourteen inches long, used, Fitzgerald thinks, as a retreat for the insects which visit the blossom.

The *Galeolus cassythrides*, though covered with blossoms, has not a single leaf—the organ that stands for lungs in the vegetable kingdom; the stem of the main plant sends out prehensile roots, which hold on to the trees on which it lives, making the entire plant look nothing more than a detached spray of blossoms. The peculiarities of this eccentric family are not confined to their flowers. One, *Dendrobium cucumerinum*, has solid leaves, like a cucumber, after which it is named.

The purpose of every plant is not so much the attainment of individual perfection as it is the perpetuation of the species. The culmination in flower and fruit is for this end. In the heart of every flower are guarded the precious pollen and ovules, whose union will produce the seed. The delicate petals wrap them about; the green sepals cradle them safe. The color and perfume and nectar of the flower all help in the attainment of the one end of bringing the two together. In ordinary flowers the sepals—making the green calyx—form the outer protection to the growing bud; the petals,—a single row, many rows, or a bell,—making the corolla, come next in order. In the heart of the rosette

FIG. 4.—ODONTOGLOSSUM ROSSII AND ONCIDIUM BARKERII ON SECTION OF TRUNK; EPIDENDRUM POLYANTHUS, SPRAY BACK OF CIRCLE.

are the stamens, bearing the yellow pollen-dust, and down deep below the surface nestling in their receptacle the ovules waiting for the vivifying touch of the pollen to wake them into activity. Opening out of the chamber where the ovules rest is some sort of a passage-way through a stem called the style, ending in a sticky stigma, the whole together being commonly called a pistil. For the production of a seed it is necessary that the pollen-grain shall reach an ovule and that the contents of the two cells shall mingle. In many plants the pollen of a flower drops or is blown upon the stigma of the same, or of some other flower; in others insects visiting it for honey or for pollen-dust, out of which they make bee-bread, convey the grains from flower to flower, or from stamen to stigma. However this may happen, when fertilization is effected it is because one or more living pollen-grains have stuck fast to the moist stigma; when this occurs the pollen-grain begins to push out a tiny tube, which grows down and down through the whole length of the style till it reaches the ovary. It then finds its way, often guided by growths and ridges, to the mouth of a little opening in the end of an ovule; when this is done the contents of the pollen-grain pour themselves through the tube into the ovule, and fertilization is effected. Each ovule grows into a seed capable, under proper conditions, of becoming a plant like the parent plants.

FIG. 5.—CATTLEYA CITRINA.

Among the orchids there are certain flowers which are singularly affected by this penetration of the pollen-tubes. Flowers which, unfertilized, remain fresh and perfect for weeks, wither away at once after being fertilized. When beauty and fragrance and sweetness have served their purpose, they fade away and disappear.

In some plants this penetration and fertilization of the ovules takes only a few hours or days. In the orchids it sometimes takes three months, and the pollen-tubes may be seen hanging from the stigma like a bundle of white silk threads.

The majority of plants produce more vigorous and healthy seed if they are cross-fertilized,—that is, if the pollen of one flower or plant fertilizes the ovule of another. The devices by which insects are attracted to certain flowers, and then decoyed into performing the service of cross-fertilization, without their own knowledge or consent, are numberless and most curious. Epiphytic orchids especially seem to need this service; the pollen of a flower, in some varieties, is impotent to fertilize its own ovules, and in some cases it even acts as a poison when artificially applied to its own stigma.

The ordinary flower arrangement is very much modified in the orchideæ. Instead of simple circles of sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, one within the other, as we see in the wild rose and other common flowers, the combinations and peculiar development of certain parts make a very puzzling result. The flower of an ordinary orchid (Fig. 9, *Cattleya triana delicata*) is composed of three colored sepals, three petals (one, the labellum, being very much modified), and a column made up of stamens and pistils. By a singular twist in the stem and ovary of orchids, the flower is turned upside down; the labellum, which by rights would have been the upper petal, becomes the lower one. In *Malaxis paludosa*, a small British species, the twisting has been carried so far that the labellum has come up again, and

FIG. 6. DENDROBIUM NOBILIS.
l. Labellum. *b.* Pseudo-bulb. *r.* Root.

occupies the topmost position on the flower. The labellum of orchids is curiously enough not a simple petal. It has incorporated into it two of the stamens, which probably accounts for its difference from all the other petals of the flower; the back part of it toward the stem is usually prolonged into a horn-shaped nectary, sometimes very long and deep. In *Angræcum Scottianum* (Fig. 12) it reaches the length of ten or twelve inches. In *Disa grandiflora* (Fig. 7), one of the loveliest of the terrestrial orchids, with its large, rosy, lily-like flower, it is the posterior sepal, and not a petal which is drawn out into a nectary.

Some of the simpler cases of cross-fertilization by insect agency may be briefly explained. The pollen of most orchids, instead of lying loose as a yellow dust in the open pods of the stamens, is bound together by elastic threads into little packages about a central stalk; the stalk, its packages of pollen, and the sticky, disk-like base are together called a pollinium. The base is inclosed in a sensitive cap, which usually projects into the cavity of the flower in the direct path to the nectary. Let us take an orchid which the bees frequent, and suppose the insect to enter the flower in search of honey: the path to the nectary is circumscribed. To reach it the bee must force its way by the sensitive rostellum. A touch, and the cap flies back, the base of the pollinia rests upon the head of the bee, and in a few seconds the sticky cement sets hard, gluing the pollinia, or one of them, upon the head of the insect, which soon withdraws, adorned with a top-knot. Darwin has found bees with numbers of these bases glued fast to their heads; in some cases the insect was blinded by them, the eyes being completely covered with the hardened basal disk of the pollinium, which only comes off by wearing off. In accordance with the instinct of bees not to "mix their drinks," our little messenger goes from one flower to another of the same kind. It is easy to see that if she enters a second flower as she entered the first, the pollen on the end of the pollinium will only strike another pollen mass, and no good will be effected; but let us try an experiment. An ordinary lead-pencil inserted into the flower will simulate a bee, and being left there as long as it takes a bee to drink her fill, and then withdrawn, the pencil will come out adorned, like the bee, with a top-knot. Now watch! the stalk of the pollinium slowly bends and takes such a position that, inserting the pencil into a second flower, it strikes directly on its stigma, and is glued fast to it. Now the elastic threads show what is their use. If the pencil is left in the second flower long enough to fasten the pollen firmly to the stigma, the packages are torn away from the stalk of the pollinium; if not, the elastic threads hold them so that they are not lost, and the bee (or pencil) may effect fertilization in a third flower.

This is a very simple device for an orchid. Let us look into another, a little more complex. The *Aërides odorata* (Fig. 8) is a very common and favorite orchid; the cluster looks not unlike a raceme of pale-pink hyacinths, and has an odor of overpowering sweetness. A single flower, separated from the cluster and viewed sidewise, is seen to be made up of a very much curved horn, with five small petals springing from its convex side not far below the upper or larger end. The upper part of the horn is divided into four flaps by four longitudinal clefts. The two slightly curved side-flaps stand up in position; the front one on the concave side of the horn is of a long, leaf-like form, and curves over the top toward the back, making a lid to the mouth of the horn from the back-flap spring, the five petals with the stem coming from the midst. The horn is the labellum lengthened out into the nectary which holds the honey. The so-called petals are as numbered—1, 2, 3, sepals; 4 and 5, petals. Looked at from every side, there is no appearance of column, no stamens or pistil. Now press against the lidded part of the horn; it swings lightly away from the rest of the flower, and a little upright bird comes out, the petals forming its liberal supply of wings. The stigma lies in the throat of the bird, the

pollen-pods on the top of its head; the pollen is where the eye-mark appears.

The flower of the *Aërides* shows one of the simpler modes which, in the orchid tribe, insure cross-fertilization. But, before looking into this, it will be necessary to examine a little more closely the organization of the flower. In the illustration, the head, body, and legs of the bird form the column; at *s*, below the bill, in the throat, is the sticky stigma, ready to receive and hold fast any pollen that touches it. In this orchid, as in most of the tribe, the pollen, instead of lying loose in the pods when they open, as is the case with most flowers, is done up in neat parcels bound to the stalk of the pollinium. An insect attracted to the flower by its sweetness alights on the closed mouth of the horn, the labellum, which is always the "alighting-board" of the orchid-trap. The weight of the bee (let us say) is sufficient to make the hinged cornucopia swing a little downward and away from the rest of the flower. This makes a slight opening between the tip of the lid and the bird's throat; into this goes the bee's head, pressing against the bill of the bird. While sucking, the base of the pollinium is glued fast, and the bee comes out adorned with it. Bees with the pollinia of orchids on their heads had been observed and named "captain bees" by certain apiculturists, who supposed the crest to mark some natural difference. This, however, has proved to be nothing more than a badge of office.

Following Mr. Darwin, I inserted my pencil into the nectary of the flower; in passing, it touched the bird's bill; the rostellum flew back, the base of the pollinium glued itself to the pencil, and the stalk sprang up at right angles to the base; slowly the stalk began to bend forward and take such a position as would make it strike the stigma in the next flower entered, the projecting bill of the bird helping to scoop off the pollen masses as the pencil was withdrawn from a second flower.

FIG. 7.—DISA GRANDIFLORA.

Very remarkable members of the orchid family are the species of *Pterostylis* (Fig. 10), which seem to belong in great measure to Australia. Fitzgerald, in his work on Australian orchids, pictures a large number, and they all appear to have one striking peculiarity: they set a sort of spring-trap, catching unwary insects, and holding them prisoners till they perform the office desired of them. The flower of *Pterostylis longifolia*, a good type of the class, is long and tubular, being closed in on every side, as well as on top, with the exception of one opening in the front. Out of this hangs a thick, rough petal, almost as a tongue might loll out of an open mouth. On this tongue—the labellum—the insect visitor is sure to settle. In an instant the unwary victim is thrown into the closed chamber of the flower by the sudden flapping up of the lolling tongue, which almost completely closes the outlet. There is just one place where the light comes in to the captive; he makes for that by the only path open to him, which forces him to press closely to the pollen, and get well dusted over with it as he comes out. He cannot enter the same flower immediately, as the tongue does not come out again for about half an hour; so he goes to some other blossom of the same kind, to be again caught and again released, this time depositing pollen-grains on the stigma, and taking on a new load.

FIG. 8.—DISSECTION OF AËRIDES ODORATA.

The flower of the vanilla, which is allied to the *Pterostylis*, just described, attracts insects by its delicious odor. The "way into this parlor" is as easy as the way into difficulties proverbially is: the entrance is lined with a flexible brush made of a series of

FIG. 9.— CATTLEYA TRIANA DELICATA.

combs, placed side by side and turned *toward* the nectary. It is easy enough to get in; but when the captive has satisfied himself and wants to get out, the problem is a very different one. All the teeth of the comb now are bristling in his face, forming a perfect *chevaux-de-frise*. In order to escape, he has to press close against the column, which covers him with pollen, to be deposited on the stigma of the next flower he shall visit. Both Darwin and Fitzgerald remark upon the fact that, in spite of all these wonderful contrivances, few beans are perfected on the vanillas unless artificial fertilization is resorted to.

One of the sobralias of Guatemala, allied to the vanilla, Darwin says, secretes a nectar too powerful for the British bee. After partaking, the bee stretched his legs out and lay on the labellum for some time, apparently dead; after a while, however, he recovered and seemed as well as ever, having evidently slept off the effects of his debauch.

Some orchids, with all these wonderful adaptations for cross-fertilization, yet make provision against extinction in case the insects do not do their duty. The *Cephalanthera*, one of these, is a tubular flower, with a slightly projecting tongue. Its pollen, instead of being bound into packets, is dry and easily dispersed. It is found that before the flower opens part of the pollen sends down a multitude of tubes into its own stigma, but only a part of it. Experimenting upon this plant, Darwin found that these self-fertilized ovules produced seed, but that they were not as vigorous as those produced by cross-fertilization. Besides securing the flower against accidents, these pollen-tubes served two other purposes: they anchored the remainder of the pollen, saving it from being dispersed, and they also formed guiding ridges which should secure the cross-fertilization of a number of the ovules, in case the flower was visited by insects.

FIG. 10.— PTEROSTYLIS LONGIFOLIA.

The ovules of the beautiful *Disa grandiflora* are usually self-fertilized, though cross-fertilization by insects is also possible, and sometimes occurs; but foreign agency seems far less necessary to the terrestrial orchids than it is to the epiphytes.

A most remarkable exotic orchid belongs to the family of the *Vandeæ*, the *Coryanthes* (Fig. 11). In this species the petals and sepals flare out like wings, while the nectary forms a rounded bucket, overhung by the labellum in the form of a rounded or flat plate, with two horns projecting, one on either side. These horns drop a liquid like sweetened water into the bucket. When the fluid rises to a certain height, it pours off through a spout in the back of the bucket. The plate above the bucket is a favorite feeding-ground of certain humble-bees (*Euglossæ*), who crowd upon it so that one after another is pushed off in the struggle, and falls off into the bucket beneath. Soaked and sticky from their sudden plunge, the bees cannot fly, so they crawl out by the way of the spout, and in doing so are crowded against the stigma first, and then the pollen, and come out covered with the grains. These bees are described by Dr. Crüger, who first

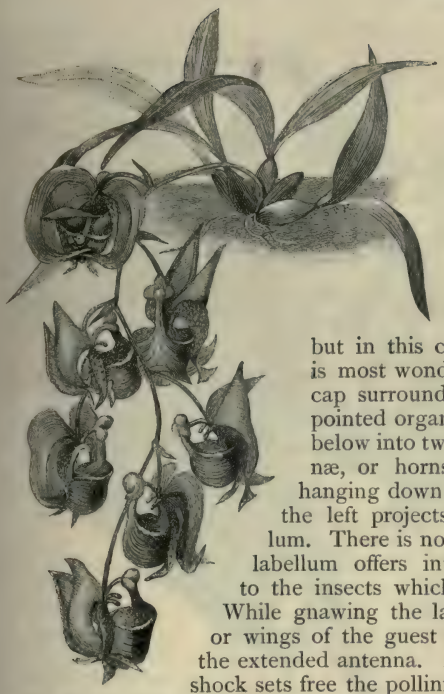


FIG. 11.—CORYANTHES SPECIOSA.

discovered the singular mechanism of the plant and the uses of the various parts, as forming a regular procession out of the bucket by way of the spout, and all covered with pollen. Undaunted by their ill luck, they go straight back to the gnawing-ground, to be subjected to another tumble, this time depositing the pollen on the stigma of some flower in the cluster upon their exit, after their involuntary bath.

The *Catasetidæ*, members of the same family as the *Coryanthes*, are the most remarkable of all the orchids. Like the *Pterostylis*, they are sensitive and have the power of movement, but in this case the sensitiveness lies in the rostellum, which is most wonderfully modified. This, instead of being a mere cap surrounding the viscid base of the pollinium, is a great pointed organ, looking like a queer sort of leaf, and prolonged below into two tapering antennæ, or horns, the right one hanging down powerless, while the left projects over the labellum. There is no nectary, but the labellum offers inviting pasturage to the insects which visit the plant. While gnawing the labellum the head or wings of the guest are sure to touch the extended antenna. In an instant the shock sets free the pollinium, which starts out of its socket with a curve and a rebound that throws the whole pollinium base forward, if nothing be in the way, to the distance of several feet. The insect which causes this disturbance, however, is always in the way, being just in front of the column on the labellum, and receives the pollinium disk, which glues itself firmly somewhere about its head or body, ready for transportation. The only sensitive place in the plant is the left antenna. This orchid, *Catasetum saccatum*, produces only male flowers; that is, only the pollen is perfected, the stigma and ovules never being developed. After a good deal of experimenting by different botanists, it was found that two other forms, classified as separate genera of the *Catasetum* family, were the female and hermaphrodite forms of the same plant.

Another anomaly of this kind is found in the familiar swan-flower, or *Cycnoches ventricosum*. This form belongs to the sub-family of the *Catasetidæ*, and is fertilized in the same way by the flirting of the pollinia. Bateman mentions, in his "Orchids of Mexico and Guatemela," the discovery of a new variety of this species, *Cycnoches Egertonianum*, which bore a long raceme of flowers, very unlike in color, form, and mode of growth to the *C. ventricosum*. The plant was sent to England, and when it bloomed the flowers proved to be the familiar swan-flower. Suspecting some blunder, another and another plant were forwarded, with the same result. Finally, the discoverer himself returned, bringing with him a bulb, which survived and after a time bloomed, bearing the old disappointing flowers. Before the wonderment was over, the same scape produced another raceme of twenty-eight flowers of *C. Egertonianum* (Fig. 13), and the two forms are now accepted as the different sexes of the same plant.

While it is true that the remarkable peculiarities of some

FIG. 12.—ANGRÆCUM SCOTTIANUM.

FIG. 13.— CYCNOCHES EGERTONIANUM AND VENTRICOSUM.

orchids aid in inducing fertilization, it is, on the other hand, equally true that such peculiarities sometimes hinder the process. The sensitive labellum of *Pterostylis longifolia* secures the conveyance of pollen from flower to flower; the equally sensitive labellum of *Pterostylis curta* as often excludes the insects which alight on it as incloses them. This is the case with other varieties. Fitzgerald, one of the best observers, whose experience, however, had been in that country of anomalies, Australia, concludes in these words: "Thus throughout the whole order, as far as my experience extends, fertility is in an inverse ratio to the apparent arrangement for its production by the intervention of insects." Darwin's conclusions, founded upon his observations on native and exotic species, were exactly the reverse of this.

The singularity of one very large genus of the orchideæ, *Masdevallia* (Fig. 14), lies in their remarkable forms and wonderful coloring, which is almost unprecedented. These plants are largely cultivated by orchid growers, and so cannot be omitted here. This is also the case with *Brassavola* (Fig. 16).

The last family of the orchids are terrestrial, and are found in some varieties in the woods of our Northern States. In its wild state this orchid is called in America Indian moccasin; in England, lady's slipper; in France, *sabot de la Vierge*, or *soulier de Notre-Dame*. The American plant, *Cypripedium pubescens*, is supposed to be identical with the English *C. Calceolus*. *C. barbatum* (Fig. 15) is from Malacca. The *Cypripediaceæ* are an immense family, having every manner of coloring and marking, and related to the still more remarkable *Selenopediums* and *Urepopediums*.

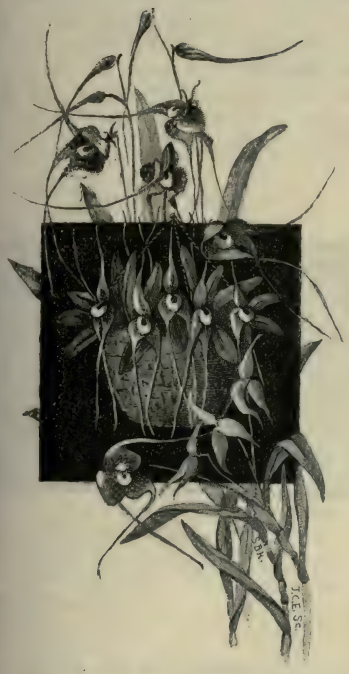


FIG. 14. A GROUP OF MASDEVALLIAS.

All have the same pouch-like labellum, partially inclosing the reproductive organs. Cross-fertilization is brought about in this family by small insects, which crawl or fly into the pouch, and then, being unable to crawl out the same way because of the incurved edges, are forced to make their exit by way of the column.

One other point in regard to the orchids must not be left untouched. In most plants, as is well known, there is an enormous development of loose pollen which goes to waste, not one grain in a thousand perhaps being used to fertilize an ovule,— as in the case of corn, for example. Why, then, should such care be taken to prevent the loss of the pollen of the orchids? By computation it is found that in some varieties a single orchid flower produces over a million and a half of seeds. If pollen were produced in such excess of the needs of the ovules as in the case of corn and other wind-fertilized plants, the orchid would be utterly exhausted. All these wonderful adaptations are therefore for the purpose of making the pollen "go" as far as possible.

Fitzgerald seems inclined to demur to any word in favor of the economy of life in the orchids; he speaks of the fearful waste of energy in the production of pollen and ovules which never come to seed, but it is certain that without these provisions the waste would be far greater than it now is.

The number of indigenous orchids in the United States is very great, but they do not seem to be very generally known, as careful search has only shown a few which have popular names. In England they must be more common. Even in Shakspere's day some varieties were familiar. In Hamlet he speaks of "long purples" and "dead men's fingers," both orchids. With us "Bartram's tree orchis," the "yellow moccasin," "Indian moccasin flower," "lady's slipper," "grass-pink," "salep," "great fringed orchis," "snake-mouth," and "ladies' tresses," or "traces," as Meehan calls them, constitute as far as I can find all the orchids which have received names in the vernacular, among a large number known to botanists. A very valuable addition to the literature of our native orchids has just appeared, "The Orchids of New England," by Mr. Henry Baldwin.

We are apt to think of orchids as queer rather than as beautiful, because of their rarity. The singular forms have not lost their novelty with us, and so have not taken on the quality which so many of our common garden and wild flowers possess. We feel that the violet, the lily of the valley, the mignonette, and rose are friends in contradistinction to tulips and dahlias, fuchsias and geraniums, around which sentiment refuses to cling. The orchids in their native homes seem to have to an exceptional degree this sentiment, this power of linking themselves to the joy and sorrow of human life. Scarcely a feast or fast or act of devotion among the fanciful Mexicans but has its special orchid as its emblem and appropriate offering. Christenings, marriages, and deaths are all symbolized by some one variety of these wonderful and beautiful flowers.

FIG. 15.—CYPRIPEDIUM BARBATUM.

And they are not quite without the qualities which

make them of material value to the native tribes. In Demerara, the juice of the singular *Catasetums* is used to mix in the famous *wourali* to poison the arrows of the native warriors, as well as for the more domestic use of hardening leather for shoe-soles. Salep, a nutritious substance, is obtained from the root of the *Orchis mascula*. Bulbs of the *Maxillaria* supply drink to the perishing traveler, and cooling draughts for fevered patients are extracted from some varieties of lælias. But, beyond the mere uses and abuses of orchids in their native homes,—which are not very many nor very important,—in their singular structure and wonderful life-history lies their real claim to the attention of the student.

S. B. Herrick.

FIG. 16.—BRASSAVOLA.

NEXT OF KIN.

NATIVE land hadst thou not.
Born out at sea;
Named for the rocking ship,
Cradle to thee.

Voyage thine verily
Over life's wave,
Owing earth barely for
Tiniest grave.

Never I looked on thee,
Thy little span
Measured and ended long
Ere mine began.

Yet have I yearned to thee,
Yearn to thee yet;
Strangely my spirit turns
From the world's fret:

Dwells on the thought of thee,
Hungers to know
How it has fared with thee
Since long ago.

Art thou the baby still?
Or hast thou flown—
Have I for near of kin
Angel full-grown?

Free from earth's soil and sting,
Blest in thy lot,
Dost thou not sadden for
Us who are not?

Dost thou not hover near
Sometimes to me,
Pant to come face to face—
As I to thee?

Bitter the barrier—
Oh, 'twere divine:
Friend without clay to grate
Harsh upon mine!

Should I have grace to win
Lowliest gate
To thy beatitude,
Stand thou in wait!

Hold, thou, and tenderly
Smile down on me;
Touch these blurred eyes of mine,
That I may see!

Lead me and comfort me,
Dear unbeguiled,—
Thou the grown sister, and
I the young child!

James T. McKay.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XIX.

"HE talked sense, Persis," said Lapham gently, as he mounted to his wife's side in the buggy and drove slowly homeward through the dusk.

"Yes, he talked sense," she admitted. But she added, bitterly, "I guess, if he had it to *do!* Oh, he's right, and it's got to be done. There ain't any other way for it. It's sense; and, yes, it's justice." They walked to their door after they left the horse at the livery stable around the corner, where Lapham kept it. "I want you should send Irene up to our room as soon as we get in, Silas."

"Why, ain't you going to have any supper first?" faltered Lapham, with his latch-key in the lock.

"No. I can't lose a minute. If I do, I sha'n't do it at all."

"Look here, Persis," said her husband tenderly, "let *me* do this thing."

"Oh, *you!*" said his wife, with a woman's compassionate scorn for a man's helplessness in such a case. "Send her right up. And I shall feel—" She stopped, to spare him.

Then she opened the door, and ran up to her room, without waiting to speak to Irene, who had come into the hall at the sound of her father's key in the door.

"I guess your mother wants to see you upstairs," said Lapham, looking away.

Her mother turned round and faced the girl's wondering look as Irene entered the chamber, so close upon her that she had not yet had time to lay off her bonnet; she stood with her wraps still on her arm.

"Irene!" she said harshly, "there is something you have got to bear. It's a mistake we've all made. He don't care anything for you. He never did. He told Pen so last night. He cares for her."

The sentences had fallen like blows. But the girl had taken them without flinching. She stood up immovable, but the delicate rose-light of her complexion went out and left her snow-white. She did not offer to speak.

"Why don't you say something?" cried her mother. "Do you want to kill me, Irene?"

"Why should I want to hurt *you*, mamma?" the girl replied steadily, but in an alien voice. "There's nothing to say. I want to see Pen a minute."

She turned and left the room. As she mounted the stairs that led to her own and her sister's rooms on the floor above, her mother helplessly followed. Irene went first to her own room at the front of the house, and then came out, leaving the door open and the gas flaring behind her. The mother could see that she had tumbled many things out of the drawers of her bureau upon the marble top.

She passed her mother, where she stood in the entry. "You can come too, if you want to, mamma," she said.

She opened Penelope's door without knocking, and went in. Penelope sat at the window, as in the morning. Irene did not go to her; but she went and laid a gold hair-pin on her bureau, and said, without looking at her, "There's a pin that I got to-day, because it was like his sister's. It won't become a dark person so well, but you can have it."

She stuck a scrap of paper in the side of Penelope's mirror. "There's that account of Mr. Stanton's ranch. You'll want to read it, I presume."

She laid a withered *boutonnière* on the bureau beside the pin. "There's his buttonhole bouquet. He left it by his plate, and I stole it."

She had a pine-shaving, fantastically tied up with a knot of ribbon, in her hand. She held it a moment; then, looking deliberately at Penelope, she went up to her, and dropped it in her lap without a word. She turned, and, advancing a few steps, tottered and seemed about to fall.

Her mother sprang forward with an imploring cry, "Oh, 'Rene, 'Rene, 'Rene!"

Irene recovered herself before her mother could reach her. "Don't touch me," she said icily. "Mamma, I'm going to put on my things. I want papa to walk with me. I'm choking here."

"I—I can't let you go out, Irene, child," began her mother.

"You've got to," replied the girl. "Tell papa to hurry his supper."

"Oh, poor soul! He doesn't want any supper. *He* knows it too."

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"I don't want to talk about that. Tell him to get ready."

She left them once more.

Mrs. Lapham turned a hapless glance upon Penelope.

"Go and tell him, mother," said the girl. "I would, if I could. If she can walk, let her. It's the only thing for her." She sat still; she did not even brush to the floor the fantastic thing that lay in her lap, and that sent up faintly the odor of the sachet powder with which Irene liked to perfume her boxes.

Lapham went out with the unhappy child, and began to talk with her, crazily, incoherently enough.

She mercifully stopped him. "Don't talk, papa. I don't want any one should talk with me."

He obeyed, and they walked silently on and on. In their aimless course they reached the new house on the water side of Beacon, and she made him stop, and stood looking up at it. The scaffolding which had so long defaced the front was gone, and in the light of the gas-lamp before it all the architectural beauty of the façade was suggested, and much of the finely felt detail was revealed. Seymour had pretty nearly satisfied himself in that rich façade; certainly Lapham had not stinted him of the means.

"Well," said the girl, "I shall never live in it," and she began to walk on.

Lapham's sore heart went down, as he lumbered heavily after her. "Oh, yes, you will, Irene. You'll have lots of good times there yet."

"No," she answered, and said nothing more about it. They had not talked of their trouble at all, and they did not speak of it now. Lapham understood that she was trying to walk herself weary, and he was glad to hold his peace and let her have her way. She halted him once more before the red and yellow lights of an apothecary's window.

"Isn't there something they give you to make you sleep?" she asked vaguely. "I've got to sleep to-night!"

Lapham trembled. "I guess you don't want anything, Irene."

"Yes, I do! Get me something!" she retorted willfully. "If you don't, I shall die. I *must* sleep."

They went in, and Lapham asked for something to make a nervous person sleep. Irene stood poring over the show-case full of brushes and trinkets, while the apothecary put up the bromide, which he guessed would be about the best thing. She did not show any emotion; her face was like a stone, while her father's expressed the anguish of his sympathy. He looked as if he had not slept for a week; his fat eyelids drooped over his glassy eyes, and his cheeks and throat hung flaccid. He started as the apothecary's cat stole smoothly up and rubbed itself against his leg; and it was to him that the man said, "You want to take a table-spoonful of that as long as you're awake. I guess it won't take a great many to fetch you."

"All right," said Lapham, and paid and went out. "I don't know but I *shall* want some of it," he said, with a joyless laugh.

Irene came closer up to him and took his arm. He laid his heavy paw on her gloved fingers. After a while she said, "I want you should let me go up to Lapham to-morrow."

"To Lapham? Why, to-morrow's Sunday, Irene! You can't go to-morrow."

"Well, Monday, then. I can live through one day here."

"Well," said the father passively. He made no pretense of asking her why she wished to go, nor any attempt to dissuade her.

"Give me that bottle," she said, when he opened the door at home for her, and she ran up to her own room.

The next morning Irene came to breakfast with her mother; the Colonel and Penelope did not appear, and Mrs. Lapham looked sleep-broken and careworn.

The girl glanced at her. "Don't you fret about me, mamma," she said. "I shall get along." She seemed herself as steady and strong as rock.

"I don't like to see you keeping up so, Irene," replied her mother. "It'll be all the worse for you when you do break. Better give way a little at the start."

"I sha'n't break, and I've given way all I'm going to. I'm going to Lapham to-morrow, — I want you should go with me, mamma, — and I guess I can keep up one day here. All about it is, I don't want you should say anything, or *look* anything. And, whatever I do, I don't want you should try to stop me. And, the first thing, I'm going to take her breakfast up to her. Don't!" she cried, intercepting the protest on her mother's lips. "I shall not let it hurt Pen, if I can help it. She's never done a thing nor thought a thing to wrong me. I had to fly out at her last night; but that's all over now, and I know just what I've got to bear."

She had her way unmolested. She carried Penelope's breakfast to her, and omitted no care or attention that could make the sacrifice complete, with an heroic pretense that she was performing no unusual service. They did not speak, beyond her saying, in a clear, dry note, "Here's your breakfast, Pen," and her sister's answering, hoarsely and tremulously, "Oh, thank you, Irene." And, though

two or three times they turned their faces toward each other while Irene remained in the room, mechanically putting its confusion to rights, their eyes did not meet. Then Irene descended upon the other rooms, which she set in order, and some of which she fiercely swept and dusted. She made the beds; and she sent the two servants away to church as soon as they had eaten their breakfast, telling them that she would wash their dishes. Throughout the morning her father and mother heard her about the work of getting dinner, with certain silences which represented the moments when she stopped and stood stock-still, and then, readjusting her burden, forced herself forward under it again.

They sat alone in the family-room, out of which their two girls seemed to have died. Lapham could not read his Sunday papers, and she had no heart to go to church, as she would have done earlier in life when in trouble. Just then she was obscurely feeling that the church was somehow to blame for that counsel of Mr. Sewell's on which they had acted.

"I should like to know," she said, having brought the matter up, "whether he would have thought it was such a light matter if it had been his own children. Do you suppose he'd have been so ready to act on his own advice if it *had* been?"

"He told us the right thing to do, Persis,—the only thing. We couldn't let it go on," urged her husband gently.

"Well, it makes me despise Pen! Irene's showing twice the character that she is, this very minute."

The mother said this so that the father might defend her daughter to her. He did not fail. "Irene's got the easiest part, the way I look at it. And you'll see that Pen'll know how to behave when the time comes."

"What do you want she should do?"

"I haven't got so far as that yet. What are we going to do about Irene?"

"What do you want Pen should do," repeated Mrs. Lapham, "when it comes to it?"

"Well, I don't want she should take him, for *one* thing," said Lapham.

This seemed to satisfy Mrs. Lapham as to her husband, and she said, in defense of Corey, "Why, I don't see what *he's* done. It's all been our doing."

"Never mind that now. What about Irene?"

"She says she's going to Lapham tomorrow. She feels that she's got to get away somewhere. It's natural she should."

"Yes. And I presume it will be about the best thing *for* her. Shall you go with her?"

"Yes."

"Well." He comfortlessly took up a newspaper again, and she rose with a sigh, and went to her room to pack some things for the morrow's journey.

After dinner, when Irene had cleared away the last trace of it in kitchen and dining-room with unsparing punctilio, she came downstairs, dressed to go out, and bade her father come to walk with her again. It was a repetition of the aimlessness of the last night's wanderings. They came back, and she got tea for them, and after that they heard her stirring about in her own room, as if she were busy about many things; but they did not dare to look in upon her, even after all the noises had ceased, and they knew she had gone to bed.

"Yes; it's a thing she's got to fight out by herself," said Mrs. Lapham.

"I guess she'll get along," said Lapham. "But I don't want you should misjudge Pen either. She's all right too. She ain't to blame."

"Yes, I know. But I can't work round to it all at once. I sha'n't misjudge her, but you can't expect me to get over it right away."

"Mamma," said Irene, when she was hurrying their departure the next morning, "what did she tell him when he asked her?"

"Tell him?" echoed the mother; and after a while she added, "She didn't tell him anything."

"Did she say anything about me?"

"She said he mustn't come here any more."

Irene turned and went into her sister's room. "Good-bye, Pen," she said, kissing her with an effect of not seeing or touching her. "I want you should tell him all about it. If he's half a man, he won't give up till he knows why you won't have him; and he has a right to know."

"It wouldn't make any difference. I couldn't have him after——"

"That's for you to say. But if you don't tell him about me, *I* will."

"'Rene!"

"Yes! You needn't say I cared for him. But you can say that you all thought he—cared for—me."

"Oh, Irene——"

"Don't!" Irene escaped from the arms that tried to cast themselves about her. "You are all right, Pen. You haven't done anything. You've helped me all you could. But I can't—yet."

She went out of the room and summoned Mrs. Lapham with a sharp "Now, mamma!" and went on putting the last things into her trunks.

The Colonel went to the station with them, and put them on the train. He got them a

little compartment to themselves in the Pullman car; and as he stood leaning with his lifted hands against the sides of the doorway, he tried to say something consoling and hopeful: "I guess you'll have an easy ride, Irene. I don't believe it'll be dusty, any, after the rain last night."

"Don't you stay till the train starts, papa," returned the girl, in rigid rejection of his futilities. "Get off now."

"Well, if you want I should," he said, glad to be able to please her in anything. He remained on the platform till the cars started. He saw Irene bustling about in the compartment, making her mother comfortable for the journey; but Mrs. Lapham did not lift her head. The train moved off, and he went heavily back to his business.

From time to time during the day, when he caught a glimpse of him, Corey tried to make out from his face whether he knew what had taken place between him and Penelope. When Rogers came in about time of closing, and shut himself up with Lapham in his room, the young man remained till the two came out together and parted in their salutationless fashion.

Lapham showed no surprise at seeing Corey still there, and merely answered, "Well!" when the young man said that he wished to speak with him, and led the way back to his room.

Corey shut the door behind them. "I only wish to speak to you in case you know of the matter already; for otherwise I'm bound by a promise."

"I guess I know what you mean. It's about Penelope."

"Yes, it's about Miss Lapham. I am greatly attached to her—you'll excuse my saying it; I couldn't excuse myself if I were not."

"Perfectly excusable," said Lapham. "It's all right."

"Oh, I'm *glad* to hear you say that!" cried the young fellow joyfully. "I want you to believe that this isn't a new thing or an unconsidered thing with me—though it seemed so unexpected to her."

Lapham fetched a deep sigh. "It's all right as far as I'm concerned—or her mother. We've both liked you first-rate."

"Yes?"

"But there seems to be something in Penelope's mind—I don't know——" The Colonel consciously dropped his eyes.

"She referred to something—I couldn't make out what—but I hoped—I hoped—that with your leave I might overcome it—the barrier—whatever it was. Miss Lapham—Penelope—gave me the hope—that I was—wasn't—indifferent to her——"

"Yes, I guess that's so," said Lapham. He suddenly lifted his head, and confronted the young fellow's honest face with his own face, so different in its honesty. "Sure you never made up to any one else at the same time?"

"*Never!* Who could imagine such a thing? If that's all, I can easily——"

"I don't say that's all, nor that that's it. I don't want you should go upon that idea. I just thought, may be—you hadn't thought of it."

"No, I certainly hadn't thought of it! Such a thing would have been so impossible to me that I *couldn't* have thought of it; and it's so shocking to me now that I don't know what to say to it."

"Well, don't take it too much to heart," said Lapham, alarmed at the feeling he had excited; "I don't say she thought so. I was trying to guess—trying to——"

"If there is *any*thing I can say or do to convince you——"

"Oh, it ain't necessary to say anything. I'm all right."

"But Miss Lapham! I may see her again? I may try to convince her that——"

He stopped in distress, and Lapham afterwards told his wife that he kept seeing the face of Irene as it looked when he parted with her in the car; and whenever he was going to say yes, he could not open his lips. At the same time he could not help feeling that Penelope had a right to what was her own, and Sewell's words came back to him. Besides, they had already put Irene to the worst suffering. Lapham compromised, as he imagined.

"You can come round to-night and see *me*, if you want to," he said; and he bore grimly the gratitude that the young man poured out upon him.

Penelope came down to supper and took her mother's place at the head of the table.

Lapham sat silent in her presence as long as he could bear it. Then he asked, "How do you feel to-night, Pen?"

"Oh, like a thief," said the girl. "A thief that hasn't been arrested yet."

Lapham waited awhile before he said, "Well, now, your mother and I want you should hold up on that awhile."

"It isn't for you to say. It's something I *can't* hold up on."

"Yes, I guess you can. If I know what's happened, then what's happened is a thing that nobody is to blame for. And we want you should make the best of it, and not the worst. Heigh? It ain't going to help Irene any for you to hurt yourself—or anybody else; and I don't want you should take up with any such crazy notion. As far as heard

from, you haven't stolen anything, and whatever you've got belongs to you."

"Has he been speaking to you, father?"

"Your mother's been speaking to me."

"Has *he* been speaking to you?"

"That's neither here nor there."

"Then he's broken his word, and I will never speak to him again!"

"If he was any such fool as to promise that he wouldn't talk to me on a subject" — Lapham drew a deep breath, and then made the plunge — "that I brought up ——"

"Did you bring it up?"

"The same as brought up — the quicker he broke his word the better; and I want you should act upon that idea. Recollect that it's my business, and your mother's business, as well as yours, and we're going to have our say. He hain't done anything wrong, Pen, nor anything that he's going to be punished for. Understand that. He's got to have a reason, if you're not going to have him. I don't say you've got to have him; I want you should feel perfectly free about that; but I *do* say you've got to give him a reason."

"Is he coming here?"

"I don't know as you'd call it *coming* ——"

"Yes, you do, father!" said the girl, in forlorn amusement at his shuffling.

"He's coming here to see *me* ——"

"When's he coming?"

"I don't know but he's coming to-night."

"And you want I should see him?"

"I don't know but you'd better."

"All right. I'll see him."

Lapham drew a long, deep breath of suspicion inspired by this acquiescence. "What you going to do?" he asked presently.

"I don't know yet," answered the girl sadly. "It depends a good deal upon what *he* does."

"Well," said Lapham, with the hungriness of unsatisfied anxiety in his tone. When Corey's card was brought into the family-room where he and Penelope were sitting, he went into the parlor to find him. "I guess Penelope wants to see you," he said; and, indicating the family-room, he added, "She's in there," and did not go back himself.

Corey made his way to the girl's presence with open trepidation, which was not allayed by her silence and languor. She sat in the chair where she had sat the other night, but she was not playing with a fan now.

He came toward her, and then stood faltering. A faint smile quivered over her face at the spectacle of his subjection. "Sit down, Mr. Corey," she said. "There's no reason why we shouldn't talk it over quietly; for I know you will think I'm right."

"I'm sure of that," he answered hopefully. "When I saw that your father knew of it to-day, I asked him to let me see you again. I'm afraid that I broke my promise to you — technically ——"

"It had to be broken."

He took more courage at her words. "But I've only come to do whatever you say, and not to be an — annoyance to you ——"

"Yes, you have to know; but I couldn't tell you before. Now they all think I should."

A tremor of anxiety passed over the young man's face, on which she kept her eyes steadily fixed.

"We supposed it — it was — Irene ——"

He remained blank a moment, and then he said with a smile of relief, of deprecation, of protest, of amazement, of compassion:

"*Oh!* Never! Never for an instant! How could you think such a thing? It was impossible! I never thought of her. But I see — I see! I can explain — no, there's nothing to explain! I have never knowingly done or said a thing from first to last to make you think that. I see how terrible it is!" he said; but he still smiled, as if he could not take it seriously. "I admired her beauty — who could help doing that? — and I thought her very good and sensible. Why, last winter in Texas, I told Stanton about our meeting in Canada, and we agreed — I only tell you to show you how far I always was from what you thought — that he must come North and try to see her, and — and — of course, it all sounds very silly! — and he sent her a newspaper with an account of his ranch in it ——"

"She thought it came from you."

"Oh, good heavens! He didn't tell me till after he'd done it. But he did it for a part of our foolish joke. And when I met your sister again, I only admired her as before. I can see, now, how I must have seemed to be seeking her out; but it was to talk of you with her — I never talked of anything else if I could help it, except when I changed the subject because I was ashamed to be always talking of you. I see how distressing it is for all of you. But tell me that you believe me!"

"Yes, I must. It's all been our mistake ——"

"It has indeed! But there's no mistake about my loving *you*, Penelope," he said; and the old-fashioned name, at which she had often mocked, was sweet to her from his lips.

"That only makes it worse!" she answered.

"Oh, no!" he gently protested. "It makes it better. It makes it right. How is it worse? How is it wrong?"

"Can't you see? You must understand all now! Don't you see that if she believed so too, and if she ——" She could not go on.

"Did she — did your sister — think that too?" gasped Corey.

"She used to talk with me about you; and when you say you care for me now, it makes me feel like the vilest hypocrite in the world. That day you gave her the list of books, and she came down to Nantasket, and went on about you, I helped her to flatter herself — oh! I don't see how she can forgive me. But she knows I can never forgive myself! That's the reason she can do it. I can see now," she went on, "how I must have been trying to get you from her. I can't endure it! The only way is for me never to see you or speak to you again!" She laughed forlornly. "That would be pretty hard on you, if you cared."

"I do care — all the world!"

"Well, then, it would if you were going to keep on caring. You won't long, if you stop coming now."

"Is this all, then? Is it the end?"

"It's — whatever it is. I can't get over the thought of her. Once I thought I could, but now I see that I can't. It seems to grow worse. Sometimes I feel as if it would drive me crazy."

He sat looking at her with lack-luster eyes. The light suddenly came back into them. "Do you think I could love you if you had been false to her? I know you have been true to her, and truer still to yourself. I never tried to see her, except with the hope of seeing you too. I supposed she must know that I was in love with you. From the first time I saw you there that afternoon, you filled my fancy. Do you think I was flirting with the child, or — no, you *don't* think that! We have not done wrong. We have not harmed any one knowingly. We have a right to each other——"

"No! no! you must never speak to me of this again. If you do, I shall know that you despise me."

"But how will that help her? I don't love *her*."

"Don't say that to me! I have said that to myself too much."

"If you forbid me to love you, it won't make me love her," he persisted.

She was about to speak, but she caught her breath without doing so, and merely stared at him.

"I must do what you say," he continued. "But what good will it do her? You can't make her happy by making yourself unhappy."

"Do you ask me to profit by a wrong?"

"Not for the world. But there *is* no wrong!"

"There is something — I don't know what. There's a wall between us. I shall dash myself against it as long as I live; but that won't break it."

"Oh!" he groaned. "We have done no wrong. Why should we suffer from another's mistake as if it were our sin?"

"I don't know. But we must suffer."

"Well, then, I *will* not, for my part, and I will not let you. If you care for me——"

"You had no right to know it."

"You make it my privilege to keep you from doing wrong for the right's sake. I'm sorry, with all my heart and soul, for this error; but I can't blame myself, and I won't deny myself the happiness I haven't done anything to forfeit. I will never give you up. I will wait as long as you please for the time when you shall feel free from this mistake; but you shall be mine at last. Remember that. I might go away for months — a year, even; but that seems a cowardly and guilty thing, and I'm not afraid, and I'm not guilty, and I'm going to stay here and try to see you."

She shook her head. "It won't change anything. Don't you see that there's no hope for us?"

"When is she coming back?" he asked.

"I don't know. Mother wants father to come and take her out West for a while."

"She's up there in the country with your mother yet?"

"Yes."

He was silent; then he said, desperately:

"Penelope, she is very young; and perhaps — perhaps she might meet——"

"It would make no difference. It wouldn't change it for me."

"You are cruel — cruel to yourself, if you love me, and cruel to me. Don't you remember that night — before I spoke — you were talking of that book; and you said it was foolish and wicked to do as that girl did. Why is it different with you, except that you give me nothing, and can never give me anything when you take yourself away? If it were anybody else, I am sure you would say——"

"But it isn't anybody else, and that makes it impossible. Sometimes I think it might be if I would only say so to myself, and then all that I said to her about you comes up——"

"I will wait. It can't always come up. I won't urge you any longer now. But you will see it differently — more clearly. Good-bye — no! Good-night! I shall come again to-morrow. It will surely come right, and, whatever happens, you have done no wrong. Try to keep that in mind. I am so happy, in spite of all!"

He tried to take her hand, but she put it behind her. "No, no! I can't let you — yet!"

XX.

AFTER a week Mrs. Lapham returned, leaving Irene alone at the old homestead in Vermont. "She's comfortable there — as com-

fortable as she can be anywheres, I guess," she said to her husband, as they drove together from the station, where he had met her in obedience to her telegraphic summons. "She keeps herself busy helping about the house; and she goes round amongst the hands in their houses. There's sickness, and you know how helpful she is where there's sickness. She don't complain any. I don't know as I've heard a word out of her mouth since we left home; but I'm afraid it'll wear on her, Silas."

"You don't look over and above well yourself, Persis," said her husband kindly.

"Oh, don't talk about me. What I want to know is whether you can't get the time to run off with her somewhere? I wrote to you about Dubuque. She'll work herself down, I'm afraid; and *then* I don't know as she'll be over it. But if she could go off, and be amused — see new people ——"

"I could *make* the time," said Lapham, "if I had to. But, as it happens, I've got to go out West on business,— I'll tell you about it,— and I'll take Irene along."

"Good!" said his wife. "That's about the best thing I've heard yet. Where you going?"

"Out Dubuque way."

"Anything the matter with Bill's folks?"

"No. It's business."

"How's Pen?"

"I guess she ain't much better than Irene."

"He been about any?"

"Yes. But I can't see as it helps matters much."

"Tchk!" Mrs. Lapham fell back against the carriage cushions. "I declare, to see her willing to take the man that we all thought wanted her sister! I can't make it seem right."

"It's right," said Lapham stoutly; "but I guess she ain't willing; I wish she was. But there don't seem to be any way out of the thing, anywhere. It's a perfect snarl. But I don't want you should be anyways ha'sh with Pen."

Mrs. Lapham answered nothing; but when she met Penelope she gave the girl's wan face a sharp look, and began to whimper on her neck.

Penelope's tears were all spent. "Well, mother," she said, "you come back almost as cheerful as you went away. I needn't ask if 'Rene's in good spirits. We all seem to be overflowing with them. I suppose this is one way of congratulating me. Mrs. Corey hasn't been round to do it yet."

"Are you — are you engaged to him, Pen?" gasped her mother.

"Judging by my feelings, I should say not. I feel as if it was a last will and testament. But you'd better ask him when he comes."

"I can't bear to look at him."

"I guess he's used to that. He don't seem to expect to be looked at. Well! we're all just where we started. I wonder how long it will keep up?"

Mrs. Lapham reported to her husband when he came home at night — he had left his business to go and meet her, and then, after a desolate dinner at the house, had returned to the office again — that Penelope was fully as bad as Irene. "And she don't know how to work it off. Irene keeps doing; but Pen just sits in her room and mopes. She don't even read. I went up this afternoon to scold her about the state the house was in — you can see that Irene's away by the perfect mess; but when I saw her through the crack of the door I hadn't the heart. She sat there with her hands in her lap, just staring. And, my goodness! she *jumped* so when she saw me; and then she fell back, and began to laugh, and said she, 'I thought it was my ghost, mother!' I felt as if I should give way."

Lapham listened jadedly, and answered far from the point. "I guess I've got to start out there pretty soon, Persis."

"How soon?"

"Well, to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Lapham sat silent. Then, "All right," she said. "I'll get you ready."

"I shall run up to Lapham for Irene, and then I'll push on through Canada. I can get there about as quick."

"Is it anything you can tell me about, Silas?"

"Yes," said Lapham. "But it's a long story, and I guess you've got your hands pretty full as it is. I've been throwing good money after bad,— the usual way,— and now I've got to see if I can save the pieces."

After a moment Mrs. Lapham asked, "Is it — Rogers?"

"It's Rogers."

"I didn't want you should get in any deeper with him."

"No. You didn't want I should press him either; and I had to do one or the other. And so I got in deeper."

"Silas," said his wife, "I'm afraid I made you!"

"It's all right, Persis, as far forth as that goes. I was glad to make it up with him — I jumped at the chance. I guess Rogers saw that he had a soft thing in me, and he's worked it for all it was worth. But it'll all come out right in the end."

Lapham said this as if he did not care to talk any more about it. He added, casually, "Pretty near everybody but the fellows that owe *me* seem to expect me to do a cash business, all of a sudden."

"Do you mean that you've got payments to make, and that people are not paying *you?*"

Lapham winced a little. "Something like that," he said, and he lighted a cigar. "But when I tell you it's all right, I mean it, Persis. I ain't going to let the grass grow under my feet, though,— especially while Rogers digs the ground away from the roots."

"What are you going to do?"

"If it has to come to that, I'm going to squeeze him." Lapham's countenance lighted up with greater joy than had yet visited it since the day they had driven out to Brookline. "Milton K. Rogers is a rascal, if you want to know; or else all the signs fail. But I guess he'll find he's got his come-uppance." Lapham shut his lips so that the short, reddish-gray beard stuck straight out on them.

"What's he done?"

"What's he done? Well, now, I'll tell you what he's done, Persis, since you think Rogers is such a saint, and that I used him so badly in getting him out of the business. He's been dabbling in every sort of fool thing you can lay your tongue to,—wild-cat stocks, patent-rights, land speculations, oil claims,— till he's run through about everything. But he did have a big milling property out on the line of the P. Y. & X.,— saw-mills and grist-mills and lands,— and for the last eight years he's been doing a land-office business with 'em — business that would have made anybody else rich. But you can't make Milton K. Rogers rich, any more than you can fat a hide-bound colt. It ain't *in* him. He'd run through Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and Tom Scott rolled into one, in less than six months, give him a chance, and come out and want to borrow money of you. Well, he won't borrow any more money of *me;* and if he thinks I don't know as much about that milling property as he does, he's mistaken. I've taken his mills, but I guess I've got the inside track; Bill's kept me posted; and now I'm going out there to see how I can unload; and I sha'n't mind a great deal if Rogers is under the load when it's off, once."

"I don't understand you, Silas."

"Why, it's just this. The Great Lacustrine & Polar Railroad has leased the P. Y. & X. for ninety-nine years,— *bought* it, practically,— and it's going to build car-works right by those mills, and it may want them. And Milton K. Rogers knew it when he turned 'em in on me."

"Well, if the road wants them, don't that make the mills valuable? You can get what you ask for them!"

"Can I? The P. Y. & X. is the only road that runs within fifty miles of the mills, and you can't get a foot of lumber nor a pound of flour to market any other way. As long as he had a little local road like the P. Y. & X. to deal with, Rogers could manage; but when it come to a big through line like the G. L. & P., he couldn't stand any chance at all. If such a road as that took a fancy to his mills, do you think it would pay what he asked? *No*, sir! He would take what the road offered, or else the road would tell him to carry his flour and lumber to market himself."

"And do you suppose he knew the G. L. & P. wanted the mills when he turned them in on you?" asked Mrs. Lapham, aghast, and falling helplessly into his alphabetical parlance.

The Colonel laughed scoffingly. "Well, when Milton K. Rogers don't know which side his bread's buttered on! I don't understand," he added thoughtfully, "how he's always letting it fall on the buttered side. But such a man as that is sure to have a screw loose in him somewhere."

Mrs. Lapham sat discomfited. All that she could say was, "Well, I want you should ask yourself whether Rogers would ever have gone wrong, or got into these ways of his, if it hadn't been for your forcing him out of the business when you did. I want you should think whether you're not responsible for everything he's done since."

"You go and get that bag of mine ready," said Lapham sullenly. "I guess I can take care of myself. And Milton K. Rogers too," he added.

THAT evening Corey spent the time after dinner in his own room, with restless excursions to the library, where his mother sat with his father and sisters, and showed no signs of leaving them. At last, in coming down, he encountered her on the stairs, going up. They both stopped consciously.

"I would like to speak with you, mother. I have been waiting to see you alone."

"Come to my room," she said.

"I have a feeling that you know what I want to say," he began there.

She looked up at him where he stood by the chimney-piece, and tried to put a cheerful note into her questioning "Yes?"

"Yes; and I have a feeling that you won't like it — that you won't approve of it. I wish you did — I wish you could!"

"I'm used to liking and approving everything you do, Tom. If I don't like this at once, I shall try to like it — you know that — for your sake, whatever it is."

"I'd better be short," he said, with a quick sigh. "It's about Miss Lapham." He hastened to add, "I hope it *isn't* surprising to you. I'd have told you before, if I could."

"No, it isn't surprising. I was afraid — I suspected something of the kind."

They were both silent in a painful silence.

"Well, mother?" he asked at last.

"If it's something you've quite made up your mind to ——"

"It is!"

"And if you've already spoken to her ——"

"I had to do that first, of course."

"There would be no use of my saying anything, even if I disliked it."

"You do dislike it!"

"No — no! I can't say that. Of course, I should have preferred it if you had chosen some nice girl among those that you had been brought up with — some friend or associate of your sisters, whose people we had known ——"

"Yes, I understand that, and I can assure you that I haven't been indifferent to your feelings. I have tried to consider them from the first, and it kept me hesitating in a way that I'm ashamed to think of; for it wasn't quite right towards — others. But your feelings and my sisters' have been in my mind, and if I couldn't yield to what I supposed they must be, entirely ——"

Even so good a son and brother as this, when it came to his love affair, appeared to think that he had yielded much in considering the feelings of his family at all.

His mother hastened to comfort him. "I know — I know. I've seen for some time that this might happen, Tom, and I have prepared myself for it. I have talked it over with your father, and we both agreed from the beginning that you were not to be hampered by our feeling. Still — it is a surprise. It must be."

"I know it. I can understand your feeling. But I'm sure that it's one that will last only while you don't know her well."

"Oh, I'm sure of that, Tom. I'm sure that we shall all be fond of her,— for your sake at first, even,— and I hope she'll like us."

"I am quite certain of that," said Corey, with that confidence which experience does not always confirm in such cases. "And your taking it as you do lifts a tremendous load off me."

But he sighed so heavily, and looked so troubled, that his mother said, "Well, now, you mustn't think of that any more. We wish what is for your happiness, my son, and we will gladly reconcile ourselves to anything that might have been disagreeable. I suppose we needn't speak of the family. We must both think alike about them. They have their — drawbacks, but they are thoroughly good people, and I satisfied myself the other night that they were not to be dreaded." She rose, and put her arm round his neck. "And I wish you joy, Tom! If she's half as good as you are, you will both be very happy." She was going to kiss him, but something in his looks stopped her — an absence, a trouble, which broke out in his words.

"I must tell you, mother! There's been a complication — a mistake — that's a blight on me yet, and that it sometimes seems as if we couldn't escape from. I wonder if you can help us! They all thought I meant — the other sister."

"Oh, Tom! But how *could* they?"

"I don't know. It seemed so glaringly plain — I was ashamed of making it so outright from the beginning. But they did. Even she did, herself!"

"But where could they have thought your eyes were — your taste? It wouldn't be surprising if any one were taken with that wonderful beauty; and I'm sure she's good too. But I'm astonished at them! To think you could prefer that little, black, odd creature, with her joking and ——"

"*Mother!*" cried the young man, turning a ghastly face of warning upon her.

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"Did you — did — did *you* think so, too,— that it was *Irene* I meant?"

"Why, of course!"

He stared at her hopelessly.

"Oh, my son!" she said, for all comment on the situation.

"Don't reproach me, mother! I couldn't stand it."

"No. I didn't mean to do that. But how — *how* could it happen?"

"I don't know. When she first told me that they had understood it so, I laughed — almost — it was so far from me. But now, when you seem to have had the same idea — Did you all think so?"

"Yes."

They remained looking at each other. Then Mrs. Corey began: "It did pass through my mind once — that day I went to call upon them — that it might not be as we thought; but I knew so little of — of ——"

"Penelope," Corey mechanically supplied.

"Is that her name? — I forgot — that I only thought of you in relation to her long enough to reject the idea; and it was natural, after our seeing something of the other one last year, that I might suppose you had formed some — attachment ——"

"Yes; that's what they thought too. But I never thought of her as anything but a pretty child. I was civil to her because you wished it; and when I met her here again, I only tried to see her so that I could talk with her about her sister."

"You needn't defend yourself to *me*, Tom," said his mother, proud to say it to him in his trouble. "It's a terrible business for them,

poor things," she added. "I don't know how they could get over it. But, of course, sensible people must see ——"

"They haven't got over it. At least *she* hasn't. Since it's happened, there's been nothing that hasn't made me prouder and fonder of her! At first I *was* charmed with her — my fancy was taken; she delighted me — I don't know how; but she was simply the most fascinating person I ever saw. Now I never think of that. I only think how good she is — how patient she is with me, and how unsparing she is of herself. If she were concerned alone — if I were not concerned too — it would soon end. She's never had a thought for anything but her sister's feeling and mine from the beginning. I go there, — I know that I oughtn't, but I can't help it, — and she suffers it, and tries not to let me see that she is suffering it. There never was any one like her — so brave, so true, so noble. I won't give her up — I can't. But it breaks my heart when she accuses herself of what was all *my* doing. We spend our time trying to reason out of it, but we always come back to it at last, and I have to hear her morbidly blaming herself. Oh!"

Doubtless Mrs. Corey imagined some reliefs to this suffering, some qualifications of this sublimity in a girl she had disliked so distinctly; but she saw none in her son's behavior, and she gave him her further sympathy. She tried to praise Penelope, and said that it was not to be expected that she could reconcile herself at once to everything. "I shouldn't have liked it in her if she had. But time will bring it all right. And if she really cares for you ——"

"I extorted that from her."

"Well, then, you must look at it in the best light you can. There is no blame anywhere, and the mortification and pain is something that must be lived down. That's all. And don't let what I said grieve you, Tom. You know I scarcely knew her, and I — I shall be sure to like any one you like, after all."

"Yes, I know," said the young man drearily. "Will you tell father?"

"If you wish."

"He must know. And I couldn't stand any more of this, just yet — any more mistake."

"I will tell him," said Mrs. Corey; and it was naturally the next thing for a woman who dwelt so much on decencies to propose: "We must go to call on her — your sisters and I. They have never seen her even; and she mustn't be allowed to think we're indifferent to her, especially under the circumstances."

"Oh, no! Don't go — not yet," cried Corey, with an instinctive perception that nothing could be worse for him. "We must wait — we must be patient. I'm afraid it would be painful to her now."

He turned away without speaking further; and his mother's eyes followed him wistfully to the door. There were some questions that she would have liked to ask him; but she had to content herself with trying to answer them when her husband put them to her.

There was this comfort for her always in Bromfield Corey, that he never was much surprised at anything, however shocking or painful. His standpoint in regard to most matters was that of the sympathetic humorist who would be glad to have the victim of circumstance laugh with him, but was not too much vexed when the victim could not. He laughed now when his wife, with careful preparation, got the facts of his son's predicament fully under his eye.

"Really, Bromfield," she said, "I don't see how you *can* laugh. Do you see any way out of it?"

"It seems to me that the way has been found already. Tom has told his love to the right one, and the wrong one knows it. Time will do the rest."

"If I had so low an opinion of them all as that, it would make me very unhappy. It's shocking to think of it."

"It is, upon the theory of ladies and all young people," said her husband, with a shrug, feeling his way to the matches on the mantel, and then dropping them with a sigh, as if recollecting that he must not smoke there. "I've no doubt Tom feels himself an awful sinner. But apparently he's resigned to his sin; he isn't going to give her up."

"I'm glad to say, for the sake of human nature, that *she* isn't resigned — little as I like her," cried Mrs. Corey.

Her husband shrugged again. "Oh, there mustn't be any indecent haste. She will instinctively observe the proprieties. But come, now, Anna! you mustn't pretend to me here, in the sanctuary of home, that practically the human affections don't reconcile themselves to any situation that the human sentiments condemn. Suppose the wrong sister had died: would the right one have had any scruple in marrying Tom, after they had both 'waited a proper time,' as the phrase is?"

"Bromfield, you're shocking!"

"Not more shocking than reality. You may regard this as a second marriage." He looked at her with twinkling eyes, full of the triumph the spectator of his species feels in signal exhibitions of human nature. "Depend upon it, the right sister will be reconciled; the wrong one will be consoled; and all will go

merry as a marriage bell — a second marriage bell. Why, it's quite like a romance!" Here he laughed outright again.

"Well," sighed the wife, "I could almost wish the right one, as you call her, would reject Tom. I dislike her so much."

"Ah, now you're talking business, Anna," said her husband, with his hands spread behind the back he turned comfortably to the fire. "The whole Lapham tribe is distasteful to *me*. As I don't happen to have seen our daughter-in-law elect, I have still the hope — which you're disposed to forbid me — that she may not be quite so unacceptable as the others."

"Do you really feel so, Bromfield?" anxiously inquired his wife.

"Yes — I think I do"; and he sat down, and stretched out his long legs toward the fire.

"But it's very inconsistent of you to oppose the matter now, when you've shown so much indifference up to this time. You've told me, all along, that it was of no use to oppose it."

"So I have. I was convinced of that at the beginning, or my reason was. You know very well that I am equal to any trial, any sacrifice, day after to-morrow; but when it comes to-day it's another thing. As long as this crisis decently kept its distance, I could look at it with an impartial eye; but now that it seems at hand, I find that, while my reason is still acquiescent, my nerves are disposed to — excuse the phrase — kick. I ask myself, what have I done nothing for, all my life, and lived as a gentleman should, upon the earnings of somebody else, in the possession of every polite taste and feeling that adorns leisure, if I'm to come to this at last? And I find no satisfactory answer. I say to myself that I might as well have yielded to the pressure all round me, and gone to work, as Tom has."

Mrs. Corey looked at him forlornly, divining the core of real repugnance that existed in his self-satire.

"I assure you, my dear," he continued, "that the recollection of what I suffered from the Laphams at that dinner of yours is an anguish still. It wasn't their behavior,—they behaved well enough — or ill enough; but their conversation was terrible. Mrs. Lapham's range was strictly domestic; and when the Colonel got me in the library, he poured mineral paint all over me, till I could have been safely warranted not to crack or scale in any climate. I suppose we shall have to see a good deal of them. They will probably come here every Sunday night to tea. It's a perspective without a vanishing-point."

"It may not be so bad, after all," said his wife; and she suggested for his consolation that he knew very little about the Laphams yet.

He assented to the fact. "I know very little about them, and about my other fellow-beings. I dare say that I should like the Laphams better if I knew them better. But in any case, I resign myself. And we must keep in view the fact that this is mainly Tom's affair, and if his affections have regulated it to his satisfaction, we must be content."

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Corey. "And perhaps it won't turn out so badly. It's a great comfort to know that you feel just as I do about it."

"I do," said her husband, "and more too."

It was she and her daughters who would be chiefly annoyed by the Lapham connection; she knew that. But she had to begin to bear the burden by helping her husband to bear his light share of it. To see him so depressed dismayed her, and she might well have reproached him more sharply than she did for showing so much indifference, when she was so anxious, at first. But that would not have served any good end now. She even answered him patiently when he asked her, "What did you say to Tom when he told you it was the other one?"

"What could I say? I could do nothing, but try to take back what I had said against her."

"Yes, you had quite enough to do, I suppose. It's an awkward business. If it had been the pretty one, her beauty would have been our excuse. But the plain one — what do you suppose attracted him in her?"

Mrs. Corey sighed at the futility of the question. "Perhaps I did her injustice. I only saw her a few moments. Perhaps I got a false impression. I don't think she's lacking in sense, and that's a great thing. She'll be quick to see that we don't mean unkindness, and can't, by anything we say or do, when she's Tom's wife." She pronounced the distasteful word with courage, and went on: "The pretty one might not have been able to see that. She might have got it into her head that we were looking down on her; and those insipid people are terribly stubborn. We can come to some understanding with *this* one; I'm sure of that." She ended by declaring that it was now their duty to help Tom out of his terrible predicament.

"Oh, even the Lapham cloud has a silver lining," said Corey. "In fact, it seems really to have all turned out for the best, Anna; though it's rather curious to find you the champion of the Lapham side, at last. Confess, now, that the right girl has secretly been your choice all along, and that while you sym-

pathize with the wrong one, you rejoice in the tenacity with which the right one is clinging to her own!" He added with final seriousness, "It's just that she should, and, so far as I understand the case, I respect her for it."

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Corey. "It's natural, and it's right." But she added, "I suppose they're glad of him on any terms."

"That is what I have been taught to believe," said her husband. "When shall we see our daughter-in-law elect? I find myself rather impatient to have that part of it over."

Mrs. Corey hesitated. "Tom thinks we had better not call, just yet."

"She has told him of your terrible behavior when you called before?"

"No, Bromfield! She couldn't be so vulgar as *that?*"

"But anything short of it?"

XXI.

LAPHAM was gone a fortnight. He was in a sullen humor when he came back, and kept himself shut close within his own den at the office the first day. He entered it in the morning without a word to his clerks as he passed through the outer room, and he made no sign throughout the forenoon, except to strike savagely on his desk-bell from time to time, and send out to Walker for some book of accounts or a letter-file. His boy confidentially reported to Walker that the old man seemed to have got a lot of papers round; and at lunch the book-keeper said to Corey, at the little table which they had taken in a corner together, in default of seats at the counter, "Well, sir, I guess there's a cold wave coming."

Corey looked up innocently, and said, "I haven't read the weather report."

"Yes, sir," Walker continued, "it's coming. Areas of rain along the whole coast, and increased pressure in the region of the private office. Storm-signals up at the old man's door now."

Corey perceived that he was speaking figuratively, and that his meteorology was entirely personal to Lapham. "What do you mean?" he asked, without vivid interest in the allegory, his mind being full of his own tragicomedy.

"Why, just this: I guess the old man's takin' in sail. And I guess he's got to. As I told you the first time we talked about him, there don't any one know one-quarter as much about the old man's business as the old man does himself; and I ain't betraying any confidence when I say that I guess that old partner of his has got pretty deep into his books. I guess he's over head and ears in 'em, and the old man's gone in after him, and he's got a drownin' man's grip round his neck. There seems to be a kind of a lull — kind of a dead calm, *I* call it — in the paint market just now; and then again a ten-hundred-thousand-dollar man don't build a hundred-thousand-dollar house without feeling the drain, unless there's a regular boom. And just now there ain't any boom at all. Oh, I don't say but what the old man's got anchors to windward; guess he *has;* but if he's *goin'* to leave me his money, I wish he'd left it six weeks ago. Yes, sir, I guess there's a cold wave comin'; but you can't generally 'most always tell, as a usual thing, where the old man's concerned, and it's *only* a guess." Walker began to feed in his breaded chop with the same nervous excitement with which he abandoned himself to the slangy and figurative excesses of his talks. Corey had listened with a miserable curiosity and compassion up to a certain moment, when a broad light of hope flashed upon him. It came from Lapham's potential ruin; and the way out of the labyrinth that had hitherto seemed so hopeless was clear enough, if another's disaster would befriend him, and give him the opportunity to prove the unselfishness of his constancy. He thought of the sum of money that was his own, and that he might offer to lend, or practically give, if the time came; and with his crude hopes and purposes formlessly exulting in his heart, he kept on listening with an unchanged countenance.

Walker could not rest till he had developed the whole situation, so far as he knew it. "Look at the stock we've got on hand. There's going to be an awful shrinkage on that, now! And when everybody is shutting down, or running half time, the works up at Lapham are going full chip, just the same as ever. Well, it's his pride. I don't say but what it's a good sort of pride, but he likes to make his brags that the fire's never been out in the works since they started, and that no man's work or wages has ever been cut down yet at Lapham, it don't matter *what* the times are. Of course," explained Walker, "I shouldn't talk so to everybody; don't know as I should talk so to *any*body but you, Mr. Corey."

"Of course," assented Corey.

"Little off your feed to-day," said Walker, glancing at Corey's plate.

"I got up with a headache."

"Well, sir, if you're like me you'll carry it round all day, then. I don't know a much meaner thing than a headache — unless it's earache, or toothache, or some other kind of ache. I'm pretty hard to suit, when it comes to diseases. Notice how yellow the old man

looked when he came in this morning? I don't like to see a man of his build look yellow — much."

About the middle of the afternoon the dust-colored face of Rogers, now familiar to Lapham's clerks, showed itself among them. "Has Colonel Lapham returned yet?" he asked, in his dry, wooden tones, of Lapham's boy.

"Yes, he's in his office," said the boy; and as Rogers advanced, he rose and added, "I don't know as you can see him to-day. His orders are not to let anybody in."

"Oh, indeed!" said Rogers; "I think he will see *me!*" and he pressed forward.

"Well, I'll have to ask," returned the boy; and hastily preceding Rogers, he put his head in at Lapham's door, and then withdrew it. "Please to sit down," he said; "he'll see you pretty soon;" and, with an air of some surprise, Rogers obeyed. His sere, dull-brown whiskers and the mustache closing over both lips were incongruously and illogically clerical in effect, and the effect was heightened for no reason by the parchment texture of his skin; the baldness extending to the crown of his head was like a baldness made up for the stage. What his face expressed chiefly was a bland and beneficent caution. Here, you must have said to yourself, is a man of just, sober, and prudent views, fixed purposes, and the good citizenship that avoids debt and hazard of every kind.

"What do you want?" asked Lapham, wheeling round in his swivel-chair as Rogers entered his room, and pushing the door shut with his foot, without rising.

Rogers took the chair that was not offered him, and sat with his hat-brim on his knees, and its crown pointed towards Lapham. "I want to know what you are going to do," he answered, with sufficient self-possession.

"I'll tell you, first, what I've *done*," said Lapham. "I've been to Dubuque, and I've found out all about that milling property you turned in on me. Did you know that the G. L. & P. had leased the P. Y. & X.?"

"I some suspected that it might."

"Did you know it when you turned the property in on me? Did you know that the G. L. & P. wanted to buy the mills?"

"I presumed the road would give a fair price for them," said Rogers, winking his eyes in outward expression of inwardly blinking the point.

"You lie," said Lapham, as quietly as if correcting him in a slight error; and Rogers took the word with equal *sang froid*. "You knew the road wouldn't give a fair price for the mills. You knew it would give what it chose, and that I couldn't help myself, when you let me take them. You're a thief, Milton K. Rogers, and you stole money I lent you." Rogers sat listening, as if respectfully considering the statements. "You knew how I felt about that old matter — or my wife did; and that I wanted to make it up to you, if you felt anyway badly used. And you took advantage of it. You've got money out of me, in the first place, on securities that wa'n't worth thirty-five cents on the dollar, and you've let me in for this thing, and that thing, and you've bled me every time. And all I've got to show for it is a milling property on a line of road that can squeeze me, whenever it wants to, as dry as it pleases. And you want to know what I'm going to do? I'm going to squeeze *you*. I'm going to sell these collaterals of yours," — he touched a bundle of papers among others that littered his desk, — "and I'm going to let the mills go for what they'll fetch. *I* ain't going to fight the G. L. & P."

Lapham wheeled about in his chair and turned his burly back on his visitor, who sat wholly unmoved.

"There are some parties," he began, with a dry tranquillity ignoring Lapham's words, as if they had been an outburst against some third person, who probably merited them, but in whom he was so little interested that he had been obliged to use patience in listening to his condemnation, — "there are some English parties who have been making inquiries in regard to those mills."

"I guess you're lying, Rogers," said Lapham, without looking round.

"Well, all that I have to ask is that you will not act hastily."

"I see you don't think I'm in earnest!" cried Lapham, facing fiercely about. "You think I'm fooling, do you?" He struck his bell, and "William," he ordered the boy who answered it, and who stood waiting while he dashed off a note to the brokers and inclosed it with the bundle of securities in a large envelope, "take these down to Gallop & Paddock's, in State street, right away. Now go!" he said to Rogers, when the boy had closed the door after him; and he turned once more to his desk.

Rogers rose from his chair, and stood with his hat in his hand. He was not merely dispassionate in his attitude and expression, he was impartial. He wore the air of a man who was ready to return to business whenever the wayward mood of his interlocutor permitted. "Then I understand," he said, "that you will take no action in regard to the mills till I have seen the parties I speak of."

Lapham faced about once more, and sat looking up into the visage of Rogers in silence. "I wonder what you're up to," he said at last; "I *should* like to know." But as

Rogers made no sign of gratifying his curiosity, and treated this last remark of Lapham's as of the irrelevance of all the rest, he said, frowning, "You bring me a party that will give me enough for those mills to clear me of you, and I'll talk to you. But don't you come here with any man of straw. And I'll give you just twenty-four hours to prove yourself a swindler again."

Once more Lapham turned his back, and Rogers, after looking thoughtfully into his hat a moment, cleared his throat, and quietly withdrew, maintaining to the last his unprejudiced demeanor.

Lapham was not again heard from, as Walker phrased it, during the afternoon, except when the last mail was taken in to him; then the sound of rending envelopes, mixed with that of what seemed suppressed swearing, penetrated to the outer office. Somewhat earlier than the usual hour for closing, he appeared there with his hat on and his overcoat buttoned about him. He said briefly to his boy, "William, I sha'n't be back again this afternoon," and then went to Miss Dewey and left a number of letters on her table to be copied, and went out. Nothing had been said, but a sense of trouble subtly diffused itself through those who saw him go out.

That evening, as he sat down with his wife alone at tea, he asked, "Ain't Pen coming to supper?"

"No, she ain't," said his wife. "I don't know as I like the way she's going on, any too well. I'm afraid, if she keeps on, she'll be down sick. She's got deeper feelings than Irene."

Lapham said nothing, but, having helped himself to the abundance of his table in his usual fashion, he sat and looked at his plate with an indifference that did not escape the notice of his wife. "What's the matter with *you?*" she asked.

"Nothing. I haven't got any appetite."

"What's the matter?" she persisted.

"Trouble's the matter; bad luck and lots of it's the matter," said Lapham. "I haven't ever hid anything from you, Persis, when you asked me, and it's too late to begin now. I'm in a fix. I'll tell you what kind of a fix, if you think it'll do you any good; but I guess you'll be satisfied to know that it's a fix."

"How much of a one?" she asked, with a look of grave, steady courage in her eyes.

"Well, I don't know as I can tell, just yet," said Lapham, avoiding this look. "Things have been dull all the fall, but I thought they'd brisk up, come winter. They haven't. There have been a lot of failures, and some of 'em owed me, and some of 'em had me on their paper; and——" Lapham stopped.

"And what?" prompted his wife.

He hesitated before he added, "And then — Rogers."

"I'm to blame for that," said Mrs. Lapham. "I forced you to it."

"No; I was as willing to go into it as what you were," answered Lapham. "I don't want to blame anybody."

Mrs. Lapham had a woman's passion for fixing responsibility; she could not help saying, as soon as acquitted, "I warned you against him, Silas. I told you not to let him get in any deeper with you."

"Oh, yes. I had to help him to try to get my money back. I might as well poured water into a sieve. And now——" Lapham stopped.

"Don't be afraid to speak out to me, Silas Lapham. If it comes to the worst, I want to know it — I've got to know it. What did I ever care for the money? I've had a happy home with you ever since we were married, and I guess I shall have as long as you live, whether we go on to the Back Bay, or go back to the old house at Lapham. I know who's to blame, and I blame myself. It was my forcing Rogers on to you." She came back to this, with her helpless longing, inbred in all Puritan souls, to have some one specifically suffer for the evil in the world, even if it must be herself.

"It hasn't come to the worst yet, Persis," said her husband. "But I shall have to hold up on the new house a little while, till I can see where I am."

"I shouldn't care if we had to sell it," cried his wife, in passionate self-condemnation. "I should be *glad* if we had to, as far as I'm concerned."

"I shouldn't," said Lapham.

"I know!" said his wife; and she remembered ruefully how his heart was set on it.

He sat musing. "Well, I guess it's going to come out all right in the end. Or, if it ain't," he sighed, "we can't help it. May be Pen needn't worry so much about Corey, after all," he continued, with a bitter irony new to him. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. And there's a chance," he ended, with a still bitterer laugh, "that Rogers will come to time, after all."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Mrs. Lapham, with a gleam of hope in her eyes. "What chance?"

"One in ten million," said Lapham; and her face fell again. "He says there are some English parties after him to buy these mills."

"Well?"

"Well, I gave him twenty-four hours to prove himself a liar."

"You don't believe there are any such parties?"

"Not in *this* world."

"But if there were?"

"Well, if there were, Persis —— But pshaw!"

"No, no!" she pleaded eagerly. "It don't seem as if he *could* be such a villain. What would be the use of his pretending? If he brought the parties to you ——"

"Well," said Lapham scornfully, "I'd let them have the mills at the price Rogers turned 'em in on me at. *I* don't want to make anything on 'em. But guess I shall hear from the G. L. & P. first. And when they make their offer, I guess I'll have to accept it, whatever it is. I don't think they'll have a great many competitors."

Mrs. Lapham could not give up her hope. "If you could get your price from those English parties before they knew that the G. L. & P. wanted to buy the mills, would it let you out with Rogers?"

"Just about," said Lapham.

"Then I know he'll move heaven and earth to bring it about. I *know* you won't be allowed to suffer for doing him a kindness, Silas. He *can't* be so ungrateful! Why, why *should* he pretend to have any such parties in view when he hasn't? Don't you be downhearted, Si. You'll see that he'll be round with them to-morrow."

Lapham laughed, but she urged so many reasons for her belief in Rogers that Lapham began to rekindle his own faith a little. He ended by asking for a hot cup of tea; and Mrs. Lapham sent the pot out and had a fresh one steeped for him. After that he made a hearty supper in the revulsion from his entire despair; and they fell asleep that night talking hopefully of his affairs, which he laid before her fully, as he used to do when he first started in business. That brought the old times back, and he said: "If this had happened then, I shouldn't have cared much. I was young then, and I wasn't afraid of anything. But I noticed that after I passed fifty I began to get scared easier. I don't believe I could pick up, now, from a regular knockdown."

"Pshaw! *You* scared, Silas Lapham?" cried his wife, proudly. "I should like to see the thing that ever scared you; or the knockdown that *you* couldn't pick up from!"

"Is that so, Persis?" he asked, with the joy her courage gave him.

In the middle of the night she called to him, in a voice which the darkness rendered still more deeply troubled: "Are you awake, Silas?"

"Yes; I'm awake."

"I've been thinking about those English parties, Si ——"

"So've I."

"And I can't make it out but what you'd be just as bad as Rogers, every bit and grain, if you were to let them have the mills ——"

"And not tell 'em what the chances were with the G. L. & P.? I thought of that, and you needn't be afraid."

She began to bewail herself, and to sob convulsively: "Oh, Silas! Oh, Silas!" Heaven knows in what measure the passion of her soul was mixed with pride in her husband's honesty, relief from an apprehended struggle, and pity for him.

"Hush, hush, Persis!" he besought her. "You'll wake Pen if you keep on that way. Don't cry any more! You mustn't."

"Oh, let me cry, Silas! It'll help me. I shall be all right in a minute. Don't you mind." She sobbed herself quiet. "It does seem too hard," she said, when she could speak again, "that you have to give up this chance when Providence had fairly raised it up for you."

"I guess it wa'n't *Providence* raised it up," said Lapham. "Any rate, it's got to go. Most likely Rogers was lyin', and there ain't any such parties; but if there were, they couldn't have the mills from me without the whole story. Don't you be troubled, Persis. I'm going to pull through all right."

"Oh, I ain't afraid. I don't suppose but what there's plenty would help you, if they knew you needed it, Si."

"They would if they knew I *didn't* need it," said Lapham sardonically.

"Did you tell Bill how you stood?"

"No, I couldn't bear to. I've been the rich one so long, that I couldn't bring myself to own up that I was in danger."

"Yes."

"Besides, it didn't look so ugly till to-day. But I guess we sha'n't let ugly looks scare us."

"No."

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XVII.

THE next time Verena saw Olive, she said to her that she was ready to make the promise she had asked the other night; but, to her great surprise, this young woman answered her by a question intended to check such rashness. Miss Chancellor raised a warning finger; she had an air of dissuasion almost as solemn as her former pressure; her passionate impatience appeared to have given way to other considerations, to be replaced by the resignation that comes with deeper reflection. It was tinged in this case, indeed, by such bitterness as might be permitted to a young lady who cultivated the brightness of a great faith.

"Don't you want any promise at present?" Verena asked. "Why, Olive, how you change!"

"My dear child, you are so young — so strangely young. I am a thousand years old; I have lived through generations — through centuries. I know what I know by experience; you know it by imagination. That is consistent with your being the fresh, bright creature that you are. I am constantly forgetting the difference between us — that you are a mere child as yet, though a child destined for great things. I forgot it the other night, but I have remembered it since. You must pass through a certain phase, and it would be very wrong in me to pretend to suppress it. That is all clear to me now; I see it was my jealousy that spoke — my restless, hungry jealousy. I have far too much of that; I oughtn't to give any one the right to say that it's a woman's quality. I don't want your signature; I only want your confidence — only what springs from that. I hope with all my love that you won't marry; but, if you don't, it must not be because you have promised me. You know what I think — that there is something noble done when one makes a sacrifice for a great good. Priests — when they were real priests — never married, and what you and I dream of doing demands of us a kind of priesthood. It seems to me very poor, when friendship and faith and charity and the most interesting occupation in the world — when such a combination as this doesn't seem, by itself, enough to live for. No man that I have ever seen cares a straw in his heart for what we are trying to accomplish. They hate it; they scorn it; they will try to stamp it out whenever they can. Oh, yes, I know there are men that pretend to care for it; but they are not really men, and I wouldn't be sure even of them! Any man that one would look at — with him, as a matter of course, it is war upon us to the knife. I don't mean to say there are not some male beings who are willing to patronize us a little; to pat us on the back and recommend a few moderate concessions; to say that there *are* two or three little points in which society has not been quite just to us. But any man who pretends to accept our programme *in toto*, as you and I understand it, of his own free will, before he is forced to — such a person simply schemes to betray us. There are gentlemen in plenty who would be glad to stop your mouth by kissing you! If you become dangerous some day to their selfishness, to their vested interests, to their immorality,— as I pray heaven every day, my dear friend, that you may! — it will be a grand thing for one of them if he can persuade you that he loves you. Then you will see what he'll do with you, and how far his love will take him! It would be a sad day for you and for me and for all of us if you were to believe something of that kind. You see I am very calm now; I have thought it all out."

Verena had listened with earnest eyes. "Why, Olive, you are quite a speaker yourself!" she exclaimed. "You would far surpass me if you would let yourself go."

Miss Chancellor shook her head with a melancholy that was not devoid of sweetness. "I can speak to *you*; but that is no proof. The very stones of the street — all the dumb things of nature — might find a voice to talk to you. I have no facility; I am awkward and embarrassed and dry." When this young lady, after a struggle with the winds and waves of emotion, emerged into the quiet stream of a certain high reasonableness, she presented her most graceful aspect; she had a tone of softness and sympathy, a gentle dignity, a serenity of wisdom, which sealed the appreciation of those who knew her well enough to like her, and which always impressed Verena as something almost august. Such moods, however, were not often revealed

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to the public at large; they belonged to Miss Chancellor's very private life. One of them had possession of her at present, and she went on to explain the inconsequence which had puzzled her friend with the same quiet clearness, the detachment from error, of a woman whose self-scrutiny has been as sharp as her deflection.

"Don't think me capricious if I say that I had rather trust you without a pledge. I owe you, I owe every one, an apology for my rudeness and fierceness at your mother's. It came over me — just seeing those young men — how exposed you are; and the idea made me (for the moment) frantic. I see your danger still, but I see other things too, and I have recovered my balance. You must be safe, Verena — you must be saved; but your safety must not come from your having tied your hands. It must come from the growth of your perception; from your seeing things, of yourself, sincerely and with conviction, in the light in which I see them; from your feeling that for your work your freedom is essential, and that there is no freedom for you and me save in religiously *not* doing what you will often be asked to do — and I never!" Miss Chancellor brought out these last words with a proud jerk which was not without its pathos. "Don't promise, don't promise!" she went on. "I would far rather you didn't. But don't fail me — don't fail me, or I shall die!"

Her manner of repairing her inconsistency was altogether feminine; she wished to extract a certainty at the same time that she wished to deprecate a pledge, and she would have been delighted to put Verena into the enjoyment of that freedom which was so important for her by preventing her exercising it in a particular direction. The girl was now completely under her influence; she had latent curiosities and distractions. Left to herself, she was not always thinking of the unhappiness of women; but the touch of Olive's tone worked a spell, and she found something to which at least a portion of her nature turned with eagerness in her companion's wider knowledge, her elevation of view. Miss Chancellor was historic and philosophic; or, at any rate, she appeared so to Verena, who felt that through such an association one might at last intellectually command all life. And there was a simpler impulse. Verena wished to please her because she had such a dread of displeasing her. Olive's displeasures, disappointments, disapprovals were tragic, truly memorable; she grew white under them, not shedding many tears, as a general thing, like inferior women (she cried when she was angry, not when she was hurt), but limping and panting, morally, as if she had received a wound that she would carry for life. On the other hand, her commendations, her satisfactions were as soft as a west wind; and she had this sign, the rarest of all, of generosity, that she liked obligations of gratitude when they were not laid upon her by men. Then, indeed, she scarcely recognized them. She considered men in general as so much in the debt of the opposite sex that any individual woman had an unlimited credit with them; she could not possibly overdraw the general feminine account. The unexpected temperance of her speech on this subject of Verena's accessibility to matrimonial error seemed to the girl to have an antique beauty, a wisdom purged of worldly elements; it reminded her of qualities that she believed to have been proper to Electra or Antigone. This made her wish the more to do something that would gratify Olive; and, in spite of her friend's dissuasion, she declared that she should like to promise. "I will promise, at any rate, not to marry any of those gentlemen that were at the house," she said. "Those seemed to be the ones you were principally afraid of."

"You will promise not to marry any one you don't like," said Olive. "That would be a great comfort."

"But I do like Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie."

"And Mr. Matthias Pardon? What a name!"

"Well, he knows how to make himself agreeable. He can tell you everything you want to know."

"You mean everything you don't! Well, if you like every one, I haven't the least objection. It would only be preferences that I should find alarming. I am not the least afraid of your marrying a repulsive man; your danger would come from an attractive one."

"I'm glad to hear you admit that some *are* attractive!" Verena exclaimed, with the light laugh which her reverence for Miss Chancellor had not yet quenched. "It sometimes seems as if there weren't any you could like!"

"I can imagine a man I should like very much," Olive replied, after a moment. "But I don't like those I see. They seem to me poor creatures." And, indeed, her uppermost feeling in regard to them was a kind of cold scorn; she thought most of them palterers and bullies. The end of the colloquy was that Verena, having assented, with her usual docility, to her companion's optimistic contention that it was a "phase," this taste for evening calls from collegians and newspaper men, and would consequently pass away with the growth of her mind, remarked that the injustice of men might be an accident, or it might be a part of their nature; but, at any rate, she should have to change a good deal before she should want to marry.

About the middle of December, Miss Chancellor received a visit from Matthias Pardon,

who had come to ask her what she meant to do about Verena. She had never invited him to call upon her, and the appearance of a gentleman whose desire to see her was so irrepressible as to dispense with such a preliminary was not in her career an accident frequent enough to have taught her equanimity. She thought Mr. Pardon's visit a liberty; but, if she expected to convey this idea to him by withholding any suggestion that he should sit down, she was greatly mistaken, inasmuch as he cut the ground from under her feet by himself offering her a chair. His manner represented hospitality enough for both of them, and she was obliged to listen, on the edge of her sofa (she could at least seat herself where she liked), to his extraordinary inquiry. Of course she was not obliged to answer it, and indeed she scarcely understood it. He explained that it was prompted by the intense interest he felt in Miss Verena; but that scarcely made it more comprehensible, such a sentiment (on his part) being such a curious mixture. He had a sort of enamel of good humor, which showed that his indelicacy was his profession; and he asked for revelations of the *vie intime* of his victims with the bland confidence of a fashionable physician inquiring about symptoms. He wanted to know what Miss Chancellor meant to do, because, if she didn't mean to do anything, he had an idea — which he wouldn't conceal from her — of going into the enterprise himself. "You see, what I should like to know is this: do you consider that she belongs to you, or that she belongs to the people? If she belongs to you, why don't you bring her out?"

He had no purpose and no consciousness of being impertinent; he only wished to talk over the matter sociably with Miss Chancellor. He knew, of course, that there was a presumption she would not be sociable, but no presumption had yet deterred him from presenting a surface which he believed to be polished till it shone; there was always a larger one in favor of his power to penetrate and of the majesty of the "great dailies." Indeed, he took so many things for granted that Olive remained dumb while she regarded them; and he availed himself of what he considered as a fortunate opening to be really very frank. He reminded her that he had known Miss Verena a good deal longer than she; he had traveled out to Cambridge the winter before (when he could get an off night), with the thermometer at ten below zero. He had always thought her attractive, but it wasn't till this season that his eyes had been fully opened. Her talent had matured, and now he had no hesitation in calling her brilliant. Miss Chancellor could imagine whether, as an old friend, he could watch such a beautiful unfolding with indifference. She would fascinate the people, just as she had fascinated her (Miss Chancellor), and, he might be permitted to add, himself. The fact was, she was a great card, and some one ought to play it. There never had been a more attractive female speaker before the American public; she would walk right past Mrs. Farrinder, and Mrs. Farrinder knew it. There was room for both, no doubt, they had such a different style; anyhow, what he wanted to show was that there was room for Miss Verena. She didn't want any more tuning-up, she wanted to break right out. Moreover, he felt that any gentleman who should lead her to success would win her esteem; he might even attract her more powerfully — who could tell? If Miss Chancellor wanted to attach her permanently, she ought to push her right forward. He gathered from what Miss Verena had told him that she wanted to make her study up the subject a while longer — follow some kind of course. Well, now, he could assure her that there was no preparation so good as just seeing a couple of thousand people down there before you who have paid their money to have you tell them something. Miss Verena was a natural genius, and he hoped very much she wasn't going to take the nature out of her. She could study up as she went along; she had got the great thing that you couldn't learn, a kind of divine afflatus, as the ancients used to say, and she had better just begin on that. He wouldn't deny what was the matter with *him;* he was quite under the spell, and his admiration made him want to see her where she belonged. He shouldn't care so much how she got there, but it would certainly add to his pleasure if he could show her up to her place. Therefore, would Miss Chancellor just tell him this: How long did she expect to hold her back; how long did she expect a humble admirer to wait? Of course he hadn't come there to cross-question her; there was one thing he trusted he always kept clear of: when he was indiscreet, he wanted to know it. He had come with a proposal of his own, and he hoped it would seem a sufficient warrant for his visit. Would Miss Chancellor be willing to divide a — the — well, he might call it the responsibilities? Couldn't they run Miss Verena together? In that case, every one would be satisfied. She could travel round with her as her companion, and he would see that the American people walked up. If Miss Chancellor would just let her go a little, he would look after the rest. He wanted no odds; he only wanted her for about an hour and a half three or four evenings a week.

Olive had time, in the course of this appeal, to make her faculties converge, to ask herself what she could say to this prodigious young man that would make him feel how base a thing she held his proposal that they should "work" Verena in partnership to be. Unfortunately, the most sarcastic inquiry that could occur to her as a response was also the most obvious one, so that he hesitated but a moment with his rejoinder after she had asked him how many thousands of dollars he expected to make.

"For Miss Verena? It depends upon the time. She'd run for ten years, at least. I can't figure it up till all the States have been heard from," he said, smiling.

"I don't mean for Miss Tarrant, I mean for you," Olive returned, with the impression that she was looking him straight in the eye.

"Oh, as many as you'll leave me!" Matthias Pardon answered, with a laugh that contained all, and more than all, the jocularity of the American press. "To speak seriously," he added, "I don't want to make money out of it."

"What do you want to make, then?"

"Well, I want to make history! I want to help the ladies."

"The ladies?" Olive murmured. "What do you know about ladies?" she was on the point of adding, when his promptness checked her.

"All over the world. I want to work for their emancipation. I regard it as the great modern question."

Miss Chancellor got up now; this was rather too strong. Whether, eventually, she was successful in what she attempted, the reader of her history will judge; but at this moment she had not that promise of success which resides in a willingness to make use of every aid that offers. Such is the penalty of being of a fastidious, exclusive, uncompromising nature; of seeing things not simply and sharply, but in perverse relations, in intertwisted strands. It seemed to our young lady that nothing could be less attractive than to owe her emancipation to such a one as Matthias Pardon; and it is curious that those qualities which he had in common with Verena, and which in her seemed to Olive romantic and touching,—her having sprung from the "people," had an acquaintance with poverty, a hand-to-mouth development, and an experience of the seamy side of life,—availed in no degree to conciliate Miss Chancellor. I suppose it was because he was a man. She told him that she was much obliged to him for his offer, but that he evidently didn't understand Verena and herself. No, not even Miss Tarrant, in spite of his long acquaintance with her. They had no desire to be notorious; they only wanted to be useful. They had no wish to make money; there would always be plenty of money for Miss Tarrant. Certainly, she should come before the public, and the world would acclaim her and hang upon her words; but crude, precipitate action was what both of them least desired. The change in the dreadful position of women was not a question for to-day simply, or for to-morrow, but for many years to come; and there would be a great deal to think of, to map out. One thing they were determined upon—that men shouldn't taunt them with being superficial. When Verena should appear, it would be armed at all points, like Joan of Arc (this analogy had lodged itself in Olive's imagination); she should have facts and figures; she should meet men on their own ground. "What we mean to do, we mean to do well," Miss Chancellor said to her visitor, with considerable sternness; leaving him to make such an application to himself as his fancy might suggest.

This announcement had little comfort for him; he felt baffled and disheartened—indeed, quite sick. Was it not sickening to hear her talk of this dreary process of preparation?—as if any one cared about that, and would know whether Verena were prepared or not! Had Miss Chancellor no faith in her girlhood? didn't she know what a card that would be? This was the last inquiry Olive allowed him the opportunity of making. She remarked to him that they might talk forever without coming to an agreement—their points of view were so far apart. Besides, it was a woman's question; what they wanted was for women, and it should be by women. It had happened to the young Matthias more than once to be shown the way to the door, but the path of retreat had never yet seemed to him so unpleasant. He was naturally amiable, but it had not hitherto befallen him to be made to feel that he was not—and could not be—a factor in contemporary history: here was a rapacious woman who proposed to keep that favorable setting for herself. He let her know that she was right-down selfish, and that if she chose to sacrifice a beautiful nature to her antediluvian theories and love of power, a vigilant daily press—whose business it was to expose wrong-doing—would demand an account from her. She replied that, if the newspapers chose to insult her, that was their own affair; one outrage the more to the sex in her person was of little account. And after he had left her she seemed to see the glow of dawning success; the battle had begun, and something of the ecstasy of the martyr.

XVIII.

VERENA told her, a week after this, that Mr. Pardon wanted so much she should say

she would marry him; and she added, with evident pleasure at being able to give her so agreeable a piece of news, that she had declined to say anything of the sort. She thought that now, at least, Olive must believe in her; for the proposal was more attractive than Miss Chancellor seemed able to understand. "He does place things in a very seductive light," Verena said; "he says that if I become his wife I shall be carried straight along by a force of excitement, of which at present I have no idea. I shall wake up famous, if I marry him; I have only got to give out my feelings, and he will take care of the rest. He says every hour of my youth is precious to me, and that we should have a lovely time traveling round the country. I think you ought to allow that all that is rather dazzling — for I am not naturally concentrated, like you!"

"He promises you success. What do you call success?" Olive inquired, looking at her friend with a kind of salutary coldness — a suspension of sympathy — with which Verena was now familiar (though she liked it no better than at first), and which made approbation more gracious when approbation came.

Verena reflected a moment, and then answered, smiling, but with confidence: "Producing a pressure that shall be irresistible. Causing certain laws to be repealed by Congress and by the State legislatures, and others to be enacted." She repeated the words as if they had been part of a catechism committed to memory, while Olive saw that this mechanical tone was in the nature of a joke that she could not deny herself; they had had that definition so often before, and Miss Chancellor had had occasion so often to remind her what success *really* was. Of course it was easy to prove to her now that Mr. Pardon's glittering bait was a very different thing; was a mere trap and lure, a bribe to vanity and impatience, a device for making her give herself away — let alone fill his pockets while she did so. Olive was conscious enough of the girl's want of continuity; she had seen before how she could be passionately serious at times, and then perversely, even if innocently, trivial — as just now, when she seemed to wish to convert one of their most sacred formulas into a pleasantry. She had already quite recognized, however, that it was not of importance that Verena should be just like herself; she was all of one piece, and Verena was of many pieces, which had, where they fitted together, little capricious chinks, through which mocking inner lights seemed sometimes to gleam. It was a part of Verena's being unlike her that she should feel Mr. Pardon's promise of eternal excitement to be a brilliant thing, should indeed consider Mr. Pardon with any tolerance at all. But Olive tried afresh to allow for such aberrations, as a phase of youth and suburban culture; the more so that, even when she tried most, Verena reproached her — so far as Verena's incurable softness could reproach — with not allowing enough. Olive didn't appear to understand that, while Matthias Pardon drew that picture and tried to hold her hand (this image was unfortunate), she had given one long, fixed, wistful look, through the door he opened, at the bright tumult of the world, and then had turned away, solely for her friend's sake, to an austerer probation and a purer effort; solely for her friend's, that is, and that of the whole enslaved sisterhood. The fact remained, at any rate, that Verena had made a sacrifice; and this thought, after a while, gave Olive a greater sense of security. It seemed almost to seal the future; for Olive knew that the young interviewer would not easily be shaken off, and yet she was sure that Verena would never yield to him.

It was true that at present Mr. Burrage came a great deal to the little house at Cambridge; Verena told her about that, told her so much that it was almost as good as if she had told her all. He came without Mr. Gracie now; he could find his way alone, and he seemed to wish that there should be no one else. He had made himself so pleasant to her mother that she almost always went out of the room; that was the highest proof Mrs. Tarrant could give of her appreciation of a "gentleman caller." They knew everything about him by this time; that his father was dead, his mother very fashionable and prominent, and he himself in possession of a handsome patrimony. They thought ever so much of him in New York. He collected beautiful things, pictures and antiques and objects that he sent for to Europe on purpose, many of which were arranged in his rooms at Cambridge. He had intaglios and Spanish altar-cloths and drawings by the old masters. He was different from most others; he seemed to want so much to enjoy life, and to think you easily could if you would only let yourself go. Of course — judging by what *he* had — he appeared to think you required a great many things to keep you up. And then Verena told Olive — she could see it was after a little delay — that he wanted her to come round to his place and see his treasures. He wanted to show them to her, he was so sure she would admire them. Verena was sure also, but she wouldn't go alone, and she wanted Olive to go with her. They would have tea, and there would be other ladies, and Olive would tell her what she thought of a life that was so crowded with beauty. Miss Chancellor made her reflections on all this, and the

first of them was that it was happy for her that she had determined for the present to accept these accidents, for otherwise might she not now have had a deeper alarm? She wished to heaven that conceited young men with time on their hands would leave Verena alone; but evidently they wouldn't, and her best safety was in seeing as many as should turn up. If the type should become frequent, she would very soon judge it. If Olive had not been so grim, she would have had a smile to spare for the frankness with which the girl herself adopted this theory. She was eager to explain that Mr. Burrage didn't seem at all to want what poor Mr. Pardon had wanted; he made her talk about her views far more than that gentleman, but gave no sign of offering himself either as a husband or as a lecture-agent. The furthest he had gone as yet was to tell her that he liked her for the same reason that he liked old enamels and old embroideries; and when she said that she didn't see how she resembled such things, he had replied that it was because she was so peculiar and so delicate. She might be peculiar, but she had protested against the idea that she was delicate; it was the last thing that she wanted to be thought; and Olive could see from this how far she was from falling in with everything he said. When Miss Chancellor asked if she respected Mr. Burrage (and how solemn Olive could make that word she by this time knew), she answered, with her sweet, vain laugh, but apparently with perfect good faith, that it didn't matter whether she did or not, for what was the whole thing but simply a phase — the very one they had talked about? The sooner she got through it the better, was it not? — and she seemed to think that her transit would be materially quickened by a visit to Mr. Burrage's rooms. As I say, Verena was pleased to regard the phase as quite inevitable, and she had said more than once to Olive that, if their struggle was to be with men, the more they knew about them the better. Miss Chancellor asked her why her mother should not go with her to see the curiosities, since she mentioned that their possessor had not neglected to invite Mrs. Tarrant; and Verena said that this, of course, would be very simple — only her mother wouldn't be able to tell her so well as Olive whether she ought to respect Mr. Burrage. This decision, as to whether Mr. Burrage should be respected, assumed in the life of these two remarkable young women, pitched in so high a moral key, the proportions of a momentous event. Olive shrank at first from facing it — not, indeed, the decision, — for we know that her own mind had long since been made up in regard to the quantity of esteem due to almost any member of the other sex, — but the incident itself, which, if Mr. Burrage should exasperate her further, might expose her to the danger of appearing to Verena to be unfair to him. It was her belief that he was playing a deeper game than the young Matthias, and she was very willing to watch him; but she thought it prudent not to attempt to cut short the phase (she adopted that classification) prematurely — an imputation she should incur if, without more delay, she were to "shut down," as Verena said, on the young connoisseur.

It was settled, therefore, that Mrs. Tarrant should, with her daughter, accept Mr. Burrage's invitation; and in a few days these ladies paid a visit to his apartments. Verena subsequently, of course, had much to say about it, but she dilated even more upon her mother's impressions than upon her own. Mrs. Tarrant had carried away a supply which would last her all winter; there had been some New York ladies present who were "on" at that moment, and with whom her intercourse was rich in emotions. She had told them all that she should be happy to see them in her home, but they had not yet picked their way along the little planks of the front yard. Mr. Burrage, at all events, had been quite lovely, and had talked about his collections, which were wonderful, in the most interesting manner. Verena inclined to think he was to be respected. He admitted that he was not really studying law at all; he had only come to Cambridge for the form; but she didn't see why it wasn't enough when you made yourself as pleasant as that. She went so far as to ask Olive whether taste and art were not something, and her friend could see that she was certainly very much involved in the Phase. Miss Chancellor, of course, had her answer ready. Taste and art were good when they enlarged the mind, not when they narrowed it. Verena assented to this, and said it remained to be seen what effect they had had upon Mr. Burrage, — a remark which led Olive to fear that at such a rate much would remain, especially when Verena told her, later, that another visit to the young man's rooms was projected, and that this time she must come, he having expressed the greatest desire for the honor, and her own wish being greater still that they should look at some of his beautiful things together.

A day or two after this, Mr. Henry Burrage left a card at Miss Chancellor's door, with a note, in which he expressed the hope that she would take tea with him on a certain day on which he expected the company of his mother. Olive responded to this invitation in conjunction with Verena; but in doing

so she was in the position, singular for her, of not quite understanding what she was about. It seemed to her strange that Verena should urge her to take such a step when she was free to go without her, and it proved two things: first, that she was much interested in Mr. Henry Burrage, and second, that her nature was extraordinarily beautiful. Could anything, in effect, be less underhand than such an indifference to what she supposed to be the best opportunities for carrying on a flirtation? Verena wanted to know the truth, and it was clear that by this time she believed Olive Chancellor to have it, for the most part, in her keeping. Her insistence, therefore, proved, above all, that she cared more for her friend's opinion of Henry Burrage than for her own,—a reminder, certainly, of the responsibility that Olive had incurred in undertaking to form this generous young mind, and of the exalted place that she now occupied in it. Such revelations ought to have been satisfactory; if they failed to be completely so, it was only on account of the elder girl's regret that the subject as to which her judgment was wanted should be a young man destitute of the worst vices. Henry Burrage had contributed to throw Miss Chancellor into a "state," as these young ladies called it, the night she met him at Mrs. Tarrant's; but it had none the less been conveyed to Olive by the voices of the air that he was a gentleman and a good fellow.

This was painfully obvious when the visit to his rooms took place; he was so good-humored, so amusing, so friendly and considerate, so attentive to Miss Chancellor, he did the honors of his bachelor nest with so easy a grace, that Olive, part of the time, sat dumbly shaking her conscience, like a watch that wouldn't go, to make it tell her some better reason why she shouldn't like him. She saw that there would be no difficulty in disliking his mother; but that, unfortunately, would not serve her purpose nearly so well. Mrs. Burrage had come to spend a few days near her son; she was staying at a hotel in Boston. It presented itself to Olive that after this entertainment it would be an act of courtesy to call upon her; but here, at least, was the comfort that she could cover herself with the general absolution extended to the Boston temperament and leave her alone. It was slightly provoking, indeed, that Mrs. Burrage should have so much the air of a New Yorker who didn't particularly notice whether a Bostonian called or not; but there is ever an imperfection, I suppose, in even the sweetest revenge. She was a woman of society, large and voluminous, fair (in coloring) and regularly ugly, looking as if she ought to be slow and rather heavy, but disappointing this expectation by a quick, amused utterance, a short, bright, summary laugh, with which she appeared to dispose of the joke (whatever it was) forever, and an air of recognizing on the instant everything she saw and heard. She was evidently accustomed to talk, and even to listen, if not kept waiting too long for details and parentheses; she was not continuous, but frequent, as it were, and you would see that she hated explanations, though it was not to be supposed that she had anything to fear from them. Her favors were general, not particular; she was civil enough to every one, but not in any case endearing, and perfectly genial without being confiding, as people were in Boston when (in moments of exaltation) they wished to mark that they were not suspicious. There was something in her whole manner which seemed to say to Olive that she belonged to a larger world than hers; and our young lady was vexed at not hearing that she had lived for a good many years in Europe, as this would have made it easy to classify her as one of the corrupt. She learned, almost with a sense of injury, that neither the mother nor the son had been longer beyond the seas than she herself; and if they were to be judged as triflers, they must be dealt with individually. Was it an aid to such a judgment to see that Mrs. Burrage was very much pleased with Boston, with Harvard College, with her son's interior, with her cup of tea (it was old Sèvres), which was not half so bad as she had expected, with the company he had asked to meet her (there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Gracie), and, last, not least, with Verena Tarrant, whom she addressed as a celebrity, kindly, cleverly, but without maternal tenderness or anything to mark the difference in their age? She spoke to her as if they were equals in that respect, as if Verena's genius and fame would make up the disparity, and the girl had no need of encouragement and patronage. She made no direct allusion, however, to her particular views, and asked her no question about her "gift,"—an omission which Verena thought strange, and, with the most amiable candor, spoke of to Olive afterwards. Mrs. Burrage seemed to imply that every one present had some distinction and some talent, that they were all good company together. There was nothing in her manner to indicate that she was afraid of Verena on her son's account; she didn't resemble a person who would like him to marry the daughter of a mesmeric healer, and yet she appeared to think it charming that he should have such a young woman there to give gusto to her hour at Cambridge. Poor

Olive was, in the nature of things, entangled in contradictions; she had a horror of the idea of Verena's marrying Mr. Burrage, and yet she was angry when his mother demeaned herself as if the little girl with red hair, whose freshness she enjoyed, could not be a serious danger. She saw all this through the blur of her shyness, the conscious, anxious silence to which she was so much of the time condemned. It may therefore be imagined how sharp her vision would have been could she only have taken the situation more simply; for she was intelligent enough not to have needed to be morbid, even for purposes of self-defense.

I must add, however, that there was a moment when she came near being happy — or, at any rate, reflected that it was a pity she could not be so. Mrs. Burrage asked her son to play "some little thing," and he sat down to his piano and revealed a talent that might well have gratified that lady's pride. Olive was extremely susceptible to music, and it was impossible to her not to be soothed and beguiled by the young man's charming art. One "little thing" succeeded another; his selections were all very happy. His guests sat scattered in the red firelight, listening, silent, in comfortable attitudes; there was a faint fragrance from the burning logs, which mingled with the perfume of Schubert and Mendelssohn; the covered lamps made a glow here and there, and the cabinets and brackets produced brown shadows, out of which some precious object gleamed — some ivory carving or cinque-cento cup. It was given to Olive, under these circumstances, for half an hour, to surrender herself, to enjoy the music, to admit that Mr. Burrage played with exquisite taste, to feel as if the situation were a kind of truce. Her nerves were calmed, her problems — for the time — subsided. Civilization, under such an influence, in such a setting, appeared to have done its work; harmony ruled the scene; human life ceased to be a battle. She went so far as to ask herself why one should have a quarrel with it; the relations of men and women, in that picturesque grouping, had not the air of being internecine. In short, she had an interval of unexpected rest, during which she kept her eyes mainly on Verena, who sat near Mrs. Burrage, letting herself go, evidently, more completely than Olive. To her, too, music was a delight, and her listening face turned itself to different parts of the room, unconsciously, while her eyes vaguely rested on the objects that emerged into the firelight. At moments Mrs. Burrage bent her countenance upon her and smiled, at random, kindly; and then Verena smiled back, while her expression seemed to say that, oh, yes, she was giving up everything, all principles, all projects. Even before it was time to go, Olive felt that they were both (Verena and she) quite demoralized, and she only summoned energy to take her companion away when she heard Mrs. Burrage propose to her to come and spend a fortnight in New York. Then Olive exclaimed to herself, "Is it a plot? Why in the world can't they let her alone?" and prepared to throw a fold of her mantle, as she had done before, over her young friend. Verena answered, somewhat impetuously, that she should be delighted to visit Mrs. Burrage; then checked her impetuosity, after a glance from Olive, by adding that perhaps this lady wouldn't ask her if she knew what strong ground she took on the emancipation of women. Mrs. Burrage looked at her son and laughed; she said she was perfectly aware of Verena's views, and that it was impossible to be more in sympathy with them than she herself. She took the greatest interest in the emancipation of women; she thought there was so much to be done. These were the only remarks that passed in reference to the great subject; and nothing more was said to Verena, either by Henry Burrage or by his friend Gracie, about her addressing the Harvard students. Verena had told her father that Olive had put her veto upon that, and Tarrant had said to the young men that it seemed as if Miss Chancellor was going to put the thing through in her own way. We know that he thought this way very circuitous; but Miss Chancellor had made him feel that she was in earnest, and that idea frightened the resistance out of him — it had such terrible associations. The people he had ever seen who were most in earnest were a committee of gentlemen who had investigated the phenomena of the "materialization" of spirits some ten years before, and had bent the fierce light of the scientific method upon him. To Olive it appeared that Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie had ceased to be jocular; but that did not make them any less cynical. Henry Burrage said to Verena, as she was going, that he hoped she would think seriously of his mother's invitation; and she replied that she didn't know whether she should have much time in the future to give to people who already approved of her views; she expected to have her hands full with the others, who didn't.

"Does your scheme of work exclude all distraction, all recreation, then?" the young man inquired; and his look expressed real suspense.

Verena referred the matter, as usual, with her air of bright, ungrudging deference, to her

companion. "Does it, should you say — our scheme of work?"

"I am afraid the distraction we have had this afternoon must last us for a long time," Olive said, without harshness, but with considerable majesty.

"Well, now, *is* he to be respected?" Verena demanded, as the two young women took their way through the early darkness, pacing quietly side by side, in their winter robes, like women consecrated to some holy office.

Olive turned it over a moment. "Yes, very much — as a pianist!"

Verena went into town with her in the horse-car, — she was staying in Charles street for a few days, — and that evening she startled Olive by breaking out into a reflection very similar to the whimsical falterings of which she herself had been conscious while they sat in Mr. Burrage's pretty rooms, but against which she had now violently reacted.

"It would be very nice to do that always — just to take men as they are, and not to have to think about their badness. It would be very nice not to have so many questions, but to think they were all comfortably answered, so that one could sit there on an old Spanish leather chair, with the curtains drawn and keeping out the cold, the darkness, all the big, terrible, cruel world — sit there and listen forever to Schubert and Mendelssohn. *They* didn't care anything about female suffrage! And I didn't feel the want of a vote to-day at all, did you?" Verena inquired, ending, as she always ended in these few speculations, with an appeal to Olive.

This young lady thought it necessary to give her a very firm answer. "I always feel it — everywhere — night and day. I feel it *here;*" and Olive laid her hand solemnly on her heart. "I feel it as a deep, unforgetable wrong; I feel it as one feels a stain that is on one's honor."

Verena gave a clear laugh, and after that a soft sigh, and then said, "Do you know, Olive, I sometimes wonder whether, if it wasn't for you, I should feel it so very much!"

"My own friend," Olive replied, "you have never yet said anything to me which expressed so clearly the closeness and sanctity of our union."

"You do keep me up," Verena went on. "You are my conscience."

"I should like to be able to say that you are my form — my envelope. But you are too beautiful for that!" So Olive returned her friend's compliment; and later she said that, of course, it would be far easier to give up everything and draw the curtains to and pass one's life in an artificial atmosphere, with rose-colored lamps. It would be far easier to abandon the struggle, to leave all the unhappy women of the world to their immemorial misery, to lay down one's burden, close one's eyes to the whole dark picture, and, in short, simply expire. To this Verena objected that it would not be easy for her to expire at all; that such an idea was darker than anything the world contained; that she had not done with life yet, and that she didn't mean to allow her responsibilities to crush her. And then the two young women concluded, as they had concluded before, by finding themselves completely, inspiringly in agreement, full of the purpose to live indeed, and with high success; to become great, in order not to be obscure, and powerful, in order not to be useless. Olive had often declared before that her conception of life was as something sublime or as nothing at all. The world was full of evil, but she was glad to have been born before it had been swept away, while it was still there to face, to give one a task and a reward. When the great reforms should be consummated, when the day of justice should have dawned, would not life perhaps be rather poor and pale? She had never pretended to deny that the hope of fame, of the very highest distinction, was one of her strongest incitements; and she held that the most effective way of protesting against the state of bondage of women was for an individual member of the sex to become illustrious. A person who might have overheard some of the talk of this possibly infatuated pair would have been touched by their extreme familiarity with the idea of earthly glory. Verena had not invented it, but she had taken it eagerly from her friend, and she returned it with interest. To Olive it appeared that just this partnership of their two minds — each of them, by itself, lacking an important group of facts — made an organic whole, which, for the work in hand, could not fail to be brilliantly effective. Verena was often far more irresponsive than she liked to see her; but the happy thing in her composition was that, after a short contact with the divine idea, — Olive was always trying to flash it at her, like a jewel in an uncovered case, — she kindled, flamed up, took the words from her friend's less persuasive lips, resolved herself into a magical voice, became again the pure young sibyl. Then Olive perceived how fatally, without Verena's tender notes, her crusade would lack sweetness, what the Catholics call unction; and, on the other hand, how weak Verena would be on the statistical and logical side if she herself should not bring up the rear. Together, in short, they would be complete, they would have everything, and together they would triumph.

Henry James.

JOHN BROWN AT HARPER'S FERRY.*

THE FIGHT AT THE ENGINE-HOUSE, AS SEEN BY ONE OF HIS PRISONERS.

AS to John Brown and his appearance at Harper's Ferry, probably there is no one now living who can tell more of that affair than myself, as I then lived at Harper's Ferry, and was a prisoner of Brown's until rescued by General Robert E. Lee, then colonel in the United States Army. Prior to Brown's sudden appearance at the Ferry, there had been seen by the neighbors small squads of men with picks and spades moving about the mountain-sides, making small excavations here and there, pretending to be looking for gold, of which they declared the mountains were full.

They went repeatedly to the small property-owners, trying to buy land, until all the neighborhood was much excited, and they had succeeded in diverting the minds of the people from their real object.

These men had rented a house near the Ferry, where they were seen in small parties, but never in such large numbers as to excite suspicion.

Some of them often came to the Ferry, but they excited no suspicion, as strangers were always there viewing the scenery and Government works. Brown himself was said to have been seen there often, but I do not recollect meeting him, and feel sure his appearance would have made an impression on me. When his plans were matured, by the aid of one Cook, who was a citizen of the town, he determined to make his invasion to release the negroes of Virginia from servitude.

His descent upon the town was in this wise: On Sunday night, Oct. 16, 1859, about twelve or one o'clock, the gate-keeper of the bridge over the Potomac leading into Maryland was startled by the steady tramp of many men approaching the gate, having with them wagons, who, upon reaching the gate, ordered it to be opened to them. This the gate-keeper refused to do, saying they were strangers. They, however, while parleying with him, seized him and, presenting a pistol at his head, compelled him to be silent. They then wrenched off the locks and came over, he thinks about sixty strong, though he was evidently frightened and could not speak with accuracy.

Upon getting over, the first building taken possession of was the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, then in charge of a very trusty negro, who slept in the building. Upon Brown's men demanding admittance, he refused to let them come in, saying he was in charge, and his instructions were to let no one in at night. He was then shot down, a negro faithful to his trust being the first victim of those whose mission it was to free the African race from bondage.

Brown's party next proceeded to the hotel, rapped up the landlord, put him under arrest, and placed guards at the doors, so that no one could go out or come in. All this was in perfect quiet at dead of night. They went next to place guards at the arsenal and armories, and fix their pickets at all the streets, so that no one could come or go who was not at once picked up and placed with an armed guard over him and compelled to be silent.

Next they divided their force, sending Cook with some men to seize Colonel Washington and other slaveholders. These gentlemen Brown's party waked from sleep and compelled to go with them as prisoners, at the same time taking all the slaves they could find, carriages, horses, etc.

With the prisoners and property they had collected, they returned to Harper's Ferry before daylight, and thence across the bridge into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The gentlemen arrested were left as prisoners with John Brown. This seems to have been the programme for the night; now as to my introduction to John Brown, and what occurred afterwards.

About daylight one of my servants came to my room door and told me "there was war in the street." I, of course, got up at once, dressed, and went out, my dwelling being immediately on the street. Upon looking round I saw nothing exciting. The only person in view was a man from the country, who was riding rapidly, and I supposed he had lost some of his negroes, who had been stopped at the gate of the bridge and made fight.

I walked towards my office, then just within the armory inclosure, and not more than a hundred yards from my dwelling. As I proceeded I saw a man come out of an alley near me, then another, and another,

* See "The John Brown Raid," illustrated, in THE CENTURY for July, 1883. By Alexander R. Boteler and Frank B. Sanborn.— Mr. Daingerfield was Acting Paymaster at the time. He was afterwards in charge of Confederate Armory at Goldsboro, N. C., with rank of Captain.

all coming towards me. When they came up to me I inquired what all this meant; they said, nothing, only they had taken possession of the Government works.

I told them they talked like crazy men. They answered, "Not so crazy as you think, as you will soon see." Up to this time I had not seen any arms; presently, however, the men threw back the short cloaks they wore, and displayed Sharpes's rifles, pistols, and knives. Seeing these, and fearing something serious was going on, I told the men I believed I would return to my quarters. They at once cocked their guns, and told me I was a prisoner. This surprised me, of course, but I could do nothing, being entirely unarmed. I talked with them some little time longer, and again essayed to return to my house; but one of the men stepped before me, presented his gun, and told me if I moved I would be shot down. I then asked them what they intended to do with me. They said I was in no personal danger; they only wanted to carry me to their captain, John Smith. I asked where Captain Smith was. They answered, "At the guard-house, inside of the armory inclosure." I told them I would go there, as that was the point for which I first started. My office was at this place, and I felt uneasy lest the vault might have been broken open.

Upon reaching the gate I saw what, indeed, looked like war—negroes armed with pikes, and sentinels with muskets all around. When I reached the gate I was turned over to "Captain Smith."

He called me by name, and asked if I knew Colonel Washington and others, mentioning familiar names. I said I did, and he then said, "Sir, you will find them there," motioning me towards the engine-room.

We were not kept closely confined, but were allowed to converse with him. I asked him what his object was; he replied, "To free the negroes of Virginia." He added that he was prepared to do it, and by twelve o'clock would have fifteen hundred men with him, ready armed.

Up to this time the citizens had hardly begun to move about, and knew nothing of the raid.

When they learned what was going on, some came out armed with old shot-guns, and were themselves shot by concealed men. All the stores, as well as the arsenal, were in the hands of Brown's men, and it was impossible to get either arms or ammunition, there being hardly any private arms owned by citizens. At last, however, a few weapons were obtained, and a body of citizens crossed the river and advanced from the Maryland side. They made a vigorous attack, and in a few minutes caused all the invaders who were not killed to retreat to Brown inside of the armory gate. Then he entered the engine-house, carrying his prisoners along, or rather part of them, as he made selections among them.

After getting into the engine-house with his men, he made this speech: "Gentlemen, perhaps you wonder why I have selected you from the others. It is because I believe you to be the most influential, and I have only to say now that you will have to share precisely the same fate that your friends extend to my men." He began at once to bar the doors and windows, and to cut port-holes through the brick wall.

Then commenced a terrible firing from without, from every point from which the windows could be seen, and in a few minutes every window was shattered, and hundreds of balls came through the doors. These shots were answered from within whenever the attacking party could be seen. This was kept up most of the day, and, strange to say, no prisoner was hurt, though thousands of balls were imbedded in the walls, and holes shot in the doors almost large enough for a man to creep through.

At night the firing ceased, for we were in total darkness, and nothing could be seen in the engine-house.

During the day and night I talked much with John Brown, and found him as brave as a man could be, and sensible upon all subjects except slavery. Upon that question he was a religious fanatic, and believed it was his duty to free the slaves, even if in doing so he lost his own life.

During a sharp fight one of Brown's sons was killed. He fell; then trying to raise himself, he said, "It is all over with me," and died instantly.

Brown did not leave his post at the port-hole, but when the fighting ceased he walked to his son's body, straightened out his limbs, took off his trappings, then, turning to me, said, "This is the third son I have lost in this cause." Another son had been shot in the morning and was then dying, having been brought in from the street. While Brown was a murderer, yet I was constrained to think that he was not a vicious man, but was crazed upon the subject of slavery. Often during the affair in the engine-house, when his men would want to fire upon some one who might be seen passing, Brown would stop them, saying, "Don't shoot; that man is unarmed." The firing was kept up by our men all day and until late at night, and during this time several of his men were killed; but, as I said before, none of the prisoners were hurt, though in great danger.

During the day and night many propositions *pro* and *con* were made, looking to Brown's surrender and the release of the prisoners, but without result.

When Colonel Lee came with the Government troops, at one o'clock at night, he at once sent a flag of truce by his aide, J. E. B. Stuart, to notify Brown of his arrival, and in the name of the United States to demand his surrender, advising him to throw himself upon the clemency of the Government.

Brown declined to accept Colonel Lee's terms, and determined to await the attack.

When Stuart was admitted, and a light brought, he exclaimed, "Why, aren't you old Ossawatomie Brown, of Kansas, whom I once had there as my prisoner?" "Yes," was the answer, "but you did not keep me." This was the first intimation we had as to Brown's true name. He had been engaged in the Kansas border war, and had come from there to Harper's Ferry. When Colonel Lee advised Brown to trust to the clemency of the Government, he responded that he knew what that meant,—a rope for his men and himself,—adding, "I prefer to die just here."

Stuart told him he would return at early morning for his final reply, and left him.

When he had gone, Brown at once proceeded to barricade the doors, windows, etc., endeavoring to make the place as strong as possible.

During all this time no one of Brown's men showed the slightest fear, but calmly awaited the attack, selecting the best situations to fire from upon the attacking party, and arranging their guns and pistols so that a fresh one could be taken up as soon as one was discharged. During the night I had a long talk with Brown, and told him that he and his men were committing treason against the State and the United States. Two of his men, hearing the conversation, said to their leader, "Are we committing treason against our country by being here?" Brown answered, "Certainly." Both said, "If that is so, we don't want to fight any more. We thought we came to liberate the slaves, and did not know that was committing treason."

Both of these men were killed in the attack on the engine-house when Brown was taken.

When Lieutenant Stuart came in the morning for the final reply to the demand to surrender, I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer.

Stuart asked, "Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?"

Brown answered promptly, "No! I prefer to die here."

His manner did not betray the least fear.

Stuart stepped aside and made the signal for the attack, which was instantly begun with sledge-hammers to break down the door.

Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a battering-ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quickly removed the fastenings, and after two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieutenant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an under-thrust of his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and, as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke.

I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was not killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hilt and making only scalp wounds.

When Governor Wise came and was examining Brown, I heard the questions and answers; and no lawyer could have used more careful reserve, while at the same time he showed no disrespect. Governor Wise was astonished at the answers he received from Brown.

After some controversy between the United States and the State of Virginia as to which had jurisdiction over the prisoners, Brown was carried to the Charlestown jail, and, after a fair trial, was hanged.

Of course I was a witness at the trial, and must say that I have never seen any man display more courage and fortitude than John Brown showed under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. I could not go to see him hanged. He had made me a prisoner, but had spared my life and that of other gentlemen in his power; and when his sons were shot down beside him, almost any other man similarly situated would at least have exacted life for life.

John E. P. Daingerfield.

HILARY stood leaning against a rugged old oak just outside the farm-house gate, watching her lover as he drove away from her forever. It was a lonely road; there were neither neighbors nor passers-by to peer curiously into her face, and Aaron never once looked round as he went; she need not have pressed back the tears so resolutely. But she stood perfectly calm and still, looking fixedly down the road after the retreating wheels, though feeling as if she were watching a hearse that bore away her heart to burial in some far-away graveyard beyond reach of tears.

When the last flutter of dust had laid itself in the road behind the gig, like a sorrow momentarily lulled to sleep, but ready to start into life at memory's first breath, the girl raised her clasped hands above her head, and closed her eyes tightly as if to shut out the vision of the long dull years to come, stretching themselves aimlessly into the distance, empty, loveless, and hard like the blank road before her. Then she turned and walked steadily into the house, and up the narrow stairs into her aunt's room, and sat down by the bed, folding her slender hands in her lap, and looking down at the invalid with tired gray eyes that seemed suddenly to have discovered the end of all things, and to know that henceforth they must always look back instead of forward.

The paralytic neither saw nor heard when Hilary came in. She lay as she had lain these many months,— past seeing, past hearing, past suffering, yet living still, though as utterly dead to her old life as had the *Requiescat in pace* already been written in letters of marble above her. For a long time Hilary sat by the bedside, absolutely motionless, save when she mechanically leaned forward to brush a fly from her aunt's brow, or smooth away a crease in the counterpane, or straighten some small crookedness that unconsciously arrested her eye. One's outward senses are never so peculiarly alive to trifles as when a great crisis of fate holds all the spirit spell-bound.

So now the various consecutive sounds of every-day farm-life struck sharply through to Hilary's brain, and she rose obediently from her seat at the first stroke of the bell ringing in the men from the fields to their evening meal. She lingered a moment before going down, to look curiously at herself in the glass. No; this change that had come was all in her life — not in herself. There were no wrinkles amid the faint horizontal lines that crossed her forehead, no hollows in the smooth, pale cheeks, no faded threads in the blonde braids that covered her head in such profusion. She looked the same now as when she had run down so blithely to bid her lover welcome only an hour before. She pressed her thin, sweet lips together, and shook her head as if to fence off memory, and then slowly descended to the dining-room, where Farmer Perkins and his wife, with whom she and her aunt had boarded ever since she could remember, were already seated at the table, which was set for four, and had that air of elaboration about it which tables, like people, put on for an expected guest.

"Why, where's Aaron?" asked Mrs. Perkins, in evident disappointment. "I made sure he would stay, and opened a jar of my best strawberries, though young men are that ignorant, I believe he'd all as soon have had crab-apples."

"He couldn't wait," Hilary answered quietly, as she took her place and busied herself with her napkin. "He had a great deal to do."

Farmer Perkins raised his bushy brows without lifting his eyes from his plate. "Had he, then?" he said, with good-humored doubt. "I'd be glad of the day when Aaron Johns had a deal to do."

"Yes," answered Hilary, lifting her head with a desperate feeling that it was best to get through the worst at once. "He had so little time. He leaves to-night for the West —for Omaha."

"What!"

The exclamation came from Mrs. Perkins. Her husband merely suspended his operations with the waffles, and stared at Hilary sideways.

"Yes," she continued, in a perfectly quiet, unemotional voice. "He said he had failed long enough here, and he was sure to get a start there. It's a poor opening a young lawyer has in a little country town like this, he says."

"Right enough there," assented the farmer, resuming his knife and fork and appetite. "We ain't so dishonest about here yet, that many folks can earn a living swearing black is white for us. He'll do a sight better in that lying country where he's going. He's a smart enough fellow too, is Aaron. Give him a start, and he'll not come in with the hindmost."

"Well, I am took back," said Mrs. Perkins slowly, quite forgetting to spread her bread in her surprise, absently eating the butter in little lumps off the end of her knife, as if test-

ing it. "I can't seem to settle down to it. Who'd have thought he'd go off so sudden, for all the world like a rocket before the match is set to it! And when is he coming back to fetch you, Hilary?"

"He is not coming back."

"Not ever?"

"No."

The girl answered steadily enough, but her eyes fell.

"Hilary," said Mrs. Perkins solemnly, leaning forward to look at her, with both elbows on the table, "you don't mean you've been keeping company with Aaron Johns this twelvemonth back, for him to give you the go-by like that in the end?"

"There isn't any go-by about it," replied Hilary quickly, a hot crimson spot coming to each cheek. "We've broken with each other —that's all. He wanted me to go with him, and I wouldn't. How could I leave aunt, when she's only me in all the world to stay by her and close her eyes decently when she dies?"

"Come, come," said Mrs. Perkins sympathetically. "I don't know as your church is stricter than ours, though it's true Episcopals have queer notions; but I do think there oughtn't *any* religion to expect a young girl to let go so likely a fellow as Aaron, and tie herself down to a half-dead body like yon poor, unknowing creature upstairs, that can't tell porridge from cider."

"I don't tie myself to her," Hilary answered. "God tied me to her when he left us two all alone in the world, and I can't undo a duty of God's making."

There was silence for a time, during which Mrs. Perkins gazed fixedly at the girl, occasionally giving some tempting dish an abrupt push in her direction, and once going to the pantry to cut off a slice of particularly successful election cake, which she silently put on Hilary's plate, as if wishing to offer such alleviations of destiny as were in her power.

"Don't you feel bad, Hilary?" she brusquely asked, at last.

It was a cruel question, and the poor girl winced. She looked up appealingly, all her features quivering, but controlled herself with a great effort. "There is no good making moan over what has to be," she replied simply.

"Very true, my dear," said Mrs. Perkins approvingly, considerably cheered by the answer. "That's the only proper way to take afflictions. That's just what I said myself when the black hen wouldn't set, and all the eggs went addled. And I dare say there'll be some other young man along all as good as Aaron, and a stay-at-home besides. There's Nathan Taylor, now. He's none so bad when you get used to his squint. Oh, you needn't think you've had your last chance yet, Hilary. There's many a hook slips a fish that lands its second easy."

Hilary shivered ever so slightly. "There'll never be any one else for me, Mrs. Perkins. Don't let's talk about it. Are you going to look over those currants to-night? Shall I help you?"

"Well, yes, if you like," answered the good woman briskly. "Four hands is always better than two at a job, and there's nothing like picking over currants for diverting the mind. It's the most distracting thing I know of. I set myself right to it the night after my little Jim was buried, and it consoled me wonderful. It was really providential that he died in currant-time. I'll fetch 'em right in."

They all left the table together, and the farmer took up his straw hat from the chair where he had thrown it upon entering, then turned back awkwardly to lay a heavy hand on Hilary's shoulder.

"Hilary, my girl," he said kindly, "you're made of pretty decent stuff. You'll do."

By ten o'clock that night all apparent life had ceased in the little farm-house. Save in Hilary's room every light was out, and all but she were sunk in the dreamless sleep of the hard-working. But Hilary still sat by her aunt's bed, lost in thought and taking no note of time. At last she rose, with the look of one who has come to some solemn decision, and, going to a tall chest of drawers that stood square and ungainly in a corner of the room under the sloping roof, she took out a white muslin dress that had lain there undisturbed since her first and only ball, and which was still very fresh and unrumpled. She shook it carefully out of its creases and laid it by while she sought for various other dainty articles of apparel,— her one pair of silk stockings and kid slippers, a white ribbon sash, a bit of rare old lace,— and then, taking off her plain stuff dress, she proceeded to make a fresh toilette from head to foot, even rebraiding her heavy masses of hair and arranging them in a way that suited her better. She stood at last fully dressed in the soft white muslin,— very fair, very bride-like. But something was still wanting. Brides wear veils. Ah, she must borrow hers. That little Shetland shawl, soft as spun silk and cobwebby as lace, which had been her aunt's pride in bygone days,— what could better fit her need? With trembling hands she unfolded it from its many wrappers and threw it over her head, fastening it deftly here and there to her shining braids. It fell fleecy and light over her shoulders and floated far down over her dress. It was the finishing touch. Surely all was complete now. But no; did ever bride go to the altar without a flower

upon her? Hilary hesitated an instant, then gathering her white skirts closely around her, with her long veil flung over one bare white arm, down she went, noiselessly as the ghost she seemed, to the tiny hall below. She listened anxiously. Had the creaking wooden stairs betrayed her? There was not a sound indoors save the old clock ticking weariedly in the corner, where it stood like a sentinel at his post waiting to be relieved. Another step and she reached the front door, slid back the bolt, lifted the latch, and passed out into the dark and dewy garden.

Her heart beat high as she stole softly down between the shrubberies. There was but moonlight enough to make the darkness visible, and to show her herself a misty white spot upon it, strange in the midst of strangeness, as if a cloud had fallen to earth and gathered a semblance of human shape in falling; the rustling of the leaves was as so many faint spirit-voices asking in frightened whispers who and what she was that had thus come among them; the tan felt cold and unaccustomed beneath her feet; the air was damp and heavy with too sweet odors; bats flew low across her pathway with ugly, flapping wings, and her ears tingled with a thousand little sounds that she seemed never to have heard before. It was a gruesome hour for a girl to be out alone, but she kept steadily on her way, down between the straight, stiff flower-beds. The lilacs were long since done blooming, and the lilies and the syringas too. She thought of these last with a sigh; they would have been quite like orange-blossoms. There were plenty of white balsams and white phlox and candy-tuft too, on either side; but she passed them swiftly by, never pausing till she came to the very end of the garden, where a white rose-bush, laden with half-open buds, seemed to have bloomed purposely for this hour. Hilary broke off the flowers with hasty hands,— a few for her breast and a few for her hair were all she needed,— and then, with an exultant thrill at her heart, she turned and retraced her steps through the fitful moonlight and the mysterious shadows, that seemed to turn when she did, and to chase her with gliding, dusky footsteps, as though loath to let so fair a vision go.

But the house was reached in safety, the door reclosed upon that strangely unfamiliar world of night outside, and Hilary stood once more in her room before the glass, smiling a sad little smile of triumph at herself. Yes, it was all complete now. There lacked nothing save only some one to say that she was fair. She glanced shyly at her own image, ashamed of her involuntary pleasure in its sweetness, and turning away went to the bed to bend down over the poor invalid, who was no farther from her now sleeping than waking, and softly kissed her forehead.

"Aunt," she murmured beneath her breath, "I take you for my witness."

The clock in the hall below struck eleven; the lamp began to flicker and turn dim; Hilary saw she must not delay.

From some hidden nook that held her choicest treasures she took out a daguerreotype and placed it open upon the table. It was the likeness of a good-humored, sturdy young fellow of about three and twenty, with a beardless face and honest blue eyes, and big, awkward hands, brought into bold relief against the uncomfortably fitting Sunday coat. It was not altogether admirable as a work of art, but Hilary looked at it with loving eyes as she knelt by the table in her bridal draperies, and opening her prayer-book laid her right hand upon the picture and repeated aloud in a grave, hushed voice, firm with resolve and sweet with unutterable love: "I, Hilary, take thee, Aaron, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

The strange rite was not ended yet. Should she too not wear a marriage symbol upon her hand, like all women who have sworn this vow? Still on her knees, Hilary reached out for a spool of yellow silk in her basket, and, knotting a slender thread firmly about her wedding-finger, slipped over it a little ring which she had heretofore always worn on the other hand. Now she felt wedded indeed, and bending forward she pressed her lips against the unresponsive pictured face, blushing all over hotly in sweet shame.

And so the weird midnight ceremony came to an end, and Hilary rose, folded up her wedding garments one by one and laid them tenderly away forever with the white roses that had scarcely yet lost their dew, returned the picture to its hiding-place, blew out the light, crept silently to her couch, and lay there motionless as the sleeping figure in the bed beyond, but with wide, bright eyes that refused to close, though all was so dark and still.

From that night a new life began for Hilary— a life unshared by any, unknown to any, and of which the only outward sign was that tiny silken thread upon her finger, which she replaced as often as it loosened or showed dim, and which, safely hidden as it was beneath the little trumpery garnet ring, provoked no manner of comment. Or if occasionally it caught a curious eye, her simple answer—"It is only to remember something

by"— was a quite sufficient explanation. But everything was changed to her from that night. She wore only the ribbons that he best liked her in; every new gown was chosen and fashioned wholly according to his taste. Every Christmas, every birthday, she worked him presents that none saw save the poor to whom she gave them in his stead. "Aaron's handkerchiefs must be nearly worn out by now," she would say soberly to herself. "I must hem him some more." Or—"Aaron's shirts can surely hold no longer; I must make him another set. His wife must not neglect him." And the needy creatures who received her gifts little knew what pure and perfect love had aided in their making. Once a year upon her wedding anniversary, as she called it in her thoughts, she always made a little feast to mark out the day from its uneventful fellows. Was it not natural enough sometimes to call a few friends together? And no one thought of noticing that on those occasions she invariably wore a bunch of white roses at her breast.

And so the years went by. The poor old aunt quietly slipped away altogether out of the life upon which she had long had so slight a hold; the farmer and his wife became old and infirm, and upon Hilary, who had grown to be more daughter than guest in the house, now devolved much of the real management of the homestead. But who, seeing the quiet, middle-aged woman moving methodically and prosaically about her work, slurring no homely part of it, neglecting no wearisome detail, would have guessed that she hid such a bright fresh romance in her heart, and was glad of it and comforted by it through all the lonely days, and through all the tedious commonplaces of the monotonous routine?

Aaron Johns had been heard of but once since he drove angrily away through the sunshine and the dust, never turning to look back at the girl who could so lightly let him go; and that once was when Farmer Perkins brought home word from town that Aaron had gone on from Omaha to Denver, and settled there, and had married a wife and was doing well. Hilary listened with no deepening of color, no quickening of her even pulses, but with a curious sense that Aaron had committed a crime, and that she was responsible for his sin. But even that feeling wore off soon, and Aaron remained her dream-husband still, her secret counsel in emergencies, her daily director and helper and comforter, while she tried to think of him as keeping pace with time, and to imagine him every year with hair a little more gray, and eyes a little less blue, and cheeks a little more sunken and furrowed. "I should know him anywhere if I saw him," she often said to herself. "Of course he would not recognize me now; but my love has kept step with his changes, and he could not have grown away from it."

And so the years slipped softly by, until one day Farmer Perkins returned from town bringing a wonderful bit of news with him.

"Hilary," he said, as he sat down, resting the palms of both hands on his knees, and looking solemnly at her over his spectacles, "Aaron Johns is back. He's picked up a tidy bit of money and buried his wife out there, and now he's come on a visit to see how the old place looks. I told him he'd find you here the same as ever, only that the old aunt was dead. He wanted to know special if she was alive still. I always said he was a smart fellow, was Aaron. I knew he'd get on."

"You don't mean Aaron's back!" Mrs. Perkins exclaimed, all in a flutter of excitement at once. "Now I shouldn't wonder if he'd really come for Hilary at last, and here she's been a-waiting ready to his hand all these years!"

Hilary said nothing, but got up and took one of the old man's withered hands and stroked it gently for an instant, and then quietly left the room. Could it be true? Was it possible the dream was to become a reality?

She went about all day as if stunned, and when at last word was brought her that Aaron was there and asking for her, she went to meet him like one walking in a dream. "He will never know me," she repeated to herself. "I have changed, and so of course has he; yet I feel that I should know him anywhere."

And then she heard a voice saying heartily, "Why, she's positively not altered through all these twenty years! Hilary, I should have known you the world over!" And raising her eyes she saw a stranger standing looking at her, a large, stout man, with a bald head, and bushy, red-brown whiskers, and not a wrinkle anywhere on all his round, good-humored face. Was this Aaron? Was it possible that this was he? Not a look, not a tone, not a gesture seemed familiar; even the blue eyes recalled no memory; even his smile seemed strange.

It came upon her like a shock and took away her breath. She could only give him her hand in silence.

"Yes, the very, very same!" he cried delightedly. "Nothing is changed. No one is changed. The same place, the same house, the same people. It is as if the whole town had been sleeping an enchanted sleep. There are no improvements, no innovations, no alterations anywhere,—not so much as a sign-board torn down. Everybody seems just to have become his own grandfather. I could swear I saw some of the very hats in the street to-day that I saw twenty years ago. It's de-

lightful. You can't think how it rests a man, after he has lived so long in the midst of perpetual newness and stir and change, to step back to some spot where time is at a standstill, and where there is really nothing new under the sun. Should you have known me, Hilary? Forgive me; I could not call you by anything but the old name."

"She hasn't any other hereabouts," said the farmer, patting her shoulder affectionately. "Our Hilary is Hilary to all the townsfolk still, just as she was in her young days."

"She has never outgrown her young days," said Aaron, looking with pleased eyes at the slim figure and gentle, lovable face. "Time has stood more still with her than with anything else. But I'm afraid you have forgotten me, Hilary."

She flushed deeply all over her delicate pale face, and her eyes dropped.

"No," she answered, "I have not. But — but you do not seem the same."

And try as she would, through all the days that followed, she could not think him back into his own place. He was a new Aaron altogether, not the old Aaron whom she had so loved, and to whom she had been so faithful through the years. She could not get used to him. His presence was a continuous shock to her, as if his real and his imaginary self were always at war with each other. This Aaron was too stout, too noisy, too careless, and in too exuberant good spirits. His clothes fitted him too well, and she missed the blue necktie, and the limp collar, and the big flapping silver chain. And he carried silk handkerchiefs now, and wore shirts beyond anything her simple skill could fashion. He was very nice, very pleasant; she found no fault with him as he was: it was only that he was not the Aaron of her dreams.

And when one evening, as he was bidding her good-bye, he came nearer and said, gently, "Hilary, will you go West with me this time when I go back?" she trembled violently, and caught away her hand, looking up at him with eyes full of perplexity.

"Oh, Aaron, give me time, give me time," she faltered. "I do not know,—I cannot say,—let me think."

She sat up late in her own room that night, as she had sat there once so many years before, thinking it all over with a disquiet heart. There was no helpless form stretched on the bed beside her now. There was absolutely no one to keep her back — nothing to keep her from him. She had been true to him all these years; she had shut out all other love from her heart because of that lost love of his; and now he had brought it back to her to be hers, and hers always, if she would. How could she do else than reach out to him the hand that she had given him so many years ago? She looked down at it, fingering the little gold thread nervously. Must she part with that? Could any shining wedding-ring ever be dearer to her than that had been? It would be like unsaying an old vow, like casting off an old allegiance, to take this thread away. She went to her desk and took the little daguerreotype from its hiding-place. A faint odor of rose-leaves clung to it, like a tangible emanation from all the gentle and sweet associations with which it had enriched her life. A tranquillizing sense of peace stole over her as she looked down at the dear familiar face that had smiled changelessly back at her for so long. Oh, *this* was the real Aaron,— *this* was the Aaron to whom she had given her heart,— this was the Aaron who had been with her till he had grown into every fiber of her being. How could she be faithless to him now, giving herself away to that other and different Aaron who had so boldly come in to claim her?

"Oh, no, no!" she cried aloud, clasping the picture to her heart with a sudden paroxysm of foolish tears; "I cannot — I cannot! Aaron, my dear picture-love, you have been my all when I had no one else, and I will not give you up. This new Aaron is not the same, and if I took him in your place, it would be like divorcing myself from you to marry him; and I should miss you, oh, I should miss you till I died!"

And so, merely for sake of a dream which she could not banish, Hilary sent her lover away once more, and stood at the end of her story as at the beginning, watching him as he drove disconsolately down the road, knowing that she should never see him again. But he turned this time to wave his hand to her in friendly farewell, feeling vaguely, perhaps, that she was right after all, and that the Hilary he loved would cease to be the same transplanted to foreign soil. And when he had disappeared and the dust had settled quietly down behind him, Hilary turned with a smile on her lips to reënter the house. Farmer Perkins stood upon the threshold, watching her somewhat anxiously. She went up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Aaron is going back to Denver to-morrow," she said, still smiling. "And — I shall stay behind again."

"Hilary, my girl," said the old man earnestly, "I've always said it, you're made of pretty decent stuff, and" — he took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully — "and I think you'll do, Hilary,— you'll do."

Grace Denio Litchfield.

HOW SHALL WE HELP THE NEGRO?

BY THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF KENTUCKY.

IN discussing this question I do not propose to enter the arena of statistics. I am not quite ready to admit the statement of one writer, that "comparison based on the census of 1870 is utterly worthless as regards the negroes," while yet I do agree that in certain portions of the South it was materially at fault. And although, therefore, the figures of Professor Gilliam, showing that eighty years hence the Southern blacks will nearly double the Southern whites, may not be perfectly accurate, yet, as he further says, "it is morally certain that by that date, and perhaps sooner, the negroes throughout the South will have a great numerical superiority."

Nor do I propose to enter the lists either as champion or as assailant of the negro's progress, physical, intellectual, or moral. There can be no question that Mr. Greener, the first colored graduate of Harvard University, says truly that the negro is self-supporting, that he adds to the wealth of the country, and that he is accumulating property. As certainly, too, we must admit that the intellectual progress claimed for his race by Mr. Greener is indicated by the existence of "upward of a hundred journals owned and edited by negroes," and by the "number and influence of educated negroes who are now scattered broadcast throughout the South." But on the other hand we note his own declaration that "intemperance, a low standard of morality, an emotional rather than a reflective system of religious ethics, a partial divorce of creed and conduct, and a tendency (by no means confined to negroes) of superficial learning, and of the less desirable elements of character, fitness, or brain, to force their way to the front, are evils which every honest negro must deplore, while sadly admitting their existence."

I recall, as I write, a conversation in New Orleans, in 1880, when I chanced to be placed next to a distinguished Federal official at a dinner-table, whereat the wealth and the intelligence of the Crescent City were gathered to do honor to the Chief Justice of the United States. A rather malapropos remark of mine elicited from my companion the confession that he had come to Louisiana as a philanthropist in the days of reconstruction; that he had been nourished in the faith of human freedom; that his aged father in New Hampshire had prayed with his family morning and evening, since his earliest recollection, that the negro might be freed. And then he added that the greatest disappointment of his life was to be compelled by experience to acknowledge that the negro is incapable of development, and that he is utterly incapable of the proper performance of the citizen's duty, either at the polls or in the jury-box. Beyond controversy and by the testimony of the educated negro leaders, and of their partisan friends of the white race, there are still remaining, in spite of all their boasted progress, an ignorance which is simply abysmal, and a moral incapacity before which the lover of humanity, and still more the patriot American, stands appalled. So that I am constrained to fear, and to believe, that Professor Gilliam speaks truth when he adds, as conclusion of the sentence of which I have already quoted a part, that, with numerical superiority, eighty years hence the negroes throughout the South will have made a "disproportionate gain in wealth and education, and a gain lower still in the domain of morals."

And thirdly, I would say that in seeking for an answer to the dreadful question which keeps repeating itself, "What are you going to do about it?" I shall not for a moment consider the possibility of any emigration of these people which would so much as diminish the cotton crop by a single bale. To my mind it is perfectly absurd to talk of deporting the negroes of the South to Africa, or to any other country; and it is just as much so to think of setting apart for them a reservation of territory in our own country to which they shall be confined. The fact that by a sacred provision of our Constitution these people are citizens of the United States, and so citizens of each and every State, is sufficient barrier to protect them from forcible migration or emigration; and the further facts that for twenty years they have enjoyed the sweet privileges of American citizenship, that under its protection they have made material progress, that members of their race have sat in the high places as rulers of the nation, and that the school and the ballot-box open a like glorious prospect before the eyes of all,—all these things declare that voluntary migration can never take place. No. "The negro has come to America to stay," says Mr. Armstrong, in the "North American Review" for July, 1884, and his opinion is corroborated by the opinions of all the educated negroes given in the symposium whereof he was one.

What then? Here they are, and here they will stay; here we are, and here we mean to stay. Why not? Shall Brobdingnag empty itself of all its giant inhabitants in hurrying dread because Gulliver is come? Or rather, shall Gulliver be alarmed because of the multitude of tiny Lilliputians who crowd the fair land he has found, and madly expatriate himself lest he be destroyed by the pygmies whom he himself has brought there? True, he must recognize, if he be wise, the terrible danger presented by their very number. Doubtless he will feel before long the touch of their restraining hands, if he foolishly lie down to sleep in their midst, and, it may be, will awake to discover that he is conquered. But surely, because of coward fear of such result, he cannot run away and abandon his home. Let us then dismiss both these suggested solutions of our problem as entirely impossible. The negro cannot be banished from the Southern States, and the white man will not abandon them. The negro cannot be colonized against his will, nor yet be shut up within any prescribed territory; even did the black man consent thus to dwell apart, when by blood-sealed covenant he is entitled to home and citizenship in each and every State, the enterprising white man would refuse to respect the sanctity of the reservation.

The problem still confronts us. We may not omit to mention still another solution, suggested by no less authority than the great Canon Rawlinson, the historian of the monarchies of the ancient world,—namely, that the races mingle without restraint, that we make marriages with these people of Canaan, and expect from the union a mixed race mightier and more developed than either factor (such is his promise).

Perhaps it is hardly possible for an American, and least of all an American born to the traditions of the slave-holder, calmly to discuss this proposition to forget the mother who bore him, and to pollute the pure stream of our Caucasian blood by such admixture. But the hope which the English historian has found in the moldy parchments of the far-away East is utterly belied by the results of modern race-fusion, which without an exception are adverse to miscegenation. "In no instance," says Professor Gardiner, "does the mixed people show the mental vigor of the Caucasian parent stock, and in most instances the mental and moral condition of the half-caste is lower even than that of the inferior parent stock." More than this, as is well pointed out by the same writer, Canon Rawlinson, in discussing this question, has fallen into the blunder which in general waits for an Englishman coming to consider anything American. He always thinks of our country as a small island, and would find no fun in Mark Twain's reply to the interviewer "that he was born in New Jersey or Kansas, or just around there." Consequently the great professor thinks of the 6,500,000 negroes as a mere handful dispersed throughout the 43,000,000 whites, and easily absorbed and assimilated. He is ignorant of, or he ignores, the fact that the negro must inevitably remain in the Southern States, where even at present the races are about numerically equal, and hence that "a general amalgamation would produce a mulatto stock in which the negro physique and physiognomy would predominate. Whites would be absorbed by negroes, not negroes by whites, and the brain capacity of the mixed race would be little superior to that of the pure negro. Fifty years hence, when negroes will surpass whites as three to one, the mongrel race will represent capacity decidedly inferior to the negro of pure blood." Certainly the white man of the Southern States cannot even consider this remedy for his present ills, this prophylactic against future woes. And let us remember that the negro looks with just as little good-will upon the project to break down the wall of race-partition, and make of the twain but one race. Mr. Frederick Douglass seems not to have gained but rather to have lost influence with his people by his recent matrimonial alliance with a white woman; and our own observation fully confirms the statement of Mr. Harris in the "North American Review," that "whenever the occasion arises the negro is quick to draw the color-line, and in some sections of the South, notably in the older cities, there are well-defined social feuds between the blacks and the mulattoes."

What may come in the far-distant future, when by long contact with the superior race the negro shall have been developed to a higher stage, none can tell. For my own part, believing as I do that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men," I look for the day when race-peculiarities shall be terminated, when the unity of the race shall be manifested. I can find no reason to believe that the great races into which humanity is divided shall remain forever distinct, with their race-marks of color and of form. Centuries hence the red man, the yellow, the white, and the black may all have ceased to exist as such, and in America be found the race combining the bloods of them all; but it must be centuries hence. Instinct and reason, history and philosophy, science and revelation, all alike cry out against the degradation of the race by the free commingling of the tribe which is highest with that

which is lowest in the scale of development. The process of selection which nature indicates as the method of most rapid progress indignantly refuses to be thus set at naught. Our temporary ills of to-day may not be remedied by the permanent wrong of the whole family in heaven and earth.

Still the problem remains, how shall these alien races dwell in safety side by side, each free and unhampered in the enjoyment of life and liberty and in the pursuit of its happiness? They are the descendants of one father, the redeemed children of one God, the citizens of one nation, neighbors with common interests, and yet are separated by the results of centuries of development, physical, mental, and moral,— separated by inherited traditions, by the spirit of caste, by the recollection of wrongs done and suffered, though it may be in general as innocent in the perpetrator as in the sufferer. How shall the rights of all be duly guarded? How shall the lower race be lifted up to higher stages of human development, for only so can the rights of the superior race be made secure for the present and for the future, and this is the chiefest right of them who are now cast down?

I answer, by the personal endeavors of individuals of the higher race; by their personal contact with these, their ignorant and untaught neighbors, exhibiting before their wondering eyes in daily life the principles of truth and justice, purity and charity, honesty and courage. Perhaps this may seem to be but the veriest platitude, the gush of sentiment, the twaddle of a maudlin religion, but in all truth and soberness I mean exactly what I say. Let me try to explain more fully.

These people need help, that they may be lifted up. I mean, then, that in my judgment that help must be personal and not official, the hand of a friend rather than the club of an officer, the patient counsel of a neighbor rather than the decree of a court, the enactment of a Congress, or the proclamation of a President. The solemn sanctions of the organic law are thrown round about this liberty, and the robe of citizenship, full, perfect, and complete, with never seam nor rent, has been put upon it. The courts have declared its inviolable character, and this decree affirms the negro, the liberated slave, a citizen. But does the declaration make him such? I mean does it, can it impart the intelligent life, the moral consciousness which shall vivify the dead mass and make it a helpful member of the body politic? We have had declarations from every department of the Government that the negro is a citizen; but they are as powerless to effect their purpose as were the oft-repeated acts of the Confederate Congress to make the paper dollar worth more than two cents; as nugatory and vain as the old-time legislation of Virginia that there should be a town at such and such a designated cross-road. The negro is a citizen, and he has the rights under the Constitution and the laws that any white man has; and yet he needs help, though it may be the black and white demagogues would dislike him to think so,— he needs help, personal, individual, patient, loving help, that he may be fitted to exercise his covenanted rights, and to do the duties which these rights impose.

Let us turn for a moment to another sphere of life wherein he now plays an independent part. I mean the Christian Church, using the term in its widest popular signification, as including all organized bodies of Christian disciples. When the war was ended, nowhere was the newly acquired freedom more quickly active than in the organization of religious societies among the negroes. The white pastors who for so many years had ministered unto them were cast out without ceremony; the guidance of the experienced and trusty Christian white men was repudiated, and in each congregation the government was given exclusively to black men; and while we may hesitate to believe that "the Lord gave the word," yet certainly, as the psalmist says, great was the company of the preachers, "those that published." In very many places, because of the rapid influx of the liberated slaves into the towns, new and large meeting-houses were erected and new congregations organized. Utterly ignorant men, gifted with a fatal fluency of speech, unable often to read the Bible in English, much less in its original tongues, became the blind guides of blind followers; and the result is that in some places within my personal knowledge a revival meeting has been going on every night since the surrender of Johnston's army. The orgies of their so-called worship are such as to cause any Christian man to blush for the caricature of our holy religion therein portrayed. As the years passed by, the congregations were associated under the particular polity to which they happened to belong, preacher and people being in general alike ignorant of the features and the claims of all. Conferences meet, general associations are held, bishops, presiding elders, professors, and doctors in divinity assemble, and there is much oratory; and alas! it is too often made plain that the teachers are themselves ignorant of the very first principles of the gospel of Christ. Not that I mean to say that these men cannot all talk glibly in slang theological phrase about the eternal verities,— for they can. And still less would I be understood as say-

ing that there are not among these, my colored brothers, men whom I rejoice to call brothers, and from whom I rejoice to learn, not the science of the books, but the glorious guarantee of my Christian hope in their vital apprehension of the Father's love. And others there are now fully equal in learning to the average white minister, but these are few and far separated. But I believe that in general it were as wise to take the infant-class of a well-taught Sunday-school, with one of the older boys as its preacher, and set it up as an independent church, as so to constitute a body of the average negroes in the Southern States.

I hold that those Christian bodies have acted most unwisely who have set off the negroes belonging to their communions as independent churches, and so have taken from them the enlightening instruction, the helpful guidance, the pastoral care of the white men. I know that it was hard to resist the importunity of the negroes, eager thus to display their capacity as leaders, organizers, and preachers, backed as they were by the thoughtless mob behind them. I know, too, that it was taking a burden from shoulders already heavily laden, thus to shift the responsibility of giving religious instruction to this great multitude. But I know equally well that the result has been evil, that the religious development of the negro race in our Southern States has been hindered by the separation. Just a year and a half ago there was held in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, a meeting of colored ministers, and the report of their proceedings, published in a newspaper conducted by negroes, affords a most melancholy evidence of the fact that, separated from their white brethren, these, the leaders, had degenerated, and had ceased to realize, if they had ever fully done so, that the end and object of religion is morality, the uplifting of men into the likeness of God: for this report portrays ministers of the gospel charging one another with the grossest violations of the moral law! "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" If the teachers of religion, the exponents of the moral law, be thus liable to mutual recrimination, what must be the condition of the great mass of their followers! Declared Christians as declared citizens, they need help — personal, individual, tender, persistent — to enable them to become such in any true sense. The mistake of the United States Government has been repeated by some of the Christian denominations. Perhaps it was inevitable, but at all events it has taken away one of the chief agencies which the white man could employ to educate the black man to a true conception of citizenship; and alas! as the years go by, it must be more and more difficult for us to gain control of it again. Is it not worthy of consideration by the Southern men who are the ministers and leaders of the denominations with which these people are most largely associated, at least in name, whether they cannot make the bond a closer one, and so be enabled, at least indirectly, to shape the policy of their weaker brethren? Responsibility must be heavy in proportion to opportunity, and that responsibility cannot be put away by a mere yielding to the clamor of an ignorant populace, demanding that it may rest upon them and their children.

To return to the more general discussion of our question, I ask, by whom should this personal interest in the negro be felt and shown? And the answer is, of course, patent, that the duty rests upon all Americans alike. We need not reopen the old sore of the original importation of Africans into our country, and allege, as we might, that the guilt of it, if there be guilt, rests upon the ancestors of our New England cousins, rather than upon the fathers of us Southern people. Further, it goes without saying that the Federal Government which added this great number to our roll of citizens should, in common fairness, do all that it may do to help them to the attainment of civic capacity, and to help us so to help them. And if it be questioned whether the constitutional power to do this thing exist, it would seem to be sufficient answer in equity that it must be a part of the power by which emancipation was effected. But in a word, because the citizen of one State is a citizen of every other, and because, if one member of our body politic suffer, all the others by the very law of our being must suffer also, it follows that from every American white man this help may be rightfully expected. But to the men of the South, my own dear kinsmen after the flesh, I would speak, and say that of necessity the burden of this labor must fall upon us. Hard it may seem to some of us that, despoiled of our property for which our money was paid, and whose protection was guaranteed to our fathers, placed under the very feet of our former slaves by the conquering power of the Federal Government and the chicanery and fraud of unscrupulous white men, we should now be called upon to give our personal care, our time, our sympathy, and our meager resources to the development of these semi-barbarians up to true manhood and intelligent citizenship. But be it hard, 'tis true. The burden rests upon us, and we cannot put it away. The love of our whole country demands it; that special regard we cannot but feel for

the well-being and advancement of our own people and our own sunny home demands it; recognition of the truth of human brotherhood — that revelation of Jesus Christ and that last result of sociological study — demands it.

And how and where shall we begin? I answer, "every man in the deep of his own heart," by building there, firm and stable, the conviction that the negro is a man and a citizen; that the conditions of our life are all changed; that old things are passed away, and that the new things which are come to us demand, with an authority which may not be gainsaid, the effort of mind and heart and hand for the uplifting of the negro, lest, if he be left lying in his degradation, he pull us down to his defilement. Nay, we must build higher than this, even the conviction that it is the will of God that the nobler shall be evolved from the ignoble, that the race shall progress toward his likeness; and from the summit of this lofty conception we can look out and see the work to be done, and there we can breathe the pure air of heaven, and get inspiration for its performance, though it cost self-denial and self-sacrifice. Here we must begin in ridding our hearts of the feeling of caste, which has made them its citadel for generations.

But let it be clearly understood that I have not the least reference to the social status of the freedman when I so speak. That mysterious thing which we call "society" will ever take care of itself, and my taking away the pariah badge which caste has affixed to the negro is by no means the presentation to him of a card of invitation to the soirée in my parlor. No man has an inherent right to be admitted into a circle which is in general defined by equality of distance from some fixed point of refinement, culture, leisure, or wealth. Undoubtedly it seems to be too true that the door of admission in our American life is generally to be unlocked by the golden key, whatever be the hand that holds it. And yet, after all, this seeming welcome to the almighty dollar is in reality accorded to the qualifications which wealth can supply, even culture, leisure, and refinement, and the community of interests with those possessing like advantages. But certainly no man or woman has any indefeasible right to social recognition, and its refusal is not a denial of equity. The time may come, and will, when the prejudices now apparently invincible shall have been conquered by the changed characteristics of the race now under the social ban. Society, then as now organized upon the basis of community of interests, congeniality of tastes, and equality of position, will exclude the multitude who cannot speak its shibboleth; but there will be no color-line of separation. If the aspirate be duly sounded, the thickness of the lips that frame the word shall be no hindrance to the social welcome. When shall this be? Ah, when? In the far-distant future it may be; and equally it may be that our great-grandchildren shall behold such a social revolution as will open wide the drawing-rooms of Washington to the black men who have been honored guests in the palaces of England and of France. But whether it shall ever be or not is no point in the discussion I am making; for immediate social recognition is not an equitable demand, nor yet a necessary factor in the development of the negro race, which is his right and our only safety.

But poverty and ignorance are no barrier in the way of the elevation of any white man in America, nor yet the obscurity or even degradation of his origin. Though in infancy he may have lain "among the pots," yes, and the pigs of an Irish hovel, yet in this favored land of equal rights no arbitrary distinction shall stand in the way of his education into a cultivated refinement that shall be as "the wings of a dove covered with silver," nor prevent that his trained powers shall cover "her feathers with yellow gold." Why shall a different condition hedge about the black man because, forsooth, the hovel he was born in was in Carolina rather than Galway, and the pigs, his playmates, had a private pen?

But further, the helping hand of intelligent wealth never fails to be outstretched to smooth the path of the indigent white boy whose honesty and capacity and diligence give promise of a successful career. Our annals are full of splendid instances of the success attending such personal effort to further the progress of the struggling child of poverty, and even of shame. Why shall not these annals record in the future the names of black boys thus developed, by the personal care of members of the higher race, into a manhood as noble and as beneficent? Is it that there is lacking the capacity for development? Such opinion will hardly be expressed by any intelligent observer in our day. The scholars and orators, the mechanics and accountants, of pure negro blood, moral and upright, trusty and trusted, who have been made here in America, flatly contradict any such assumption. True, they are few in number; true, that in general the members of this race have as yet acquired but the little learning which is so dangerous; true, that left to themselves, under leaders of their own race, they have in almost every case made grievous failure, have made loud boasting of an uplifting which was just high enough to display their grotesque ugliness. Surely these results were to be expected in the circumstances attending their

effort for self-advancement. Yet, one man of high character and real education is enough to prove capacity. America can furnish many such, and of the great number which England offers, I cite one that is a crucial, splendid instance, and which alone must satisfy. An English cruiser overhauls a slave-ship homeward bound with its cargo of living treasure. The hatches are burst open, and the bondmen come forth from the nameless horrors of the middle passage just begun. Among them is a boy of typical African feature and form, who, for some cause, attracts the notice of a man who loves his fellow-men; and when the liberated are carried back to roam again as free savages their native wilds, he is taken to England, that culture may develop the godlike nature in which he was created, that by contact with individuals of the higher kingdom this denizen of the lower may be lifted up. To-day that boy is the Bishop of the Niger, governing and guiding the missionary work of the Church of England in all the vast region of West Africa.

Capacity is not lacking, but help is needed, the help, I repeat, which the intelligence of the superior race must give by careful selection and personal contact with the selected. Does not our mother nature teach us that this is the only process offering prospect of success, such being her method of procedure in her constant working under the Creator's law? "The plant," says Mr. Drummond, "stretches down to the dead world beneath it, touches its minerals and gases with its mystery of life, and brings them up ennobled and transformed to the living sphere." "The kingdom of heaven," said Jesus of Nazareth, "is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." The teaching of nature and of the Lord of nature alike declare that the leavened mass, the alive, must touch that which is dead to impart of its life; the higher must stoop to touch the lower, and its contact must be long continued, individual, personal, real, if the lower is to be carried up to the superior sphere. And the Christian philosopher, the greatest expounder of the religion of Jesus Christ, sums it all up into one command, when he charges those who would help forward the coming of the kingdom of the Christ, wherein shall be universal brotherhood among Christian men: "Be not high-minded, but condescend to men of low estate."

The separation of the negro race from the white means for the negro continued and increasing degradation and decay. His hope, his salvation, must come from association with that people among whom he dwells, but from whose natural guidance and care he has been separated largely by the machinations of unscrupulous demagogues. These care not a straw for his elevation, but would mount on his shoulders to place and power. They find their opportunity in the natural, indeed inevitable, estrangement of the liberated slave from his former master; and they are more than content to keep the negro in thriftless ignorance, that he may continue their subservient follower. Certainly it was natural that these new-created citizens should join themselves to the leaders whose hands had broken the shackles of their slavery. Instinct prompted such alliance, and the fawning words of the cringing flatterer found ready acceptance and belief, when he told of the old master's desire again to fasten the chain which he, the orator, had broken with the tools in his carpet-bag. 'Twas pitiable to see the sorrow of many of these people when the announcement was made that a Democrat had been elected President, for they had been taught to believe that such an event meant their restoration to the condition of servitude. And it was cruel to witness, as I did, the sportive mockery of unthinking white men, who tortured the negroes by the assertion of ownership, and in some cases went through the mockery of selling them at auction. But is not now the opportunity of Southern white men to reëstablish the bond of friendship with their former slaves, and to prove to them that our interests are identical? The issue of the last presidential election has opened even the blindest eyes to see that the freedom of their race is in no sense dependent upon the continued supremacy of the Republican party, but is assured by the organic law which no political party can change. The time is come that we may make them know that our desire is to help them along the road to prosperity and happiness, even as we ask them to help us. The time is come for honest, manly effort to teach them that in our union is the only hope of both races; that separated from us, their neighbors and friends, they must retrograde toward the barbarism whence they are sprung, and, that then, alas! we might be compelled to wage relentless war against them for our own preservation. The white men of the South must help the negro politically, if they would be helped by him, and first of all must give him assurance of honest purpose, by the removal of the ban which prejudice has established, and treat as a freeman him whom the Constitution and the laws declare free.

I am sure that particular cases of his present hardship will readily occur to all; notably one to which Mr. Cable called such vigorous attention in THE CENTURY for January of the current year. I could but think of it with a blush

as I journeyed a little while ago on a south-bound railway train, and saw a tidy, modest, and intelligent black woman restricted to a car which, when she entered it, was about as full of oaths and obscenity as of the foul vapor compounded of the fumes of tobacco and of whisky. At the same station came aboard the train two white women, evidently less intelligent, less refined in manner, and by no means so cleanly dressed; and they were admitted to the privileges of the so-called ladies' car, which, under the usual interpretation, means merely "white people's car." Is this just? Is this equitable? Must not any possible elevation of the negro race by our efforts have a beginning in the removal of such flagrant wrongs as this?

Again, I notice, as perhaps falling more constantly under my own observation, the cruel prejudice which stands like an angry sentinel at our church-doors to warn away these people whom we yet declare to be children of the one Father. Certainly it is no injustice to anybody that a number of Christians shall join together for the erection of a church and the provision of services; and in the architecture they shall select, the form of worship they shall employ, the doctrines they shall have proclaimed, they may please their own fancy or conscience, and no man has a right to complain. More than this, there is no more wrong in the appropriation of particular seats to particular persons who choose to pay therefor a price greater or less. Still further, the American Christian's pew is his castle, if he please to make it such, and no stranger may with impunity invade it. The religious club may, like other associations of that species, grant admission to the privileges of its club-house only by card, and nobody has a right to complain. But when the religious club sets up a claim to be the visible kingdom of God on earth, whose mission and ground of being are the making known the glad tidings to the poor and the outcast, what absurdity of contradiction is such exclusive selfishness! The congregations of Christian people in our country seem with one accord to recognize their duty as their highest pleasure, and welcome most gladly all who come to join their prayers and praises and to hear their teacher. Ushers will confront you with smiling welcome at the door of any church in the land, and conduct you to a seat, though you be introduced by no member. Your manhood is your right to enter — *if only your face is white.* Is this just? Is this equitable? Above all, is this Christian? It is but a foolish dread which justifies such distinction on the ground that, once admitted, the negro would take possession and rule the church. Social sympathies, we know very well, have perhaps most to do with the gathering of any congregation of regular worshipers; sympathies which, as we have seen, arise from equality of material condition, community of tastes, participation in the same daily life. Why do we not fear to welcome as occasional visitor the white man or woman of low degree? Why does not like danger in their case restrain our Christian hospitality? Is the negro more pushing and self-assertive than the rude white man? Nay, rather is he not by his very pride of race, and his natural resentment of the white man's contumely, unwilling even to join with him in doing homage to the one King? This is but a pretext to excuse the conduct which, in our heart of hearts, we know to proceed from the old root of bitterness — the feeling of caste which demands that the liberated slave shall be forever a menial.

I charge the Christian white men of the South to mark that the effect of this separation, on which we have insisted, has helped to drive these people into a corresponding exclusiveness, and is constantly diminishing the influence of our Christian thinkers upon their belief and their practice. And twenty years of the separate life of these churches of the black man have made plain the inevitable tendency. They have colleges and newspapers, missionary societies and mammoth meeting-houses; they have baptized multitudes, and they maintain an unbroken revival; and yet confessedly the end of the commandment, the morality, the godlikeness which all religion is given to attain, is farther away than at the beginning. Their religion is a superstition, their sacraments are fetiches, their worship is a wild frenzy, and their morality a shame. I have myself heard the stewards of a city congregation reviling a country visitor because she always selected the Communion Sunday as the occasion of her visit, "that she might drink their good wine"; and the soft impeachment was not denied.

True, there are white people equally ignorant of the first principles of Christianity, and whose moral character is equally destitute of religious influence; but would it be wise or safe or Christian to let them organize separate communions, to give them up to their blind guides? This is all I plead for, that separation from us is for the negro destruction, and perhaps for us as well. Therefore we must help them, teach them, guide them, lift them up; and that we may do so, we must treat them as men.

Difficulties frown upon us as we enter this path. Our friends will look at us with eyes askant, and it may be will speak bitter words whose sting will wound; but this we can bear, for their conduct will not much damage our work, and we can believe that by and by they will see the truth and love it. But harder to

overcome, and of direful influence upon the very beginning of their labor who labor for peace, are the black demagogues who have learned from their white partners that the ignorance of their brethren must be the mother of devotion to their selfish interests; that their unreasoning hostility to their white neighbors is the cement which fastens securely their dependence upon them. Preachers and politicians, each being as much the one as the other, will resent and resist our effort to open the blind eyes that they may see their glorious freedom in the Church and in the State. Pride of race will be summoned to resist the alien; grateful recollection will turn away to the white men who came a score of years ago kindly to become their governors and congressmen and senators. The ignorant ranter who has held thousands spell-bound while he pictured the torment of the flaming lake, and called his hearers away to the sensuous delights of a Mohammedan paradise, will not freely consent to the introduction of preachers having intelligence, learning, and rational piety. But the truth will prevail at the last, if only it can find an entrance. We must carry it to them ourselves, despite all opposition. We must put away from us the devil's delusion that by declaring them citizens we have made them really such; that in giving them the alphabet of the Christian faith we have fitted them to dwell apart and alone.

I noticed in the brave and manly plea of Mr. Cable, already mentioned, these words, quoted from a newspaper published by black men:

"We ask not Congress, nor the Legislature, nor any other power, to remedy these evils, but we ask the people among whom we live. Those who *can* remedy them if they *will*. Those who have a high sense of honor and a deep moral feeling. Those who have one vestige of human sympathy left. . . . Those are the ones we ask to protect us in our weakness and ill-treatments. . . . As soon as the colored man is treated by the white man *as a man*, that harmony and pleasant feeling which should characterize all races which dwell together, shall be the bond of peace between them."

White men of the South, what answer shall we, the intelligent, the cultured, the powerful, the inheritors of noble traditions and of splendid ideas,—what answer, I ask in the name of God, of freedom and of humanity, shall we make to these men?

LOUISVILLE, KY. *T. U. Dudley.*

STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE SHENANDOAH.

INCLUDING HIS RELATIONS TO THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

A CONFEDERATE OF 1862.

THE movement to capture Harper's Ferry and the fire-arms manufactured and stored there was organized at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond on the night of April 16, 1861. Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise was at the head of this purely impromptu affair. The Virginia Secession Convention, then sitting, was by a large majority "Union" in its sentiments till Sumter was fired on and captured, and Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 men to enforce the laws in certain Southern States. Virginia was then, as it were, forced to "take sides," and she did not hesitate. I had been one of the candidates for a seat in that Convention from Augusta County but was overwhelmingly defeated by the "Union" candidates, because I favored secession as the only "peace measure" Virginia could then adopt, our aim being to put ourselves in an independent position to negotiate between the United States and the seceded Gulf and Cotton States for a new Union, to be formed on a compromise of the slavery question by a convention to be held for that purpose.

Late on April 15 I received a telegram from "Nat" Tyler, the editor of the "Richmond Enquirer," summoning me to Richmond, where I arrived the next day. Before reaching the Exchange Hotel I met ex-Governor Wise on the street. He asked me to find as many officers of the armed and equipped volunteers of the inland towns and counties as I could, and request them to be at the hotel by seven in the evening to confer about a military movement which he deemed important. Not many such officers were in town, but I found Captains Turner Ashby and Richard Ashby of Fauquier County, Oliver R. Funsten of Clarke County, all commanders of volunteer companies of cavalry; also Captain John A. Harman of Staunton —my home—and Alfred Barbour, the latter

ex-civil superintendent of the Government works at Harper's Ferry.

These persons, with myself, promptly joined ex-Governor Wise, and a plan for the capture of Harper's Ferry was at once discussed and settled upon. The movement, it was agreed, should commence the next day, the 17th, as soon as the Convention voted to secede,— provided we could get railway transportation and the concurrence of Governor Letcher. Colonel Edmund Fontaine, president of the Virginia Central Railroad, and John S. Barbour, president of the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap railroads, were sent for, and joined us at the hotel near midnight. They agreed to put the necessary trains in readiness next day to obey any request of Governor Letcher for the movement of troops.

A committee, of which I was chairman, waited on Governor Letcher after midnight, arousing him from his bed, and laid the scheme before him. He stated that he would take no step till officially informed that the ordinance of secession was passed by the Convention. He was then asked if contingent upon the event he would next day order the movement by telegraph. He consented. We then informed him what companies would be under arms ready to move at a moment's notice. All the persons I have named above are now dead, except John S. Barbour (who is in Congress), "Nat" Tyler, and myself.

On returning to the hotel and reporting Governor Letcher's promise, it was decided to telegraph the captains of companies along the railroads mentioned to be ready next day for orders from the Governor. In that way I ordered the Staunton Artillery, which I commanded, to assemble at their armory by 4 P. M. on the 17th, to receive orders from the Governor to aid in the capture of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. This destination had been indicated in all our dispatches to deceive the Government at Washington, in case there should be a "leak" in the telegraph offices. Early in the evening a message had been received by ex-Governor Wise from his son-in-law Doctor Garnett of Washington, to the effect that a Massachusetts regiment, one thousand strong, had been ordered to Harper's Ferry. Without this reënforcement we knew the guard there consisted of only about thirty men, who could be captured or driven away, perhaps without firing a shot, if we could reach the place secretly with a considerable force.

The Ashbys, Funsten, Harman and I, remained up the entire night. The superintendent and commandant of the Virginia Armory at Richmond, Captain Charles Dimmock, a Northern man by birth and a West Point graduate, was in full sympathy with us, and that night filled our requisitions for ammunition, and moved it to the railway station before sunrise. He also granted one hundred stand of arms for the Martinsburg Light Infantry, a new company just formed. All these I receipted for and saw placed on the train. Just before we moved out of the depot, ex-Superintendent Barbour made an unguarded remark in the car, which was overheard by a Northern traveler who immediately wrote a message to President Lincoln and paid a negro a dollar to take it to the telegraph office. This act was discovered by one of our party, who induced a friend to follow the negro and take the dispatch from him. This perhaps prevented troops being sent to head us off.

My telegram to the Staunton Artillery produced wild excitement, that spread rapidly through the county, and brought thousands of people to Staunton during the day. Augusta had been a strong Union county, and a doubt was raised by some whether I was acting under the orders of Governor Letcher. To satisfy them, my brother, George W. Imboden, sent a message to me at Gordonsville, inquiring under whose authority I had acted. On the arrival of the train at Gordonsville, Captain Harman received the message and replied to it in my name, that I was acting by order of the Governor. Harman had been of the committee, the night before, that waited on Governor Letcher, and he assumed that by that hour — noon — the Convention must have voted the State out of the Union, and that the Governor had kept his promise to send orders by wire. Before we reached Staunton, Harman handed me the dispatch and told me what he had done. I was annoyed by his action till the train drew up at Staunton, where thousands of people were assembled, and my artillery company and the West Augusta Guards (the finest infantry company in the Valley) were in line. Major-General Kenton Harper, a native of Pennsylvania, "a born soldier," and Brigadier-General William H. Harman, both holding commissions in the Virginia militia,— and both of whom had won their spurs in the regiment the State had sent to the Mexican war,— met me, as I alighted, with a telegram from Governor Letcher, ordering them into service, and referring them to me for information as to our destination and troops. Until I confidentially imparted to them all that had occurred the night before, they thought, as did all the people assembled, that we were bound for the Portsmouth Navy Yard. For prudential reasons we said nothing to dispel this illusion. The Governor in his dispatch informed General Harper that he

was to take chief command, and that full written instructions would reach him *en route*. He waited till after dark, and then set out for Winchester behind a good team. Brigadier-General Harman was ordered to take command of the trains and of all troops that might report *en route*. (See map, page 293.)

About sunset we took train; our departure was an exciting and affecting scene. On the east side of the Blue Ridge a slide caused some delay. At Charlottesville, in the night, the Monticello Guards, a fine company under Captain R. T. W. Duke (since the war a member of Congress), came aboard. At Culpeper, a rifle company — the name of whose commander that night I have forgotten — also joined us, and just as the sun rose on the 18th of April we reached Manassas Junction.

The Ashbys and Funsten had gone on the day before to collect their cavalry companies, and also the famous "Black Horse Cavalry," a superb body of men and horses under Captains John Scott and Welby Carter of Fauquier. By marching across the Blue Ridge, they were to rendezvous near Harper's Ferry. Ashby had sent men on the night of the 17th to cut the wires between Manassas and Alexandria, and to keep them cut for several days.

Our advent at Manassas astounded the quiet people of the village. General Harman at once "impressed" the Manassas Gap train to take the lead, and switched two or three other trains to that line in order to proceed to Strasburg. I was put in command of the foremost train, and had not gone five miles when I discovered that the engineer could not be trusted. He let his fire go down, and came to a dead standstill on a slight ascending grade. I ran forward and found the engineer under his engine. He alleged that something was wrong, and was using a monkey wrench to take bolts out of the reversing links. An engineer from the next train, which was close behind, came up, and looking at the steam-gauge swore the fire was out, and nothing else the matter. As soon as he saw the engineer of my train he denounced him as a Northern man. A cocked pistol induced him to fire up and go ahead. From there to Strasburg I rode in the engine-cab, and we made full forty miles an hour with the aid of good dry wood and a navy revolver.

At Strasburg we disembarked, and before ten o'clock the infantry companies took up the line of march for Winchester. I had to procure horses for my guns. The farmers were in their corn-fields. Some of them agreed to hire us horses as far as Winchester, eighteen miles, and others refused. The situation being urgent, we took the horses by force, under threats of being indicted by the first grand jury to meet in the county. By noon we had sufficient teams and followed the infantry down the Valley turnpike, reaching Winchester just at nightfall. The people generally received us very coldly. The war-spirit that bore them up through four years of trial and privation had not yet been aroused.

General Harper was at Winchester, and had sent forward his infantry by rail to Charlestown, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. In a short time a train returned for my battery. The farmers got their horses and went home rejoicing, and we set out for the Ferry. The infantry moved out of Charlestown about midnight. We kept to our train as far as Halltown, only four miles from the Ferry. There we disembarked our guns to be run forward by hand to Bolivar Heights or Furnace Hill, from which we could shell the place if necessary.

A little before day-dawn a brilliant light arose from near the point of confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. General Harper, who up to that moment had expected a conflict with the Massachusetts regiment supposed to be at Harper's Ferry, was making his dispositions for an attack at daybreak, when this light convinced him that the enemy had fired the arsenal and fled. He marched in and took possession, but too late to extinguish the flames. Nearly twenty thousand rifles and pistols were destroyed. The workshops had not been fired. The people of the town told us the catastrophe, for such it was to us, was owing to declarations made the day before by ex-Superintendent Alfred Barbour, who was popular with the workmen. He reached Harper's Ferry, *via* Washington, on the 18th about noon, when the mechanics in the works had knocked off for dinner. Collecting them in groups, he informed them that the place would be captured within twenty-four hours by Virginia troops. He urged them to protect the property, and join the Southern cause, promising, if war ensued, that the place would be held by the South, and they would be continued at work on high wages. His influence with the men was great, and most of them decided to accept his advice. But Lieutenant Roger Jones, who commanded the little guard of some thirty men, hearing what was going on, at once took measures to destroy the place if necessary. Trains of gunpowder were laid through the buildings to be fired. In the shops the men of Southern sympathies managed to wet the powder in many places during the night, rendering it harmless. Jones's troops, however, held the arsenal buildings and stores, and when advised of Harper's rapid approach from Charlestown, the gunpowder was fired, and he crossed into Maryland with his handful of men. So we secured

only the machinery, and the burnt gun and pistol barrels and locks, which, however, were sent to Richmond and Columbia, South Carolina, and were worked over into excellent arms.

Within a week about thirteen hundred rank and file of the Virginia volunteers had assembled there. As these companies were, in fact, a part of the State militia, they were legally under command of the three brigadiers and one major-general of militia who had authority over this, that, or the other organization. These generals surrounded themselves with a numerous staff, material for which was abundant in the rank and file of the volunteers; for instance, in my battery there were at least a dozen college graduates of and below the grade of corporal. Every fair afternoon the official display in Harper's Ferry of "fuss and feathers" would have done no discredit to the Champs Élysées.

One afternoon, six or eight days after our occupation, General Harper sent for me as the senior artillery officer (we then had three batteries, but all without horses) to say he had been told that a number of trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad would try to pass us in the night, transporting troops from the West to Washington, and that he had decided to prevent them at the risk of bringing on a battle. He ordered the posting of guns so as to command the road for half a mile or more, all to be accurately trained on the track by the light of day, and loaded ready to be discharged at any moment. Infantry companies were stationed to fire into the trains, if the artillery failed to stop them. Pickets were posted out two or three miles, with orders to fire signal-guns as soon as the first troop-laden train should pass. About one o'clock at night we heard the rumbling of an approaching train. The long roll was beat; the men assembled at their assigned positions and in silence awaited the sound of the signal-guns. A nervous cavalryman was the vedette. As the train passed him (it was the regular mail) he thought he saw soldiers in it and fired. *Pop! pop! pop!* came down the road from successive sentries. Primers were inserted and lanyards held taut, to be pulled when the engine turned a certain point four hundred yards distant from the battery. By great good luck Colonel William S. H. Baylor, commanding the Fifth Virginia regiment, was with some of his men stationed a little beyond the fatal point, and seeing no troops aboard the train signaled it to stop. It did so, not one hundred yards beyond where the artillery would have opened on it. When the first excitement was over, he demanded of the conductor what troops, if any, were on board, and was told there was "one old fellow in uniform asleep on the mail-bags in the first car." Entering that car with a file of soldiers, he secured the third prisoner of war taken in Virginia. It proved to be Brig.-Gen. W. S. Harney of the United States Army, on his way from the West to Washington, to resign his commission and go to Europe rather than engage in a fratricidal war. He surrendered with a pleasant remark, and was taken to General Harper's headquarters, where he spent the night. On his assurance that he knew of no troops coming from the West, Harper ordered us all to quarters. Next morning General Harney was paroled to report in Richmond, and was escorted to a train about to leave for Winchester. He was a fine-looking old soldier, and as he walked down the street to the depot he saw all our forces, except the cavalry. He was accompanied socially by two or three of our generals and a swarm of staff-officers. He cast his eagle glance over the few hundred men in sight, and turning to General Harper, I heard him inquire, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Where is your army encamped, General?" Harper's face crimsoned as he replied, "Excuse me from giving information." Harney smiled, and politely said, "Pardon me for asking an improper question, but I had forgotten I was a prisoner." He went on to Richmond, was treated with marked courtesy, and in a day or two proceeded to Washington.

In a few days our forces began to increase by the arrival of fresh volunteer companies. Being only a captain, I was kept very busy in trying to get my battery into the best condition. We had no caissons and insufficient harness. For the latter I sent to Baltimore, purchasing on my private credit. In the same way I ordered from Richmond red flannel shirts and other clothing for all my men, our uniforms being too fine for camp life. The Governor subsequently ordered these bills to be paid by the State Treasurer. We found at the armory a large number of very strong horse-carts. In my battery were thirty or more excellent young mechanics. By using the wheels and axles of the carts they soon constructed good caissons, which served us till after the first battle of Bull Run.

We had no telegraph line to Richmond, and the time of communication by mail was two days. General Harper found it so difficult to obtain needed munitions and supplies, that about the last day of April he decided to send me to the Governor, who was my intimate friend, with a requisition for all we needed, and verbal instructions to make to him a full statement of our necessitous and defenseless condition, in case General Patterson, who was with a Federal force at Chambersburg, should move against us. When I arrived in Rich-

mond, General Robert E. Lee had been placed in command of all the Virginia forces by the Convention, and by ordinance every militia officer in the State above the rank of captain had been decapitated, and the Governor and his military council had been authorized to fill vacancies thus created. This was a disastrous blow to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" at Harper's Ferry. Militia generals and the brilliant "staff" were stricken down, and their functions devolved, according to Governor Letcher's order of April 27, upon Thomas J. Jackson, colonel commandant, and James W. Massie, major and assistant adjutant-general, who arrived during the first week of May.

This was "Stonewall" Jackson's first appearance on the theater of the war. I spent one day and night in Richmond, and then returned to camp, arriving about 2 P. M. What a revolution three or four days had wrought! I could scarcely realize the change. The militia generals were all gone; the staff had vanished. The commanding colonel and his adjutant had arrived, and were occupying a small room in the little wayside hotel near the railroad bridge. Knowing them both, I immediately sought an interview and delivered a letter and some papers I had brought from General Lee. Jackson and his adjutant were at a little pine table figuring upon the rolls of the troops present. They were dressed in well-worn, dingy uniforms of professors in the Virginia Military Institute, where both had recently occupied chairs. Colonel Jackson had issued and sent to the camps a short, simple order assuming the command, but had had no intercourse with the troops. The deposed officers had nearly all left for home or for Richmond in a high state of indignation. After an interview of perhaps a half hour I proceeded to my camp on the hill, and found the men of the Fifth Virginia regiment, from my own county, in assembly, and greatly excited. They were deeply attached to their field-officers, and regarded the action of the Convention as an outrage on freemen and volunteers, and were discussing the propriety of passing denunciatory resolutions. On seeing me they called for a speech. As I did not belong to the regiment, I declined to say anything, but ordered the men of the Staunton Artillery to fall into line. Then I briefly told them that we were required to muster into service either for twelve months or during the war, at our option. I urged them to go in for the full period of the war, as such action would be most creditable to them, and a good example to others. They unanimously shouted, "For the war! For the war!" Before they were dismissed the ceremony of mustering in was completed, and I proudly took the roll down to Colonel Jackson with the remark, "There, Colonel, is the roll of your first company mustered in for the war." He looked it over, and rising, shook my hand, saying, "Thank you, Captain — thank you; and please thank your men for me." He had heard there was some dissatisfaction in the camps, and asked me to act as mustering officer for the two other artillery companies present. Before sunset the rolls were returned. This prompt action of the batteries was emulated the next day by the other troops, and all were mustered in. Within a week Governor Letcher very wisely appointed Major-General Harper colonel of the Fifth Virginia, Brigadier-General Harman lieutenant-colonel, and the late Colonel Baylor major, and I venture to say no regiment in either army was ever better officered. The fame it won in the "Stonewall" brigade proves this.

The presence of a master mind was visible in the changed condition of the camp. Perfect order reigned. Instruction in all the details of military duties occupied Jackson's whole time. He urged all officers to call upon him for information about even the minutest details of duty, often remarking that it was no discredit to a civilian to be ignorant of military matters. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and yet as gentle and kind as a woman. He was the easiest man in our army to get along with pleasantly so long as one did his duty, but as inexorable as fate in exacting its performance; yet he would overlook serious faults if he saw they were the result of ignorance, and in a kindly way would instruct the offender. He was as courteous to the humblest private who sought an interview for any purpose, as to the highest officer in his command. He despised superciliousness and self-assertion, and nothing angered him so quickly as to see an officer wound the feelings of those under him by irony or sarcasm.

When Jackson found we were without artillery horses, he went into no red-tape correspondence with the circumlocution offices in Richmond, but ordered his quartermaster, Major John A. Harman, to proceed with men to the Quaker settlements in the rich county of Loudoun, famous for its good horses, and buy or impress as many as we needed. Harman executed his orders with such energy and dispatch that he won Jackson's confidence and remained his chief quartermaster till the day of Jackson's death.

About ten days after Jackson assumed command at the Ferry, everything being perfectly quiet, I rode up to his quarters and told him we had been so suddenly called into service that I had left important private

business unprovided for, and had written for my wife to bring papers needing my signature; that I had received a note from Colonel Ware saying she was a guest at his house, some seventeen miles from our camp. I said to the Colonel that I knew of nothing to prevent my going to Colonel Ware's that night, and that I would return by nine or ten o'clock next morning. I made no formal application for leave of absence, and as he said nothing against my going, I mounted and rode off. I reached Ware's in time for supper. A heavy rain-storm set in. About two o'clock some one hallooed lustily at the front gate. Raising the window, I called out, "Who is there?" My brother's voice shouted back that he had an order from Colonel Jackson requiring me to report to him at daybreak. This order had been sent to my camp at nine P. M. without explanation, and my brother, not knowing that I had seen Colonel Jackson before I left camp, thought my absence might compromise me, and therefore rode through the storm to enable me to get back to camp before daylight. Of course, I returned with him, reaching Harper's Ferry at early dawn, wet to the skin, and very muddy. I went to headquarters and found Adjutant Massie up, but Colonel Jackson had not risen. I inquired at once, "What news from the enemy?" supposing, of course, that some trouble was impending. He replied, "Everything is quiet." I pulled out the order and asked, "What does this mean?" He answered, "It's plain: you are to report here at daybreak." "What for?" "I don't know, but have only my suspicions." "What are they?" "That it is to teach you that a soldier in the face of the enemy has no business away from his post." At this I became very angry, and declared I would have an explanation when Jackson arose.

Massie and I had been intimate from boyhood. He said, "Let me advise you. You don't know Jackson as I do. He is one of the best-hearted men in the world, and the truest. He has the most rigid ideas of duty. He thought last night that you went off in a rather free-and-easy manner. He likes you, and would not forbid your going, though he gave you no leave to go. You assumed it. He meant to rebuke you for it, and teach you a military lesson that you would not forget. He sent this order to your camp last night, as if he supposed you were there. I am glad it reached you, and that you are here. It will raise you and your brother in his estimation." He advised me to cool down, get breakfast, and come back. "I will tell him," he said, "that you have been here. He was up late last night, or he would be out of bed now." I followed Massie's advice, and about eight o'clock called on Colonel Jackson, and asked if he had any orders for me. He said he had decided to take possession of the bridge across the Potomac at Point of Rocks, twelve miles below Harper's Ferry, and wished me to command the post. He asked how soon I could be ready to go. I replied, "In thirty minutes — just as soon as we can harness the horses and hitch up." He saw I was still angry, but never alluded to my recall from Ware's. He smiled at my prompt reply and said, "You needn't be in such a hurry — it will do to get off by eleven o'clock." The episode was soon the gossip of the camp, and, perhaps, had a salutary effect.

I fortified the Virginia end of the Point of Rocks bridge, as we expected a visit any night from General B. F. Butler, who was at the Relay House on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was my habit to keep awake all night to be ready for emergencies, and to sleep in the day-time, making daily reports, night and morning, to Jackson.

One Sunday afternoon, a little over a week after we occupied this post, I was aroused from my nap by one of my men, who said there were two men in blue uniforms (we had not yet adopted the gray) riding about our camp, and looking so closely at everything that he believed they were spies! I went out to see who they were. It was Jackson and one of his staff. As I approached them, he put his finger on his lips and shook his head as a signal for silence. In a low tone he said he preferred it should not be known he had come there. He approved of all I had done, and soon galloped away. I afterward suspected the visit was simply to familiarize himself with the line of the canal and railroad from Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry preparatory to a sharp bit of strategy he practiced a few days later. One of the great and growing wants felt by the Confederacy from the very beginning of the war was that of rolling-stock for the railroads. We were particularly short of locomotives, and were without the shops to build them. Jackson, appreciating this, hit upon a plan to obtain a large supply from the Baltimore and Ohio road. Its line was double-tracked, at least from Point of Rocks to Martinsburg, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

By our occupation of Harper's Ferry we had not interfered with the running of trains except on the occasion of the arrest of General Harney. The coal traffic from Cumberland was immense, as the Washington Government was accumulating supplies of coal on the seaboard. These coal trains passed Harper's Ferry at all hours of the day and night,

and thus furnished Jackson a pretext for arranging a brilliant "scoop." When he sent me to Point of Rocks, he ordered Colonel Harper with the Fifth Virginia infantry to Martinsburg. He then complained to President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, that the night trains, eastward bound, disturbed the repose of his camp, and requested a change of schedule that would pass all east-bound trains by Harper's Ferry between eleven and one o'clock in the day-time. Mr. Garrett complied, and thereafter for several days we heard the constant roar of passing trains for an hour before and an hour after noon. But since the "empties" were sent up the road at night, Jackson again complained that the nuisance was as great as ever, and as the road had two tracks, he must insist that west-bound trains should pass Harper's Ferry during the same two hours as those east-bound. Mr. Garrett promptly complied, and we then had, for two hours every day, the liveliest railroad in America. As soon as the schedule was working at its best, Jackson sent me an order one night to take a force of men across to the Maryland side of the river next day at eleven o'clock, and let all west-bound trains pass till twelve o'clock, but permit none to go east, and at twelve o'clock to obstruct the road so that it would require several days to repair it. He ordered the reverse to be done at Martinsburg. Thus he caught all the trains that were going east or west between those points, and ran them up to Winchester, thirty-two miles on the branch road, where they were safe, and whence they were removed by horse-power to Strasburg and Staunton. I do not remember the number of trains captured, but the loss crippled the Baltimore and Ohio road seriously for some time, and the gain to our scantily stocked Virginia roads of the same gauge was invaluable.

While we held the Point of Rocks bridge, J. E. B. Stuart (afterwards so famous as a cavalry leader) was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and reported to Colonel Jackson for assignment to duty. Jackson ordered the consolidation of all the cavalry companies into a battalion to be commanded by Stuart, who appeared then more like a well-grown, manly youth than the matured man he really was. This order was very offensive to Captain Turner Ashby, at that time the idol of all the troopers in the field, as well he might be, for a more brave and chivalrous officer never rode at the head of well-mounted troopers. Ashby was older than Stuart, and he thought, and we all believed, he was entitled to first promotion. When not absent scouting, Ashby spent his nights with me at the bridge, our relations being confidential. He was unmarried and of a meditative temperament, that sometimes made him gloomy. He often expressed the belief that he and his fondly loved brother "Dick" Ashby would fall early in the conflict. The evening upon which he received Colonel Jackson's order to report to Stuart he came to the bridge from his camp, two miles out on the Leesburg road, and asked me to go up on the bridge roof for a talk. He then told me of the order, and that he would reply to it next morning with his resignation. I expostulated with him, although he had all my sympathies. I urged him to call upon Colonel Jackson that night. It was only twelve miles by the tow-path of the canal, and on his black Arabian he could make it in less than an hour. I believed Jackson would respect his feelings and leave his company out of Stuart's battalion. I ventured to write a private letter to Jackson, appealing in the strongest terms for the saving of Ashby to the service.

About ten o'clock, under a bright moonlight, the guards let Ashby through the bridge, and in a lope he turned up the tow-path toward Harper's Ferry. In crossing one of the little bridges over a waste-sluice, something frightened the Arabian, and with a bound they landed in the canal. The water did not quite swim the horse, but the banks were so steep that he could not get out of it till he had ridden several hundred yards and found the bank less steep. Then on he went, and reached Jackson's headquarters before he had retired. Jackson not only relieved him from the obnoxious order, but agreed to divide the companies between him and Stuart, and to ask for his immediate promotion, forming thus the nuclei of two regiments of cavalry, to be filled as rapidly as new companies came to the front. Ashby got back to Point of Rocks about two in the morning, as happy a man as I ever saw, and completely enraptured with Jackson. From that night on their mutual affection and confidence were remarkable. He said his night ride and ducking in the canal so excited Jackson's amusement and admiration that he believed they did more than all else to secure the favorable result of his visit. But it is more likely that a trip Ashby had made a few days before to Chambersburg and the encampment of General Robert Patterson was the real reason for Jackson's favor. Ashby had rigged himself in a farmer's suit of homespun that he borrowed, and hiring a plow-horse, had personated a rustic horse-doctor. With his saddle-bags full of some remedy for spavin or ringbone, he had gone to Chambersburg, and had returned in the night with an immense amount of information. The career of Ashby was a romance from that time on till he fell, shot through the

heart, two days before the battle of Cross Keys, of which I shall speak later on.

In May, 1861, Colonel Jackson was superseded in command at Harper's Ferry by Brigadier-General Joseph E. Johnston. When General Johnston arrived, several thousand men had been assembled there, representing nearly all the seceded States east of the Mississippi River. Johnston at once began the work of organization on a larger scale than Jackson had attempted. He brigaded the troops, and to the exclusively Virginia brigade assigned Colonel Jackson as its commander. The latter was almost immediately commissioned brigadier-general, and when early in June Johnston withdrew from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, he kept Jackson at the front along the Baltimore and Ohio road to observe General Patterson's preparations. Nothing of much importance occurred for several weeks, beyond a little affair near Martinsburg in which Jackson captured about forty men of a reconnoitering party sent out by Patterson. His vigilance was ceaseless, and General Johnston felt sure, at Winchester, of ample warning of any aggressive movement of the enemy. The first great distinction won by Jackson was at Bull Run on the 21st of July.* Soon after, he was promoted to major-general, and the Confederate Government having on the 21st of October, 1861, organized the Department of Northern Virginia, under command of General Joseph E. Johnston, it was divided into the Valley District, the Potomac District, and Acquia District, to be commanded respectively by Major-Generals Jackson, Beauregard, and Holmes. On October 28 General Johnston ordered Jackson to Winchester to assume command of his district, and on the 6th of November the War Department ordered his old "Stonewall" brigade, and six thousand troops under command of Brigadier-General W. W. Loring, to report to him. These, together with Ashby's cavalry, gave him a force of about ten thousand men all told.

His only movement of note in the winter of 1861–2 was an expedition at the end of December to Bath and Romney, to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and a dam or two near Hancock on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The weather set in to be very inclement about New Year's, with snow, rain, sleet, high winds, and intense cold. Many in Jackson's command were opposed to the expedition, and as it resulted in nothing of much military importance, but was attended with great suffering on the part of his troops, nothing but the confidence he had won by his previous services saved him from personal ruin. He and his second in command, General Loring, had a serious disagreement. He ordered Loring to take up his quarters, in January, in the exposed and cheerless village of Romney on the south branch of the upper Potomac. Loring objected to this. Jackson was inexorable. Loring and his principal officers united in a petition to Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, to order them to Winchester, or at least away from Romney. This document was sent direct to the War office, and the Secretary, in utter disregard of "good order and discipline," granted the request, without consulting Jackson. As soon as information reached Jackson of what had been done, he indignantly resigned his commission. Governor Letcher was astounded, and at once wrote Jackson a sympathetic letter, and then expostulated with Mr. Davis and his Secretary with such vigor that an apology was sent to Jackson for their obnoxious course. The orders were revoked and modified, and Jackson was induced to retain his command. This little episode gave the Confederate civil authorities an inkling of "what manner of man" "Stonewall" Jackson was. Devoted as he was to the South, he had a due appreciation of his own character, and was justly tenacious of all his personal rights, especially when their infraction involved what he considered a fatal blow at the proper discipline of the army.

In that terrible winter's march and exposure, he endured all that any private was exposed to. One morning, near Bath, some of his men, having crawled out from under their snow-laden blankets, half-frozen, were cursing him as the cause of their sufferings. He lay close by under a tree, also snowed under, and heard all this; but without noticing it, presently crawled out too, and shaking the snow off, made some jocular remark to the nearest men, who had no idea he had ridden up in the night and lain down amongst them. The incident ran through the little army in a few hours, and reconciled his followers to all the hardships of the expedition, and fully reëstablished his popularity.

As the winter wore on and spring was opening, a tremendous host of enemies was assembling to crush out all resistance to the Federal Government in Virginia. In March General McClellan withdrew from Johnston's front at Manassas, and collected his army of more than one hundred thousand men on the Peninsula. Johnston moved south to confront him. Jackson, whose entire army in the Shenandoah Valley did not exceed thirteen thousand effective men of all arms, retired up the Valley. McClellan had planned and organized a masterly movement to capture, hold, and occupy the Valley and the Piedmont region; and if

* See "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas" by General Imboden in the CENTURY for May, 1885.— ED.

his subordinates had been equal to the task, and there had been no interference from Washington, it is probable the Confederate army would have been driven out of Virginia and Richmond captured by midsummer, 1862.

Milroy, with near twelve thousand men, was on the Staunton and Parkersburg road at McDowell, less than forty miles from Staunton, about the 1st of May. Frémont, with a force reputed then at thirty thousand men, was at Franklin, only fifty miles north-west of Staunton, and in close supporting distance from Milroy. Banks, with over ten thousand men, was fortified at Strasburg, seventy miles north-east of Staunton, by the great Valley turnpike. And Shields was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, so as to be able to move either to Fredericksburg or to the Luray Valley, and thence to Staunton. This force, aggregating about sixty-four thousand men, was confronted by Jackson with barely thirteen thousand. General McDowell, at the same time, was at or near Fredericksburg, with a reputed force of forty thousand more Federals.

General Johnston could spare no assistance to Jackson, for McClellan was right in his front with superior numbers, and menacing the capital of the Confederacy with almost immediate and certain capture. Its only salvation depended upon Jackson's ability to hold back Milroy, Frémont, Banks, Shields, and McDowell long enough to let Johnston try doubtful conclusions with McClellan. If he failed in this, these five commanders of an aggregate force then reputed to be, and I believe in fact, over one hundred thousand, would converge and move down upon Richmond from the west as McClellan advanced from the east, and the city and its defenders would fall an easy prey to nearly, if not quite, a quarter of a million of the best armed and equipped men ever put into the field by any government.

"Stonewall" Jackson — silent as a sphinx, brave as a lion, and sustained by a religious fervor as ardent as that of Cromwell's army, which believed in the efficacy of prayer for success, but prudentially kept their powder dry — was near Port Republic early in May, contemplating his surroundings and maturing his plans. What these latter were no mortal man but himself knew.

Suddenly the appalling news spread through the Valley that Jackson had fled from his district to the east side of the Blue Ridge through Brown's and Swift Run gaps. Only Ashby remained behind with about one thousand cavalry, scattered and moving day and night in the vicinity of McDowell, Franklin, Strasburg, Front Royal, and Luray, and reporting to Jackson every movement of his Briarean enemy. Despair was fast settling upon the minds of the people of the Valley. Jackson made no concealment of his flight. He indeed had gone, and the fact soon reached his enemies. Milroy advanced two regiments to the top of the Shenandoah Mountain, only twenty-two miles from Staunton, and was preparing to move his entire force to Staunton, to be followed by Frémont.

Jackson had gone to Charlottesville and other stations on the Virginia Central Railroad, and had collected enough railway trains to transport all of his little army. That it was to be taken to Richmond when the troops were all embarked no one doubted. It was Sunday, and many of his sturdy soldiers were Valley men. With sad and gloomy hearts they boarded the trains. When all were on, lo! they took a westward course, and a little after noon the first train rolled into Staunton, the men got off, and as quickly as possible a cordon of sentinels was thrown around the town, and no human being was permitted to pass out. The people were at the churches. Those from the neighborhood could not return to their homes because of the cordon of sentinels. News of Jackson's arrival spread like wild-fire, and crowds flocked to the station to see the soldiers, and learn what it all meant. No one knew, and no one could tell. The most prominent citizen of the place was the venerable Judge Lucas P. Thompson, whose rank in the State judiciary was inferior to none. He was a personal friend of General Jackson, and the people urged him to see the General, and find out and tell them what Jackson meant to do.

Jackson was found in a little room quietly writing some orders. He received his old friend the Judge very cordially, who remarked: "General, your appearance here is a complete surprise. We thought you had gone to Richmond." "Ah! indeed?" said Jackson. "Yes; and we can't understand it. Where are you going? or do you expect to meet the enemy here?" Jackson's eye twinkled with amusement, as he leaned over and spoke to the Judge in a low, confidential tone: "Judge, can you keep a secret — a secret that must not be told to any one?" "Oh, yes!" "So can I, Judge, and you must excuse me for not telling it to you." His Honor's face turned scarlet, and he soon left, answering his eager questioners with judicial gravity, "Jackson's movement is a secret."

As soon as the troops could be put in motion they took the road leading towards McDowell, the General having sent forward cavalry to Buffalo Gap and beyond to arrest all persons going that way. The next morning by a circuitous mountain-path he tried to send

a brigade of infantry to the rear of Milroy's two regiments on Shenandoah Mountain, but they were improperly guided and failed to reach their proposed position in time, and both regiments escaped when attacked in front. Jackson followed as rapidly as possible, and the following day, May 8, encountered Milroy's army on top of the mountain three miles east of McDowell. The conflict lasted many hours, and was severe and bloody. It was fought mainly with small arms, the ground forbidding much use of artillery. Milroy was routed, and fled precipitately towards Franklin, to unite with Frémont. The route lay along a narrow valley hedged by high mountains, perfectly protecting the flanks of the retreating army from Ashby's pursuing cavalry. Jackson ordered Ashby to pursue as vigorously as possible, and to guard completely all avenues of approach from the direction of McDowell or Staunton till relieved of this duty. Jackson buried the dead and rested his army one day, and then fell back to the Valley on the Warm Springs and Harrisonburg road. (See map, page 293.)

It was sometimes questioned whether Jackson was entitled to all the credit for the strategy that enabled him in thirty-three days, with thirteen thousand men, to defeat successively Milroy, Banks, Frémont, and Shields, with an aggregate force of sixty-four thousand men, and to clear the Valley of all hostile troops. I happen to know one fact that sheds a flood of light on this question, and have repeated it hundreds of times, though I do not know that it has ever been in print. It is this:

The morning after the battle of McDowell I called very early on Jackson at the residence of Colonel George W. Hull of that village, where he had his headquarters, to ask if I could be of any service to him, as I had to go to Staunton, forty miles distant, to look after some companies that were to join my command. He asked me to wait a few moments, as he wished to prepare a telegram to be sent to President Davis from Staunton, the nearest office to McDowell. He took a seat at a table and wrote nearly half a page of foolscap; he rose and stood before the fire-place pondering it some minutes; then he tore it into pieces and wrote again, but much less, and again destroyed what he had written, and paced the room several times. He suddenly stopped, seated himself, and dashed off two or three lines, folded the paper, and said, "Send that off as soon as you reach Staunton." As I bade him "good-bye," he remarked: "I may have other telegrams to-day or to-morrow, and will send them to you for transmission. I wish you to have two or three well-mounted couriers ready to bring me the replies promptly." I promised to do so and departed.

I read the message he had given me. It was dated "McDowell," and read about thus: "Providence blessed our arms with victory over Milroy's forces yesterday." That was all. The second day thereafter a courier arrived with a message to be telegraphed to the Secretary of War. I read it, sent it off, and ordered a courier to be ready with his horse, while I waited at the telegraph office for the reply. The message was to this effect: "I think I ought to attack Banks, but under my orders I do not feel at liberty to do so." In less than an hour a reply came, but not from the Secretary of War. It was from General Joseph E. Johnston, to whom I supposed the Secretary had referred General Jackson's message. I have a distinct recollection of its substance, as follows: "If you think you can beat Banks, attack him. I only intended by my orders to caution you against attacking fortifications." Banks was understood to have strongly fortified himself at Strasburg and Cedar Creek. I started the courier with this reply, as I supposed to McDowell, but, lo! it met Jackson only twelve miles from Staunton, to which point on the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs turnpike he had marched the whole of his little army except Ashby's cavalry, about one thousand men. These latter, under that intrepid leader, Ashby, who was to fall within a month, he had sent from McDowell to menace Frémont, who was at Franklin in Pendleton County, where he remained in blissful ignorance that Jackson had left McDowell, till telegraphed some days later by Banks that Jackson had fallen upon him at Front Royal and driven him through Winchester and across the Potomac.

Two hours after receiving this telegram from General Johnston, Jackson was *en route* for Harrisonburg, where he came upon the great Valley turnpike. By forced marches he reached New Market in two days. Detachments of cavalry guarded every road beyond him, so that Banks remained in total ignorance of his approach. This Federal commander had the larger part of his force well fortified at and near Strasburg, but he kept a large detachment at Front Royal, about eight miles distant and facing the Luray or Page Valley.

From New Market Jackson disappeared so suddenly that the people of the Valley were again mystified. He crossed the Massanutten Mountain, and passing Luray, hurried towards Front Royal. He sometimes made thirty miles in twenty-four hours with his entire army, gaining for his infantry the sobriquet of "Jackson's foot cavalry." He struck Fort Royal very early in the morning of May 23. The surprise was complete, and disastrous to the enemy under Colonel John R. Kenly. After a short and fruit-

less resistance they fled towards Winchester, twenty miles distant, with Jackson at their heels.

News of this disaster reached Banks at Strasburg, by which he learned that Jackson was rapidly gaining his rear towards Newtown. The works Banks had constructed had not been made for defense in that direction. He abandoned them and set out with all haste for Winchester; but *en route*, near Newtown (May 24), Jackson struck his flank, inflicting heavy loss, and making enormous captures of property, consisting of wagons, teams, camp equipage, provisions, ammunition, and over seven thousand stand of arms, all new, and in perfect order; also, a large number of prisoners.

Jackson chased Banks's fleeing army beyond Winchester (May 25), and held his ground till he was satisfied they had crossed the Potomac. His problem now was to escape Frémont's clutches, knowing that that officer would be promptly advised by wire of what had befallen Banks. He could go back the way he came, by the Luray Valley, but that would expose Staunton (the most important depot in the valley) to capture by Frémont, and he had made his plans to save it.

I had been left at Staunton organizing my recruits. From New Market on his way to attack Banks, Jackson sent me an order to throw as many men as I could arm, and as quickly as possible, into Brock's Gap, west of Harrisonburg, and any other mountain-pass through which Frémont could reach the Valley at or south of Harrisonburg. I knew that within four miles of Franklin, on the main road leading to Harrisonburg, there was a narrow defile hemmed in on both sides by nearly perpendicular cliffs, over five hundred feet high. I sent about fifty men, well armed with long-range guns, to occupy these cliffs, and defend the passage to the last extremity. They got there in time.

As soon as Frémont learned of Banks's defeat, he put his array in motion to cut off Jackson's retreat up the Valley. Ashby was still in his front towards McDowell, with an unknown force; so Frémont did not attempt that route, but sent his cavalry to feel the way towards Brock's Gap, on the direct road to Harrisonburg. The men I had sent to the cliffs let the head of the column get well into the defile or gorge, when, from a position of perfect safety to themselves, they poured a deadly volley into the close column. Being so unexpected, and coming from a foe of unknown strength, the Federal column halted and hesitated to advance. Another volley and the "rebel yell" from the cliffs turned them back, never to appear again. Frémont took the road to Moorefield, and thence to Strasburg. It shows how close had been Jackson's calculation of chances, to state that as his rear-guard marched up Fisher's Hill, two miles from Strasburg, Frémont's advance came in sight on the mountain-side on the road from Moorefield. Jackson continued his march up the Valley to Harrisonburg, hotly pursued by Frémont, but avoiding a conflict.

The news of Banks's defeat created consternation at Washington, and Shields was ordered to the Luray Valley in all haste to coöperate with Frémont. Jackson was advised of Shields's approach, and his aim was to prevent a junction of their forces till he reached a point where he could strike them in quick succession. He therefore sent cavalry detachments along the Shenandoah to burn the bridges as far as Port Republic, the river being at that time too full for fording. At Harrisonburg he took the road leading to Port Republic, and ordered me from Staunton, with a mixed battery and battalion of cavalry, to the bridge over North River near Mount Crawford, to prevent a cavalry force passing to his rear.

At Cross Keys, about four miles from Harrisonburg, he delivered battle to Frémont, on June 8, and after a long and bloody conflict, as night closed in he was master of the field. Leaving one brigade — Ewell's — on the ground, to resist Frémont if he should return next day, he that night marched the rest of his army to Port Republic, which lies in the forks of the river, and made his arrangements to attack Shields next morning on the Lewis farm, just below Port Republic.

On the day of the conflict at Cross Keys I held the bridge across North River at Mount Crawford with a battalion of cavalry, four howitzers, and a Parrott gun, to prevent a cavalry flank movement on Jackson's trains at Port Republic. About ten o'clock at night I received a note from Jackson, written in pencil on the blank margin of a newspaper, directing me to report with my command at Port Republic before daybreak. On the same slip, and as a postscript, he wrote, "Poor Ashby is dead. He fell gloriously . . [June 6] I know you will join with me in mourning the loss of our friend, one of the noblest men and soldiers in the Confederate army." I carried that slip of paper till it was literally worn to tatters.

It was nearly dark when Jackson and his staff reached the bridge at Port Republic from Cross Keys. Shields had sent two guns and a few men under a green lieutenant to the bridge. They arrived about the same time as Jackson, and his troops soon coming up, the Federal lieutenant and his supports made great haste in the dark back to the Lewis farm.

I reached Port Republic an hour before day-

break of June 9, and sought the house occupied by Jackson; but not wishing to disturb him so early, I asked the sentinel what room was occupied by "Sandy" Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general.

"Upstairs, first room on the right," he replied.

Supposing he meant our right as we faced the house, up I went, softly opened the door, and discovered General Jackson lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash, and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow candle on the table shed but a dim light, yet enough by which to see and recognize his person. I had entered the wrong room, and I endeavored to withdraw without waking him, but it was too late.

He turned over, sat up on the bed, and called out, "Who is that?"

I immediately stepped again inside the room and apologized for the intrusion. He checked me with "That is all right. It's time to be up. I am glad to see you. Were the men all up as you came through camp?"

"Yes, General, and cooking."

"That's right. We move at daybreak. Sit down while I wash. I want to talk to you."

I had long ago learned never to ask him questions about his plans, for he would never answer such to any one. I therefore waited for him to speak first. He referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss to him or any future commander in the Valley. When he paused I said, "General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks' work yesterday."

He replied, "Yes, God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope with his protection and blessing we shall do still better to-day."

Then seating himself, for the first time in all my intercourse with him, he outlined the day's proposed operations. I remember perfectly his conversation; we had then learned to look upon him as invincible, if not inspired.

He said: "Charley Winder [Brigadier-General commanding his old 'Stonewall' brigade] will cross the river at daybreak and attack Shields on the Lewis farm [two miles below]. I shall support him with all the other troops as fast as they can be put in line. General 'Dick' Taylor will move through the woods on the side of the mountain with his Louisiana brigade, and rush upon their left flank by the time the action becomes general. By ten o'clock we shall get them on the run, and I'll now tell you what I want with you. Send the big new rifle-gun you have [a twelve-pounder Parrott] to Poague [commander of the Rockbridge Artillery], and let your mounted men report to the cavalry. I want you in person to take your mountain howitzers to the field, in some safe position in rear of the line, keeping everything packed on the mules, ready at any moment to take to the mountain-side. Three miles below Lewis's there is a defile on the Luray road. Shields may rally and make a stand there. If he does, I can't reach him with the field batteries on account of the woods. You can carry your twelve-pounder howitzers on the mules up the mountain-side, and, at some good place, unpack and shell the enemy out of the defile, and the cavalry will do the rest."

This plan of battle was carried out to the letter. I took position in a ravine about two hundred yards in rear of Poague's battery in the center of the line. General Shields made a very stubborn fight, and by nine o'clock matters began to look very serious for us. Dick Taylor had not yet come down out of the woods on Shields's left flank.

Meanwhile, I was having a remarkable time with our mules in the ravine. Some of the shot aimed at Poague came bounding over our heads, and occasionally a shell would burst there. The mules became frantic. They kicked, plunged, and squealed. It was impossible to quiet them, and it took three or four men to hold one mule from breaking away. Each mule had about three hundred pounds' weight on him, so securely fastened that the load could not be dislodged by any of his capers. Several of them lay down and tried to wallow their loads off. The men held these down, and that suggested the idea of throwing them all on the ground and holding them there. The ravine sheltered us so that we were in no danger from the shot or shell which passed over us.

Just about the time our mule "circus" was at its height, news came up the line from the left that Winder's brigade near the river was giving way. Jackson rode down in that direction to see what it meant. As he passed on the brink of our ravine, his eye caught the scene, and, reining up a moment, he accosted me with "Colonel, you seem to have trouble down there." I made some reply which drew forth a hearty laugh, and he said, "Get your mules to the mountain as soon as you can, and be ready to move."

Then he dashed on. He found his old brigade had yielded slightly to overwhelming pressure. Galloping up, he was received with a cheer; and, calling out at the top of his voice, "The 'Stonewall' brigade never retreats; follow me!" led them back to their original line.

Taylor soon made his appearance, and the flank attack settled the work of the day. A wild retreat began. The pursuit was vigorous. No stand was made in the defile. We pursued them eight miles. I rode back with Jackson, and at sunset we were on the battle-field at the Lewis mansion.

Jackson accosted a medical officer, and said, "Have you brought off all the wounded?"

"Yes, all of ours, but not all of the enemy's."

"Why not?"

"Because we were shelled from across the river."

"Had you your hospital flag on the field?"

"Yes."

"And they shelled that?"

"Yes."

"Well, take your men to their quarters; I would rather let them all die than have one of my men shot intentionally under the yellow flag when trying to save their wounded. They are barbarians."

Frémont, hearing the noise of the battle, had hurried out from Harrisonburg to help Shields; but Jackson had burnt the bridge at Port Republic, after Ewell had held Frémont in check some time on the west side of the river and escaped, so that when Frémont came in sight of Shields's battle-field the latter had been whipped and the river could not be crossed. And, as this medical officer reported, Frémont then shelled the relief parties, thus compelling many of Shields's wounded to pass a dreadful night where they lay. No doubt many died who might have been saved.

The next day I returned to Staunton, and found General W. H. C. Whiting, my old commander after the fall of General Bee at Bull Run, arriving with a division of troops to reenforce Jackson. Taking him and his staff to my house as guests, General Whiting left soon after breakfast with a guide to call on Jackson at Swift Run Gap, near Port Republic, where he was resting his troops. The distance from Staunton was about twenty miles, but Whiting returned after midnight. He was in a towering passion, and declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously. I asked, "How is that possible, General, for he is very polite to every one?"

"Oh! hang him, he was polite enough. But he didn't say one word about his plans, though he knows I am next in rank to him, and second in command. I finally asked him for orders, telling him what troops I had. He simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he hasn't any more sense than my horse."

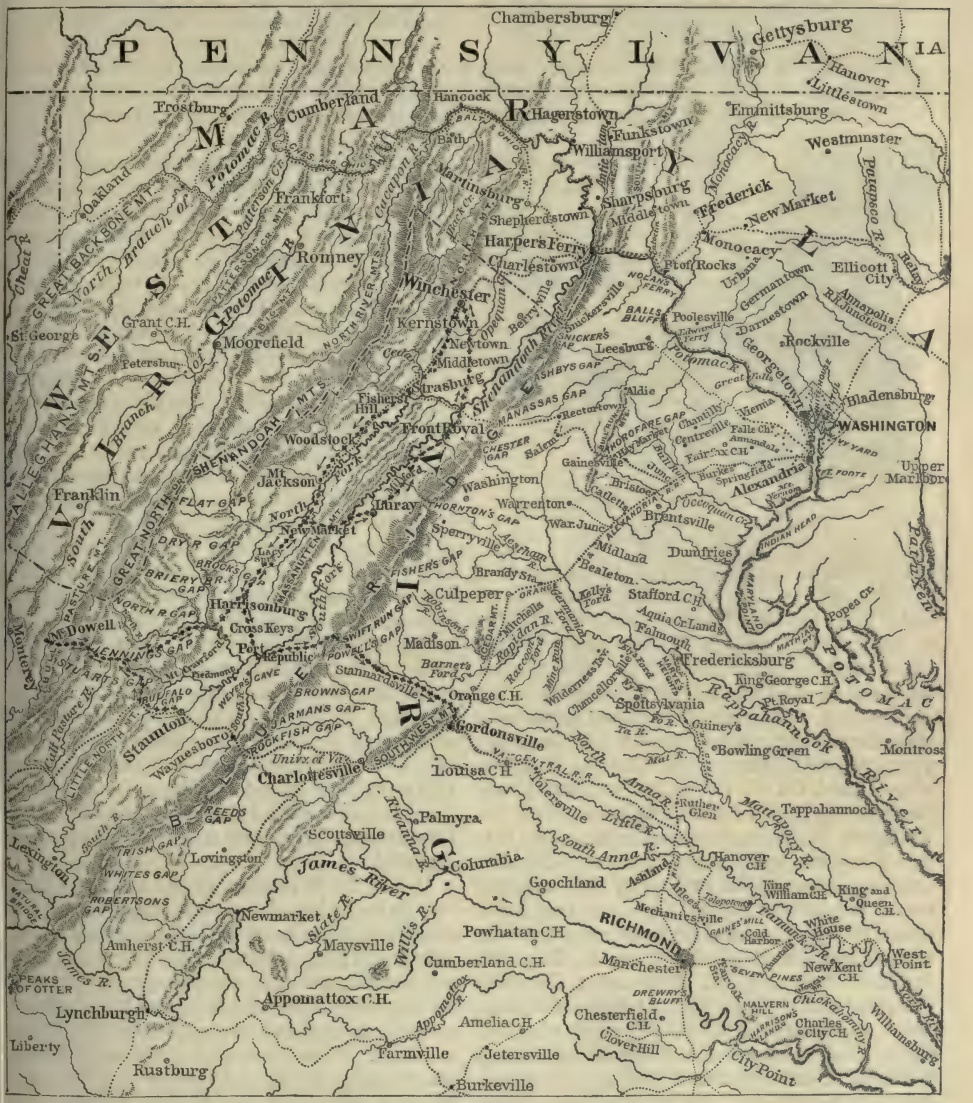
Seeing his frame of mind, and he being a guest in my house, I said little. Just after breakfast next morning, a courier arrived with a terse order to embark his troops on the railroad trains and move to Gordonsville at once, where he would receive further orders. This brought on a new explosion of wrath. "Didn't I tell you he was a fool, and don't this prove it? Why, I just came through Gordonsville day before yesterday."

However, he obeyed the order; and when he reached Gordonsville he found Jackson there, and his little Valley army coming after him; a few days later McClellan was astounded when Jackson struck his right flank on the Chickahominy. Shortly after the seven days' battles around Richmond, I met Whiting again, and he then said: "I didn't know Jackson when I was at your house. I have found out now what his plans were, and they were worthy of a Napoleon. But I still think he ought to have told me his plans; for if he had died McClellan would have captured Richmond. I wouldn't have known what he was driving at, and might have made a mess of it. But I take back all I said about his being a fool."

From the date of Jackson's arrival at Staunton till the battle of Port Republic was 35 days. He marched from Staunton to McDowell, 40 miles, from McDowell to Front Royal, about 110, from Front Royal to Winchester, 20 miles, Winchester to Port Republic, 75 miles, a total of 245 miles, fighting in the meantime four desperate battles, and winning them all.

On the 17th of June, leaving only his cavalry, under Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, and Chew's battery, and the little force I was enlisting in the Valley, now no longer threatened by the enemy, Jackson moved all his troops south-east, and on the 25th he was at Ashland, seventeen miles from Richmond. This withdrawal from the Valley was so skillfully managed that his absence from the scene of his late triumphs was unsuspected at Washington. On the contrary, something like a panic prevailed there, and the Government was afraid to permit McDowell to unite his forces with McClellan's lest it should uncover and expose the capital to Jackson's supposed movement on it.

Jackson's military operations were always unexpected and mysterious. In my personal intercourse with him in the early part of the war, before he had become famous, he often said there were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander: "Always mystify, mislead and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never let up in the pursuit so long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued,



MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS — MAY AND JUNE, 1862.

The crossed line and arrows indicate Jackson's movements in the Valley. On May 6 he was at Staunton; he defeated Milroy near McDowell on May 8; Banks at Front Royal, Newtown, and Winchester on May 23, 24, and 25; Frémont at Cross Keys on June 8; Shields at Port Republic on June 9.—ED.

becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, Never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible."

His wonderful celerity of movement was a simple matter. He never broke down his men by too-long-continued marching. He rested the whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time, and he liked to see the men lie down flat on the ground to rest, saying, "A man rests all over when he lies down."

Jno. D. Imboden.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

INCLUDING A SKETCH OF JACKSON'S MARCH TO THE FIELD, BY MAJOR R. L. DABNEY; THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE (OR BEAVER DAM CREEK, OR ELLERSON'S MILL*), JUNE 26; THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL (OR THE CHICKAHOMINY), JUNE 27, 1862.

"W'AT WAR DEY FIGHTIN' 'BOUT?"

WHILE encamped, about noon on Monday, the 23d of June, 1862, on the Williamsburg road, about a mile from the battle-field of Seven Pines, in command of a division of the Confederate army, I received an order from General Lee to report immediately at his quarters on the Mechanicsville road. On approaching the house which the general occupied, I saw an officer leaning over the yard-paling, dusty, travel-worn, and apparently very tired. He raised himself up as I dismounted, and I recognized General Jackson, who, I had till that moment supposed, was confronting Banks and Frémont far down the Valley of Virginia. He said that he had ridden fifty-two miles since one o'clock that morning, having taken relays of horses on the road. We went together into General Lee's office. General Jackson declined refreshments, courteously tendered by General Lee, but drank a glass of milk. Soon after, Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill came in, and General Lee, closing the door, told us that he had determined to attack the Federal right wing, and had selected our four commands to execute the movement. He told us that he had sent Whiting's division to reënforce Jackson, and that at his instance the Richmond papers had reported "that large reënforcements had been sent to Jackson with a view to clearing out the Valley of Virginia and exposing Washington." He believed that General McClellan received the Richmond papers regularly, and he (Lee) knew of the nervous apprehension concerning Washington.† He then said that he would retire to another room to attend to some office work, and would leave us to arrange the details among ourselves. The main point in his mind seemed to be that the crossings of the Chickahominy should be uncovered by Jackson's advance down the left bank, so that the other three divisions might not suffer in making a forced passage.

During the absence of General Lee, Longstreet said to Jackson: "As you have the longest march to make, and are likely to meet opposition, you had better fix the time for the attack to begin." Jackson replied: "Daylight of the 26th." Longstreet then said: "You will encounter Federal cavalry, and roads blocked by felled timber, if nothing more formidable: ought you not to give yourself more time?"‡ When General Lee returned, he ordered A. P. Hill to cross at Meadow Bridge, Longstreet at the Mechanicsville Bridge, and me to follow Longstreet. The conference broke up about nightfall.

It may be of interest to the student of history to know how Jackson managed to slip off so often and so easily. His plan was to press his infantry as near as possible to the enemy, without bringing on a general engagement; then to occupy these advanced points with dismounted cavalry pickets, and to start his "foot cavalry" in the other direction with all possible speed. His stealthy marches to the rear were made without consulting his highest officers, and even without their knowing his destination.§

* The usual spelling, Ellison's Mill, is incorrect. Mr. J. H. Ellerson, whose father owned the mill, is living in Richmond.— EDITOR.

† I do not know how far the Federals were deceived by the announcement of reënforcements sent to Jackson, but during the seven days' battles I read in a Northern paper a letter from Strasburg, Va., of the 25th of June, stating that they were expecting Stonewall Jackson there, and were so well fortified that they would give him a warm reception. General Jackson's corps was then at Ashland, within twelve miles of Richmond. He certainly had slipped off without observation.— D. H. H.

‡ Longstreet's caution was justified by the event. Jackson's flank movement was delayed a day by cavalry and felled timber, and the delay seemed to Lee to make it necessary to fight the disastrous battle at Beaver Dam Creek.— EDITOR.

§ This was a source of annoyance to Loring in '61, and later on to Ewell. When Jackson's corps was so strangely left at Winchester after the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and General Lee had gone to the Rappahannock (we were making a feint every day of holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge, with strict orders not to bring on an engagement), I said to Jackson one day: "I am the next in rank, and should you be killed or captured in your many scouts around, I would not know what the corps was left for, or what it was expected

Another peculiarity of Jackson's was to select for his chief-of-staff, not a military man, but a Presbyterian clergyman, a professor in a theological seminary, and to clothe him with the power of carrying out his mysterious orders when he was temporarily absent. In this Jackson acted as did the greatest of all English commanders, Oliver Cromwell, who always surrounded himself with men of prayer. Jackson's confidence was well bestowed, and he found in the Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., a faithful, zealous, and efficient staff-officer. To him, now a professor in the State University of Texas, I am indebted for the following account of the unexpected appearance of Jackson on the Federal right wing before Richmond:

"General Jackson's forced march from Mount Meridian, in the neighborhood of Port Republic battle-field, began in earnest on Wednesday, June 18th, the general and a few of the troops having left the evening before. About midday on Thursday, the 19th, we were at Mechum's River Station, about ten miles west of Charlottesville, with the head of the column. The general called me into a room in the hotel, locked the door, and told me that he was about to go in advance of his corps by rail to Richmond to see the commander-in-chief; that the corps was going to Richmond to join in a general attack upon McClellan, but that he would return to his command before we got there; that I was to march the corps towards Richmond, following the line of railroad, as near as the country roads would permit, by Charlottesville and Gordonsville, General Ewell's division to form the head of the column with which I was personally to proceed; that strict precautions of secrecy were to be observed — which he then dictated to me. He then got on an express train and left us. I dined that day with General Ewell, and I remember that he complained to me with some bitterness of General Jackson's reserve.

"'Here, now, the general has gone off on the railroad without intrusting to me, his senior major-general, any order, or any hint whither we are going; but Harman, his quartermaster, enjoys his full confidence, I suppose, for I hear that he is telling the troops that we are going to Richmond to fight McClellan.'

"'You may be certain, General Ewell,' I replied, 'that you stand higher in General Jackson's confidence than any one else, as your rank and services entitle you. As for

SKETCH OF STONEWALL JACKSON. (DRAWN FROM LIFE NEAR BALL'S BLUFF BY A. J. VOLCK, PROBABLY IN 1861.)

Major Harman, he has not heard a word more than others. If he thinks that we are going to Richmond, it is only his surmise, which I suppose every intelligent private is now making.'

"The column reached Gordonsville, Saturday, June 21, about noon. To my surprise, on riding into town, I got an order to go to the general — at a private house, where he was lodging. On reaching Gordonsville, Thursday afternoon, he had been met by news which alarmed the outpost there: that a heavy Federal force was on the Rapidan, about sixteen miles away. He therefore had postponed going to Richmond until he could effectually clear up this rumor. The chief mode adopted was characteristic: it was to send out by night an intelligent private citizen, thoroughly acquainted with the Rapidan people and country, as his scout. This gentleman came back after thorough inquiry, with the news that the rumor was unfounded. About half an hour before sunset on Saturday, the general got into an express car with no one but me and the conductor, and came to Frederick's Hall Station in the county of Louisa, arriving about dawn on Sunday, the 22d. We spent the Sabbath there at the house of Mr. N. Harris, attending

to do." He then told me that he had suggested to General Lee, who had to move back to protect Richmond, that he could remain and remove our wounded and stores, and that his presence on McClellan's flank and rear would keep him from attacking Lee. In case of any casualty to himself, the removal was to go on till completed. — D. H. H

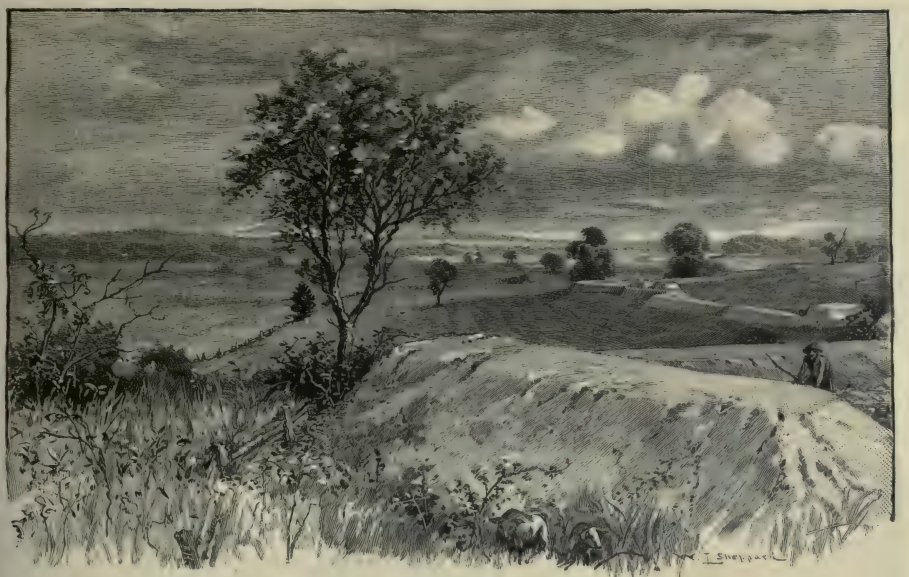
camp-preaching in the afternoon. At this house were Major-General Whiting and General Hood, then commanding a Texas brigade. At one o'clock that night General Jackson arose, took an orderly whom I had selected for him as trustworthy and well acquainted with the road, and started for Richmond with impressed horses. He had me wake up General Whiting and make *him* sign a pass and an impressment order (which no one under the rank of major-general had a right to do). He had about fifty-two miles to ride to Richmond; to the Nine-mile bridge, near which General Lee was in person, I suppose the distance was as great, so that the ride occupied him, with the time lost in impressing relays of horses, about ten hours. He must have reached his rendezvous with General Lee and his three major-generals about noon on the 23d. If he rode into the city first, the meeting would have been a few hours later. He rejoined his corps at Beaver Dam Station on Tuesday (24th), and assembled the whole of it around Ashland Wednesday night, the 25th. About two hours by sun on the 26th we came into collision with McClellan's outposts. We were much mystified at first to know why the general should put a battery in position, and cannonade the bushes furiously for ten minutes only to drive away a picket. We found out afterwards this was his signal to you,* and in a little while the distant sound of your guns at Ellerson's mill told us that the ball had opened."

It will be seen from the narrative of Major Dabney that General Jackson, who fought some of his most desperate battles on Sunday, would not start to Richmond till Sunday had passed. He had the pass and impressment order from General Whiting that he might not be known on the road; he wore no insignia of rank, and as he would have been known in Richmond, he did not go to that city. It was three P. M. on the 23d when I saw him at General Lee's headquarters. Major Dabney is mistaken in saying that the signal-guns were intended for me. A. P. Hill was farther up the Chickahominy, and he was to cross first, and being nearer to Jackson, could hear his guns better than those

CONFEDERATE SKIRMISH-LINE DRIVEN IN BY UNION LINE OF BATTLE.
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD AFTER THE PAINTING BY HIMSELF, OWNED BY R. A. WOOLDRIDGE, ESQ., BALTIMORE.)

[The original sketch for this picture was made from personal observation. It describes an incident of the "Peninsular Campaign"—*i. e.* of the retreat before McClellan's advance up the Peninsula, to which operations that name is confined at the South; at the North it is used to include also the subsequent movements down to McClellan's arrival on the James River.—EDITOR.]

* This account is written to General Hill.—EDITOR.



EXTERIOR LINE OF DEFENSES OF RICHMOND ON THE MECHANICSVILLE ROAD (LOOKING SOUTH-EAST). (DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME OF McCLELLAN'S ADVANCE.)

of us lower down the stream. On the 25th there was a brisk fight about King's school-house on the Williamsburg road, between Hooker's division and a portion of the brigades of Generals Wright and Robert Ransom. That night my division marched across to the neighborhood of Mechanicsville Bridge. To conceal the movement, our camp-fires were freshly lighted up by a detachment after the troops had left, and a company was sent some miles down the Charles City road to send up rockets, as though signaling an advance in that direction. General Lee's order issued on the 24th June says:

"At three o'clock Thursday morning, 26th instant, General Jackson will advance on the road leading to Pole Green Church, communicating his march to General Branch [seven miles above Meadow Bridge], who will immediately cross the Chickahominy, and take the road leading to Mechanicsville. As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered, General A. P. Hill with the rest of his division will cross the Chickahominy near Meadow Bridge. . . . The enemy being driven from Mechanicsville, and the passage across the bridge opened, General Longstreet with his division and that of General D. H. Hill will cross the Chickahominy at or near that point — General D. H. Hill moving to the support of General Jackson, and General Longstreet supporting General A. P. Hill — the four divisions keeping in communication with each other, and moving *en échelon* on separate roads, if practicable; the left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharp-shooters extending their front, will sweep down the Chickahominy, and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge, General Jackson bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction towards Cold Harbor, etc."

General Jackson was unable to reach the point expected on the morning of the 26th. General A. P. Hill says: "Three o'clock P. M. having arrived, and no intelligence from Jackson or Branch, I determined to cross at once, rather than hazard the failure of the whole plan by longer deferring it."

Heavy firing was heard at three P. M. at Meadow Bridge, and the Federal outposts were seen fleeing towards Mechanicsville, pursued by A. P. Hill. We could see a line of battle drawn up at that village ready to receive Hill. My division being nearest the bridge, Longstreet ordered me to cross first. Some delay was made in repairing the bridge, and A. P. Hill became hotly engaged before we could get to his relief. At this time President Davis and staff hurried past us, going "to the sound of the firing." Ripley's brigade was pushed forward to the support of three batteries of artillery of Jones's battalion, and the two under Hardaway and Bondurant. The five batteries soon silenced the Federal artillery, and the whole plateau about Mechanicsville was abandoned to the Confederates, the Federals retiring across Beaver Dam Creek, which was strongly fortified. Our engineers seem to have had little knowledge of the country, and none of the fortifications on the creek. The maps furnished the division commanders were worthless. At a request from General Pender, who had been roughly handled in attacking works on the creek, Brigadier-General Ripley, of my divis-

MAP OF THE UPPER CHICKAHOMINY AND NEIGHBORING COUNTRY.

[During the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill the Union army, except Porter's corps and the cavalry engaged in protecting McClellan's right flank and communications, was posted on the south side of the Chickahominy behind the line of intrenchments here shown. The divisions of Longstreet and the two Hills who had confronted McClellan on the different roads were withdrawn, in order to unite with Jackson's three divisions (coming from the Shenandoah) in the attack in force upon Porter's corps. Magruder's and Huger's divisions were left to engage the attention of the corps of Sumner, Keyes, Heintzelman, and Franklin. As will be seen, the attack of Lee's six divisions fell upon Porter's corps, which was reënforced during the battle by Slocum's three brigades of Franklin's corps.—EDITOR.]

ion, was directed to coöperate with him, and the attack was made about dark. The enemy had intrenchments of great strength and development on the other side of the creek, and had lined the banks with his magnificent artillery. The approach was over an open plain exposed to a murderous fire of all arms, and across an almost impassable stream. The result was, as might have been foreseen, a bloody and disastrous repulse. Nearly every field-officer in the brigade was killed or wounded. It was unfortunate for the Confederates that the crossing was begun before Jackson got in rear of Mechanicsville. The loss of that position would have necessitated the abandonment of the line of Beaver Dam Creek; as in fact it did, the next day. We were lavish of blood in those days, and it was thought to be a great thing to charge a battery of artillery or an earthwork lined with infantry. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," was the sarcastic remark of the French general as he looked on at the British cavalry charge at Balaklava. The attacks on the Beaver Dam intrenchments, on the heights of Malvern Hill, at Gettysburg, etc., were all grand, but of exactly the kind of grandeur which the South could not afford.

A brisk cannonade was kept up on the morning of the 27th for an hour or more from the Federal artillery along the line of Beaver Dam, which was held by a thin line of skirmishers, the main force having retreated to Gaines's Mill and New Cold Harbor. A. P. Hill's division was ordered to pursue on to the mill, and my division to take the Bethesda Church road to join Jackson. The works on that road were turned by my division, and some sixty or seventy prisoners holding them were captured.

Major Dabney says:

"General Jackson continued his march on the morning of the 27th. When I overtook him he was dismounted in the turnpike road

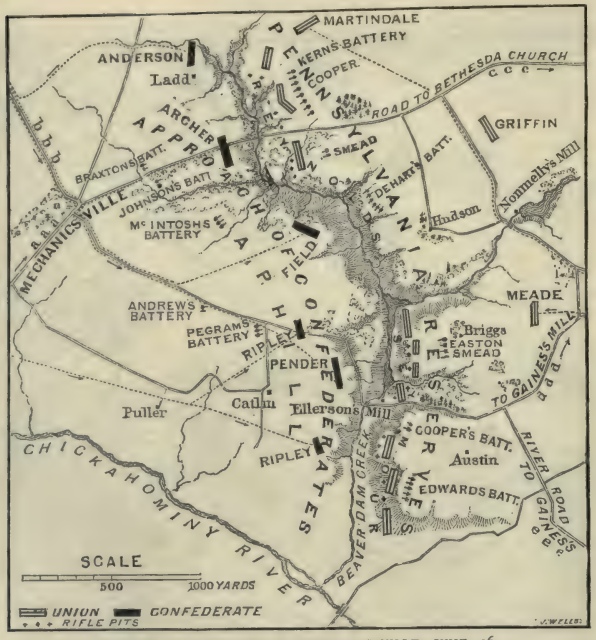
MECHANICSVILLE FROM THE NORTH-WEST — SCENE OF THE OPENING OF THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.
(DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON, RICHMOND, VA.)

[The cross-roads (Mechanicsville proper) are indicated by the two houses at the extreme right. The woods in the left distance show the line of Beaver Dam Creek at the crossing of the upper road from the town. A. P. Hill advanced from Meadow Bridge and along the road in the foreground, his troops deploying at this point on both sides of the road about 4 P. M. The house at the left center (Horn's) marks the location of the Union battery which opened upon Hill's troops as they came along this road, from which the Confederate artillery (McIntosh's and Pegram's) replied as they advanced. Anderson's brigade was sent to the left to flank the Union guns, which, together with the single regiment left in the town by General Porter, withdrew before the enemy to the strong position beyond the creek.—EDITOR.]

with his cap off before a gentleman sitting on a cedar-stump, who was speaking to him in a suppressed voice. An old acquaintance whom I met told me that this gentleman was General Lee. The conference soon ended, and the march was resumed — deflecting strongly to the east."

General Lee's object in pressing down the Chickahominy was to unmask New Bridge, and thus to establish close communication between the forces defending Richmond and the six divisions attacking the Federal right. A. P. Hill, who marched close to the Chickahominy, succeeded in driving off the Federal troops defending the creek at Gaines's Mill, and advanced until he developed their full line of battle at New Cold Harbor, half a mile beyond. After waiting till 2:30 P. M. to hear from Longstreet,* he advanced his division without support to the attack of the intrenched position of the Federals. He kept up a struggle for two hours, was repulsed and driven back, and in turn repulsed his pursuers. His report says: "From having been the attacking I now became the attacked; but stubbornly and gallantly was the ground held. My division was thus engaged full two hours before assistance was received. We failed to carry the enemy's lines, but we paved the way for the successful attacks afterwards, in which attacks it was necessary to employ the whole of our army on that side of the Chickahominy."

* General Lee in his official report says: "The arrival of Jackson on our left was momentarily expected, and it was supposed that his approach would cause the extension of the enemy's line in that direction. Under this impression, Longstreet was held back until this movement should commence."—EDITOR.

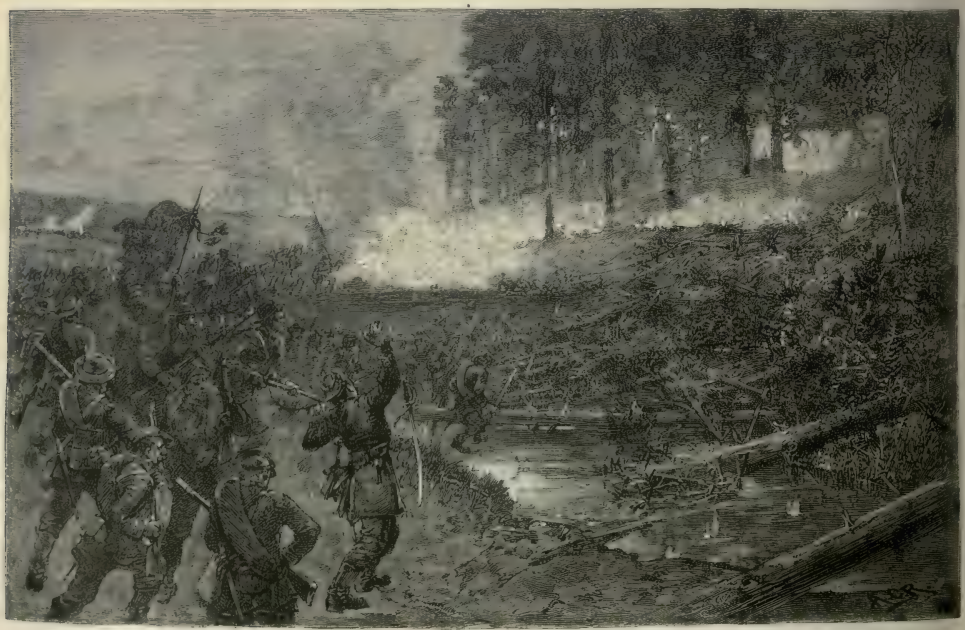


PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE, JUNE 26.

a. a. a., Approach of D. H. Hill and Longstreet from Richmond; *b. b. b.*, Same, A. P. Hill; *c. c. c.*, Route of D. H. Hill to Old Cold Harbor the day after the battle to join Jackson's attack on Union left; *d. d. d.*, Route of A. P. Hill to New Cold Harbor, to attack Union center; *e. e. e.*, Route of Longstreet to Dr. Gaines's, to attack Union left. Of the five Confederate brigades engaged in this battle, one (Ripley's) was attached to the division of D. H. Hill and came up as a reinforcement to Pender, who, with Field, Archer, and Anderson, were part of the division of A. P. Hill, his other two divisions, Gregg and Branch, being held in reserve. The losses in their hopeless attack fell chiefly upon Archer, who made the first advance about 5 P. M., and later upon Pender and Ripley. Pegram's battery was badly cut up, losing forty-seven men and many horses. On the Union side, Martindale, Griffin, and Meade came up after the battle had begun. When firing ceased, about 9 P. M., Porter's troops held their position; but Jackson's approach on their right flank compelled its evacuation early in the morning.—EDITOR.

Longstreet came into action after four o'clock. He thus describes the difficulties before him: "In front of me the enemy occupied the wooded slope of Turkey Hill, the crest of which is fifty or sixty feet higher than the plain over which my troops must pass to make an attack. The plain is about a quarter of a mile wide; the farther side was occupied by sharp-shooters. Above these, and on the slope of the hill, was a line of infantry behind trees, felled so as to form a good breastwork. The crest of the hill, some forty feet above the last line, was strengthened by rifle-trenches and occupied by infantry and artillery. In addition to this the plain was enfiladed by batteries on the other side of the Chickahominy. I was, in fact, in the very position from which the enemy wished us to attack him."

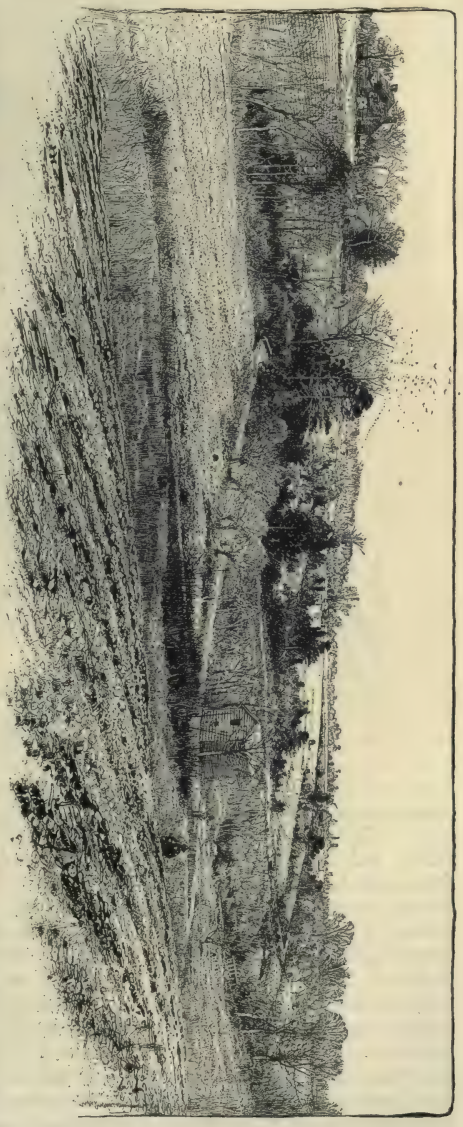
All was done that mortals could do by the two gallant divisions struggling against such disadvantages, but nothing decisive could be effected until the full Confederate forces could



CHARGE OF CONFEDERATES UNDER RIPLEY AND PENDER AT BEAVER DAM CREEK, JUST ABOVE ELLERSON'S MILL.

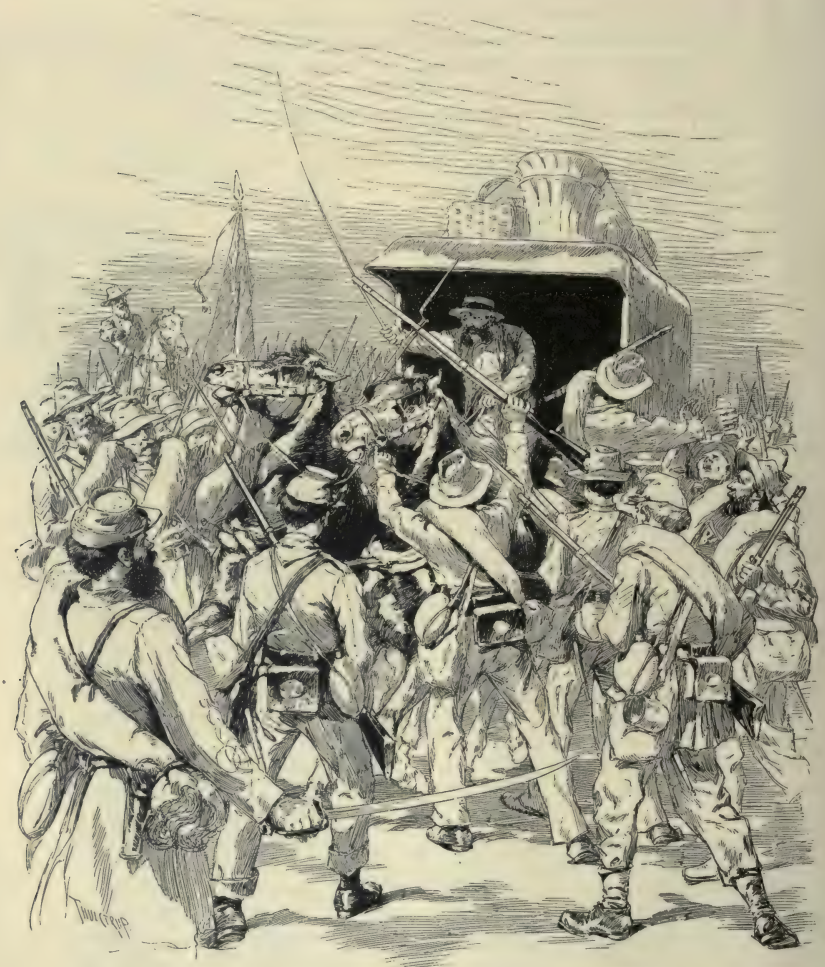
be brought into action. In the meanwhile, Jackson moved forward on what we afterwards found to be the Grapevine Bridge road, my division in advance. A few squads of Federal stragglers were picked up, and some wagons and ambulances were captured. One sutler, in his desperate desire to save his fancy stock, tried to dash his wagon through Anderson's brigade. He paid no attention to the orders to halt, or to the presented bayonets. Fortunately for him, his horses did not have so much at stake as he had in canned fruits and vegetables, and were quite willing to surrender. Some poor ragged graybacks got toothsome delicacies then, from which they had been long debarred, and of which before nightfall they had no need forever.

About 2 P. M. we reached the neighborhood of McGee's house, an elevated knoll, which was the Federal right, and from which a dense and tangled swamp extended westward in an irregular curve to Gaines's Mill. Bondurant's battery was brought up to feel the position. Jackson remained with it for a time after the firing began. The battery was badly crippled, and was withdrawn by my order when I perceived the superiority of the enemy's artillery — always the most effective arm of his service. So little was known of the condition of the battle and of the roads, that Jackson posted my division in the woods to the left of the road, and facing towards the firing at Gaines's Mill, in order to intercept the forces that Longstreet and A. P. Hill might drive in that direction! His report says: "Hoping that Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet would soon drive the Federals towards me, I directed General D. H. Hill to move his division to the left of the road, so as to leave between him and the wood on the right of the road an open space, across which I hoped that the enemy would be driven. . . . But it soon becoming apparent from the direction and sound of the firing that General A. P. Hill was hard pressed, I ordered a general advance of my entire corps, which began with General D. H. Hill on the left and extending to the right, through Ewell's, Jackson's, and Whiting's divisions . . . in the order named." The swamp was to be gotten through, filled with sharp-shooters, and obstructed with felled timber and choked with brush-wood. The report continues: "In advancing to the attack, General D. H. Hill had to cross this swamp densely covered with tangled undergrowth and young timber. This caused some confusion, and a separation of regiments. On the farther edge of the swamp he encountered the enemy. The conflict was



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BEAVER DAM CREEK AT ELLERSON'S MILL — PRESENT ASPECT. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

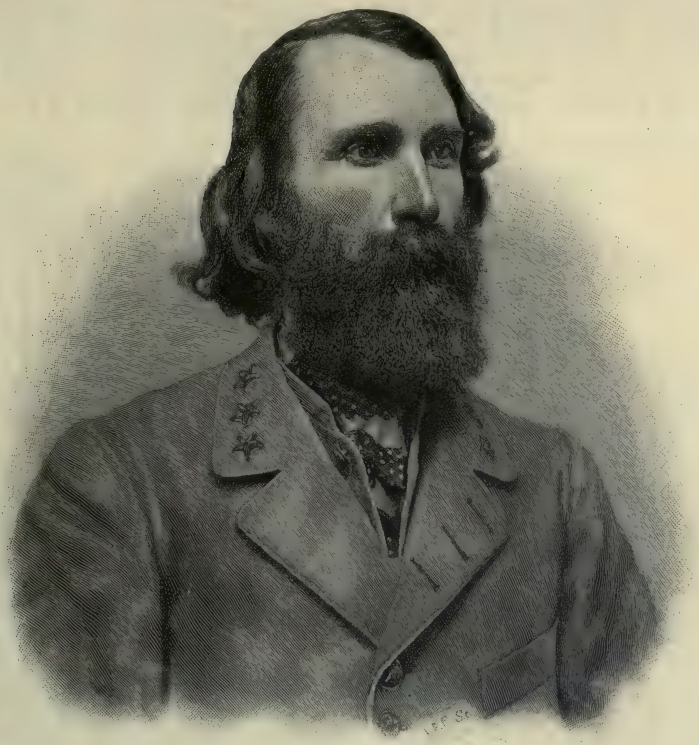
[This view is taken from the left of the Union position on the east slope, looking up-stream, the ruins of Ellerson's Mill being shown in the middle ground. The house at the left is Dr. Caitlin's. The dam is just behind the mill, but the bridge is concealed by the trees. The creek comes from the left, passes the mill, and turns again to the left to Mechanicsville, which is three-quarters of a mile farther, and, from the observer's point of view, directly beyond the Caitlin house. The advance from Mechanicsville was by this road, and by another which strikes the creek nearly a mile farther up. The Union position at this point was held by General Seymour, of McCall's division, with artillery intrenchments, rifle-pits, and abattis. The Confederates came across the open hills and down the slope and along the road (offering their flank to the Union artillery) to the line of the creek (shown by the trees below the bridge), but did not cross it. Their loss in this engagement was frightful. Dr. Caitlin's son says that the slope of the hill was fairly covered with dead and wounded. The Caitlin farm was occupied chiefly by Ripley's brigade of D. H. Hill's division, and by Pender's brigade of A. P. Hill's. The 44th Georgia alone lost 395 killed and wounded, and its efforts to re-form in the rear without officers are described as pathetic. "Good heavens!" said spectators, "is this all of the 44th Georgia?" — EDITOR.]



CHARGE OF A SUTLER UPON ANDERSON'S BRIGADE AT GAINES'S MILL.

[At this time there were four brigade commanders of this name in the Confederate army: G. B. Anderson, in D. H. Hill's division, R. H. Anderson, in Longstreet's, Joseph R. Anderson, in A. P. Hill's, and G. T. Anderson, in Magruder's corps. The reference here is to the first.—EDITOR.]

fierce and bloody. The Federals fell back from the wood under the protection of a fence, ditch, and hill. Separated now from them by an open field, some four hundred yards wide, he promptly determined to press forward. Before doing so, however, it was necessary to capture a battery on his left which could enfilade his line upon its advance. . . . Again pressing forward, the Federals again fell back, but only to select a position for a more obstinate defense, when, at dark, under the pressure of our batteries,—which had then begun to play with marked effect upon the left, of the other concurring events of the field, and of the bold and dashing charge of General Hill's infantry, in which the troops of Brigadier-General C. S. Winder joined,—the enemy yielded the field and fled in disorder." I have always believed that this was the first break in the Federal line; it disposed of Sykes's division of regulars, who had been so stubborn and so troublesome all day. The Comte de Paris says of their retreat: "Fearfully reduced as they are, they care less for the losses they have sustained than for the mortification of yielding to volunteers." The general advance of our whole line and their intrepid onset everywhere made the defeat of the regulars possible, but credit should be given to the troops that did it. We discovered that our line overlapped that of the Federal forces, and saw two brigades (afterwards ascertained to be under Lawton and Winder) advancing to make a front attack upon the regulars. Brigadier-Generals Samuel Garland and G. B. Anderson, commanding North Carolina bri-



GENERAL A. P. HILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

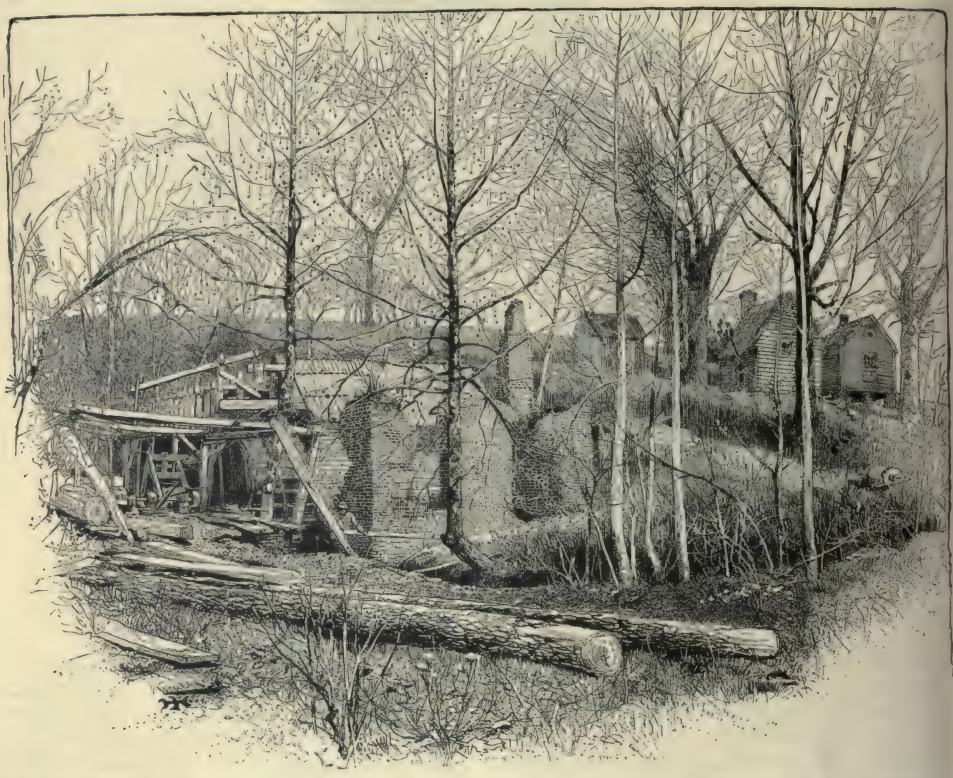
gades in my division, asked permission to move forward and attack the right flank and rear of the division of regulars. The only difficulty in the way was a Federal battery with its infantry supports, which could enfilade them in their advance. Two regiments of Elzey's brigade, which had got separated in crossing the swamp, were sent by me, by way of my left flank, to the rear of the battery to attack the infantry supports, while Colonel Iverson, of the Twentieth North Carolina, charged it in front. The battery was captured and held long enough for the two brigades to advance across the open plain. "The effect of our appearance," says Garland's official report, "at this opportune juncture [upon the enemy's flank], cheering and charging, decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke and retreated, made a second brief stand, which induced my immediate command to halt under good cover of the bank on the roadside and return their fire, when, charging forward again, they broke and scattered in every direction." Their retreat was to the woods between the field and the river. Swinton * gives credit to Hood and Law for making the first break in the Federal line, and quotes from Jackson's report: "Dashing on with unfaltering step in the face of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel E. M. Law at the head of their respective brigades rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upward of a thousand men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns." It is evident that Jackson means to compliment Hood for being the first to pierce the intrenchments on the Federal left. But the word "first" has been misleading as to the point where the break was first made in the Federal line.

General Lawton in his official report stated that after the forces were broken in front of him on our left, a staff-officer rode up and called for assistance to charge a battery on

* "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac." By William Swinton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

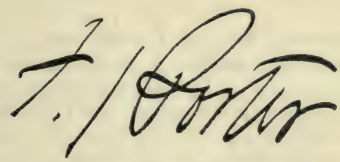
the left, and that after marching two or three hundred yards by the *right* flank, "the shouts of victory from our friends announced that the last battery had been taken and the rout complete." In a letter to me just received, General Lawton says: "I do believe that the first break was on the right of the Federal line, and I moved against that line in front. My knowledge of the position of the battery to be charged was derived solely from the lips of a staff-officer, who rode up to me at full speed on the field, and returned immediately to his chief. My recollection is, that very promptly after I heard the shouts of victory from our friends, the same messenger came again to request me to halt. . . . I cannot feel that my memory fails me when I say that you struck the enemy in flank, while Winder's command and mine moved directly on his front. The effect of these several attacks was promptly felt, and soon became conspicuous."

It was now quite dark, and I took the responsibility of halting all the troops on our left. General Winder thought that we ought to pursue into the woods, on the right of the Grapevine Bridge road; but not knowing the position of our friends, nor what Federal reserves might be awaiting us in the woods, I thought it advisable not to move on. General Lawton concurred with me. I had no artillery to shell the woods in advance, as mine had not got through the swamp. No Confederate officer on the field knew that the Federals had but one bridge over which to retreat, else all the artillery that could have been collected would have opened fire upon the Federal masses crowded into a narrow space in the woods, and there would have been a general advance of our line under cover of this fire. Winder was right; even a show of pressure must have been attended with great results. I made my headquarters at McGee's house, and ordered my artillery and infantry to occupy the hill around it. The artillery, however, did not get into position until sunrise next morning. Before the infantry was in place, we



PRESENT ASPECT OF GAINES'S MILL, LOOKING EAST. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[At the time of the battle, this building was of five stories, and was, it is said, one of the finest grist-mills in Virginia. The wooden structure, dovetailed into the ruins, now covers but one pair of burrs. The mill was not injured in the fight, but was burned by Sheridan's cavalry in May, 1864, the fire extending to a dwelling-house which stood just beyond the mill. The main conflict was a mile farther to the south-east, but the ridge shown in the picture was the scene of a most gallant resistance to the Confederate advance by the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, acting as a rear-guard to Porter's corps. The road to New Cold Harbor and the battle-ground runs to the right of the picture. The mill-stream runs into Powhite Swamp, and thence into the Chickahominy.— EDITOR.]



(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

heard huzzaing on the bridge road, and understood by that that reënforcements had come up to cover the Federal retreat. They took up their position across the road and showed a determined front, but might have been broken by an artillery fire from our elevated plateau; unfortunately for us, there was no artillery to do this work.

Between nine and ten o'clock General Lawton and myself walked out alone to examine the line of battle across the road, afterwards discovered to be Meagher's Irish brigade. We got within thirty yards of the Federals, and must have been seen, but we were not fired upon, probably because we were mistaken for a party of their own men sent up to get water at McGee's well. We met the party going back, and saw them go into their own lines. Not a word was spoken by them or by us. At such times, "Silence is golden."

In his attack upon General McClellan's right wing General Lee had 50,000 men.* General Fitz John Porter, who commanded the Federals at Cold Harbor, handled his 40,000 men with an ability unsurpassed on any field during the war. He had greatly the advantage

*Dabney, in his "Life of Jackson," puts the Confederate force at 40,000. Swinton estimates General Porter's forces at 30,000 and Lee's at 70,000 — an under- and an over-estimate respectively, I think.—D. H. H. But see page 319.—EDITOR.

in position, and he had improved this superiority with intrenchments, log breastworks, rifle-pits, and abattis. He had an immense preponderance in artillery, and that of the most superb character. Many of our field-batteries did not get across the swamp at all, and those which did get over were inferior in range and power to General Porter's. Artillery seems to have been a favorite arm with General McClellan, and he had brought it to the highest point of efficiency.

I do not know how much of our infantry straggled in the swamp. Ripley got lost, and his fine brigade was not in action at all. Of Colquitt's brigade, the Sixth and Twenty-seventh Georgia regiments were engaged; the other three regiments were not. Rodes, Garland, and Anderson kept their brigades well in hand and did brilliant service. (These three splendid officers were all killed, subsequently, in battle.) I do not know how many men the other five divisions lost by the difficulties of the swamp; but if their loss was proportional to mine, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by only a few hundreds. However, it is hardly probable that their loss was so great, as my division had to go through the densest part of the swamp.

Riding in advance of his skirmish-line through the swamp attended by a few staff-officers, General Jackson found himself in the presence of fifteen or twenty Federal soldiers on outpost duty. He judged it the part of prudence to assume the offensive and charge upon them before they fired upon him. I am indebted to Major T. O. Chestney, then assistant adjutant-general of Elzey's brigade, for the following account:

"As Elzey's brigade was pressing forward to the line held by the Confederates at the bloody battle of Gaines's Mill, a squad of fifteen or twenty soldiers were encountered on their way to the rear. A tall fellow at the head of the little party drew special attention to himself by singing out to us at the top of his voice with an oath, 'Gentlemen, we had the honor of being captured by Stonewall Jackson himself' — a statement which he repeated with evident pride all along the line, as our men tramped past. We subsequently learned that his story was true. General Jackson, having ridden some distance in advance, had come suddenly upon the blue-coats, and with his characteristic impetuosity had charged among them and ordered them to surrender, which they made haste to do."

One of the saddest things connected with the miserable fratricidal war was the breaking up of ties of friendship and of blood. The troops opposing mine on that murderous field that day were the regulars of General George Sykes, a Southerner by birth, and my room-mate at West Point,—a man admired by all for his honor, courage, and frankness, and peculiarly endeared to me by his social qualities. During the negotiations of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, intrusted to General Dix and myself, I sent word to General Sykes, through Colonel Sweitzer, of General McClellan's staff, that "had I known that he was in front of me at Cold Harbor, I would have sent some of my North Carolina boys up to take him out of the *cold*." He replied through the same source: "I appreciate the sarcasm, but our time will be next and the tables will be turned." Alas! it was a true prophecy. About nine P. M. on the 27th, Major H. B. Clitz was brought into my room at the McGee house, headquarters for the night, wounded in the leg, and a prisoner. He was very young and boyish-looking when he entered West Point, and was a very great favorite with us of maturer years. It flashed upon my mind how, in the Mexican war, as his regiment filed past, I had almost a fatherly fear lest he should be struck; and now he was here, wounded by one of my own men! He was tenderly cared for by my medical director, Doctor Mott, and I was delighted to learn that he would not lose his leg. With a sort of shamefacedness, my staff gave him some of our coarse supper. Longstreet's inspector-general, much under the influence of liquor, got into quite a heated discussion with Major Clitz, in which the latter said, "You have outnumbered us to-day, but if McClellan is the man I take him to be, he'll pay you well for it before all is over." Malvern Hill impressed this remark upon my memory! I said to the Confederate, "You must not be rude to a wounded prisoner," and he apologized frankly for his abrupt language. The next morning General J. F. Reynolds was brought in as a prisoner. He had been my mess-mate in the old army for more than a year, and for half that time my tent-mate. Not an unkind word had ever passed between us. General Reynolds seemed confused and mortified at his position. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, and at length said: "Hill, we ought not to be enemies." I told him that there was no bad feeling on my part, and that he ought not to fret at the fortunes of war, which were notoriously fickle. He was placed in my ambulance and sent over to Richmond, declining a loan of Confederate money. General Reynolds had gone to sleep in the woods between the battle-ground and the Chickahominy, and when he awoke, his troops were gone and the bridge broken down.

Winder, Anderson, and Garland, probably the most promising of all our young brigadiers,

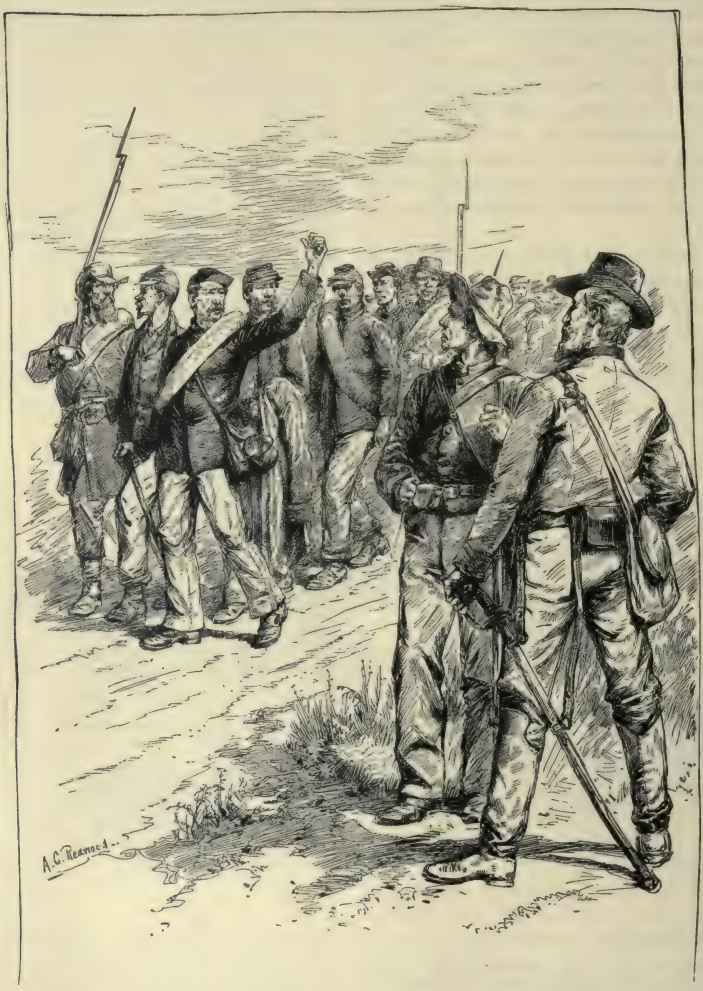
fell fighting for the cause they loved so well. Reynolds, one of the noblest of mankind, fell doing his duty on his side at Gettysburg. Sykes, as the friend of McClellan, never received the recognition which his knightly qualities demanded. Worst of all, Porter, who commanded on the field the most creditable to the Federal arms, received that condemnation so much worse than death to the proud soldier from the country he had served so ably and so loyally.

In these battles, the great want with the Confederates, strange as it may seem, was accurate knowledge of the country in their front. The map furnished me (and I suppose the six other major-generals had no better) was very full in regard to everything within our own lines; but a red line on the east side of the Chickahominy and nearly parallel to it, without any points marked on it, was our only guide to the route on which our march was to be made. None of us knew of the formidable character of the works on Beaver Dam. The blood shed by the Southern troops there was wasted in vain, and worse than in vain; for the fight had a most dispiriting effect on our troops. They might have been halted at Mechanicsville until Jackson had turned the works on the creek, and all that waste of blood could have been avoided. Ripley's brigade was sent to the assistance of Pender, by the direct order, through me, of both Mr. Davis and General Lee. They both felt pressing upon them the vast importance of keeping near Richmond, and of opening up communications with it as soon as possible. The crossing of the river by General A. P. Hill before hearing from Jackson precipitated the fight on the first day; and it having begun, it was deemed necessary to keep it up, without waiting for Jackson. The same necessity compelled Lee on the second day to attack his antagonist on his own strong and well-chosen position. Lee knew that McClellan depended upon the York River Railroad for his supplies, and by moving upon that road he could have compelled the battle upon his own selected ground, with all the advantages thereof. The lack of transportation, and the fear of the capture of Richmond while he was making this detour to the Federal rear, constrained him to surrender the advantage of position to McClellan and his able lieutenant, General Porter, commanding in the field. Never was ground more wisely chosen or more skillfully arranged for defense.

OLD COLD HARBOR TAVERN. (DRAWN BY W. TABER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[This view is from the south, from the road by which the Confederate left under Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill advanced to attack Porter's right. Five roads meet at this point. Old Cold Harbor consists of one or two houses and a smithy. During the battle of Gaines's Mill the tavern was within the Confederate lines. Two years later, during the bloody engagement of General Grant's campaign, it was within the Union lines. The name is sometimes written Cool Harbor, Coal Harbor, or Cool Arbor; but Mr. Burnet, the present owner of the tavern, says that family tradition admits only Cold Harbor.—EDITOR.]

During Lee's absence Richmond was at the mercy of McClellan; but Magruder was there to keep up a "clatter," as Swinton expresses it. No one was better fitted for such a work. When McClellan landed on the Peninsula, he had 118,000 men, and Magruder had 11,500 to cover a defensive line of fourteen miles (see "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part III., pages 77 and 436). But "Prince John" (as Magruder was called) amused his enemy by keeping up a "clatter," and, it may be, amused himself as well. No one



"CAPTURED BY STONEWALL JACKSON HIMSELF." (SEE PAGE 306.)

ever lived who could play off the Grand Seignior with a more lordly air than could the Prince.* During the absence of Lee, he kept up such a clatter that each of McClellan's corps commanders was expecting a special visit from the much-plumed cap and the once-gaudy attire of the master of ruses and strategy. He put on naturally all those grand and imposing devices which so successfully deceive the military opponent.

Just before we crossed the Chickahominy, I asked General Garland if he remembered what Napoleon said at Austerlitz when one of his marshals had begged permission to at-

* In ante-bellum days (so the old army story used to run) Magruder was a lieutenant of artillery at Rouse's Point. There his mess entertained some British officers, two of whom were scions of nobility. The visit having been expected, the mess had borrowed or rented gold plate and silver plate, cut-glass ware, rich furniture, and stylish equipages for driving the noble guests around. Prince John assured them that these were but the débris of the former splendor of the regimental mess. "Only the débris, my lord; the schooner bringing most of the mess plate from Florida was unfortunately wrecked." One of the dazzled and bewildered noblemen said to Prince John, on the second day of the gorgeous festival: "We do not wish to be impolitely inquisitive, but we have been so much impressed with this magnificence that we are constrained to believe that American officers must be paid enormously. What is your monthly pay?" Assuming an indifferent air, Prince John said: "Damned if I know," then, turning to his servant, he asked, "Jim, what is my monthly pay?" The servant was discreetly silent, it may be from a wink, or it may be that to remember sixty-five dollars was too heavy a tax upon his memory also — D. H. H.

tack a column of the Austro-Russian army which was making a flank movement. Garland replied: "I, too, was just thinking that McClellan was saying to his officers, as Napoleon did, 'When your enemy is making a false movement, do not strike him till he has completed it'; and it may be that he will gobble up Richmond while we are away."

The fortifications around Richmond at that time were very slight. He could have captured the city with but little loss of life. The want of supplies would have forced Lee to attack him as soon as possible, with all the disadvantages of a precipitated movement. But the Federal commander seems to have contemplated nothing of the kind; and as he placed the continuance of the siege upon the hazard of Cold Harbor, he was bound to put every available man into that fight.

While we were lying all day idle on the 28th, unable to cross the Chickahominy, the clouds of smoke from the burning plunder in the Federal camps and the frequent explosions of magazines indicated a retreat; but General Whiting kept insisting upon it that all this was but a *ruse de guerre* of McClellan preparatory to a march upon Richmond. I made to him some such reply as that once made to General Longstreet, when a cadet at West Point, by Professor Kendrick.

The professor asked Longstreet, who never looked at his chemistry, how the carbonic acid of commerce was made. Longstreet replied:

"By burning diamonds in oxygen gas."

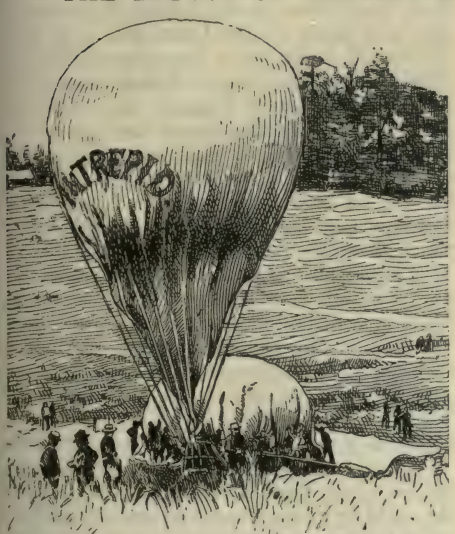
"Yes," said Professor Kendrick, "that will do it; but don't you think it would be a *leetle* expensive?" *

"Don't you think," I said to Whiting, "that this *ruse* of McClellan is a leetle expensive?"

The old West Point yarn had a very quieting effect upon his apprehensions.

D. H. Hill.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL AND ITS PRELIMINARIES.



LOWE'S MILITARY BALLOON, IN THE SERVICE OF GENERAL McCLELLAN IN THE RICHMOND CAMPAIGN. ‡

THE events immediately preceding the "Seven Days' Battles on the Peninsula," in June, 1862, have been subjects of great historical interest, and the causes which prompted certain movements connected with that campaign have given rise to much dispute and controversy. It is with the hope that a history of the part taken by my command during those days may shed new light upon the story of that eventful period, that the following narrative has been prepared. I have been compelled, however, to confine myself to facts within my own personal knowledge and to statements of the matters that influenced my actions, whether premeditated and by order, or the result of movements necessary to be taken by the exigencies of existing circumstances.

After the battle of Fair Oaks, during the greater part of the month of June, 1862, the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, and the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, confronted each other, east of Richmond. The two armies were of nearly equal strength.† McClellan's forces, divided by the Chickahominy, were extended south of that stream, from New Bridge to White Oak Swamp, leaving north of the river only the Fifth Army Corps. The Confederate troops faced the Federal army throughout its length,

* Professor Kendrick would never contradict any one, but always modify the answer when wrong. The following is a specimen of his style of questioning. X. Y. Z. (whose name is now a household word) was on examination: Professor K. "What is its color?" X. Y. Z. "White, sir." Professor K. "Yes, you mean a kind of grayish white. In fact, you might call it coal black, might you not?" X. Y. Z. "Yes, sir, that's it."—D. H. H.

† The records give: Union army, 144 regiments, 60 batteries; Confederate, 187 regiments, 89 batteries.—F. J. P.

‡ Colonel Auchmuty, of New York City, who made many ascensions by this balloon from the camp near Doctor Gaines's before the battle, says that the Confederates had a Whitworth gun at Mrs. Price's, on the south side of the Chickahominy, with which they would fire at the balloon as it rose and descended. The usual height for observation was 1000 feet; and when lower than 300 feet high the balloon was within range of this gun. General Porter made no fewer than a hundred such ascensions.—EDITOR.

from White Oak Swamp to New Bridge and thence up the right bank of the Chickahominy, covering the important crossings at Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridge, north of the city.

South of the Chickahominy each army was secured against surprise in flank or successful attack in front by that swollen stream; by marshy lands and muddy roads; by redoubts studded with artillery and rifle-pits well manned, all flanked or covered by swamps, tangled thickets, and slashed timber. Notwithstanding the apparent quiet, both armies were actively engaged in the erection of those defensive works which permit large forces to be detached, at opportune moments, for aggressive action or for the defense of menaced positions. These preparations for offensive and defensive action, known to both commanders, plainly impressed on each the necessity of guarding against any errors in position, and the importance of preparing promptly to take advantage of any opening in his opponent's line which promised results commensurate with the risks involved.

It was apparent to both generals that Richmond could only be taken in one of two ways: by regular approaches or by assault. An assault would require superior forces, supported by ample reserves. It was equally apparent that an attack could readily be made from Richmond, because that city's well armed and manned intrenchments would permit its defense by a small number of men, while large forces could be concentrated and detached for offensive operations.

The faulty location of the Union army, divided as it was by the Chickahominy, was from the first realized by General McClellan, and became daily an increasing cause of care and anxiety to him; not the least disturbing element of which was the impossibility of quickly reënforcing his right wing or promptly drawing it to the south bank. That this dilemma was known to so intelligent and vigilant a commander as General Lee could not be doubted; and that it was certainly demonstrated to him by General J. E. B. Stuart's dashing cavalry raid around the Union army, on June 14th, was shown in many ways.* One evidence of it was his immediate erection of field-works on his left, and his increasing resistance to the efforts of Union scouts to penetrate into the roads leading to Richmond from the north. This indicated that Lee was preparing to guard against the reenforcement of McClellan's right, and also against information reaching us of Confederate reënforcements from the north.

McClellan had been forced into this faulty position on the Chickahominy and held there by the oft-repeated assurances that McDowell's corps of 40,000 men, then at Fredericksburg, would be advanced to Richmond and formed on his immediate right, which would make that wing safe.† On the 27th of May, under promise that McDowell would join him at once, McClellan cleared his front of all opposition to his rapid march, by operations at Hanover Court House. If McDowell had joined McClellan then, it would have resulted in the capture of Richmond. That junction could also easily have been brought about immediately after the battle of Fair Oaks, and even then Richmond could have been taken. But the Confederate authorities so skillfully used Jackson, in the Valley of Virginia, as to draw off McDowell; while the fears of the Administration, then aroused for the safety of Washington, together with a changed policy, caused him to be held back from the Army of the Potomac; and, although orders were several times issued requiring McDowell to unite with McClellan, and assurances were given as late as June 26th that he would so unite, yet he never arrived, and the right wing of McClellan's army, then left exposed, became the object of attack. McClellan saw the coming storm, and guarded against it as best he could. Realizing the faultiness of his position, resulting from McDowell's withdrawal to the North, he desired to correct the error by changing his base from York River to the James, where he could be easily reënforced, and from which point his communications would be safe. This change could not be made so long as

* General Stuart's raid round the Union lines was begun on Wednesday, June 13 (1862), by an advance to the South Anna Bridge on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railway. (See map on page 293.) Stuart had with him about 1200 cavalry and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, the principal officers under him being Colonel Fitzhugh Lee and Colonel W. H. F. Lee. Early Thursday morning they started east, and soon were having a brush with Union outposts at Hanover Court House. Thence they moved rapidly east to Old Church near the Tolopotomoy, where they had a skirmish and running fight with a detachment of Union cavalry. Stuart there decided to complete the circuit of the Union army by pushing forward to Tunstall's Station, nine miles farther east, and thence to the James. At Garlick's, on the Pamunkey, his forces destroyed two transports and a number of wagons. They captured Tunstall's on the York River Railway, and tried to obstruct the road and fired into a train laden with soldiers which dashed past them. After burning a railway bridge and a wagon-train, they proceeded by moonlight south to Jones's Bridge on the Chickahominy, the repairing of which delayed their march till 1 P. M. of Friday. Once across, they made their way without difficulty to Charles City Court House and reached Richmond *via* the River road early Saturday morning.—EDITOR.

† See Stanton's letter of May 18: "You are instructed to coöperate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible, by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond."—F. J. P.

McDowell's advance was to be expected, nor in any event could it be effected without great risk to the safety of his own army in the face of a vigilant and active foe of superior strength, and without seriously jeopardizing the success of the cause for which he was devoting all his energies. He, however, secured, by careful examination full information of the roads and the character of the country over which he would be obliged to move, if circumstances or policy should require a change of base, and as early as June 18th sent vessels loaded with supplies to the James River.

In the middle of June General McClellan intrusted to me the management of affairs on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and confided to me his plans, as well as his hopes and apprehensions. His plans embraced defensive arrangements against an attack from Richmond upon our weak right flank. We did not fear the results of such an attack if made by the forces from Richmond alone; but if, in addition, we were to be attacked by Jackson's forces, suspicions of whose approach were already aroused, we felt that we should be in peril. But as Jackson had thus far prevented McDowell from joining us, we trusted that McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, who had been directed to watch Jackson, would be able to prevent him from joining Lee, or, at least, would give timely warning of his escape from their front and follow close upon his heels.

With McClellan's approval, my command was distributed as follows:

Meade's brigade of McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves was posted at Gaines's house, protecting a siege battery controlling New Bridge; Reynolds's and Seymour's brigades held the rifle-pits skirting the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek and the field-works covering the only crossings near Mechanicsville and Ellerson's Mill. These field-works, well armed with artillery, and the rifle-pits, well manned, controlled the roads and open fields on the west bank of that creek, and were concealed by timber and brush from an approaching foe. The infantry outposts from the same division, and their supports, west of Mechanicsville to Meadow Bridge, were instructed, if attacked or threatened by superior forces, to fall back by side approaches to the rear of Reynolds, at the upper crossing, thus leaving the main approaches open to the fire of their artillery and infantry defenders.

North from Meadow Bridge to the Pamunkey Federal cavalry pickets kept vigilant watch, and protected detachments felling timber for obstructing the roads against the rapid march of any force upon the flank or rear of the right wing.

Cooke's cavalry, near Cold Harbor, guarded the right rear, and scouted towards Hanover Court House, while Morell's and Sykes's divisions were conveniently camped so as to cover the bridge-crossings and to move quickly to any threatened point.

Such was the situation on the 24th of June, when, at midnight, General McClellan telegraphed me that a pretended deserter, whom I had that day sent him, had informed him that Jackson was in the immediate vicinity, ready to unite with Lee in an attack upon my command. Though we had reason to suspect Jackson's approach, this was the first intimation we had of his arrival; and we could obtain from Washington at that time no further confirmation of our suspicions, nor any information of the fact that he had left the front of those directed to watch him in northern Virginia.

Reynolds, who had special charge of the defenses of Beaver Dam Creek and of the forces at and above Mechanicsville, was at once informed of the situation. He prepared to give our anticipated visitors a warm welcome. The infantry division and cavalry commanders were directed to break camp at the first sound of battle, pack their wagons and send them to the rear, and, with their brigades, to take specified positions in support of troops already posted, or to protect the right flank.

On the 25th the pickets of the left of the main army south of the Chickahominy were pushed forward under strong opposition, and gained, after sharp fighting, considerable ground, so as to enable the Second and Third Corps (Sumner's and Heintzelman's) to support the attack on Old Tavern intended to be made next day by the Sixth Corps (Franklin's). The result of the fighting was to convince the corps commanders engaged that there had been no reduction of forces in their front to take part in any movement upon our right flank.

Early on the 26th I was informed of a large increase of forces opposite Reynolds, and before noon the Confederates gave evidence of intention to cross the river at Meadow Bridge and Mechanicsville, while from our cavalry scouts along the Virginia Central Railroad came reports of the approach from the north of large masses of troops.

Thus the attitude of the two armies towards each other was changed. Yesterday, McClellan was rejoicing over the success of his advance towards Richmond. He was still assured of McDowell's junction. To-day, all the united available forces in Virginia were to be thrown against his right flank, which was not in a convenient position to be supported.

The prizes now to be contended for were: on the part of McClellan, the safety of his right wing, protection behind his intrenchments with the possibility of being able to remain there, and the giving of sufficient time to enable him to effect a change of base to the James; on the part of Lee, the destruction of McClellan's right wing, the drawing him from his intrenchments and attacking him in front, and thus to raise the siege of Richmond.

BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

THE morning of Thursday, June 25th, dawned clear and bright, giving promise that the day would be a brilliant one. The formation of the ground south of the Chickahominy opposite Mechanicsville, and west to Meadow Bridge, largely concealed from view the forces gathered to execute an evidently well-planned and well-prepared attack upon my command. For some hours, on our side of the river, the lull before the storm prevailed, except at Mechanicsville and at the two bridge-crossings. At these points our small outposts were conspicuously displayed for the purpose of creating an impression of numbers and of an intention to maintain an obstinate resistance. We aimed to invite a heavy attack, and then, by rapid withdrawal, to incite such confidence in the enemy as to induce incautious pursuit.

In the northern and western horizon vast clouds of dust arose, indicating the movements of Jackson's advancing forces. They were far distant, and we had reason to believe that the obstacles to their rapid advance, placed in their way by detachments sent for that purpose, would prevent them from making an attack that day. As before stated, we did not fear Lee alone; we did fear his attack, combined with one by Jackson, on our flank; but our fears were allayed for a day.

General McClellan's desire to make the earliest and quickest movements at that time possible, and his plans arranged for the accomplishment of that desire, as expressed to me, were substantially conveyed in the following dispatch of June 23d from his chief-of-staff:

"Your dispositions of your troops are approved by the commanding general. . . . If you are attacked, be careful to state as promptly as possible the number, composition, and position of the enemy. The troops on this side will be held ready either to support you directly or to attack the enemy in their front. If the force attacking you is large, the general would prefer the latter course, counting upon your skill and the admirable troops under your command to hold their own against superior numbers long enough for him to make the decisive movement, which will determine the fate of Richmond."

The position selected on Beaver Dam Creek for our line of defense was naturally very strong. The banks of the valley were steep, and forces advancing on the adjacent plains presented their flanks, as well as their front, to the fire of both infantry and artillery, safely posted behind intrenchments. The stream was over waist-deep and bordered by swamps. Its passage was difficult for infantry at all points, and impracticable for artillery, except at the bridge-crossing at Ellerson's Mill, and at the one above, near Mechanicsville.

Quite early in the day I visited General Reynolds, near the head of the creek, and had the best reasons not only to be contented, but thoroughly gratified, with the admirable arrangements of this accomplished officer, and to be encouraged by the cheerful confidence of himself and his able and gallant assistants, Seymour on his left, at Ellerson's Mill, and Simmons and Roy Stone in his front. Each of these officers commanded a portion of the Pennsylvania Reserves — all under the command of the brave and able veteran, McCall. These troops were about to engage in their first battle, and bore themselves then, as they did on trying occasions immediately following, with the cheerful spirit of the volunteer and the firmness of the veteran soldier — examples inspiring emulation in these trying "seven days' battles."

Part of the general details previously adopted was then ordered to be followed, and subsequently was enforced as near as practicable in all the battles in which my corps engaged: that under no circumstances should the men expose themselves by leaving their intrenchments, or other cover, merely to pursue a repulsed foe; nor, except in uneven ground, which would permit the fire of artillery to pass well over their heads, was infantry or cavalry to be posted in front of a battery, or moved so as to interfere with its fire. Bullet, shot, and shell were to be relied upon for both repulse and pursuit.

Sitting for hours near the telegraph operator at my quarters, prior to the attack, I listened to the constant and rapid "ticking" of his machine, and was kept informed, by the various intercommunicating messages at the headquarters of the army, of the condition of affairs in front of the three corps farthest to the left. Reports often came from them that the enemy's camps seemed to be largely deserted, confirming the information that the enemy had gathered in front of Franklin and myself. Yet, the following day, when I called for aid to resist the forces of Lee and Jackson at Gaines's Mill, known to be immensely superior to mine, the commanders of these three corps expressed the belief that

CONFEDERATE RETREAT THROUGH MECHANICSVILLE BEFORE ADVANCE OF McCLELLAN'S ARTILLERY, MAY 24TH. (FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME.)

[These buildings, together with one house to the left (not shown in the picture), compose the town. The view is from the east, and the retreat is in the direction of the Mechanicsville Bridge. This was a month before the battle of Mechanicsville.—EDITOR.]

they were about to be attacked by bodies larger than their own, and objected to detaching any part of their troops.

From the cavalry scouts of Farnsworth, Stoneman, and Cooke, whose forces stretched, in the order named, from Meadow Bridge north to the Pamunkey, reports came that Jackson was advancing slowly upon my flank. I was also informed that the departure of Jackson from northern Virginia was suspected, but not positively known, at Washington; but that at this critical moment no assistance whatever could be expected from that vicinity.

Perhaps at this time the Administration had been crippled by its own acts, and could not respond to General McClellan's calls for aid. About April 1st, when our army began active operations in the field and recruiting should have been encouraged, the enrollment of troops was ordered to be stopped. The War Governor of Pennsylvania, notably, disregarded this order. His foresight was afterwards recognized at Antietam, when he was able to render valuable assistance. In the month of June, however, the policy had begun to change, and the troops in northern Virginia were being placed in charge of an officer called to Washington "to take command of Banks and Frémont, perhaps McDowell, take the field against Jackson, and eventually supersede McClellan." At the day the order was issued, June 27th, however, there was no enemy confronting that officer — Jackson having disappeared from northern Virginia, and being in my front at Gaines's Mill.

About two o'clock P. M. on the 26th, the boom of a single cannon in the direction of Mechanicsville resounded through our camps. This was the signal which had been agreed upon, to announce the fact that the enemy were crossing the Chickahominy. The curtain rose; the stage was prepared for the first scene of the tragedy. At once tents were struck, wagons packed and sent to the rear to cross to the right bank of the Chickahominy. The several divisions were promptly formed, and took the positions to which they had previously been assigned. General McCall assumed command at Beaver Dam Creek; Meade joined him, taking position behind Seymour; Martindale and Griffin, of Morell's division, went, respectively, to the right and rear of Reynolds; Butterfield was directed to support General Cooke's, and subsequently Martindale's right, while Sykes was held ready to move wherever needed. Reynolds and Seymour prepared for action, and concealed their men.

About three o'clock, the enemy, under Longstreet, D. H. and A. P. Hill, in large bodies commenced rapidly to cross the Chickahominy, almost simultaneously at Mechanicsville, Meadow Bridge, and above, and pushed down the left bank, along the roads leading to Beaver Dam Creek. In accordance with directions previously given, the outposts watching the access to the crossings fell back after slight resistance to their already designated position on the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek, destroying the bridges as they retired. (See map on page 300.)

After passing Mechanicsville the attacking forces were divided, a portion taking the road to

Ellerson's Mill, while the larger body directed their march into the valley of Beaver Dam Creek, upon the road covered by Reynolds. Apparently unaware, or regardless, of the great danger in their front, this force moved on with animation and confidence, as if going to parade, or engaging in a sham battle. Sudress. Seymour's direct and Reynolds's flank fire soon arrested them and drove them to shelter, suffering even more disastrously than those who had attacked Reynolds. Late in the afternoon, greatly strengthened, they renewed the attack with spirit and energy, some reaching the borders of the stream, but

UNION ARTILLERY AT MECHANICSVILLE SHELLING CONFEDERATE WORKS SOUTH OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

[This sketch was made at the time — several days before the beginning of the Seven Days' Battles. It is here given to indicate the topography of the neighborhood. The road to Richmond crosses the stream by the Mechanicsville Bridge, the half-dozen houses composing the town being to the left of the ground occupied by the battery. It was by this road that the troops of D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's divisions crossed to join Jackson and A. P. Hill in the attack upon the right of McClellan's army. — EDITOR.]

denly, when half-way down the bank of the valley, our men opened upon it rapid volleys of artillery and infantry, which strewed the road and hill-side with hundreds of dead and wounded, and drove the main body of the survivors back in rapid flight to and beyond Mechanicsville. So rapid was the fire upon the enemy's huddled masses clambering back up the hill, that some of Reynolds's ammunition was exhausted, and two regiments were relieved by the Fourth Michigan and Fourteenth New York of Griffin's brigade. On the extreme right a small force of the enemy secured a foothold on the east bank, but it did no harm, and retired under cover of darkness.

The forces which were directed against Seymour at Ellerson's Mill made little progonly to be repulsed with terrible slaughter, which warned them not to attempt a renewal of the fight. Little depressions in the ground shielded many from our fire, until, when night came on, they all fell back beyond the range of our guns. Night put an end to the contest.

The Confederates suffered severely. All night the moans of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded reached our ears. Our loss was only about 250 of the 5000 engaged, while that of the Confederates was nearly 2000 out of some 10,000 attacking.*

General McClellan had joined me on the battle-field at an early hour in the afternoon. While we discussed plans for the immediate future, influenced in our deliberations by the gratifying results of the day, numerous and

* Union forces engaged, eleven regiments, six batteries. Confederate forces engaged, twenty-one regiments, eight batteries. — F. J. P.

* According to the official returns the total Union loss at Mechanicsville was 361, but little more than that of the Forty-fourth Georgia alone (335). The Confederate loss, exclusive of Field's and Anderson's brigades and of the batteries, is reported at 1589. General Longstreet is quoted by Mr. William Swinton as his authority for putting the aggregate at "between three and four thousand." ("Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," p. 145.) — EDITOR.

unvarying accounts from our outposts and scouts toward the Pamunkey warned us of the danger impending on the arrival of Jackson, and necessitated a decision as to which side of the Chickahominy should be held in force. He, however, left me late at night, about one A. M. (27th), with the expectation of receiving information on his arrival at his own headquarters, from the tenor of which he would be enabled to decide whether I should hold my present position or withdraw to a well-selected and more advantageous one east of Gaines's Mill, where I could protect the bridges across the Chickahominy, over which I must retire if compelled to leave the left bank. He left General Barnard, of the Engineers, with me, to point out the new line of battle in case he decided to withdraw me from Beaver Dam Creek. The orders to withdraw reached me about three o'clock A. M., and were executed as rapidly as possible.

GAINES'S MILL, OR THE CHICKAHOMINY.

THE position selected for the new stand was east of Powhite Creek, about six miles from Beaver Dam Creek. The line of battle was semicircular, the extremities being in the valley of the Chickahominy, while the intermediate portion occupied the high grounds along the bank of a creek and curved around past McGee's to Elder Swamp. Part of the front was covered by the ravine of the creek. The east bank was lined with trees and underbrush, which afforded concealment and protection to our troops and artillery.

From the point where the line of the creek turns suddenly to the east, the front was a series of boggy swamps covered extensively with tangled brush. Near McGee's and beyond, the ground, elevated and drier, was filled with ravines swept by our artillery and infantry, who were covered by depressions in the ground. The high land embraced within the semicircle was cleared ground, but undulating, and often, with the aid of fences and ditches, giving concealment and cover, breast high, to both infantry and artillery.

Before sunrise of the 27th the troops were withdrawn from Beaver Dam Creek and sent to their new position east of Powhite Creek, destroying the bridges across it after them.

Some batteries and infantry skirmishers, left as a ruse at Beaver Dam Creek, by their fire so fully absorbed the attention of the foe that our purpose suddenly and rapidly to abandon the intrenchments seemed unsuspected. But when they discovered our withdrawal, their infantry pressed forward in small detachments, the main body and the artillery being delayed to rebuild the bridges. Seymour's brigade, the last to start, under its skillful commander, with Tidball's and Robertson's well-managed Horse Batteries on its flanks, kept the enemy at a respectful distance and enabled all horse, foot and artillery, wagons and wounded, to reach, with little loss, their designated posts in the new position; my brave and efficient aide, Lieutenant Weld, however, was taken prisoner.

The siege guns were safely removed by hand from the works overlooking New Bridge and taken to the south bank of the Chickahominy, where, protected by Franklin's corps, they were posted and used with damaging effect upon the enemy as they advanced that afternoon to attack the left of our line.

Our new line of battle was well selected and strong, though long and requiring either more troops to man it than I had, or too great a thinning of my line by the use of the reserves. The east bank of the creek, from the valley of the Chickahominy to its swampy sources, was elevated, sloping, and timbered. The bed of the stream was nearly dry, and its west bank gave excellent protection to the first line of infantry posted under it to receive the enemy descending the cleared field sloping to it. The swampy grounds along the sources of the creek were open to our view in front for hundreds of yards, and were swept by the fire of infantry and artillery. The roads from Gaines's Mill and Old Cold Harbor, along which the enemy were compelled to advance, were swept by artillery posted on commanding ground.

Along the ground thus formed and close to its border were posted the divisions of Morell and Sykes — the latter on the right — Martin's Massachusetts Battery between — each brigade having in reserve, immediately in its rear, two of its regiments. Sections or full batteries of the Division artillery were posted to sweep the avenues of approach, and the fields on which these avenues opened. Wherever possible and useful, guns were placed between brigades and on higher ground, in front or rear, as judgment dictated. The unemployed guns were in reserve with their divisions. Batteries of Hunt's Reserve Artillery were in rear of the left, covered by timber from view of the enemy, but ready to move at a moment's call, or from their stand to pour their irresistible fire into the enemy's face in case they broke our line.

McCall's division formed a second line, near the artillery in reserve, in rear of Morell, and immediately behind the woods on the left. Reynolds, the first to leave Beaver Dam Creek, had gone to Barker's Mill to cover the approaches from Cold Harbor and Dispatch Station to Grapevine Bridge; but hearing the battle raging on our left, and having no enemy in his front,

UNION DEFENSES AT ELLERSON'S MILL. (DRAWN BY CHARLES KENDRICK FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

while Emory of Cooke's cavalry, with artillery, was near at hand to do the duty assigned to him, he hastened to join McCall, arriving opportunely in rear of Griffin's left.

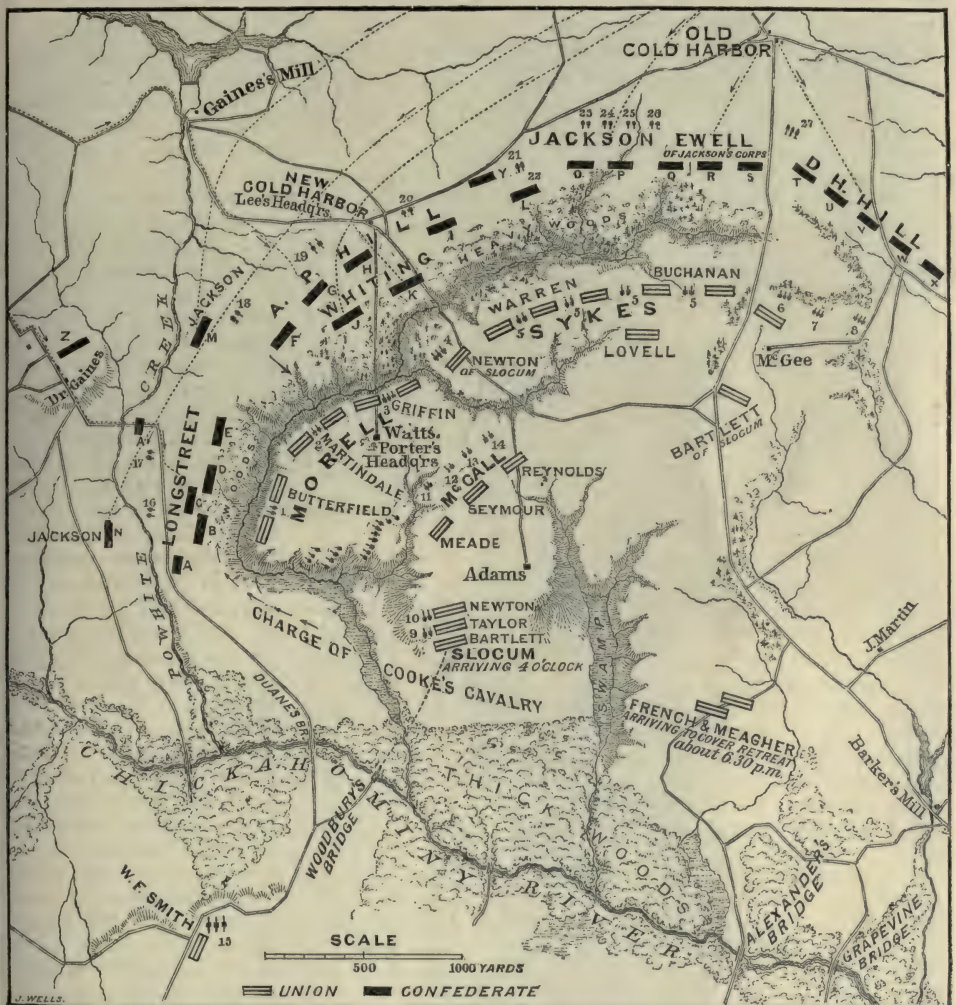
General Cooke was instructed to take position, with cavalry, under the hills in the valley of the Chickahominy — there with the aid of artillery to guard our left flank. He was especially enjoined to intercept, gather, and hold all stragglers, and under no circumstances to leave the valley for the purpose of coming upon the hill held by our infantry, or pass in front of our line on the left. Stoneman's detachment of cavalry and infantry, miles to the north, was no longer available. Fearing it might be cut off by Jackson, I sent Stoneman word to make his way as best he could to White House, and in proper time to rejoin the army — wherever it might be.

Believing my forces too small to defend successfully this long line, I asked General Barnard, when he left me, to represent to General McClellan the necessity of reënforcements to thicken and to fill vacant spaces in my front line. He himself promised me axes. This was my first request for aid, but none came in response. The axes did not arrive till near dark, and were useless — but with the few obtained early in the day from the artillery, and in the little time at command, trees were felled along a small portion of our front, and useful barriers were erected, which were filled in with rails and knapsacks.

While withdrawing from Beaver Dam, I had seen to my delight Slocum's division of Franklin's corps crossing the river to my assistance. McClellan had promised to send it, and I needed it; it was one of the best divisions of the army. Its able, experienced, and gallant commander and his brave and gifted subordinates had the confidence of their well-trained soldiers. They were all worthy comrades of my well-tried and fully trusted officers, and of many others on that field, subsequently honored by their countrymen. But to our disappointment, through some misunderstanding, the division was almost immediately recalled to Franklin. In response, however, to a later call, it returned at a time when it was greatly needed, and rendered invaluable services.

I fixed my headquarters at first at the Adams house; but early in the battle that locality became a hospital, and I advanced to the Watts house, on more elevated ground, whence I could see the greater part of the field and communicate readily with all parts of it.

Thus far, it will be seen, all plans were defensive; I had reason to believe that the enemy largely outnumbered me — three to one. Evidently it was their plan and their policy to crush me, if possible. Their boldness and confidence, I might add incaution, if not imprudence and rashness in exposure and attack,



MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GAINES'S MILL, SHOWING APPROXIMATELY THE POSITIONS OF INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY ENGAGED. (THE TOPOGRAPHY FROM THE OFFICIAL MAP.)

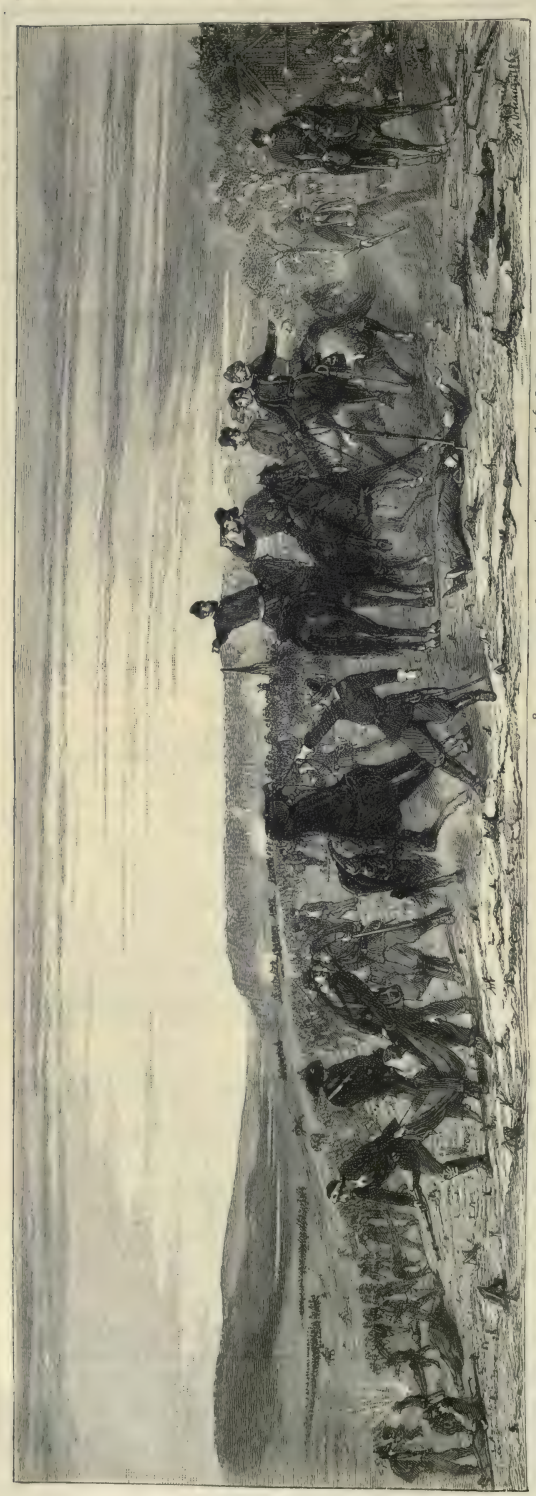
Confederate brigades: A, A, Anderson (R. H.); B, Wilcox; C, Featherston; D, Pryor; E, Pickett; Z, Kemper; F, G, H, J, L, Y, line of A. P. Hill's six brigades at the opening of the battle, as follows: Archer, Field, Anderson (J. R.), Branch, Gregg, Pender; I, K, Hood and Law (Whiting's division of Jackson's corps, replacing Archer, Field, Anderson); M, N, O, P, Jackson's old division, as follows: Fulkerson (Third Va.), Cunningham (Second Va.), Lawton, and Winder; Q, R, S, Seymour, Trimble, and Elzey; T, U, V, W, X, line at first: Ripley, Colquitt, Rodes, Anderson (G. B.), Garland. General directions of approach are indicated by dotted lines.

Union batteries: 1, Allen; 2, 3, Weeden; 4, Martin; 5, 5, 5, 5, Edwards; 6, Weed; 7, Tidball; 8, Kingsbury; 9, Hexamer; 10, Upton; 11 12, 13, 14, Kerns, Easton, DeHart, Cooper; 15, Diederich, Knieriem, and Tyler; also Voegelee, Smead, Porter, and Robertson. Total, 124 guns.

Confederate batteries: 16, 17, 18, Longstreet's artillery; 19, Braxton; 20, Pegram; 21, Johnson; 22, Crenshaw; 23, Pelham; 24, Brockenbrough; 25, Carrington; 26, Courtney; 27, Bondurant; also other guns not here indicated.

At 2 o'clock P. M., after a sharp engagement between Gaines's Mill and New Cold Harbor, A. P. Hill made the first severe attack on the Union center and left, and after two hours' fighting was repulsed in such disorder that Longstreet was ordered up to relieve the pressure by a feint on the right, which he converted into an attack in force. Thus, up to four o'clock, the Confederate assault was mainly on the Union left center and left. About this hour D. H. Hill's division got fully into action, and Jackson's corps (consisting of Ewell's, Whiting's, and Jackson's divisions) was thrown in where needed from the direction of Old Cold Harbor. Major Dabney, Jackson's chief-of-staff, in a letter to General Hill, thus describes the movements of Jackson's corps: "The column," he says, "came on the eastern extension of Gaines's Mill road at Old Cold Harbor, and passing the old tavern a little way, soon ran afoul of McClellan's right wing, with infantry and artillery in position. Your division had taken the lead, and became, therefore, the left of our whole line of battle. Jackson put Ewell in position on your right. He seemed to think that A. P. Hill was to drive the enemy into his corps. But in a little while the state of the firing convinced him that Porter 'didn't drive worth a cent,' and he bestirred himself to let out his full strength. Then it was that, after ordering Ewell's advance, he wheeled on me and began to give instructions about putting in his six other brigades, which were then standing idle in the road by which we had come. I sent them in from left to right *en échelon*, each brigade to support its left-hand neighbor, and to move to the sound of the firing. The strangest divergences, however, took place in consequence of the coppices and woods and lack of guides. Law and Hood kept the proper relation to Ewell's right, and thus helped A. P. Hill's beaten division, attacked the enemy's center or left center, and about 6 P. M. drove it in. But Lawton, bearing too much by his own left, unwittingly crossed Hood's line of march and reënforced Ewell—a most timely providence, for Ewell's line was about done for. The Second Virginia brigade seems to have borne as much too far to the right, and at last, near sunset, found themselves behind Longstreet's extreme right,—the brigade of R. H. Anderson, whom they assisted in driving the enemy. The Third Virginia brigade pushed up behind Longstreet's left, passing near Gaines's Mill, and near sunset participated in the victory. The Stonewall brigade, under Winder, bore too much to the left, and entered the fight on your right. Pickett's brigade, headed by the 'Old Ironsides' (Eighteenth Virginia), broke Porter's line just west of the Watts house." With regard to this break, General Law, in a letter to the Editor, says: "Whiting's division covered the ground on which J. R. Anderson's, Archer's, and Field's brigades had previously attacked. We passed over some of these men as we advanced to the assault. We carried the Federal line in our front, and Longstreet on our right, bringing up his reserves, again attacked and carried his front." At the last and successful advance the line from left to right was: Longstreet (Anderson, Pickett), Whiting (Hood and Law), Jackson (Winder and Lawton), Ewell (one or two brigades), and D. H. Hill (Rodes, Anderson and Garland). General Porter thinks the first break in his line was made by Hood from the direction indicated on the map by an arrow.

Of the Union reserves, McCall's division was put in on the line of Morell,—except a part of Reynolds's brigade, which went to the assistance of Warren; Slocum's division also went to the left,—except Bartlett's brigade, which was sent to the right of Sykes near the McGee house.—EDITOR.



THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, 1862, MADE FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION.)

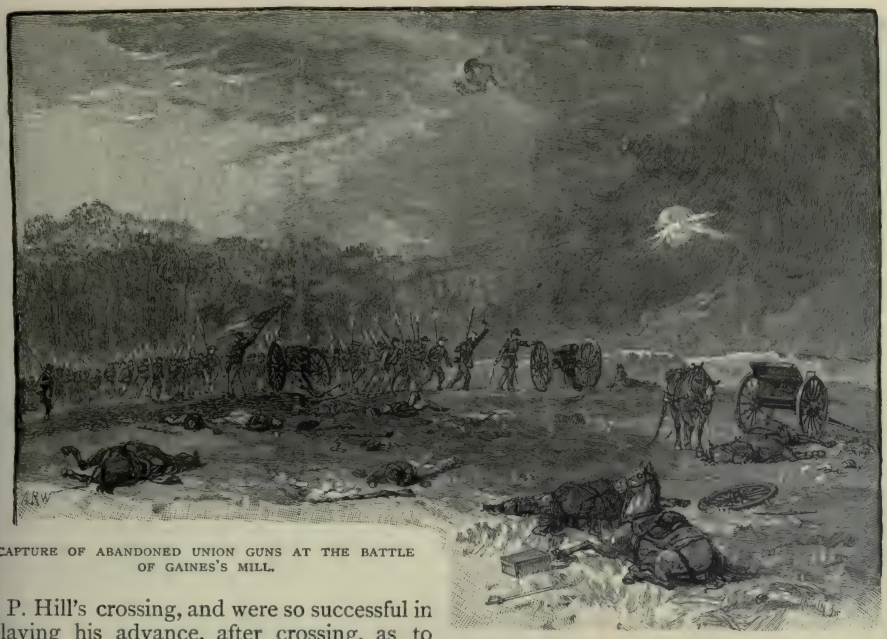
Persons represented: 1. Gen. F. J. Porter, 2. Gen. G. W. Morell, 3. Gen. George G. Meade (on horseback in the distance), and the following aides-de-camp: 4. Comte de Paris. 5. Col. Radowitz. 6. Major Hammerstein. 7. Duc de Chartres. 8. Capt. Mason.

[The view is from the left of the Federal position, looking in a north-westerly direction up the Chickahominy, shown at the left. The out-buildings (on the right) belonged to the Watts house, which, during the thick of the fight, was the headquarters of General Fitz John Porter. The wooded ravine in the center of the picture was the point of contact of this part of the opposing lines. The horsemen in the swampy bottom-lands are Cooke's Union cavalry, whose charge up the valley, and then by a right wheel to the front of the Union batteries, is referred to by General Porter on page 393. General Longstreet's extreme right did not extend out of the woods; his left reached to a point about two-thirds across the picture, where it joined A. P. Hill's and, later, Whiting's division.—EDITOR.]

confirmed my belief that at first they deemed the task an easy one.

I, however, determined to hold my position at least long enough to make the army secure. Though in a desperate situation if not reënforced, I was not without strong hope of some timely assistance from the main body of the army, with which I might repulse the attack and so cripple our opponents as to make the capture of Richmond by the main body of the army, under McClellan, the result of any sacrifice or suffering on the part of my troops or of myself. I felt that the life or death of the army depended upon our conduct in the contest of that day, and that on the issue of that contest depended an early peace or a prolonged, devastating war—for the Union cause could never be yielded. Our brave and intelligent men of all grades and ranks fully realized this, and thousands of them freely offered up their lives that day to maintain the sacred cause, which they had voluntarily taken up arms to defend to the last extremity.

The Confederates, under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, following us from Mechanicsville, moved cautiously by the roads leading by Dr. Gaines's house to New Cold Harbor, and by 2 P.M. had formed lines of battle behind the crest of the hills east of Powhite Creek. These lines were parallel to ours, and extended from the valley of the Chickahominy through New Cold Harbor around Morell's front, so as nearly to reach Warren's brigade—the left of Sykes's division. At Gaines's Mill, Cass's gallant Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers of Griffin's brigade obstinately resisted



CAPTURE OF ABANDONED UNION GUNS AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

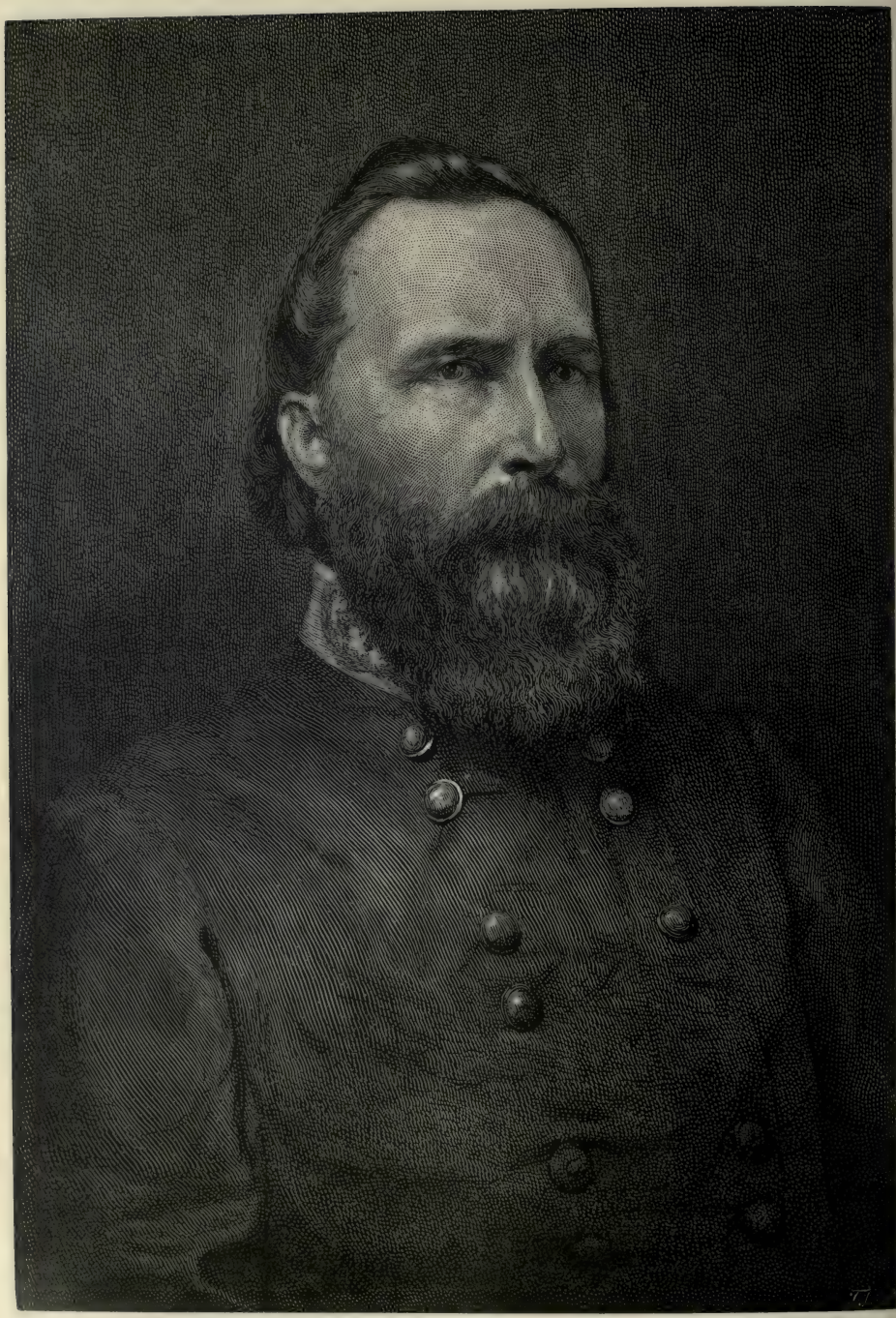
A. P. Hill's crossing, and were so successful in delaying his advance, after crossing, as to compel him to employ large bodies to force the regiment back to the main line. This brought on a contest which extended to Morell's center and over Martin's front,— on his right,— and lasted from 12:30 to near 2 o'clock — Cass and his immediate supports falling back south of the swamps. This persistent and prolonged resistance gave to this battle one of its well-known names.*

Another column of the enemy, D. H. Hill's, from Beaver Dam Creek, and Jackson's column, from northern Virginia, with which it had united, came opposite my right front from the direction of Old Cold Harbor and deployed, connecting with A. P. Hill's on the left and extending to our right beyond McGee's. The advance column of these troops came a little earlier than those under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, but were more cautious and for some hours not so aggressive. Believing that they were passing on down the river to intercept our communications, and thinking that I might strike them to good advantage while in motion, I asked permission to follow, intending to attack with Sykes's division and Emory of Cooke's cavalry, leaving Morell and McCall to hold the other lines in check. Information, however, soon poured in, convincing me that this force was larger than any I could use against them, and that still larger forces were forming to attack our left and center. This compelled me to keep my troops united and under cover, and also again to ask aid from the south bank of the Chickahominy. My first message to General McClellan was not delivered, as already stated; my second one was responded to by the speedy arrival of Slocum.†

Soon after two P. M., A. P. Hill's force, between us and New Cold Harbor, again began to show an aggressive disposition, independent of its own troops on its flanks, by advancing from under cover of the woods, in lines well formed and extending, as the contest progressed, from in front of Martin's battery to Morell's left. Dashing across the intervening plains, floundering in the swamps and struggling against the tangled brushwood, brigade after brigade seemed almost to melt away before the concentrated fire of our artillery and infantry; yet on others pressed, followed by supports as dashing and as brave as their predecessors, despite their heavy losses and the disheartening effect of having to clamber over many of their disabled and dead, and to meet their surviving comrades rushing back in great disorder from the deadly contest. For nearly two hours the battle raged, extending more or less along the whole line

* It is a curious fact that all the large engagements about Richmond in this campaign began after noon: Seven Pines about 1 o'clock; Mechanicsville from 3 to 4; Gaines's Mill at 12:30; Savage's Station at 4; White Oak Swamp at from 12 to 1; Glendale from 3 to 4; Malvern Hill after 1.— EDITOR.

† The forces in this battle were: Union, 50 regiments, 20 batteries (several of which were not engaged),— in all about 27,000 men; Confederate, 129 regiments, 19 batteries,— in all about 65,000.—F. J. P.



James Longstreet

to our extreme right. The fierce firing of artillery and infantry, the crash of the shot, the bursting of shells and the whizzing of bullets, heard above the roar of artillery and the volleys of musketry, all combined was something fearful, which only brave hearts, determined at all hazards to maintain the cause they deemed just, could withstand.

Regiments quickly replenished their exhausted ammunition by borrowing from their more bountifully supplied and generous companions. Some withdrew, temporarily, for ammunition, and fresh regiments took their places ready to repulse, sometimes to pursue, their desperate enemy, for the purpose of retaking ground from which we had been pressed and which it was necessary to occupy in order to hold our position.

The enemy were repulsed in every direction. An ominous silence reigned. It caused the inference that their troops were being gathered and massed for a desperate and overwhelming attack. To meet it, our front line was concentrated, reënforced, and arranged to breast the avalanche, should it come. I again asked for additional reënforcements. French and Meagher's brigades, of Sumner's corps, all that the corps commanders deemed they could part with, were sent forward by the commanding general, but did not arrive till near dark.

At 2 P. M., when I took my station beyond the Watts house, my anxieties and responsibilities had been substantially relieved, at least so far as related to the establishment of a line of battle, in which all engaged felt their power to resist attack. At that time the practicability of our defensive position, in charge of troops having implicit confidence in each other, had been demonstrated by the successful resistance for nearly two hours against the strong and persistent attacks upon our center and right. The troops were well shielded with their reserves within immediate call. Commanders of divisions, of brigades, and of batteries were in the midst of their men, all confident and determined to hold their posts to the utmost, to resist and drive back the enemy, prepared to call up their reserves, replenish ammunition and to communicate to me such needs as they could not fill, and to furnish all necessary information for my action. They had been left to their own judgment and energy, to determine in what manner they could accomplish the best results with the means at their command and with the least exposure.

From my post in advance of the Watts house, the field in front of Sykes was visible, and it was easily understood, by the sound of battle in the woods and by the fire of the enemy in his advance and repulse, that the center and left still remained solid and undisturbed. All available means were used by which I could be kept informed so that I could provide, in the best possible manner, for the many rapid changes and wants suddenly springing up. The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews — the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres — and Colonels Gantt, Radowitz, and Hammerstein, from the commanding general's staff, joined me as volunteer aides. Each of these, with my own staff, Locke, Kirkland, Mason, Monteith, and McQuade exposed themselves to danger, not only quickly and cheerfully carrying every message, but often voluntarily throwing themselves where needed to direct, to lead, to encourage, and to rally.

During the greater part of the afternoon, D. H. Hill's troops, in detachments, were more or less aggressive on the right. The silence which followed the repulse, already referred to, lasted but a short time. The renewed attacks raged with great fierceness and fury, with slight intermission, along the most of our front, till after five o'clock. Large and numerous bodies of infantry from the direction of Old Cold Harbor, under cover of artillery, directed their attacks upon Sykes's division and Martin's battery; others, from the west side of Powhite Creek, were hurled in rapid succession against Martindale and Butterfield. These furious attacks were successfully repelled, but were immediately renewed by fresh troops. McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves, as needed, were pushed as rapidly as possible into the woods, in support of Martindale and Griffin, whose brigades for a long time bore the brunt of the attacks and whose regiments were relieved as soon as their ammunition was expended. All our positions were held against enormous odds, and the enemy was driven back by our fresh troops, successively thrown into action. At each repulse they advance new troops upon our diminishing forces, and in such numbers and so rapidly that it appeared as though their reserves were inexhaustible. The action extended along our entire line. At four o'clock, when Slocum arrived, all our reserves were exhausted. His brigades were necessarily separated, and sent where most needed. Newton's brigade, being in advance, was led to the right of Griffin, there to drive back the enemy and retake ground only held by the enemy for an instant. Taylor's brigade filled vacant spaces in Morell's division, and Bartlett's was sent to Sykes, just in time to render invaluable service, both in resisting and attacking.

On the right, near McGee's, the enemy captured one of our batteries, which had been doing them great damage by enfilading their lines and preventing their advance. They

gained thereby a temporary foothold by advancing some infantry; but, prompt to act, General Sykes directed its recapture, and a regiment with arms shifted to the right shoulder, and moving at a double quick, was soon in possession of the prize, which again renewed its damaging blows. At times, the enemy on the right would gain an advantage, but in such a case our infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, would move immediately at a rapid gait and regain the lost ground. This occurred frequently in Sykes's command and in the brigades serving near it, all of which were, more or less, in exposed ground. Not less deserving of praise were the divisions of McCall, Morell, and Slocum in their stubborn resistance to the oft-repeated and determined onslaughts of their assailants, who vastly out-numbered them.

About 6:30, preceded by a silence of half an hour, the attack was renewed all along the line with the same apparent determination to sweep us by the force of numbers from the field, if not from existence. The result was evidently a matter of life or death to our opponent's cause. This attack, like its predecessors, was successfully repulsed throughout its length. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the result seemed so favorable that I began to cherish the hope that the worst that could happen to us would be a withdrawal after dark, without further injury — a withdrawal which would be forced upon us by the exhausted condition of our troops, greatly reduced by casualties, without food, and with little ammunition.

As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us, and the woods were filled with smoke, limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and re-formed regiments, and threw them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. In preparation for defeat, should it come, I had posted artillery in large force just in rear of our center and left, ready for any emergency — and especially to be used against a successful foe, even if his destruction involved firing upon some of our own retreating troops,as might have been necessary. The attacks, though coming like a series of apparently irresistible avalanches, had thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack we successfully resisted, driving back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance, near the center of Morell's line, where by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle our line was penetrated and broken; this at a point where I least expected it. This was naturally the weakest point of our line, owing to the closer proximity of the woods held by the enemy. Under this cover they could form, and with less exposure in time and ground than elsewhere, and launch their battalions in quick succession upon our men. I believed I had guarded against the danger by strongly and often reënforcing the troops holding this part of the line. Here the greater part of McCall's and Slocum's forces were used. Just preceding this break, to my great surprise, I saw cavalry, which I recognized as ours, rushing in numbers through our lines on the left, and carrying off with sudden fright the limbers of our artillery, then prepared to pour their irresistible fire into a pursuing foe. With no infantry to support, and with apparent disaster before them, such of the remainder of these guns as could be moved were carried from the field; some deliberately, others in haste, but not in confusion.

In no other place was our line penetrated or shaken. The right, seeing our disaster, fell back united and in order, but were compelled to leave behind two guns the horses of which had been killed. The troops on the left and center retired, some hastily, but not in confusion, often turning back to repulse and pursue the advancing enemy.* All soon rallied in rear of the Adams house behind Sykes and the brigades of French and Meagher sent to our aid, and who now, with hearty cheers, greeted our battalions as they retired and re-formed. We lost in all twenty-two cannon; some of these broke down while we were withdrawing, and some ran off the bridges at night while we were crossing to the south bank of the Chickahominy. The loss of the guns was due to the fact that some of Cooke's cavalry which had been directed to be kept, under all circumstances, in the valley of the Chickahominy, had been sent to resist an attack of the enemy upon our left. The charge, executed in the face of a withering fire of infantry and in the midst of our heavy cannonading, as well as that of

* We are informed by Colonel Auchmuty, then assistant adjutant-general of Morell's division, that there was no running or panic when the line broke. The men fell back in small groups, turning and firing as they went, and carrying many of the wounded with them. On the crest of the hill in the rear of the line of battle a stand was made, and from that point regimental organizations were preserved. Near the close of the war General Griffin said to Colonel Auchmuty that he regarded Gaines's Mill as the hardest-fought battle in his experience.

The same officer informs us that after the line of battle had been formed in the morning and while the attack was momentarily expected, the mail arrived from the North, and the newsboys went along the line crying the New York and Philadelphia papers.— EDITOR.

the enemy, resulted, as should have been expected, in confusion. The bewildered and uncontrollable horses wheeled about, and dashing through the batteries, satisfied the gunners that they were charged by the enemy. To this alone I always attributed the failure on our part to longer hold the battle-field and to bring off all our guns in an orderly retreat. Most unaccountably this cavalry was not used to cover our retreat or gather the stragglers, but was peremptorily ordered to cross to the south bank of the river.* I never again saw their commander.

At night I was called to General McClellan's headquarters, where the chiefs of corps, or their representatives, were gathered. The commanding-general, after hearing full reports, was of the opinion that the final result would be disastrous if we undertook longer to hold the north bank of the river with my command in the condition in which it was left by a hard fight and the loss of rest for two nights. In this opinion all concurred; and I was then instructed to withdraw to the south bank and destroy the bridges after me. The plans to move to the James River were then explained, together with the necessity for the movement, and the orders were given for the execution of those plans.†

My command was safely withdrawn to the south bank of the river, and the bridges were destroyed soon after sunrise on the 28th.

The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, were on the field as volunteer aides-de-camp, actively engaged in encouraging the men, carrying messages, and performing other duties of aides. Each of these officers was in the midst of flying musket-balls, and was liable to be struck at any moment.‡ At one time the Comte de Paris, regardless of himself, begged me to send his uncle to General McClellan with a message which would at once and permanently remove him from the dangers of the battle, since the family interests at stake were too important to permit him to be so exposed. I had shortly before asked Colonel Gantt, another of McClellan's aides, to hasten to that general and hurry up reënforcements, as our lines would soon be broken. The danger was now imminent, and I asked the Prince to carry the same message, telling him that he was selected because of the speed of his horse. He turned as if to go, and I went to attend to the field. Soon the Comte returned, with tears in his eyes, and with choking utterance, expressive of his care and affection, begged me again to send away his uncle. This also I did. Scarcely had the Prince left the second time when our cavalry fell back on us as I have related, our line was broken, and our artillery rendered unserviceable. The Prince and Colonel Gantt afterwards told me that they did not leave, as I had directed, because all seemed favorable to us, and they thought I could not be in earnest or that I had greatly misjudged the situation. This shows how sudden the tide may turn in battle and on what little incidents success may depend.

The forces arrayed against us, and especially those which had thus far been launched upon my command, were the chosen of Southern manhood from Maryland to Texas. No braver or more spirited body of men was to be found among the Confederates, or any who more strongly believed in their own invincibility.§ Their general officers, from the chief down, had been selected for earnest devotion to their cause, and well-earned reputation for intelligent and energetic performance of duty in other fields. With few exceptions they had been my personal friends, and many of them my intimate associates. In the varied relations to them as subaltern, as instructor, as academical and regimental comrade, in social life, as competitor for honors in war and in garrison life, and engaged in watching those performing trying duty in Kansas, Utah, and elsewhere, I learned to know them well in all their qualifications, and to respect their decision under conviction of duty, when, to my regret, they left the cause of the Union.

Notwithstanding my friendship, my personal regard for these old friends and former comrades, which never varied, it was my duty to oppose them, when arrayed against the Union, to the utmost. At the earliest moment, when separation was attempted, and afterwards, my efforts were continuously directed against the success of their cause. One of the results of those efforts was manifested on this

* See "War of the Rebellion — Official Records," Vol. XI., Part II., pp. 43, 223, 273, 282.— F. J. P.

† At Gaines's Mill the Union loss was: Killed, 894; wounded, 3107; missing, 2836 — total, 6837, or one in four engaged. On the Confederate side the losses of Jackson, Ewell, Whiting, and D. H. Hill were: Killed, 589; wounded, 2671; missing, 24 — total, 3284. Of these, Whiting (*i. e.*, Hood's and Law's brigades) lost 1017. The losses of A. P. Hill and Longstreet for this battle are not reported separately, but a safe estimate from their losses in the campaign would probably bring the total considerably beyond the Union loss, that of the killed and wounded certainly much higher. Almost the whole of two Union regiments, the Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Fourth New Jersey, were captured.— EDITOR.

‡ See "The Princes of the House of Orleans," by General McClellan, in THE CENTURY for February, 1884.

§ The known presence of President Davis and General Lee, to oversee, direct, encourage, and urge, was another influential power in favor of the Confederates in this movement.— F. J. P.

battle-field. I was enabled, after great labor and care, to meet these friends and comrades in command of men, than whom there could be none more intelligent, better disciplined, braver, more confiding in each other, and more determined on success. They embraced soldiers from Maine, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and all New England—together with all the regular army, then at the East, from all parts of the country. Their commanders were not excelled by those in any other corps in ability, experience, or reliability; they had the highest confidence in each other, in the army, and in their own men, and were fully competent to oppose their able adversaries.

I have said we did not fear Lee alone at Beaver Dam Creek. Nor, though anxious, did we fear the combined attack of Lee and Jackson at Gaines's Mill. Defeat to us was necessarily great damage to them. Our flanks were secure and could not be turned; though fewer in numbers, the advantages of our position, combined with the firm discipline of our own brave men, overcame the odds. Our adversaries were forced to meet us face to face. All day they struggled desperately for success, and near night, after fearful destruction, broke our line at one point, just at a time when a most unforeseen mismanagement on our part aided to crown their labors with possession of the field. Still, our confidence was not broken; and, as we shall see in a succeeding paper, under like circumstances victory crowned our arms with success against the same opponents, strongly reënforced, at Malvern Hill.

Fitz John Porter.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Sawing out a Channel above Island Number Ten.

THE Engineer Regiment of the West was an organization composed of twelve full companies of carefully selected workmen, chiefly mechanics, and officered by men capable of directing such skilled labor. Most of the officers and about six hundred of the men were engaged in the operations about New Madrid and Island Number Ten; to them should be given the credit of the success of the engineering operations of that campaign. In order to do this and to correct some erroneous impressions, I yield to the request of the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to give a brief account of the opening of the so-called "canal" above Island Number Ten, a work which was executed under my personal and general direction. In all the operations of that regiment I am not aware that any of its officers ever made a report beyond a verbal notification to the general in command that the work required of it was done. This narrative is therefore made entirely from memory, aided by reference to letters written to my family and not intended for publication.

MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI AT ISLAND NO. 10.
Showing (corrected) line of the channel cut by the Engineer Regiment.

It is perhaps proper to state here that the term "canal," as used in all the letters and reports relating to the opening of this waterway, conveys an entirely wrong idea. No digging was done except by way of slightly widening a large break in the levee, and those officers who speak of the men as "working waist-deep in the water" knew nothing at all of the matter.

The enemy held Island Number Ten and the left bank opposite, and the same bank from New Madrid down to Tiptonville, a ridge of high land between the back swamp and the river.* In rear of their positions was Reelfoot Lake and the overflow, extending from above them to a point below Tiptonville. Escape by land was impossible, the right bank below New Madrid and that town being occupied by General Pope. The gun-boats under Foote held the river above, and our heavy batteries commanded the only place of debarkation below. Having accomplished this much, the problem for General Pope to solve was to cross his army to make an attack, for which purpose he judged that two gun-boats, to be used as ferry-boats, would be sufficient. The general stood with me on the parapets of Fort Thompson (just captured) and pointed out his whole plan; and he was so confident that his letter to Foote would bring the boats that he directed me to go back to the fleet at Island Number Eight by dug-out across the overflow, and come down with them past the batteries, and a set of private signals was arranged between us then and there for use upon their appearing in sight.

I reached the flag-ship in the afternoon about dark, and that evening Foote called together all his com-

* The reader is presumed to be acquainted with the fuller map of the operations here referred to, printed on page 441 of the January CENTURY, with Admiral Walke's paper on the Western Flotilla. The above map shows the course of the channel as corrected by Col. Bissell.—ED.

manders in council. One or two wanted to run the blockade, but the commodore flatly refused. He explained that his boats, since they were armored solely about the bows, were invincible fighting up-stream, but fighting down-stream were of little account; and that if one of them should be boarded and captured, she could be turned against us, and could whip the whole fleet and place Cairo, Louisville, and St. Louis at her mercy! One of the captains said that if he were allowed to go, he would stand in the magazine and blow the vessel out of water if the enemy got on board. Another, I think, was quite as emphatic, but Foote was firm.

I then, in a pleasant way, made a peremptory demand upon him for a gun-boat. As pleasantly, but still firmly, he refused; whereupon I started up, rather excited, and with considerable emphasis said: "General Pope shall have his boats, if I have to take them across the country."

The next day, with two of the tugs of the fleet, I explored the shore carefully on each side: first on the eastern shore, to see if the enemy were securely shut in, which I found to be the case; and then on the western, to see if St. James's Bayou, which emptied into the river seven miles above Island Number Eight, in any way communicated with St. John's Bayou, which debouched at New Madrid. Here I found no possible way across.

Early the next morning while standing on the levee, chagrined at my failure to obtain a gun-boat, and mindful of the strong language I had used before the officers of the fleet, and while waiting for the guide to get the dug-out ready to take me back to camp, I spied, directly opposite me across the submerged fields, an opening in the timber; and the thought flashed upon me that there was the place to take the transports through. This proved to be an old wagon-road extending half a mile into the woods; beyond and around was a dense forest of heavy timber. The guide said it was two miles to the nearest bayou. I asked him to make a map upon my memorandum-book, which he did, showing a straight cut to the first bayou and the general route of the bayous to New Madrid. This route we carefully explored, and I reached General Pope's headquarters about dark. When my report of the interview had reached Foote's refusal, the general gave vent to his disappointment and indignation. Some officer present making some suggestion about a "canal," I immediately pulled out my memorandum-book, and showing the sketch said the whole thing was provided for, and that I would have boats through in fourteen days.*

General Pope then gave me an order on the authorities at Cairo for steamboats and anything the regiment might need. That evening Captain Tweddale, Lieutenant Randolph, and I sat up till a late hour arranging all the details, including barges to be fitted with heavy artillery to be used as gun-boats, and the next morning they started with one hundred men for Cairo, to meet me at Island Number Eight with all the materials they could get the first day. Other officers and men started by the same route daily, until the 600 men of my force had returned, and my stock of supplies was complete. I returned in the dug-out through the selected channel, and in due time found at the proposed starting-point four stern-wheel steamboats, drawing thirty to thirty-six inches of water, and six large coal-barges, besides one columbiad, three large siege-guns with carriages and ammunition, saws, lines, and all kinds of tools and tackle in great quantities, and fully two million feet of timber and lumber.

The way through the submerged corn-field and the half-mile of road was easy enough, but when we reached the timber the labor of sawing out a channel commenced. The one steamer which had a powerful steam capstan was put in the lead, and the others having hand capstans were fastened single file in the rear, and then the six barges in like order, so that the progress of the first controlled all the others. Captain Tweddale took charge of the cutting in front, while Lieutenant Randolph was fitting up the improvised gun-boats astern. About three hundred men were assigned to each, and they worked in relays without the slightest intermission from daybreak until dark.

First of all, men standing on platforms on small rafts cut off the trees about eight feet above the water. As soon as a tree was down, another set of men, provided with boats and lines, adjusted about it a line which ran through a snatch-block and back to the steam capstan, and hauled it out of the way; thus a partial cut was made forward, the lines always working more than two hundred feet ahead of the capstan, so as to leave plenty of room for the saws. It took about four sets of lines to keep pace with twelve saws.

When the space about the stumps allowed sufficient room, a raft about forty feet long was lashed to a stump, and the saw set at work in a frame attached by a pivot and working in an arc as shown in the sketch—two men working the saw at opposite ends by a rope, and a fifth on the farther side of the tree guiding its teeth into the tree. Where the stumps were too close, or irregular, three yawl-boats were used instead of the raft. No trouble was experienced with the stumps a foot or less in diameter. With the larger ones it was different; the elms spread out so much at the bottom that the saw almost always would run crooked and pinch. If it commenced running up, we notched the top and set the frame farther in; if down, we put in powerful tackle, and pulled the top of the stump over.

Here was where the ingenuity of the officers and men was exercised: as the saws were working four and a half feet beneath the surface, and the water was quite turbid, the question was how to ascertain what was interfering with the saw, and then to apply the remedy. But I found Captain Tweddale equal to the most obstinate stump. I think two and a half hours was the longest time ever expended upon any one, while about that number of minutes would dispose of some small ones when the saw was ready. In all it took eight days to cut the two miles.

When we reached the bayous the hard and wet work began. The river had begun to fall, and the water was running very rapidly. We had to get rid of great drift heaps from the lower side with our machinery all on

* The Records of the War Department, which I have just seen for the first time, contain a letter from General Pope to me, which I never before heard of (dated the day I was on my way back from the gun-boat with the plan fully matured), asking if I could not dig a *canal*, a "mere ditch of a foot wide which the water of the river would soon wash out," from a point one mile above Island Number Ten to a point one mile below. That land was at this time ten feet under water.—J. W. B.

the upper side. Small pieces of drift would be disposed of by the yawl-boats, or a single line and snatch-block would take them right out; but sometimes a great swamp oak, three feet through, and as heavy as lignum vitæ, lying right across our channel a foot or so under water, would try our tackle. We had then to raise them up to the surface, and hold them there till they could be chopped in pieces. In one case it took eight lines from the four capstans to get one up.

In one of the bayous for about two miles the current was so swift that all the men who were out on logs, or in exposed places, had safety lines tied around them; and as the timber was slippery, some were indebted to these lines for their lives. During the whole work not a man was killed, injured, or taken sick.

While all this was being done in front of the boats, Lieutenant Randolph was at work with his detachment in the rear in improvising gun-boats to supply the lack of Foote's. The barges used were coal-barges, about eighty feet long and twenty wide, scow-shaped, with both ends alike. The sides were six inches thick, and of solid timber. The original plan was to use three of the steamboats with a barge on each side — the other steamer to be kept as a reserve. One columbiad and three thirty-two-pounders were mounted on platforms, and arrangements were made to use a considerable number of field-guns to be taken on board at New Madrid. Six hundred men of the Engineer Regiment, using one of the steamers with her two barges, were to land at break of day at the mouth of the slough about a mile below and opposite Fort Thompson, and with their intrenching tools dig a line of rifle-pits as soon as possible. About the same number of picked men were to be with them to help fight or dig, as occasion might require. The other two sections of the flotilla were to be filled with men, and landed just below, as best could be done when the resistance was developed. The reserve steamer with her men, not being incumbered with barges, could move rapidly and take advantage of any opening to land the force, which could by a flank movement aid any of the other parties; or if either of the other boats became disabled, it could help them along.

When about half-way through the channel, I left the flotilla and reported progress to General Pope. Upon a reëxamination of the ground from Fort Thompson, he concluded that it would be best to make the leading boat a fighting boat that could not be disabled. So he telegraphed to Cairo and St. Louis for a great number of coal-oil barrels. These arrived through the channel about the time the boats reached the lower end of St. John's Bayou. In the mean time the steamer to be used was so bulkheaded with lumber that her engines and boilers were secure from damage from field-artillery, and the forward part of the hull, which projected beyond the barges, was bulkheaded off and filled with dry rails, to keep her from being disabled. There were no heavy guns and few field-guns opposed to us at this point. Upon the arrival of the barrels they were laid in two tiers all over the bottoms of two barges; the interstices were filled with dry rails, the whole well secured in place by a heavy floor. No shot could reach the hull of the steamer through these, and no number of holes could sink the barge with all this buoyant matter. On the steamer and barges protection was prepared for a large number of sharp-shooters. Such a craft as that would have covered the debarkation of the Engineer Regiment, and protected them till they could dig rifle-pits and take care of themselves, and then it could have been used to cover the landing of the rest of the army.

The boats and barge gun-boats were kept concealed in the bayou, just back from New Madrid, for a day or two, till the soldiers could be prepared for the passage and attack. Meanwhile Foote concluded to risk the passage of the island with the *Carondelet* and afterward with the *Pittsburgh*, and the whole plan was changed; the gun-boats could move so much more rapidly that they were to silence the Confederate field-guns, while the transports, loaded with troops, could land wherever an opening could be found. The whole scheme was accomplished so successfully that I think not a man was killed or wounded, and the entire Confederate force surrendered. The barges were not used at all; nor did any of the Engineer Regiment cross: they were kept on the right bank, ready to be called in case of any disaster, which, fortunately, did not occur.

Several of the captured officers told me that after the gun-boats had run their batteries, nearly their

whole force was withdrawn from about Island Number Ten and kept concealed in the woods back of the practicable landing-places, and they were well prepared to pick off all the men that could possibly be landed from the gun-boats; the woods were so close to the bank that they probably could have done so; but when they saw the four transports, loaded with troops, steam out from the bayou, they knew that all hope was gone, and the word was given for each man to take care of himself. A few hundred did manage to make their way through the swamps in the rear, but the most of them quietly yielded to the inevitable. So well had the movement been concealed that they had not the least idea of what was being done.

When the boats were about half-way through, Thomas A. Scott, the Assistant-Secretary of War, came on board from the gun-boat fleet. After a suitable inspection of the work, he returned and telegraphed to President Lincoln from Cairo that Island Number Ten would be taken within a certain time — and it was.

J. W. Bissell.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Abetting the Enemy.

ONE of the most stubborn and discouraging evils of current politics is revealed in the notorious fact that the rascals in either party may count with confidence upon the moral support of a good share of the reputable men in the other party. To this depth does partisanship daily descend. The average party man regards party success as so much more important than the public welfare, that he is quite willing the State should suffer at the hands of his opponents, if by this means a point can be made against them in the next campaign. There are "good men" in each party ready to promote corruption and chicanery in the other party,— men who, if any nefarious deed is proposed by the worst of their opponents, do not shrink from quietly aiding and abetting the iniquity. If the miscreants cannot be openly assisted without incurring responsibility for their own party, they will at least refrain from open opposition, hoping for the success of evil schemes and rejoicing at their consummation. Is it too much to say that the average partisan wishes the State to be injured by every act of his opponents, exults when they go wrong, and ill conceals his vexation when anything is done by them for the benefit of the country?

Such conduct we might expect from those mercenaries who make politics a trade, and it would not be strange if each party contained a large number of ignorant and inconsiderate persons who would be governed by these petty motives; but one is sometimes appalled at the extent to which intelligent citizens have fallen under the sway of such pernicious passions. The prospect of reform in politics grows dim when we contemplate the tacit alliance so widely established between the respectable men of each party and the malefactors of the other.

It too often occurs that wise and beneficent measures, proposed by one party, are treated with captious and sneering criticism, and even defeated, by the other for purely partisan reasons. In one of the State legislatures, a few weeks ago, a measure was introduced looking toward the restriction of intemperance by a certain method. The party in opposition held a caucus to determine its own action upon the question. Several of the legislators expressed themselves as favoring the method proposed; they believed it to be the best method of dealing with the evil; but they readily agreed to oppose the measure before them, for the avowed reason that they would not help the party in power to do a good thing for the State. That party might gain some credit from the measure if it were adopted; and that party should gain no credit for patriotic action if they could help it. The measure, as they believed, would benefit the State, and the State was greatly suffering for some kind of legislation; but the State might continue to suffer; it should never be relieved by their opponents; no good should come to the State if they could help it, unless it came through their own party. This was exactly the purport of their reasoning. Inasmuch as the measure required a three-fifths vote, the minority were able to defeat it. The action of this caucus was reported in all the party organs, and the heroic conduct of these gentlemen who stood so firmly with their party, and who so nobly resisted the temptation to consider the welfare of the State, did not fail to receive its proper meed of praise. To none of these partisans did it appear that the men in question had acted otherwise than magnanimously; not a whisper of disapproval came from the ranks of their own party. Yet these men had violated the solemn obligation which they assumed in entering upon the duties of their office; they had deliberately done the State what they believed to be an injury in order that benefit might accrue to their political organization. The fact that such action should occur, and such considerations be openly urged at one of our great political centers, without exciting adverse comment, indicates in a somewhat striking manner the extent to which partisanship has degraded our politics.

Those partisans who rejoice over the blunders and sins of their opponents, and who deplore and obstruct their efforts to do well, have, of course, a reason for their conduct. They think that their own party practically monopolizes the virtue of the nation; that the other party is composed almost wholly of rogues; and that, therefore, patriotism is summed up in the support of their party. The good of the State is identified with the success of their party; if by abetting the evil-doing of their opponents they can maintain themselves in power, they will most effectually promote the public welfare. At the very best, then, these people are encouraging evil that good may come, and rejoicing in evil as a means of bringing good; this puts them into a class concerning whom we have high authority for saying that their "damnation is just."

But is not the notion too childish to be entertained by people of common sense, that either of the two great parties which so equally divide the voters of this

country contains all the integrity and purity of the nation? Can intelligent men of either party fail to see that there is a great deal of genuine patriotic purpose among their opponents? And is it not possible for people of fair common sense to rid themselves of partisan madness long enough to see that the country is best served by commending and supporting all that is good and opposing all that is evil on both sides. It is for the interest of the country that both parties should be incorrupt and trustworthy; he who wishes that only one party should possess any virtue is an enemy of his country.

He is equally an enemy of his party. Nothing is so good for a political party as an intelligent, sagacious, high-principled opposition. When one party lifts up its standards, the other party must hear and answer the challenge. On the other hand, the degradation of either party is an encouragement to its antagonist to relax its moral energies. The man who helps to smooth the way of his opponents toward iniquity may be sure that his own party will speedily follow in the same direction.

If consistency were a matter of great concern to partisans, it might also be pertinent to suggest that no great moral value can be attached to a protest against evil-doing at which the protestant has connived.

Great reforms are demanded in our politics, notably the complete reform of the civil service. There is good prospect of the success of some of these measures, if only decent men of both parties will stand up for decency and praise it wherever they see it, demanding and commending the thorough enforcement of the laws, whichever party is in power. If these reforms fail, the blame will lie at the doors of those otherwise highly moral and reputable citizens who prefer the success of their party to the welfare of their country.

The Causes of the Law's Delay.

THE remarks of a correspondent in the department of "Open Letters" seem to call for a further elucidation of the subject of "The Law's Delay." We shall not make much progress in alleviating the mischief indicated unless we recognize candidly at the outset that some delay, however burdensome, is necessary. The object of the law is to hear controversies for the purpose of ending them; and it must pause to hear them fully, if it is to end them finally. The rules of procedure, allowing opportunities for preparation and revision, are framed in view of the necessities made apparent by experience. They must in general be uniform for all causes in the same court.

But there are broader reasons why litigation must often move very slowly to its final conclusion. There are questions which are new, and on which a just conclusion can be developed or evolved only by years of contest. When railroads began to rival the watercourses as means of transportation, the question arose whether railroads must stop at navigable streams or navigation must stop at railroad bridges. To settle such a question for the continent is not in the power of any single decision. It is a question for the generation. It often occurs that the justice of a case is an unknown quantity; it has to be not merely ascertained, it has to be evolved, developed by a long contest. There are questions that ought not to be foreclosed until everything that can be said on either side has been heard and reheard, nor until time has matured the reflection and promoted the judgment of those who are to pass upon it. There are many questions of public interest litigated which are beyond the possibility of immediate solution by an argument and a decision; and many questions solely of private right involve the same consideration of time.

Having thus conceded the absolute necessity of much irksome delay in any system of human justice, we are the better prepared to emphasize the injustice of unnecessary delay, and to inquire for its causes. There is a considerable class of cases in which the delay that burdens one party is purposely put upon him by the other. Delay is often a defense, and sometimes the only defense. We do not mean to say that this is in no case justifiable. Every lawyer of experience is familiar with cases where delay has been the only means he has had to defeat claims founded in fraud or on the destruction of evidence. But it is clear that, in general, contest by causing delay is so mischievous an obstruction of justice, that the courts ought to be astute to detect it and prompt to suppress it.

Apart from those cases in which delay is the desire of the client, and is paid for by him, the interests of the profession lie generally in the reasonably prompt dispatch of business, and the early and final termination of the client's controversy. It is as great a mistake to suppose that in America the profession on the whole profit by delay, as to suppose that they profit by panics and bankruptcy. That which is the most profitable to the profession is the employment called for by the prosperity of clients, by the putting through of litigation, and by new business enterprises. There are more complaints now from attorneys than from clients concerning the long calendars of untried cases, and the delays in the hearing of appeals. And wherever one of several courts in the same locality clears off its calendar, attorneys flock into it with new cases, all preferring the tribunal where they can soonest have a hearing.

For some causes of unnecessary delay the profession are responsible; for some, the courts; and for some, the legislature and the people.

Chief among those for which the profession are responsible are the inadequate standard of practical training in preparation for the bar, and the neglect of attorneys to take proper counsel in the early stages of litigation. The conduct of litigation differs in a curious way from most other business that is the subject of criticism. If a man is about to build a house, he goes to the highest authority first, and has his plans and specifications drawn to the minute details; and the builder, the contractors, the journeymen, and the laborers are all guided by the lines thus laid out for them. If a man is going to law, he has to take the lowest court first, and perhaps looks about for a young attorney who will not charge much. After the work is done and judgment got, the adversary takes it before a higher court for inspection; older counsel are engaged to argue the case before the court of last resort; and if the work is declared to have been done on the wrong lines, it is taken to pieces, and must be done over again. The chief prevention for such miscarriages of justice is in a more thoroughly trained bar. Too much emphasis can hardly be put upon this.

There should also be a more general adoption by the younger portion of the profession of the growing usage of consulting counsel as to the initiatory steps in all cases which may involve or raise doubtful questions. The counsel consulted should always be the one who is to try the case or argue the law, if need arises; and the expense of taking such advice is trivial to client or attorney as compared with the assurance of success it gives.

Among the causes for which the bench appears responsible is a lack of systematic attention and of promptness in determination. The judges are certainly the hardest-worked class of office-holders,— except members of Congress in session, and even they can "pair off." The vacations between terms are not more than is needed for the examination of the law. A judge, to keep abreast of the times, must read about as much law in a year as a student in a law school, besides attending to his duty as a judge. But many judges who use their time fully do not use it to good advantage. When a judge who has the case fully before him allows himself to be turned aside from attention to it by the pressure of a later cause, he is only accumulating uncertainty and confusion of mind. A judge, to be a success, must have something of the talent at least, if not of the genius, of a governor, a commander, a ruler among men. Nothing breeds more rapidly than procrastination. Judicial procrastination propagates itself in the judicial mind; for every undecided cause is an obstacle to every other cause, and at last the mind itself becomes characteristically an undecided mind.

The neglect of thorough consultation by members of an appellate court is a fruitful cause of uncertainty in decisions, and hence of delay. If appellate courts would adopt one simple rule as to opinions, their labors would be much diminished, the value of the results much increased, and the respect their decisions command indefinitely enhanced, viz.: never to allow an opinion to be written until the court in consultation have determined on their decision, and on the reasons therefor; nor then, if those reasons can be fairly expressed by approving the opinion of the court below. The opinions of a court of last resort, to be respected in these days, must be not essays or arguments of one member, assented to by others, nor opinions written to avoid giving offense to counsel by implying that there was nothing to appeal for; but terse statements of the law applicable to the controversy, and the reasons of the law, in those cases, and those only, where the courts below have erred in their conclusion, or in the reasons for their conclusion.

The most serious causes of delay are those for which the legislatures and the people at large are responsible. A little examination will suffice to show that the indisposition of the people to provide an adequate judicial force has kept the judicial department of the government far behind the legislative, executive, and administrative branches in ability to keep up with business. The business of the courts increases faster than the population, in a sort of geometrical ratio, and the pecuniary amounts involved, too, are vastly larger than at the organization of the government; but the judicial force has been increased not half in proportion to the population. A comparison of a year's work of the Supreme Court of the United States then and now will show something of the immense increase of labor which has characterized the growth of litigation, outrunning the force of the courts. On the other hand, the multiplication of offices, and the subdivision of labor and abundant provision of resources for the prompt transaction of business in all other departments of the State, contrast very strongly with the simple addition to the number of our judges. The difficulty is made far more embarrassing by the fact that the increase of provision for appeals is even less adequate than that for the courts of first instance. At the organization of the government there were in the whole country seventy-three judges, state and national, the importance of whose jurisdictions was sufficient to make their decisions a part of the body of the law, and therefore reported and respected as precedents. A very considerable proportion of these sat in courts of last resort. There are now over five hundred and thirty such judges, and the courts of last resort are held by relatively few of them. There are now about as many United States Circuit and District Court judges alone as there were judges in the whole country at the beginning.

The second cause for which the public are responsible is the pressure put upon such inadequate force for the more rapid dispatch of business. This is such that it is commonly understood in the profession that in some courts the papers in the cause will have little or no examination, and the decision must depend on what representation counsel make orally before the judge. In some other courts the pressure deprives the parties of an oral hearing, and printed papers, submitted with perhaps no explanations, are made to take the place of argument. It is only the most systematic arrangements, and by skilled clerical assistance and the utmost economy of time, that a judge with a long calendar, in some of our great cities, can get through the examination of the papers in the great masses of causes that are thrown upon his hands; and the disposition of some part of the press to measure the fidelity of a judge by the number of cases he disposes of in a given time would, if prevalent, be simply fatal to the maintenance of justice. Those of the community who understand the value of judicial deliberation should see to it that the judges are supported in taking all the time necessary for the just disposition of every cause, as faithfully as if there were no appeal. More thorough trial and deliberate decision in courts of first instance is the best remedy for the unnecessary delay and expense of multiplied appeals.

The periods allowed for the successive steps in litigation might in many instances be shortened by the legislature without injustice to suitors. The recent immense acceleration in the means of communication, and in the processes of business and even of thought, has not been accompanied, as it should be, with a corresponding acceleration of procedure. These changes can only be made by the legislatures; but in successive revisions of the statutes too little attention has been paid to this point.

There remains the more seriously pressing question of the overcrowded business of our courts of last resort, and the consequent long delay there between appeal and decision. The bar throughout the country are discussing this problem and seeking a remedy; but the public and the legislatures must take an interest in the

question, if we are to be relieved from the greatest causes of unnecessary delay. The one court of last resort is practically incapable, upon the present scheme of organization and practice, of hearing all the appeals that are brought. The proposal to relieve the Supreme Court of the United States by closing the doors of the Circuit Courts to large classes of cases is worthy of the "Circumlocution Office," whose grand art of public business was, How not to do it. This plan may be talked about, but will not be likely to be adopted so long as clients want actions brought and attorneys are ready to bring them. The creation of intermediate courts of appeal for the United States Judiciary would make its organization more like that of the State of New York, where two successive appeals have long been allowed; and that of England, where three are allowed. But there is nearly as much embarrassment from amount of business in the court of last resort in the State of New York, and in some others, as in that of the United States; and it is likely that intermediate appeals would not permanently relieve the latter court.

Three questions are worthy of the most careful consideration in view of these facts:

1. Should not courts of last resort be relieved from the determination of questions of fact? These questions occupy disproportionate time and settle no principle.

2. Should not the right of trial by jury be resettled (by constitutional amendment if necessary), so that a judgment need never be reversed merely because the finding was by the jury when it should have been by the judge, or by the judge when it should have been by the jury, so long as the appellate tribunal sees no error in the conclusion itself? A large part of the appeals now taken in jury-tried cases turn on this question; and new trials are ordered not because of a wrong conclusion, but because the conclusion came out of the wrong mouth.

3. Should not appellate courts be required to receive what evidence they hold to have been erroneously excluded below, or strike out what they hold to have been erroneously received, and render such a judgment as justice requires without awarding a new trial, save in those exceptional instances where justice cannot be done without it? A large part of the appeals now taken result in new trials of the whole cause, simply to let in or drop out evidence which may after all make no change in the result.

To these suggestions should be added this,— that the press, in discussing the ability of the courts to deal with business, should give more attention to the number of causes finally terminated, and the success or ill success of judges and attorneys engaged respectively in getting to an early end, than to the number of decisions rendered in a given month. The test of the law's delay is the length of time between the commencement of an action and its final cessation. The general interest of the profession and of the clientage and the aim of the judges are to bring each cause to as early an end as may be. Pressure on the bench to make as many decisions as possible in a given time tends, so far as it is yielded to, to engender appealable decisions and prolong litigation. If more publicity were given to the length of causes, and the statistics on this subject presented, it would probably be seen that while a great improvement has been made during the present generation in shortening litigation, there is room for much more. If the methods for further improvement can be agreed on, none will more gladly unite in carrying it out than the great body of the profession, who, as a general rule, find their success and the rewards of their ambition in accomplishing their business with as much promptitude as safety and security in its conduct allows.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Law's Delay.

"If Saint Paul had lived in this age, he would have sent his Epistles to the columns of a theological review." The Century has provided a new channel of thought in its department of "Open Letters." There are obvious reasons for my sending this contribution here, and not to the columns of a law magazine.

In its administration the law has an important part of the world's work to do. Is it doing that work on those business principles — directness, promptness, efficiency — which men exact in the management of their private concerns, and on which they are insisting more and more in public affairs? Is legal procedure keeping pace in its improvement with other branches of the world's work?

It is time these questions were discussed at the bar of public opinion. Hitherto they have been left entirely to the lawyers who are "part of the thing to be reformed"; and the only "outsiders" who have taken hold of the subject are Jack Cade and Judge Lynch, whose remedy for inefficient law is lawlessness. The great reforms which Brougham, Romilly, and Coleridge have wrought in English jurisprudence encountered the steady opposition of the bench and bar. The only evidence of sensibility to the great evil of the law's delay ever exhibited in any representative gathering of lawyers (so far as I can recall) was the motion of Mr. David Dudley Field, at the last meeting of the American Bar Association, for a special committee upon this subject.

The professional intellect becomes subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand. In the work of reform it needs a stimulus and pressure from without.

What are the facts of the case? The most conspicuous fact which the people of this country see in our judicial system — from its miry toes in the courts of *pie poudre* to its kingly crown in the Supreme Court — is not Justice, but the Injustice of Delay.

The suitor who undertakes to enforce a claim which is contested enters upon a Pilgrim's Progress in which innumerable obstacles confront him, and the Slough of Despond is inevitable. Strait is the gate and narrow (and long) is the way that leads to success, and few there be that find it. The law of civil procedure seems to be framed and administered upon

the maxim that it is better for ninety-nine persons to escape paying a demand which they owe than that one person should pay a demand which he does not owe. Hence it has built up a system of defenses and checks which illustrate the strategy of obstruction in its perfection. The result is that, unless a plaintiff has strong faith in his "expectation of life," or is in a situation to afford the luxury of an extended litigation, he is driven either to abandon his claim altogether or to agree with his adversary quickly.

The case of a defendant against whom an unrighteous demand is asserted is no better. He would fain have a speedy riddance of its vexation; but well may he stand aghast at the chronology by which its slow length will drag along, and buy his peace. If the demand be just, the law's delay invites the defendant to use its processes in order to obtain an extension of time. In all the instances mentioned, the inducements to "settle" or to litigate are wholly independent of the justice or injustice of the matter.

The disasters of legal delay affect not only the parties to a suit but the property involved. The story told of Lord Eldon, that, while he was "doubting" about an injunction against the sale of a cargo of ice, the ice melted, if not true, is typical of truth. "When the law comes down at last, she alights on ruins." The depredations upon a fund in court would hardly be possible if the fund were not kept there until the parties interested have ceased to watch or to care what becomes of it.

The present limits forbid more than a brief mention of some of the causes of the law's delay.

First. The preposterously long periods allowed between the successive steps of litigation. The legal time-table is the anomaly of the century. The losing party in a Federal Circuit Court has two years within which to decide whether he will take the case by writ of error to the Supreme Court. During this time his adversary enjoys that repose which is found under the Damocles' sword of an unsettled lawsuit, sweetened by the knowledge that, if taken to that august tribunal, it will hang over him three years longer.

Second. The utter insufficiency of judicial machinery to do the work of the courts. Obviously, an efficient administration of the law requires a judicial force competent to dispose of litigated business as rapidly as such business accumulates. But, to say nothing of the many cases that never come into court, because of the fact now stated, the dockets of our courts everywhere are almost hopelessly clogged; and our overworked (and underpaid) judges are struggling under ever-increasing strata of undone work. Compare the equipment, the cost, and the value of the judicial and legislative departments of the nation. To make a few laws, we send to Washington a mob of more than four hundred men. To administer not only the laws so made, but the vast system of law arising under the Constitution, statutes, and the common law, we provide for a judicial force of seventy. For the legislative branch the nation will pay this year $3,416,388.77; for the judicial, $425,372.01. It is a violation of the fundamental principle of our Constitution, by which the three departments of government are declared coördinate and equal, to cripple and starve the judicial department, to refuse the supply of men necessary to discharge its functions. If one of our Federal Circuit judges had the hundred heads and hundred hands with which certain fables of antiquity sought to eke out the insufficiency of normal capacity, he could not discharge the duties that his office devolves upon him.

Third. The long intervals of masterly inactivity which come between the terms of court. This is partly a result of the inadequacy of judicial machinery. Instead of doing their work continuously, the courts can only have certain fixed terms at which all business must be done or left undone until the succeeding term. It is easy to see how the system of "terms" was developed by the English method of judges traveling "on circuit" to hold the courts; but the progress which has relieved the public from a dependence for their purchases upon the semi-annual rounds of that once-important person, the itinerant peddler, may be fairly expected to provide some better method of administering justice than that of sending out judges on the wing to hold a term of court once or twice a year.

It is on account of the long intervals between terms that continuances (which now constitute the chief means of the "postponement swindle") are so eagerly sought. In criminal cases they are respites, temporary pardons, rich in suggestions of still greater clemency. In civil cases they are judgments in favor of the defendant for six months or more, with increased probability of further extension at the close of the period. But they would be of small moment if they simply meant postponement until the grounds therefor ceased; until the sick witness or the interesting invalid, on whose account a continuance is asked, could "get well or something."

Fourth. The necessity of new trials or doing work over again, caused by the present system of requiring the jury to make the application of the law to the facts. This is more difficult than either to decide the law or determine the facts. In most cases, and in all complicated cases, certain facts affect and qualify others, so that the evidence will admit of various theories; and the judge gives in charge to the jury the different legal propositions which correspond therewith. The idea that untrained men, hearing the testimony for the first time, will be able to grasp it as a whole, and to appreciate the logical connections of different portions of it, then to remember a score of hypothetical instructions embodying the modifications and interdependences of legal principles, and then to apply the intricacies of the latter to the complications of the former, is the wildest of all legal fictions. The eager contests which learned lawyers make before the judge, in endeavoring to procure instructions to the jury which shall recognize the nice discriminations (of which they realize the significance) upon which the law of the case depends, have no parallel, except in the grotesque humor of Rabelais in representing Judge Bridoise as investigating with utmost deliberation the papers in cases which, nevertheless, he intended to decide by the chance of the dice. The conclusive presumption, however, is that the jury understands and applies every legal proposition charged by the court; and, hence, for every error therein there must be a new trial. Here is the germ of immortality in every case. The trial court and the higher court must play battledore and shuttlecock with all cases until every possibility of error in the charge of the judge is eliminated.

Now, the jury is a competent tribunal to determine

questions of fact. If these were separated and submitted to them in civil cases as separate issues, there would be few occasions for having this work done more than once. The truth of the evidence being ascertained, the higher court in its application of the law thereto would make an end of the case.

But my contention is not for the details of any plan. My insistence is only for that guarantee in Magna Charta against the sale or the denial or the *delay* of justice. If the sale of justice involves greater corruption and the denial of justice more open outrage than its delay, yet they result alike in the defeat of justice. To delay justice is but to deny it, by holding the promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. To delay justice to one suitor is but to sell it to his adversary. All history and experience show that it has been the greatest of the three abuses, because being the least flagrant it has not provoked the same prompt redress which has been demanded against the other two. Bacon was disgraced for receiving gifts. Eldon was endured, while suitors languished and despaired, and estates wasted under accumulating costs.

No word is here uttered for judicial rashness, for mere mechanical pressure in legal administration, "for a *coup de main* in a court of chancery." The protest here made is not against the slow work of the law, but its long pauses of no work, its arrears of undone work, its insufficient equipments for work, its repetitions of work imperfectly done. The law's hurry would be no less an evil than the law's delay. Its true ideal is in Goethe's grand and beautiful image:

> "Like a star, without haste, without rest,
> Ever fulfilling its God-given best."

Walter B. Hill.

"The Death of Tecumseh."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: I notice in the January number of your very interesting magazine an article by Benjamin B. Griswold relative to the killing of Tecumseh by Richard M. Johnson. It reminds me of an interview which I had with Noonday, Chief of the Ottawa tribe, about the year 1838. This chief was six feet high, broad-shouldered, well proportioned, with broad, high cheek-bones, piercing black eyes, and coarse black hair which hung down upon his shoulders, and he possessed wonderful muscular power. He was converted to the Christian religion by a Baptist missionary named Slater, who was stationed about three miles north of Gull Prairie, in the county of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Just over the county line and in the edge of Barry County, this chief and about one hundred and fifty of his tribe were located and instructed in farming. A church was erected which answered for a school-house, and here, residing near them, I attended their church and listened to the teachings of Mr. Slater in the Indian dialect, and to the earnest prayers of this brave old chief. To get a history of any Indian who fought on the side of the British has ever been a difficult task; but through the Rev. Mr. Slater I succeeded, to a limited extent, in getting a sketch from this old chief of the battle of the Thames, in which he was engaged. I copy from a diary:

"After rehearsing the speech which Tecumseh made to his warriors previous to the engagement and how they all felt, that they fought to defend Tecumseh more than for the British, he was asked:

"'Were you near Tecumseh when he fell?'

"'Yes; directly on his right.'

"'Who killed him?'

"'Richard M. Johnson.'

"'Give us the circumstances.'

"'He was on a horse, and the horse fell over a log, and Tecumseh, with uplifted tomahawk, was about to dispatch him, when he drew a pistol from his holster and shot him in the breast, and he fell dead on his face. I seized him at once, and, with the assistance of Saginaw, bore him from the field. When he fell, the Indians stopped fighting and the battle ended. We laid him down on a blanket in a wigwam, and we all wept, we loved him so much. I took his hat and tomahawk.'

"'Where are they now?'

"'I have his tomahawk and Saginaw his hat.'

"'Could I get them?'

"'No; Indian keep them.'

"'How did you know it was Johnson who killed him?'

"'General Cass took me to see the Great Father, Van Buren, at Washington. I went to the great wigwam, and when I went in I saw the same man I see in battle, the same man I see kill Tecumseh. I had never seen him since, but I knew it was him. I look him in the face and said, "Kene kin-a-poo Tecumseh," that is, "You killed Tecumseh." Johnson replied that he never knew who it was, but a powerful Indian approached him and he shot him with his pistol. "That was Tecumseh. I see you do it."'"

Noonday finished his story of Tecumseh by telling of his noble traits, the tears meanwhile trickling down his cheeks. There is no doubt of the truth of his unvarnished tale.

D. B. Cook,
Editor of "The Niles Mirror."

NILES, MICHIGAN, December 24, 1884.

Color-Bedding.

THE smallest yard in the most obscure village has come to be adorned with its definite arrangement of coleus and centauria, and the desire for brilliantly colored combinations of leaves in a bed proves to be not only a fashion, but the genuine outgrowth of a positive hunger for rich color out-of-doors. The love of brilliant, positive color is evidently a deep-seated instinct in humanity. The Japanese has it, the East Indian has it, the Latin has it, and the North American Indian; so that we must recognize this employment of brilliantly colored leaf-plants in beds as simply the legitimate expression of a purely normal want of human nature. It lies deeper and is more comprehensive in its character than the love of trees and shrubs, for it adds to the love of plants as plants the more elemental instinct of the enjoyment of color as color, and nothing more.

It is well known to horticulturists that the most charming results can be obtained by arrangements of brilliant color in beds, produced with such choice greenhouse plants as dracænas, crotons, and the like; but for popular work of the kind we must recognize cheapness as an important factor. The tint, moreover, of

such color-plants must be brilliant, dominant, and distinct, a self-color as a general thing, *i. e.*, a color pure and unmixed throughout the surface of the leaf. Finally, the form of each sort of plant must be such as will compose and blend well with its neighbor, both in ultimate height and contour. Ability to endure successfully the heat and burning effects of a hot, dry summer, and a degree of cold in autumn that does not actually freeze, is also a desirable, if not necessary, faculty of plants that are to be widely used in bedding.

Coleus probably presents the best combination of the qualities needed. It is certainly a genus with excellent gifts for the performance of the duties of a brilliant-colored leaf-bedding plant. Its varieties are legion, most of them being mottled, spotted, and striped with combinations of different shades of red and green. Some are more hardy under the stress of changes of summer and autumn, and some have a more brilliant and positive self-color than others. Verschaffeltii, for instance, is such a bright example of reliable red self-color. It is the most popular of the coleuses. For yellow we have in the Golden Bedder or Golden Gem a rich pure self-color of most dominant and positive character. Then there are green coleuses suffused with yellow, that act well as foils to the red and yellow of other bedding plants, while their green thus combined contrasts distinctly with the green of the neighboring grass. Such a coleus is the strong-growing Fitzpatrickii. The cheapness of the coleus is all that could be reasonably required; it costs only a few cents apiece, and its peculiar contours make the different varieties blend and harmonize better, perhaps, than any other plants that are so diversely colored. For pearly white color we must turn to the centauria, and in most localities to *Centauria gymnocarpa* as more bushy and free-growing. There are other cheap white-leaved plants, such as Gnaphalium, or everlasting, and *Cineraria maritima*, or dusty miller, etc., but none are so nearly white-leaved as the centauria. Centaurias do not like to be crushed in the middle of a bed, and should be therefore disposed on the outer border, where their drooping and curiously cut leaves hang gracefully and conspicuously. Several plants may be used successfully for bordering color-beds with red or yellow. Golden Feather (*Pyrethrum parthenifolium aureum*) and the different alternantheras are excellent for border positions, by virtue of their dwarf, compact growth and rich yellow and red color. I must not pause, however, to name any considerable number of the species and varieties suited to our purpose, as my intention is only to illustrate by a few prominent examples the principles that should govern a proper selection of such bedding plants.

The accompanying representation is of an actual bed executed for the Trinity Church Corporation in St. Paul's churchyard, and it is selected as a general illustration of the combinations of form and color that prove to be agreeable. Similar combinations of bedding plants may be also seen at Evergreens Cemetery, East New York, L. I.

It will be noticed that the outlines of such beds are irregular. The general direction of the lines is made to curve in such a way as to conform to the limitations of the buildings and paths which they adjoin. There is, moreover, a definite natural design, just as there is in the carved ornaments of some of the best architectural structures. It is naturalistic, but not imitative. One fancies a resemblance to an oak or other leaf, but the beds are simply constructed on the leaf type, and not in any way imitated from actual foliage. Finger-like projections reach out into the surrounding turf, and are all the more pleasing for their boldness. It is evident that rein may be thus given in the most legitimate fashion to the most exuberant fancy, the colors of yellow, red, and white being used to enhance and perfect a beauty of line that may be indefinitely varied.

PLAN OF FLOWER-BED.

The beds may thus become streaked and spotted masses of tint, that will blend together like the wonderful shadings of autumn leaves, or those of the coleus itself. Following the suggestion of the leaf type, with its midrib and shading of subtle tint, we may readily conceive what jewels of glowing, changing beauty may in this way be devised for the emerald-green setting of the surrounding turf. It is charming also to notice the coves and bays, the armlets of the surrounding sea of grass that stretch up between the rich masses of color on either side. What an opportunity for the most lovely creations of the artist's fancy, and what an utter waste of such opportunities do we see around us. Such abortions, such crude and awkward attempts to marshal lines of color, of equal length and equal width, disposed in concentric circles, and other geometric forms! Look about the country, and behold what the gardening art of the nineteenth century generally accomplishes, with the lovely bedding materials just described. Half-moons, circles, ovals filled with these richly colored plants in the most commonplace and vulgar fashion. We might, indeed, often fancy ourselves considering, instead of an actual bed of coleus and centauria, the wonderful composition of some gigantic tart or candied confection, striped yellow, red, and white at regular intervals. Can we wonder that true plant-lovers sometimes come to abhor the name of bedding, and set the value of a cardinal flower, or "modest harebell," far above all such awkward attempts to use noble material in so-called ribbon gardening. We can hardly even blame simple lovers of nature if they come to despise, in some sort, the innocent coleus or centauria itself, and to speak of preferring its room to its company; for, seen in such conglomerations, its value seems very small. In this kind of ribbon gardening we must, of course, expect to find the imperfections of the work completed by the introduction of anchors, crosses, ovals, circles, and letters of a name in just that portion of the greensward where they will succeed most thoroughly in destroying

the openness, harmony, and repose of the landscape. Congruity of association forming no part of the method employed in designing such work, there is a complete failure to see that color-bedding should always be in relation to or flow out of a background of architectural structure or shrub group. It should be always remembered that a fundamental law of art ordains that all landscape-gardening combinations must invariably present an underlying unity of design. Buildings, trees, shrubs, plants, and grass should all be brought together in a balanced picture, the position of each growing out of its intended relations with some other. It follows, therefore, that color-bedding must come under the same general law of unity of design, and have its appointed place of artistic fitness in the landscape treatment of grounds in the neighborhood of buildings.

S. Parsons, Jr.

"Christianity and Popular Amusements."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: In a recent paper on "Christianity and Popular Amusements" statements were made about John Bunyan, which have been called in question. It was represented that the chief sins for which Bunyan's conscience smote him at the time of his conversion were certain innocent pastimes. This account was not strictly accurate. I must own that I had never read Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," and that I relied for my information concerning his life upon Macaulay, whose article in the "Cyclopædia Britannica" justifies my assertions. Says this writer: "It is quite certain that Bunyan was at eighteen what, in any but the most austerely puritanical circles, would have been regarded as a young man of singular gravity and innocence. He declares, it is true, that he had let loose the reins on the neck of his lusts, that he had delighted in all transgressions against the divine law, and that he had been the ringleader of the youth of Elstow in all manner of vice. But when those who wished him ill accused him of licentious amours, he called on God and the angels to attest his purity. No woman, he said, in heaven, earth, or hell, could charge him with having made any improper advances to her. Not only had he been perfectly faithful to his wife, but he had even before his marriage been perfectly spotless. It does not appear, from his own confessions, or from the railings of his enemies, that he ever was drunk in his life. One bad habit he contracted, that of using profane language; but he tells us that a single reproof cured him so effectually that he never offended again. The worst that can be laid to the charge of this poor youth, whom it has been the fashion to represent as the most desperate of reprobates, is that he had a great liking for some diversions quite harmless in themselves, but condemned by the rigid precisians among whom he lived, and for whom he had a great respect. The four chief sins of which he was guilty were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tip-cat, and reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton. A rector of the school of Laud would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model." Farther on, in the account of Bunyan's conversion, Macaulay says: "His favorite amusements were one after another relinquished, though not without many painful struggles. . . . The odious vice of bell-ringing he renounced; but he still for a time ventured to go to the church tower and look on while others pulled the ropes. But soon the thought struck him that if he persisted in such wickedness the steeple would fall on his head, and he fled from the accursed place. To give up dancing on the village green was still harder; and some months elapsed before he had the fortitude to part with his darling sin." These extracts, with the one quoted in the article referred to, respecting the crisis of his "conviction" in the midst of the game of tip-cat, will show that I had good ground for what I said, if Macaulay were to be trusted. But passages from Bunyan's autobiography put the matter in a somewhat different light. He alleges that from a child he "had but few equals . . . both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." There is some redundancy in this self-accusation; two faults are mentioned — profanity and falsehood. The one he renounced on the first rebuke, as Macaulay has related; the other was, we may well believe, no malicious mendacity, but the exuberance of that story-telling propensity which made him John Bunyan. As to the remorse for the game of tip-cat, it does appear that it was on a Sunday that he was so stricken, and that part, at least, of his remorse was due to the violation of the Sabbath by his sport, which on that very day he had heard reproved in a sermon.

It is evident, therefore, that, misled by Lord Macaulay, I have extenuated somewhat the faults of young Bunyan. He was rather darker than I painted him, and had better reasons for remorse than I granted him. Nevertheless, a fuller examination convinces me that the substance of my contention is true, and that although Bunyan had other sins besides tip-cat and bell-ringing to answer for, yet he felt *these* to be sins, and sins that would send him to hell unless he forsook them. That the guilt of these games was aggravated in his conception when they were played on Sunday may be true; but he also felt them to be sinful in themselves, no matter on what day they were played; and he thought that his only chance of heaven was to abandon them altogether. They were sinful because they afforded him enjoyment, and any enjoyment not strictly religious was evil. This is the constant implication of his confession. After telling how the rebuke of the woman caused him to break off swearing, he adds: "All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, *neither did I leave my sports and plays*." As Froude says: "Pleasure of any kind, even the most innocent, he considered to be a snare to him, and he abandoned it. He had been fond of dancing, but he gave it up. Music and singing he parted with, though it distressed him to leave them." This struggle occurred, let it be remembered, before he was twenty years of age.

In showing that Bunyan adopted these ascetic views of life, no contempt is cast on him. Such views were common in his time; they were a natural reaction from the laxity then prevailing in the Church of England. Those zealous persons who have rushed in to defend Bunyan from the charges of innocence brought against him in the article in the Cyclopædia, should remember that the writer of the article made exactly similar accusations against himself. This may serve to show that no disrespect was intended for the inspired tinker of Bedford.

Washington Gladden.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

MR. NEWRICH IN PARIS.

Mr. N. (who does not trust himself to the pitfalls of the Gallic tongue): "Waiter, sandwiches."
Waiter: "Bien, M'sieur; quatre?"
Mr. N.: "Oh! yes, I suppose *cat* is as good as anything we'll get in this forsaken country."

Impatience.

I.

EARTH, captive held
By Winter, deems him a foe—
That he can weld
Such fetters; deep down below
Her violets, close-celled,
Flutter to go.

II.

Earth, when she's free
To bud and blow,
And feel through every fiber of each tree
The strength to grow,
Will say, "'Twas Winter gave it me,"
And in the sunshine bless the snow.

Alice Ward Bailey.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THE man who is proof against temptation is the only one who is safe,— but who is the man?

ONE reason why there is so little real happiness among mankind: we are more anxious to make others jealous of what we have than we are to enjoy it ourselves.

I HAVE known people whose failings were the most endurable things about them.

YOU cannot separate justice from mercy without injury to both.

THE world is full of pity and advice, and the bulk of it is worth about ten cents on the dollar.

HE who gets up every time he falls will get up by and by to stay.

LEARNING makes a man proud, but wisdom makes him humble.

VERY cunning people are like a pin, sharp at the point and small at the head.

GOD alone invents; man is simply a discoverer.

Uncle Esek.

The Curse.

(A WARNING TO EDITORS.)

WITH stately mien,
Above the noise and traffic of the town,
The office of the "Phœnix" Magazine
Looked proudly down.

And day by day
A Bard — a needy Bard of visage lean —
Besieged, with many a sweet and soulful lay,
That magazine.

But all in vain!
Larger and larger swelled the mournful ranks
Of those that bore inscribed these words of bane,
"Returned with thanks."

Yet patiently
And long that magazine's neglect he bore,
Until, at length, there came a time when he
Could bear no more.

In fierce despair
He sought that magazine's abode. Hard by,
Upon the curb he stood. A baleful glare
Was in his eye.

Then forth he burst
Into strange words. It was a sight, I ween,
To make the stoutest tremble: *for he* CURSED
That magazine!

It did not fall,
That tall and stately pile. As common men
View such things, there were no "results" at all;
At least, not *then*.

But mark the end.
Ere ten short years that haughty journal's pride
To fate and evil times was forced to bend.
In brief, it died!

For, ah! we know
A poet's curse, a grewsome thing it is,
And mickle is the power for weal or woe
In words of his.

O ye who sit
In calm, superior judgment on our verse,
Read this strange tale, 'twere well to ponder it:
Suppose we curse!

Robertson Trowbridge.

Humility.

YOU SAY, when I kissed you, you are sure I must quite
Have forgotten myself. So I did; you are right.
No, I'm not such an egotist, dear, it is true,
As to think of myself when I'm looking at you.

Walter Learned.

In Parenthesis.

I READ the verses from my copy,
A bunch of fancies culled from Keats,
A rhyme of rose and drowsy poppy,
Of maiden, song, and other sweets:
The lines — so patiently I penned them,
Without one sable blot or blur —
I knew had music to commend them
And all their secret thoughts to her.

She heard the rhythmical romanza,
And made a comment there and here;
I read on to the final stanza,
Where timid love had made me fear.
A long parenthesis; the meter
Went lamely on without a foot,
Because the sentiment was sweeter
Than love emboldened me to put.

Alas, I tried to fill the bracket;
The truant thought refused to come!
The point,— to think the rhyme should lack it!
My wakeful conscience struck me dumb.
She took the little leaf a minute,—
Ah, what a happy time was this!
The bracket soon had something in it,—
I kissed her in parenthesis.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Keys.

LONG ago in old Granada, when the Moors were forced to flee,
Each man locked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come when they
Should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime
Vanished, as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumbling touch of time.

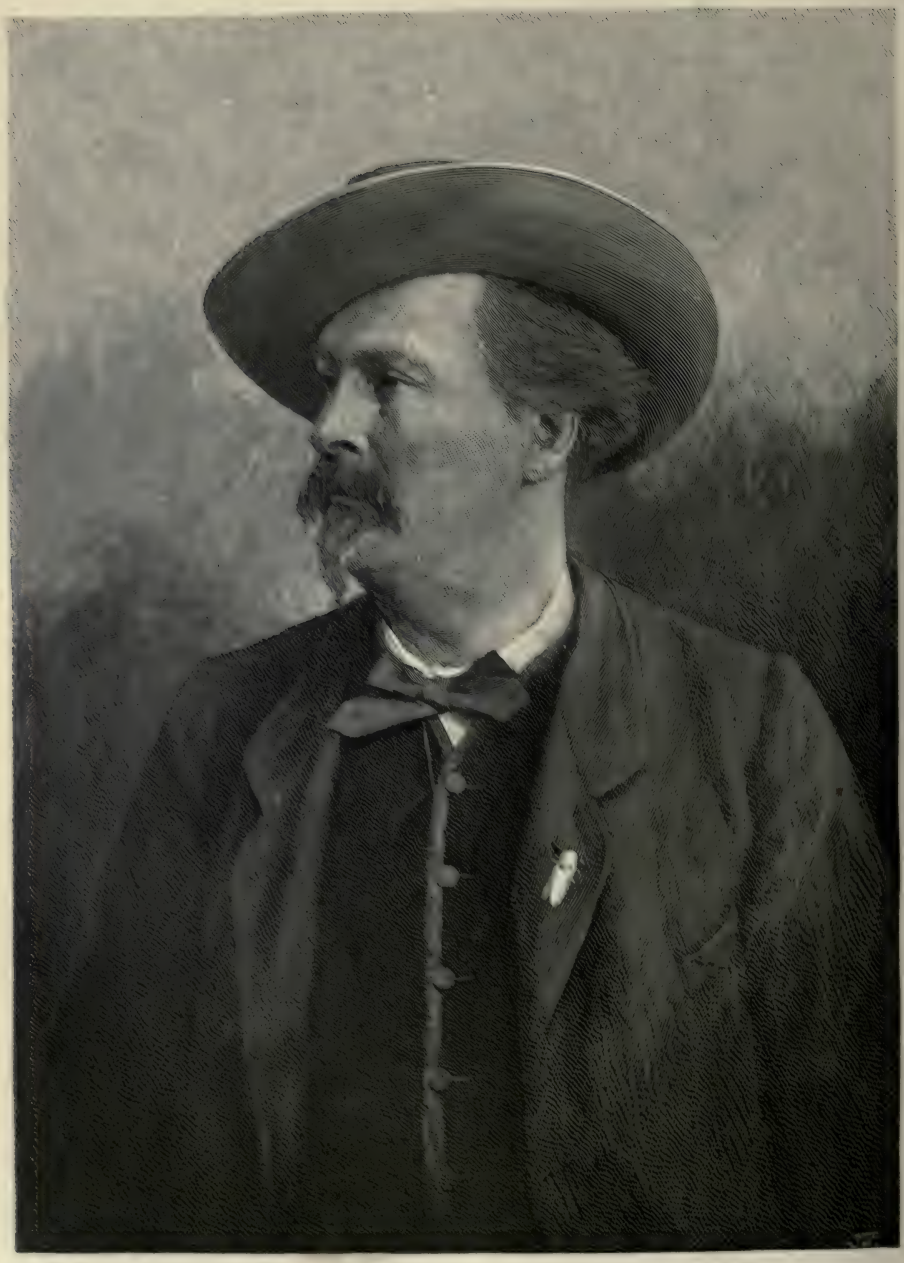
Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too, in truth.
For no more shall we behold her. Our Granada's name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us, and we feel our youth again.

"We are young," we cry triumphant, thrilled with old-time joy and glee.
Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the key!

Bessie Chandler.



F. M. Dixon

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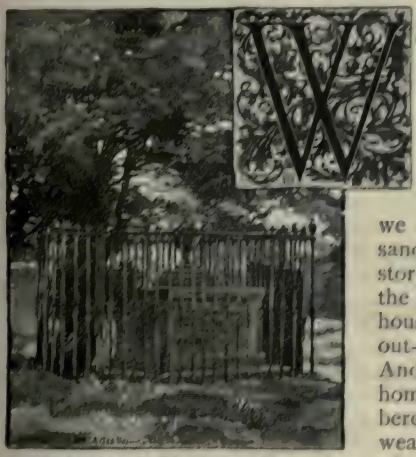
GEORGE ELIOT'S COUNTY.



"SILLY'S GRAVE," IN CHILVERS COTON CHURCHYARD.

WHERE can one get a more attractive idea of rural life than in a day's drive through what has been called "The Elizabethan side of Warwickshire?" We go along quiet roads beneath overshadowing elms, meeting here and there a heavy-wheeled wagon with its four massive horses,—the load piled up so high that the boughs snatch a passing toll of sweet new-made hay or golden wheat-ears. Then we come to a village clustering round its olive-green sandstone church, with square tower and rows of clerestory windows. The rectory with its bright garden, the staring new red-brick school, a substantial farmhouse or two with well-filled rick-yard and long-roofed out-buildings, speaking of solid ease and prosperity. And all about these more important dwellings, the homes of the poorer neighbors, old cottages black-timbered and white-paneled, or of ancient red brick that weather and time have toned with exquisite gradations of color — gray, pink, purple, yellow — streaked and splashed with green and brown lichen; their roofs of dark tiles or warm thatch, a study in themselves for a painter, cushioned with rich moss that glows like lumps of emerald in the sun. To quote the words of our great Warwickshire novelist, whose connection with this county it is my object to trace:

"There was the pleasant tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil, the patient cart-horses waiting at his door; the basket-maker peeling his willow wands in the sunshine; the wheelwright putting the last touch to a blue cart with red wheels; here and there a cottage with bright, transparent windows showing pots full of blooming balsams or geraniums, and little gardens in front all double daisies or dark wallflowers; at the well, clean and comely women carrying yoked buckets, and towards the free-school small Britons dawdling on, and handling their marbles in the pockets of unpatched corduroys adorned with brass buttons." *(Felix Holt.)*

Then on again we go through deep lanes where the red sandstone peeps out below the high hedge; past wide-stretching woods where the ring of the woodman's axe hardly disturbs the "choir invisible" singing thanksgivings for sun and summer in the tree-tops above. The soft brown winter carpet of leaves gives place in spring to beds of pale primroses, or a May snowstorm of white-starred anemones; or where the tree-shadows lie deep, a cloud of heaven's own blue rests on the sprouting fern — a sheet of wild hyacinths.

Then we turn into one of the great high-roads, with its generous strip of green turf on either side, that tells of a hunting county and thought for horses' feet. And it leads us past the old posting inns, with small-paned bay-windows, and signs hanging from curiously wrought-iron supports; past sunny country houses where we catch a glimpse of young men and maidens playing tennis on the well-kept lawns; past noble parks where nodding antlers rise from the bracken, and the spotted deer bound away towards the great Elizabethan house,

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that, like Charlecote, or Compton Winyates, or Broughton Castle, lies behind guardian avenues of elm and oak and lime. And then we see the Avon winding through its flat meadows, with "long lines of bushy willows marking the water-courses"; while over the far-away woods rises tower or spire of Warwick, or Coventry, or Stratford.

If our journey takes us away from these well-known spots, we travel along through wide-stretching pasture lands, where the white-faced Hereford cattle graze lazily, fattening themselves on the rich rank grass. They are kept from straying by enormous bull-finches — not birds, gentle reader, with glossy black heads and piping voices, but hawthorn hedgerows twelve or fourteen feet high and half a dozen feet through. As we read in that exquisite introductory chapter to "Felix Holt":

> "It was worth the journey only to see those hedgerows, the liberal homes of unmarketable beauty, of the purple-blossomed ruby-berried nightshade, of the wild convolvulus climbing and spreading in tendrilled strength till it made a great curtain of pale-green hearts and white trumpets; of the many-tubed honeysuckle which, in its most delicate fragrance, hid a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty. Even if it were winter the hedgerows showed their coral, the scarlet haws, the deep crimson hips, with lingering brown leaves to make a resting-place for the jewels of the hoar-frost."

And so we climb one of the isolated hills which rise out of the central plain — the Folden — like church-crowned islands in a green sea. We rest in a quiet vicarage, and look out of the windows across the garden gay with flowers, over the great pastures dotted with sheep and cattle, down to the canal that makes a long bend round the spinney where a fox is always found, the silver water gleaming against the black-green foliage of the wood. And then the eye is carried away and away over endless interlacing lines of green tree-tops dividing the broad grass fields till they melt into one soft, harmonious, formless whole in the plain of Warwickshire, and the plain melts into the Malvern Hills, forty miles off, and the hills melt into the hazy sky.

It is a fair and peaceful scene as cloud-shadows flicker across the broad vale — one that you could find nowhere save in the heart "of what we are pleased to call Merry England." No wonder that Warwickshire is a little disposed to think itself the center of the universe. No wonder that its inhabitants are content to live on in it from one year's end to another, despite cold clay soils, piercing winds, and cloudy skies, not caring much what becomes of the rest of the world, provided they may go on in the same groove! A harmless failing, on which one looks leniently, for certainly it is a pleasant land, with kindly people in it.

Carping critics have said that our Warwickshire horizon is circumscribed — that the perpetual undulations of field and woodland preclude all breadth and distance in our views, that we have no water in the landscape, that our round-topped elms are monotonous, and last but not least, that we have no hills.

It is true that we have no hills, if by hills our critics mean mountains. It is true that in many parts of the county we cannot see beyond the big wood two or three miles ahead. But who can deny the beauty of those rich woods, remnants of the Forest of Arden — a beauty almost as great in winter as in summer? It is true we have no vast lakes

SOUTH FARM, ARBURY PARK — BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

A WARWICKSHIRE VILLAGE.

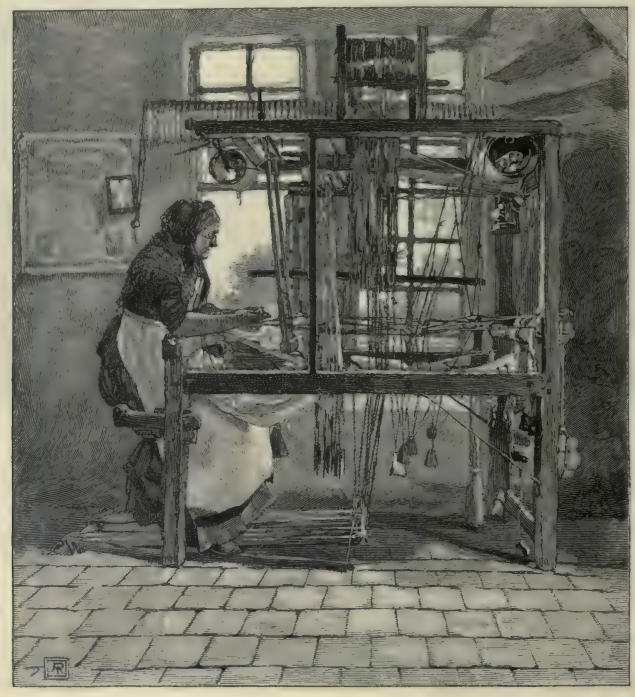
and few rivers. But if the Avon was enough for Shakspere, should not its tranquil windings between the golden willow-globes satisfy us, the common herd? Our elms are round-headed. But then what elms they are — great forest trees growing in every hedge-row, softening and enriching every line in the landscape with a delicious succession of curves. And where can one find a district so full of sweet repose alike to eye and mind as ours — a perfect type of solid, settled English comfort?

It is true we have nothing magnificent, sublime, or awful in our midlands. But what scenery could one find better calculated to encourage a contemplative, introspective spirit? If George Eliot had been born and bred among lofty mountains, or by the shore of the cliff-girt sea, should we ever have made acquaintance with "the inimitable party in the 'Rainbow' parlour" — or listened to Mrs. Poyser's quaint wisdom — or cried over the red slippers in Mr. Gilfil's locked-up room — or watched Tom and Maggie catching tench in the Round Pool? We might have had pictures as graphic — as acute — as truthful. We should have had what one critic calls her "breadth of touch." But I venture to think some of "the large-minded, equable spirit of contemplative thought" might have been wanting, had that great genius been trained in more exciting and grander surroundings.

As it is, the freshness, the sparkling brilliancy, the light touch of her earlier books seem to diminish in proportion as she drifts farther from the pure fresh influences and impressions of early country life. And as she is drawn more and more into the maelstrom of modern thought, and the great, hurrying, restless outside world, in those "future years when" — to use her own words — "Adam Bede and all that concerns it may have become a dim portion of the past," we see what one writer calls "the growing tendency to substitute elaborate analysis for direct representation." It is not my intention to venture upon any criticism of the writings of this great author. Far abler hands than mine have undertaken that task. My object is simply to point out what she has done for her own county; and how, as long as the name of George Eliot is remembered, "Loamshire" — its scenery, its people, its ways, its speech — will be identified with all that is noblest, purest, most wholesome, and most beautiful in her writings.

The phases of country life she represents so vividly, so truthfully, are rapidly becoming "a dim portion of the past." As the great factories of Coventry are sweeping away the hand-looms of "Milby," so are board-schools and certificated school-masters sweeping away the rough Warwickshire dialect. But are they not sweeping away more than mere quaintness of speech? It seems to me that among the younger generation we shall look long before we find a Dolly Winthrop, a Mrs. Poyser, a Bartle Massey. We are too hurried nowadays, in the struggle for life that drives us before it like a relentless fate, to venture to be original, or to cultivate that quiet, God-fear-

ing spirit which makes us content with what the English Church catechism calls "that station of life to which it shall please God to call us." Now every one must be as good as his neighbor, "and better too." And this too often



A RIBBON-WEAVER.

leads men not upward to the mountain heights whence a clearer, nobler view is gained, but into the dead-level plain of a hard, sordid struggle after mere wealth, and vulgar envy of all whose success, or culture, or position is greater than their own.

Among the elder generation, thank God, some of the old spirit still exists. I know many a farmer's wife who, though proud of her position and at her ease with the finest lady in the land, is not ashamed to be found molding the golden butter with her own hands into half-pound pats for market, or to send savory pork pies and sausages of her own making to the rector's wife at pig-killing time,— when the village resounds with Piggy's dying wail, and small boys with round eyes full of anticipated joys, in the shape of "fry and trotters," indulge their love of the horrible by gloating over the "lovely carkiss." As you sit in one of those cozy farm-house parlors, with the old oak chairs in the chimney-corner, the bright geraniums in the window, that always grow so much better than any raised in a greenhouse, the cackle of geese, and cluck of hens outside scratching amongst the straw of the farm-yard, the low of the cows as they wander slowly into their hovel to be milked, the stamp of the great cart-horses stalking home from plow on the rich red fallows, with a small boy perched proudly on the leader's back — you feel as if you were just reading a living chapter of George Eliot.

You can fancy yourself in good Mrs. Hackit's farm at Shepperton, and imagine the joy of Dickey Barton, the "stocky boy," and "the enlargement of his experience," under her hospitable roof-tree.

> "Every morning he was allowed — being well wrapt up as to his chest by Mrs. Hackit's own hands, but very bare and red as to his legs — to run loose in the cow and poultry yard, to persecute the turkey-cock by satirical imitations of his gobble-gobble, and to put difficult questions to the groom as to the reasons why horses had four legs, and other transcendental matters. Then Mr. Hackit would take Dickey up on horseback when he rode round his farm, and Mrs. Hackit had a large plum cake in cut, ready to meet incidental attacks of hunger." *(Amos Barton.)*

Strolling into the village wood-yard, we almost expect Adam Bede, with gray-headed Gyp at his heels, to come out of the workshop to meet us. And its master, a single-hearted, high-minded man as ever lived, has

a capacity for suffering in his square-jawed, "roughly-hewn" face, that makes us fancy he might bear and forbear as did his prototype in Hayslope eighty years ago.

One phase, however, of "Loamshire" life which is found in George Eliot's earlier works, has already vanished from Warwickshire. It was in the natural course of things that it should die out, and a very tender memorial has she raised to what has become a thing of the past forever. Such a man as Mr. Gilfil is an impossibility in this latter half of the nineteenth century. In out-of-the-way parts of our county he may have lingered as long as anywhere. But few corners even of Warwickshire are now deprived of their daily paper, or are ten miles from a telegraph office. And where newspapers and telegrams can penetrate, there Mr. Gilfil, or Mr. Irwine, or even old Mr. Crewe in the brown Brutus wig, cannot long exist. They were a part, and not a wholly desirable part, of the old order of things. They are gone to their rest, and let us leave them in peace. But they did their work in their day; and one can afford now to think with a smile and a sigh of the dear old vicar and

"his large heap of short sermons rather yellow and worn at the edges, from which he took two every Sunday, securing perfect impartiality by taking them as they came, without reference to topics; and having preached one of these sermons at Shepperton in the morning, he mounted his horse and rode hastily with the other to Knebley, where he officiated in a wonderful little church, . . . with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof . . . and the twelve apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls. . . . Here, in absence of mind to which he was prone, Mr. Gilfil would sometimes forget to take off his spurs before putting on his surplice, and only become aware of the omission by feeling something mysteriously pulling at the skirts of that garment as he stepped into the reading-desk."

Yes! this sort of thing cannot exist nowadays, and one hears people say, "Wretched old pluralist! I cannot take any interest in a man who could lead such a low life — with his gin and water, and his talk like a common farmer."

Ah! be merciful, and be just. Look a little closer at the picture, and you will see that "his slipshod chat and homely manners were but like the weather-stains on a fine old block of marble, allowing you still to see here and there the fineness of the grain and the delicacy of the original tint." For Mr. Gilfil was a gentleman born and bred, as well as a good man and true; and it was only in his later years that the weather-stains of sorrow and solitude partially obscured the fair surface of the marble. But his people — as are all English country folk — were quick to recognize that the Vicar was their superior in birth and breeding. When Mr. Gilfil died, thirty years ago, there was "general sorrow in Shepperton."

So his love-story begins — and there is the key-note of the whole picture. Whatever were his failings and shortcomings, he made his people not only love but respect him. Little Corduroys and Bessie Parrot, the flaxen-haired two-shoes, have

"a well-founded belief in the advantages of diving into the Vicar's pocket. Mr. Gilfil called it his wonderful pocket, because, as he delighted to tell the 'young shavers' and 'two-shoes,'— so he called all little boys and girls,— whenever he put pennies into it, they turned into sugar-plums or gingerbread or some other nice thing. . . . The farmers relished his society particularly, for he could not only smoke his pipe, and season the details of parish affairs with abundance of caustic jokes and proverbs, but, as Mr. Bond often said, no man knew more than the Vicar about the breed of cows and horses. . . . To hear him discussing the respective merits of the Devonshire breed and the short-horns, or the last foolish decision of the magistrates about a pauper, a superficial observer might have seen little difference, beyond his superior shrewdness, between the Vicar and his bucolic parishioners; for it was his habit to approximate his accent and mode of speech to theirs, doubtless because he thought it a mere frustration of the purposes of language to talk of 'shear-hogs' and 'ewes' to men who habitually said 'sharrags' and 'yowes.' Nevertheless, the farmers were perfectly aware of the distinction between them and the parson, and had not at all the less belief in him as a gentleman and a clergyman for his easy speech and familiar manners. . . . And in the most gossiping colloquies with Mr. Gilfil you might have observed that both men and women 'minded their words,' and never became indifferent to his approbation." (*Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.*)

We may be glad that the reality is gone from among us. Yet surely we may look with kindly interest on the figure so tenderly drawn by the light and skillful hand of the great artist,— a part of those unrivaled *genre* pictures which we owe to the genius of George Eliot.

Let us now turn from her books to Warwickshire itself again, and see what were the early influences and surroundings from which our great authoress gained so deep an insight into country life.

Most travelers by the Scotch express only know Nuneaton merely as a stopping-place where, for an exorbitant sum, a cup of scalding and almost undrinkable tea or coffee, and other less hot and more potent refreshments, may be obtained. If business or pleasure led them outside the limits of the station, they would find

"a dingy town, surrounded by flat fields, lopped elms, and sprawling manufacturing villages, which crept on with their weaving-shops, till they threatened to graft themselves on the town."

That any business of importance could be conducted in the sleepy market-place seems beyond belief. Orchards appear unexpectedly in what one supposes to be the heart of the town; and nearly every street ends in a vista of green fields through which a tiny river crawls sluggishly, having caught the general

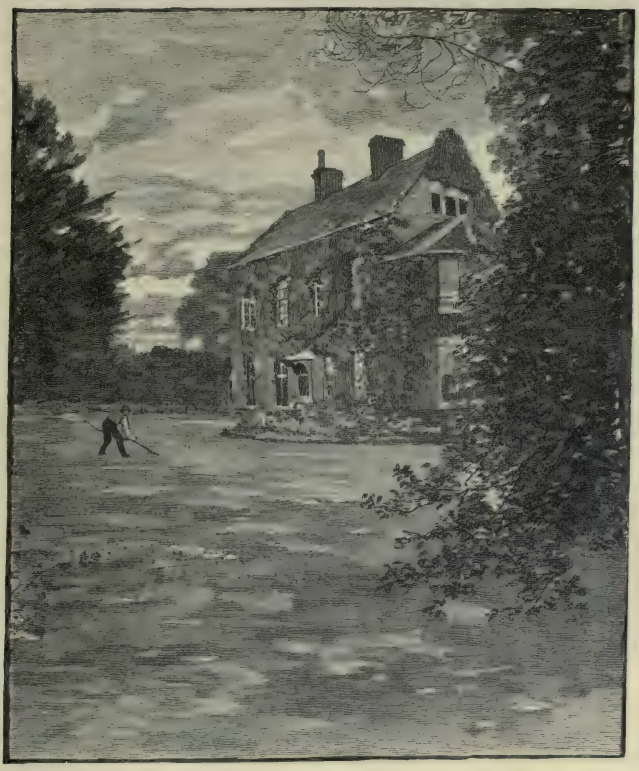
ASTLEY CHURCH, "THE LANTERN OF ARDEN," DESCRIBED IN "MR. GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY."

tone of slowness that pervades the whole place. The grand old church, with its magnificent carved oak roof, and the pleasant rectory beside it, stand aloof in dignified seclusion at the end of Church street. Even the "hands" from the great factories, whose rows of wide windows and tall, red-brick chimneys look modern and business-like enough, have little of the dash and vigor of northern factory girls, and move quietly along the street with their red-checked shawls drawn over their heads.

Yet this dingy little town has become immortal! For it is none other than the "Milby," whose history, social, political, and theological, all readers of the "Scenes of Clerical Life" know as well as if they had lived in one of those quiet streets for years. In the great church old Mr. Crewe, the curate, preached his "inaudible sermons"; and at the parsonage hard by, Janet Dempster helped his wife to prepare the famous collation for the Bishop. Half-way up Church street — the Orchard street of the book — stands the house, its door and windows now painted white instead of green, out of which poor Janet was thrust by her drunken husband into the cold night. A few yards below we may see the passage up an archway which led to good Mrs. Pettifer's, where she took refuge. The Bull Inn in the Bridge Way is supposed to be the original of the "Red Lion," where we are introduced to Mr. Dempster "mixing his third glass of brandy and water." And if we follow the street westwards we find ourselves at Stockingford, "a dismal district where you hear the rattle of the hand-loom, and breathe the smoke of coal-pits" — the "Paddiford Common" where Mr. Tryon worked himself to death.

About a mile from the market-place, along a scrambling street of small red-brick houses, broken up here and there by a railway bridge, or an orchard that in May glorifies the town with a cloud of white and pink blossoms, stands Chilvers Coton Church. Here we can easily recognize the substantial stone tower of "Shepperton Church, which looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock." "The little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall and leading to the school-children's gallery" is still intact. The school-children were sliding down the wooden rail when we saw it, as did their parents before them, to the no small detriment of their best clothes. For "Shepperton" when we visited

CHILVERS COTON CHURCH. THE STAIR TO THE CHILDREN'S GALLERY.

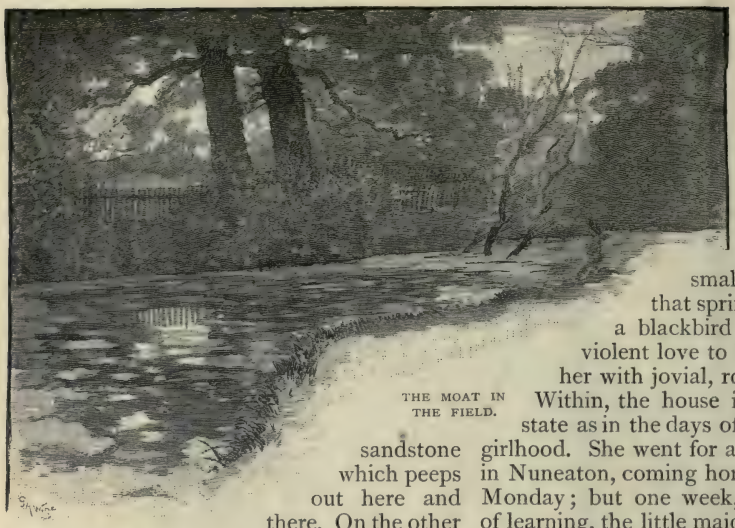


GRIFF HOUSE.

it was "*en fête*." The singing-gallery with its inscriptions had gone the way of such structures; and a goodly congregation was streaming from all the neighborhood to witness the opening of a fine new organ — successor to that one, "not very much out of repair," which in its time had played the requiem of the bassoon and key-bugles of earlier days. The escutcheons still adorn the chancel walls, with "their blood-red hands, their death-heads and cross-bones, their leopard's paws and Maltese crosses." But all traces of the high pews, in which little Mary Anne Evans had to be bribed into quietness by slices of bread and butter, have vanished. In the quiet churchyard outside, one is shown poor "Milly's" grave. Over the wall stands the pretty parsonage where Mr. Gilfil sat in his solitary parlor with its horsehair-covered chairs, with his old setter Ponto. And one can fancy Martha once a quarter, drawing aside the blinds and thick curtains of the oriel-window that overhangs the garden, and letting light and air into "the locked-up chamber in Mr. Gilfil's house."

It was in a hamlet of Chilvers Coton, a green and rural oasis between the looms and factories of Nuneaton and the coal-pits of Bedworth, that "George Eliot" was born. Her father, Mr. Evans, the well-known and highly respected land-agent, moved just before her birth from Staffordshire to South Farm, and six months after to Griff House, in which his son, Mr. Isaac Evans, now lives.

The road to Griff from Chilvers Coton leads up a long hill, over the railroad which has worked such magic changes in "Milby" and its neighborhood since the days of Mr. Gilfil. By the time the crest of the hill is reached, one forgets that looms exist, or that tall chimneys, belching forth evil black smoke, lie within a couple of miles. It is absolute country. Down in the hollow — "Griff Hollows" — made by the unused workings of an old stone quarry, stands an ancient house, now used as Mr. Evans's dairy beside the canal. The gentle cows press round the milking-shed, while an old turkey-gobbler struts with stiffly drooping wings and tail outspread among the humbler barn-door fowls, who seem quite unmoved by his impotent rage. On one side soft green turf and golden furze have half clothed the rugged red



THE MOAT IN THE FIELD.

sandstone which peeps out here and there. On the other the walls of the quarry are crowned with a thick wood, beyond the canal where little Mary Anne and her brother wandered with rod and line, and watched

"The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
The echoes of the quarry, the still hours
With white robe sweeping on the shadeless noon."
(*Brother and Sister.* Poems.)

The road ascends through a deep cutting overhung by trees which cling to the rocky bank wherever they can find roothold, while festoons of ivy catch every ray of sunlight on their glossy leaves. Past the wood, green fields stretch away on the right of the road; and beyond them, through the branches of fir, elm, oak, and birch trees, a glint of red brick tells us we have reached our goal, for there stands Griff House. The gardener runs out from his cottage across the road, opens the gate of the drive, and in a few moments we turn round a magnificent yew-tree and stop at the front door.

It is a pleasant, substantial house, built of warm red brick, with old-fashioned, small-paned casement windows. The walls are almost hidden by creepers, a glorious old pear-tree, roses and jessamine, and over one end a tangle of luxuriant ivy. Across the smooth green lawn and its flower-beds an old stone vase covered with golden lichen made a point of color beneath the silver stems of a great birch-tree. Outside the light iron fence a group of sheep were bleating below a gnarled and twisted oak. Behind them rose the rich purple-brown wood we had come through, and beyond the wood we caught glimpses of far-away blue distance, swelling uplands and wide-stretching valleys, with here and there a huge chimney sending up a column of black smoke or white puff of steam. On the house-roof pigeons were cooing forth their satisfaction at the sunshine. From the yew-tree close by, a concert of small chirping voices told that spring was coming, while a blackbird in the bushes made violent love to his mate, and wooed her with jovial, rollicking song.

Within, the house is much in the same state as in the days of Mary Anne Evans's girlhood. She went for a short time to school in Nuneaton, coming home from Saturday till Monday; but one week, in spite of her love of learning, the little maiden's heart failed her, and when the time came to start for school she had disappeared. After hours of search she was at last discovered hiding under the great four-post mahogany bed, which was shown us in its original place in the spare room. Upstairs in the roof is a large attic store-room, through which runs the main chimney-stack of the house; and any one who remembers Maggie Tulliver will easily recognize this as the favorite retreat where she revenged herself on the much-enduring fetich,

"grinding and beating the wooden head against the rough brick of the great chimneys that made two square pillows supporting the roof." (*Mill on the Floss.*)

The gardens, the fields, every spot seems familiar to one from some exquisite and tender touch scattered here and there throughout the writings of our great Warwickshire

CORNER OF GRIFF HOUSE.

novelist. Thanks to the exceeding kindness of the family, we were allowed to walk

"Across the homestead to the rookery elms,
Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound;
So rich for us, we counted them as realms
With varied products: here were earth-nuts found,

"And here the Lady-fingers in deep shade;
Here sloping toward the Moat the rushes grew,
The large to split for pith, the small to braid;
While over all the dark rooks cawing flew."

and plump, glossy fowls bustled to and fro to the sweet, old-fashioned kitchen garden. A long nut-tree walk runs its whole length, ending in an old arbor, which with its stone table recalls to one's mind the summer-house at Lowick, where Dorothea found Mr. Casaubon sleeping his last sleep. The stone dial of little Mary Anne's childish days still stands on the grass plat, and from a couple of blocks of stone in one corner we looked over the tall,

THE CANAL NEAR GRIFF HOUSE.

There were the elms, black with a parliament of rooks intent on building questions; and beneath them each year the earth-nuts still show their fernlike leaves.

The moat with its rushes, bounding one end of the field, formed part of the moat of Sudely Castle, which Cromwell razed to the ground with his cannon planted in the "Battery Field" the other side of The Hollow.

"Then came the copse where wild things rushed unseen,
And black-scathed grass betrayed the past abode
Of mystic gypsies, who still lurked between
Me and each hidden distance of the road."

Down the meadow-path in Griff Hollows, along the "brown canal,"

"Slowly the barges floated into view,
Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime."

And beyond the Hollows, on a green ridge, stands "The College"—the workhouse to which poor Amos Barton "walked forth in cape and boa, with the sleet driving in his face."

We wandered back across the rolling grass-clad ridge and furrows of the homestead—through a tiny paddock where three newborn lambs were bleating beside their mothers, closely clipped garden hedge to the Arbury woods, a mile or two away, where little black-eyed Caterina found Anthony Wybrow lying dead in the rookery of "Cheverell Manor."

A pleasant garden truly at all seasons of the year, with its huge apple and pear trees from which we can picture the brother plucking

"The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach."

Even in that chill time, when winter has scarcely made up its mind to leave our cold midland counties, the snowdrops lift their heads as a hint it cannot stay much longer. There is a band of them a foot wide and some thirty paces long all the way up the nut-walk—tightly packed together as if they had not been disturbed for half a century. It would not be possible to find anything like these Griff snowdrops save in "one of those old-fashioned paradises which hardly exist any longer except as memories of our childhood."

It was in early spring that we first made acquaintance with George Eliot's home, but the apple-trees had budded and blossomed, and summer had put on all its glory of green leaves and sweet flowers, ere we found our way to "Cheverell Manor."

LIME AVENUE, WHERE ANTHONY WAS FOUND DEAD.

The gates of Arbury Park are only a quarter of a mile from Griff House; and as we drove through the fragrant woods, with a flash of sunshine lighting up feathery birch or sturdy oak, and penetrating into the dark hiding-places of spruce or pine boughs, we conjured up, with the help of our kind guides, visions of the grave little maiden roaming through these very plantations, and storing her busy brain with a thousand impressions which neither bricks and mortar, men, nor books in after life should be able to dim. The deer, feeding beside the lazy cows, scarcely moved as we drove through the herd beneath groups of stately trees in the park; and presently we came in full view of Cheverell Manor,

"the castellated house of grey-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking, with its dark flattened boughs, the too formal symmetry of the front; the broad gravel-walk winding on the right, by a row of tall pines, alongside the pool — on the left branching out among swelling grassy mounds, surmounted by clumps of trees, where the red trunk of the Scotch fir glows in the descending sunlight against the bright green of limes and acacias; the great pool, where a pair of swans are swimming lazily with one leg tucked under a wing, and where the open water-lilies lie calmly accepting the kisses of the fluttering light-sparkles; the lawn, with its smooth emerald greenness, sloping down to the rougher and browner herbage of the park, from which it is invisibly fenced by a little stream that winds away from the pool, and disappears under a wooden bridge in the distant pleasure-ground."

It was all there, just as our great authoress had painted it with loving, lingering touch; and when we reached the house and, leaving the carriage, made our way with Mr. Bates's successor down to the garden, we half expected to see Lady Cheverell and Caterina carrying their cushions and embroidery across the swelling lawn, while the three gentlemen

ARBOR IN THE GARDEN.

sipped their claret within "the great Gothic windows of the dining-room."

To make the illusion more complete, a thunder-storm which had been gathering from all quarters of the heavens now approached with ominous growls and glitterings of lightning; and as the first drops of rain began to fall, we hurried down to "Mr. Bates's" cottage, under the same trees from which a smart shower fell on poor little Caterina when she ran down to Mosslands to find comfort in the companionship of the good old gardener. His successor, Mr. White, the courteous head-gardener of Arbury, gave us shelter from the storm. When the rain had abated, and he led us back over

"the pretty arched wooden bridge which formed the only entrance to Mosslands for any but webbed feet, the sun had mastered the clouds and was shining through the boughs of the tall elms that made a deep nest for the gardener's cottage — turning the raindrops into diamonds."

A lovelier effect I have seldom seen than as we looked up a noble avenue of limes from the little bridge, on either side of the smooth waterway, which was all flecked with light and shade from the overarching trees, and broken into a thousand golden lines by the drops that fell from the tender green leaves.

We made our way along the well-kept paths through the rookery,—now, alas! deserted by its cawing tenants,—and Mr. White led us to a long grave-shaped green bed covered with ferns, which marks, so says tradition, the spot where Caterina saw something "lying among the dank leaves on the path three yards before her"; and forgetting her deadly purpose, and sinking on her knees beside it, she cried:

"Anthony, Anthony! speak to me — it is Tina — speak to me! Oh God, he is dead!"

It may be that no Anthony ever lay there dead; that no Caterina ever broke her tender heart for the heartless, worthless fellow. But so living are those creations of George Eliot's brain, that none of us could stand quite unmoved beside the green bed; and it was a relief to escape from the spot and come out of the damp shade into a blaze of sunshine and azalea-flowers in the American garden hard by, while the thunder muttered away in the distance.

Such was the early home and such the surroundings of George Eliot's girlhood. No wonder that in after years the memory of that sweet country life surged up amid the feverish work of the great world; and that she reverted to those scenes of her childhood with a fresh-

ARBURY HALL (CHEVERELL MANOR).

ness and indescribable tenderness which give a peculiar charm to the descriptive touches in her later books.

What a change, one would think, from that tranquil homestead of Griff to the close neighborhood of Coventry. Yet when at nineteen the change took place, it was a welcome one. Quiet country life could no longer satisfy the intellect that had developed itself unaided—almost unnoticed. She needed and craved for a wider sphere; and at last it came.

If you go through the quaint old city of Coventry, with its glorious spires, its "Peeping Tom," its huge factories, its narrow, irregular streets of timbered houses, you reach at last the road leading to the village of Foleshill, a mile or so outside the limits of the borough. Dirty coal-wharves and smoke-grimed houses, last remnants of the town, gradually give place to scattered cottages, dropped here and there among fields and hedge-rows, smoke-grimed too, but still green in summer. Then on the right comes a little brook with a pathway through some posts beside it. Three tall poplars in a garden fence overshadow it; and, through the trees behind, you catch a glimpse of two unpretending brown-stone, semi-detached houses, regular suburban villas, with the same carriage-drive winding up among the trees to each, the same grass-lawn with its beds of evergreens, the same little strips of garden at the back,—a mournful attempt to combine town and country; as uninspiring a spot as one can well conceive. To the first of these houses in 1841 came Mr. Evans, when he left Griff; and with him his grave, soft-voiced daughter, Mary Anne, or, as she now called herself, Marian.

"How often have I seen that pale, thoughtful face wandering along the path by the little stream," said one of her early friends, as we turned into the gate.

Her coming created quite a little sensation. "How pleasant to have that nice, clever Miss Evans among us," was the feeling of some of the neighbors; for even then she was known as a girl of remarkable power. But to her the change of residence was new life. Here for the first time she found herself within reach of the culture she had so passionately longed for, and longed for in vain, in the old home at Griff. Here her real education began. She perfected her knowledge of Latin and Greek by lessons from the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, then head-master of the Coventry Grammar School. From Signor Brezzi she took lessons in French, German, and Italian; and soon knew so much as to lead her teacher, he said, in the two former languages. Hebrew she taught herself unaided. Music lessons she also took from the organist of St. Michael's at Coventry, although, as a critic says, who knew and loved her well, "it was her own fine musical taste which made her in after years an exquisite pianoforte player." Even as a girl she had been devoted to music; and an old farmer who married a relation of her mother's recalls with pride the fine times he had when "Mary Anne" accompanied his fiddle.

But here at Foleshill, more precious than all the Latin and Greek, French and German, sprang up a friendship which gave her the sympathy she had hitherto looked for in vain. When Marian Evans first entered Mr. Charles Bray's house, Rosehill, she found herself in an atmosphere of culture and liberal thought which at last satisfied the craving of her spirit, impatient of the narrow evangelicalism in which she had been bred. "In his family," to quote the same authority, "she found sympathy with her ardent love of knowledge, and with the more enlightened views that had begun to supplant those under which (as she described it) her spirit had been grievously burdened."

How perfectly could one realize the whole picture as loving lips described it. The walks across the fields, a short cut from Foleshill to Rosehill, now partially destroyed by railway and building lots, meeting half-way the quiet young lady in her bonnet and shawl and long dark ringlets; the gentle chiding for her extravagance in coming over the fields in silk stockings and thin shoes; the talks on the stile, her humor bubbling forth in that loving and genial companionship, grave and shy as she appeared at home and among strangers; or the walk up to Rosehill to meet on the bearskin, spread under the great acacia-tree, where men of mark gathered together to discuss all things in heaven and earth. If that bearskin could speak, what words of wit and wisdom might it not have repeated from Emerson, George Coombe, Robert Mackay, Thackeray, Herbert Spencer, and many more, who all

"listened with marked attention when one gentle woman's voice was heard to utter what they were quite sure was well matured before the lips were opened. Few if any could feel themselves her superior in general intelligence, and it was amusing one day to see the amazement of a certain Dr. L., who, venturing on a quotation from Epictetus to an unassuming young lady, was, with modest politeness, corrected in his Greek by his feminine auditor. One rare characteristic belonged to her, which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation. She had no petty egotism, no spirit of contradiction; she never talked for effect. A happy thought well expressed filled her with delight; in a moment she would seize the point and improve upon it, so that common people began to feel themselves wise in her presence, and perhaps years after she would remind them, to their pride and surprise, of the good things they had said."

The brown house is now much altered and enlarged; but its counterpart over the stone

balustrade is untouched and shows exactly what it was in Mr. Evans's day. Yet though the modest house has grown sideways and lengthways, the main building remains intact, and one is glad to know that its present occupants reverence the memory of those days of toil and thought. Mr. Evans's office is the only room which has been swallowed up by the new additions. It was close to the entrance, and in it his Saturday afternoons were spent, making up the accounts of his week's work. This fact was a source of some alarm to his daughter's young visitor, who told me he would often open the front door himself if she chanced to come on the last day of the week. His gruff welcome of "Come to see Mary Anne?" though kindly meant, never failed to make her quake in her shoes, from its grave, severe tone.

To the left were the dining-room and drawing-room, now thrown into one. In the former, over the sideboard, hung a print from Wilkie's famous picture of the "Distraint for Rent," a significant hint for a land-agent's house. In the little drawing-room Miss Evans sat in the corner by the fire to receive her visitors — the fire which she never allowed a maid to replenish. She always had a man-servant in to do it, for she could not bear, she said, to see a woman putting on coals.

Upstairs I was taken into a tiny room over the front door, with a plain square window. This was George Eliot's little study. Here to the left on entering was her desk; and upon a bracket, in the corner between it and the window, stood an exquisite statuette of Christ, looking towards her. Here she lived among her books, which covered the walls. Here she worked with ardor in the new fields of thought which her friendship with the Brays opened to her. And here, at the instigation of Mrs. Bray's brother, the late Charles Hennell, author of the "Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity," she undertook the translation of Strauss's "Leben Jesu." It was a tremendous task for a girl of twenty-five.

"The labor of rendering Strauss's masterpiece into clear, idiomatic English was by no means light, and her intimate friends of that time well remember the strain it entailed upon her,"

says the friend whom I have quoted before. But in scarcely more than a year the work was done. In 1846 the "Life of Jesus" appeared, and Strauss himself complimented the translator on her perfect success.

Out of the study opened her bedroom, looking over the little villa garden with its carriage-drive under the shady trees. But three of these trees remain — a weeping-lime, a venerable acacia, with the silvery sheen of a birch between them. In old days there were many more — so many, indeed, as to render the house gloomy in the extreme. But they served to shut off all sight of the noisy road thirty yards away, though they could not shut off the sound of the busy coal-wharf farther on, whence foul and cruel words to horse and fellow-man floated up through the still summer air, and jarred painfully on that highly strung organization, as Miss Evans sat plunged in thought and work beside her window. It was one of the penalties of a nearer approach to the civilization she had so ardently longed for in her old country life at Griff. From the study you look on the exquisite spires of Coventry, or through the tree-stems on gently swelling fields with their row of hedge-row elms against the sky. It is not a locality to kindle much enthusiasm for nature or anything else. But depend upon it, that penetrating eye and mind saw more in these uninteresting surroundings than many of the vulgar herd could see in Alps or the "eternal city" itself. Who can forget the tender poetry she manages to find in the "dreary prose" of Milby? how she tells us the sweet spring came there, notwithstanding its smoke and weaving-shops?

"The elm-tops were red with buds; the church-yard was starred with daisies; the lark showered his love-music on the flat fields; the rainbows hung over the dingy town, clothing the very roofs and chimneys in a strange, transfiguring beauty. And so it was with the human life there, which at first seemed a dismal mixture of griping worldliness, vanity, ostrich feathers, and the fumes of brandy; looking closer, you found some purity, gentleness, and unselfishness, as you may have observed a scented geranium giving forth its wholesome odors amidst blasphemy and gin in a noisy pot-house."

Next to her own bedroom came her father's — the largest room in the house. And as we opened the door, all thought of the famous author seemed to be lost in the memory of the devoted daughter; for — as her friend said with loving pride — "she was the most devoted daughter for those nine years that it is possible to imagine." Her father always spent three days in the week away from home; and those three days were Miss Evans's holidays, given up to her work and her friends. But on the evenings he was at home, not the most tempting invitation in the world would induce her to leave him.

"If I am to keep my father's house, I am going to do it thoroughly," she would say. And thoroughly she did try to do her duty, even to the matter of cooking on certain occasions. A friend recalls a visit one afternoon, when she found Marian in comical distress over her failures. The cook was ill, and Miss Evans undertook to manufacture a batter-pudding. "And when it came to table, it broke. To think that the mistress could not even make a batter-pudding!"

NUNEATON.

Trying years those must have been, when duty and inclination drew her in directly opposite directions; and the strong soul was worn and chafed by this perpetual struggle. Her friends felt this for her, and rejoiced when one year she set off with Mr. and Mrs. Bray for a little tour in the west of Scotland. But even this holiday was doomed to be cut short; for the day after she started, her father slipped in getting into bed and broke his leg. Great were the lamentations at Marian's absence—"and to think we cannot even telegraph for her—and that no letter can reach her!" Her friends who knew how she needed rest and change were secretly glad, and blessed the tardy posts and want of telegraphic communication. But when at last the news reached her, she returned instantly, and devoted herself to her father with redoubled zeal.

"I can see her trunk open all ready packed to start for St. Leonards in 1849, and how she hated to go, poor dear," her friend said, as we stood in the little bedroom. This was soon before her father's death, which took place at St. Leonards after two or three months of severe and trying illness—a terrible strain on his daughter, who never left his side. But when the end at last came her grief was unbounded, and she would have given worlds to have him back again. During a tour on the continent she made after her father's death with her friends the Brays, she could take but little pleasure in anything, so deep was her sense of loss.

She spent some months at Geneva after Mr. and Mrs. Bray's return to England, and then came back to be an inmate of their home at Rosehill for twelve months. This year was the last she spent in her native county. In 1851 she went to London to help Dr. Chapman in the work of the "Westminster Review," and except for short visits Warwickshire saw her no more.

Though far away, all her novels show how ever-present in her mind was the midland scenery in which her youth had been passed. And what has she not done for us, the dwellers in "Loamshire"? Well might she take the lines from Drayton's "Polyolbion" as the motto for one of her books:

"Upon the midlands now the industrious muse doth fall,
The shires which we the heart of England well may call.
. . . . .

"My native country thou, which so brave spirits hast bred,
If there be virtues yet remaining in the earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee,
Of all thy later brood the unworthiest though I be."

Our castles—our parks—were historical. Now our farm-houses—our "Rainbows"—our very cottages—have become immortal through the genius of George Eliot.

Rose G. Kingsley.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XXII.

THE morning postman brought Mrs. Lapham a letter from Irene, which was chiefly significant because it made no reference whatever to the writer or her state of mind. It gave the news of her uncle's family; it told of their kindness to her; her cousin Will was going to take her and his sisters ice-boating on the river, when it froze.

By the time this letter came, Lapham had gone to his business, and the mother carried it to Penelope to talk over. "What do you make out of it?" she asked; and without waiting to be answered, she said, "I don't know as I believe in cousins marrying, a great deal; but if Irene and Will were to fix it up between 'em—" She looked vaguely at Penelope.

"It wouldn't make any difference as far as I was concerned," replied the girl, listlessly.

Mrs. Lapham lost her patience.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what, Penelope!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps it'll make a difference to you if you know that your father's in *real* trouble. He's harassed to death, and he was awake half the night, talking about it. That abominable old Rogers has got a lot of money away from him; and he's lost by others that he's helped,"—Mrs. Lapham put it in this way because she had no time to be explicit,—"and I want you should come out of your room now, and try to be of some help and comfort to him when he comes home to-night. I guess Irene wouldn't mope round much, if she was here," she could not help adding.

The girl lifted herself on her elbow. "What's that you say about father?" she demanded, eagerly. "Is he in trouble? Is he going to lose his money? Shall we have to stay in this house?"

"We may be very *glad* to stay in this house," said Mrs. Lapham, half angry with herself for having given cause for the girl's conjectures, and half with the habit of prosperity in her child, which could conceive no better of what adversity was. "And I want you should get up and show that you've got some feeling for somebody in the world besides yourself."

"Oh, I'll get *up!*" said the girl, promptly, almost cheerfully.

"I don't say it's as bad now as it looked a little while ago," said her mother, conscientiously hedging a little from the statement which she had based rather upon her feelings than her facts. "Your father thinks he'll pull through all right, and I don't know but what he will. But I want you should see if you can't do something to cheer him up and keep him from getting so perfectly down-hearted as he seems to get, under the load he's got to carry. And stop thinking about yourself awhile, and behave yourself like a sensible girl."

"Yes, yes," said the girl; "I will. You needn't be troubled about me any more."

Before she left her room she wrote a note, and when she came down she was dressed to go out-of-doors and post it herself. The note was to Corey:

"Do not come to see me any more till you hear from me. I have a reason which I cannot give you now; and you must not ask what it is."

All day she went about in a buoyant desperation, and she came down to meet her father at supper.

"Well, Persis," he said scornfully, as he sat down, "we might as well saved our good resolutions till they were wanted. I guess those English parties have gone back on Rogers."

"Do you mean he didn't come?"

"He hadn't come up to half-past five," said Lapham.

"Tchk!" uttered his wife.

"But I guess I shall pull through without Mr. Rogers," continued Lapham. "A firm that I didn't think *could* weather it is still afloat, and so far forth as the danger goes of being dragged under with it, I'm all right." Penelope came in. "Hello, Pen!" cried her father. "It ain't often I meet *you* nowadays." He put up his hand as she passed his chair, and pulled her down and kissed her.

"No," she said; "but I thought I'd come

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down to-night and cheer you up a little. I shall not talk; the sight of me will be enough."

Her father laughed out. "Mother been telling you? Well, I *was* pretty blue last night; but I guess I was more scared than hurt. How'd you like to go to the theater to-night? Sellers at the Park. Heigh?"

"Well, I don't know. Don't you think they could get along without me there?"

"No; couldn't work it at all," cried the Colonel. "Let's all go. Unless," he added, inquiringly, "there's somebody coming here?"

"There's nobody coming," said Penelope.

"Good! Then we'll go. Mother, don't you be late now."

"Oh, *I* sha'n't keep you waiting," said Mrs. Lapham. She had thought of telling what a cheerful letter she had got from Irene; but upon the whole it seemed better not to speak of Irene at all just then. After they returned from the theater, where the Colonel roared through the comedy, with continual reference of his pleasure to Penelope, to make sure that she was enjoying it too, his wife said, as if the whole affair had been for the girl's distraction rather than his, "I don't believe but what it's going to come out all right about the children;" and then she told him of the letter, and the hopes she had founded upon it.

"Well, perhaps you're right, Persis," he consented.

"I haven't seen Pen so much like herself since it happened. I declare, when I see the way she came out to-night, just to please you, I don't know as I want you should get over all your troubles right away."

"I guess there'll be enough to keep Pen going for a while yet," said the Colonel, winding up his watch.

But for a time there was a relief, which Walker noted, in the atmosphere at the office, and then came another cold wave, slighter than the first, but distinctly felt there, and succeeded by another relief. It was like the winter which was wearing on to the end of the year, with alternations of freezing weather, and mild days stretching to weeks, in which the snow and ice wholly disappeared. It was none the less winter, and none the less harassing for these fluctuations, and Lapham showed in his face and temper the effect of like fluctuations in his affairs. He grew thin and old, and both at home and at his office he was irascible to the point of offense. In these days Penelope shared with her mother the burden of their troubled home, and united with her in supporting the silence or the petulance of the gloomy, secret man who replaced the presence of jolly prosperity there. Lapham had now ceased to talk of his troubles, and savagely resented his wife's interference. "You mind your own business, Persis," he said one day, "if you've got any;" and after that she left him mainly to Penelope, who did not think of asking him questions.

"It's pretty hard on you, Pen," she said.

"That makes it easier for me," returned the girl, who did not otherwise refer to her own trouble. In her heart she had wondered a little at the absolute obedience of Corey, who had made no sign since receiving her note. She would have liked to ask her father if Corey was sick; she would have liked him to ask her why Corey did not come any more. Her mother went on:

"I don't believe your father knows *where* he stands. He works away at those papers he brings home here at night, as if he didn't half know what he was about. He always did have that close streak in him, and I don't suppose but what he's been going into things he don't want anybody else to know about, and he's kept these accounts of his own."

Sometimes he gave Penelope figures to work at, which he would not submit to his wife's nimbler arithmetic. Then she went to bed and left them sitting up till midnight, struggling with problems in which they were both weak. But she could see that the girl was a comfort to her father, and that his troubles were a defense and shelter to her. Some nights she could hear them going out together, and then she lay awake for their return from their long walk. When the hour or day of respite came again, the home felt it first. Lapham wanted to know what the news from Irene was; he joined his wife in all her cheerful speculations, and tried to make her amends for his sullen reticence and irritability. Irene was staying on at Dubuque. There came a letter from her, saying that her uncle's people wanted her to spend the winter there. "Well, let her," said Lapham. "It'll be the best thing for her." Lapham himself had letters from his brother at frequent intervals. His brother was watching the G. L. & P., which as yet had made no offer for the mills. Once, when one of these letters came, he submitted to his wife whether, in the absence of any positive information that the road wanted the property, he might not, with a good conscience, dispose of it to the best advantage to anybody who came along.

She looked wistfully at him; it was on the rise from a season of deep depression with him. "No, Si," she said; "I don't see how you could do that."

He did not assent and submit, as he had done at first, but began to rail at the unpracticality of women; and then he shut some

papers he had been looking over into his desk, and flung out of the room.

One of the papers had slipped through the crevice of the lid, and lay upon the floor. Mrs. Lapham kept on at her sewing, but after a while she picked the paper up to lay it on the desk. Then she glanced at it, and saw that it was a long column of dates and figures, recording successive sums, never large ones, paid regularly to "Wm. M." The dates covered a year, and the sum amounted at least to several hundreds.

Mrs. Lapham laid the paper down on the desk, and then she took it up again and put it into her work-basket, meaning to give it to him. When he came in she saw him looking absent-mindedly about for something, and then going to work upon his papers, apparently without it. She thought she would wait till he missed it definitely, and then give him the scrap she had picked up. It lay in her basket, and after some days it found its way under the work in it, and she forgot it.

XXIII.

Since New Year's there had scarcely been a mild day, and the streets were full of snow, growing foul under the city feet and hoofs, and renewing its purity from the skies with repeated falls, which in turn lost their whiteness, beaten down, and beaten black and hard into a solid bed like iron. The sleighing was incomparable, and the air was full of the din of bells; but Lapham's turnout was not of those that thronged the Brighton road every afternoon; the man at the livery-stable sent him word that the mare's legs were swelling.

He and Corey had little to do with each other. He did not know how Penelope had arranged it with Corey; his wife said she knew no more than he did, and he did not like to ask the girl herself, especially as Corey no longer came to the house. He saw that she was cheerfuller than she had been, and helpfuller with him and her mother. Now and then Lapham opened his troubled soul to her a little, letting his thought break into speech without preamble or conclusion. Once he said:

"Pen, I presume you know I'm in trouble."

"We all seem to be there," said the girl.

"Yes, but there's a difference between being there by your own fault and being there by somebody else's."

"I don't call it his fault," she said.

"I call it mine," said the Colonel.

The girl laughed. Her thought was of her own care, and her father's wholly of his. She must come to his ground. "What have you been doing wrong?"

"I don't know as you'd call it wrong. It's what people do all the time. But I wish I'd let stocks alone. It's what I always promised your mother I would do. But there's no use cryin' over spilt milk; or watered stock, either."

"I don't think there's much use crying about anything. If it could have been cried straight, it would have been all right from the start," said the girl, going back to her own affair; and if Lapham had not been so deeply engrossed in his, he might have seen how little she cared for all that money could do or undo. He did not observe her enough to see how variable her moods were in those days, and how often she sank from some wild gayety into abject melancholy; how at times she was fiercely defiant of nothing at all, and at others inexplicably humble and patient. But no doubt none of these signs had passed unnoticed by his wife, to whom Lapham said one day, when he came home, "Persis, what's the reason Pen don't marry Corey?"

"You know as well as I do, Silas," said Mrs. Lapham, with an inquiring look at him for what lay behind his words.

"Well, I think it's all tomfoolery, the way she's going on. There ain't any rhyme nor reason to it." He stopped, and his wife waited. "If she said the word, I could have some help from them." He hung his head, and would not meet his wife's eye.

"I guess you're in a pretty bad way, Si," she said pityingly, "or you wouldn't have come to that."

"I'm in a hole," said Lapham, "and I don't know where to turn. You won't let me do anything about those mills——"

"Yes, I'll let you," said his wife sadly.

He gave a miserable cry. "You know I can't do anything, if you do. Oh, my Lord!"

She had not seen him so low as that before. She did not know what to say. She was frightened, and could only ask, "Has it come to the worst?"

"The new house has got to go," he answered evasively.

She did not say anything. She knew that the work on the house had been stopped since the beginning of the year. Lapham had told the architect that he preferred to leave it unfinished till the spring, as there was no prospect of their being able to get into it that winter; and the architect had agreed with him that it would not hurt it to stand. Her heart was heavy for him, though she could not say so. They sat together at the table, where she had come to be with him at his belated meal. She saw that he did not eat, and

she waited for him to speak again, without urging him to take anything. They were past that.

"And I've sent orders to shut down at the Works," he added.

"Shut down at the Works!" she echoed with dismay. She could not take it in. The fire at the Works had never been out before since it was first kindled. She knew how he had prided himself upon that; how he had bragged of it to every listener, and had always lugged the fact in as the last expression of his sense of success. "Oh, Silas!"

"What's the use?" he retorted. "I saw it was coming a month ago. There are some fellows out in West Virginia that have been running the paint as hard as they could. They couldn't do much; they used to put it on the market raw. But lately they got to baking it, and now they've struck a vein of natural gas right by their works, and they pay ten cents for fuel where I pay a dollar, and they make as good a paint. Anybody can see where it's going to end. Besides, the market's overstocked. It's glutted. There wa'n't anything to do but to shut *down*, and I've *shut* down."

"I don't know what's going to become of the hands in the middle of the winter, this way," said Mrs. Lapham, laying hold of one definite thought which she could grasp in the turmoil of ruin that whirled before her eyes.

"I don't care what becomes of the hands," cried Lapham. "They've shared my luck; now let 'em share the other thing. And if you're so very sorry for the hands, I wish you'd keep a little of your pity for *me*. Don't you know what shutting down the Works means?"

"Yes, indeed I do, Silas," said his wife tenderly.

"Well, then!" He rose, leaving his supper untasted, and went into the sitting-room, where she presently found him, with that everlasting confusion of papers before him on the desk. That made her think of the paper in her work-basket, and she decided not to make the careworn, distracted man ask her for it, after all. She brought it to him.

He glanced blankly at it and then caught it from her, turning red and looking foolish. "Where'd you get that?"

"You dropped it on the floor the other night, and I picked it up. Who is 'Wm. M.'?"

"'Wm. M.'?" he repeated, looking confusedly at her, and then at the paper. "Oh, —it's nothing." He tore the paper into small pieces, and went and dropped them into the fire. When Mrs. Lapham came into the room in the morning, before he was down, she found a scrap of the paper, which must have fluttered to the hearth; and glancing at it she saw that the words were "Mrs. M." She wondered what dealings with a woman her husband could have, and she remembered the confusion he had shown about the paper, and which she had thought was because she had surprised one of his business secrets. She was still thinking of it when he came down to breakfast, heavy-eyed, tremulous, with deep seams and wrinkles in his face.

After a silence which he did not seem inclined to break, "Silas," she asked, "who is 'Mrs. M.'?"

He stared at her. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't you?" she returned mockingly. "When you do, you tell me. Do you want any more coffee?"

"No."

"Well, then, you can ring for Alice when you've finished. I've got some things to attend to." She rose abruptly, and left the room. Lapham looked after her in a dull way, and then went on with his breakfast. While he still sat at his coffee, she flung into the room again, and dashed some papers down beside his plate. "Here are some more things of yours, and I'll thank you to lock them up in your desk and not litter my room with them, if you please." Now he saw that she was angry, and it must be with him. It enraged him that in such a time of trouble she should fly out at him in that way. He left the house without trying to speak to her.

That day Corey came just before closing, and, knocking at Lapham's door, asked if he could speak with him a few moments.

"Yes," said Lapham, wheeling round in his swivel-chair and kicking another towards Corey. "Sit down. I want to talk to you. I'd ought to tell you you're wasting your time here. I spoke the other day about your placin' yourself better, and I can help you to do it, yet. There ain't going to be the outcome for the paint in the foreign markets that we expected, and I guess you better give it up."

"I don't wish to give it up," said the young fellow, setting his lips. "I've as much faith in it as ever; and I want to propose now what I hinted at in the first place. I want to put some money into the business."

"Some money!" Lapham leaned towards him, and frowned as if he had not quite understood, while he clutched the arms of his chair.

"I've got about thirty thousand dollars that I could put in, and if you don't want to consider me a partner — I remember that you objected to a partner — you can let me regard it as an investment. But I think I see the way to doing something at once in Mexico, and I should like to feel that I had something more than a drummer's interest in the venture."

The men sat looking into each other's eyes. Then Lapham leaned back in his chair, and rubbed his hand hard and slowly over his face. His features were still twisted with some strong emotion when he took it away. "Your family know about this?"

"My uncle James knows."

"He thinks it would be a good plan for you?"

"He thought that by this time I ought to be able to trust my own judgment."

"Do you suppose I could see your uncle at his office?"

"I imagine he's there."

"Well, I want to have a talk with him, one of these days." He sat pondering awhile, and then rose, and went with Corey to his door. "I guess I sha'n't change my mind about taking you into the business in that way," he said coldly. "If there was any reason why I shouldn't at first, there's more now."

"Very well, sir," answered the young man, and went to close his desk. The outer office was empty; but while Corey was putting his papers in order it was suddenly invaded by two women, who pushed by the protesting porter on the stairs and made their way towards Lapham's room. One of them was Miss Dewey, the type-writer girl, and the other was a woman whom she would resemble in face and figure twenty years hence, if she led a life of hard work varied by paroxysms of hard drinking.

"That his room, Z'rilla?" asked this woman, pointing towards Lapham's door with a hand that had not freed itself from the fringe of dirty shawl under which it had hung. She went forward without waiting for the answer, but before she could reach it the door opened, and Lapham stood filling its space.

"Look here, Colonel Lapham!" began the woman, in a high key of challenge. "I want to know if this is the way you're goin' back on me and Z'rilla?"

"What do you want?" asked Lapham.

"What do I want? What do you s'pose I want? I want the money to pay my month's rent; there ain't a bite to eat in the house; and I want some money to market."

Lapham bent a frown on the woman, under which she shrank back a step. "You've taken the wrong way to get it. Clear out!"

"I *won't* clear out!" said the woman, beginning to whimper.

"Corey!" said Lapham, in the peremptory voice of a master,— he had seemed so indifferent to Corey's presence that the young man thought he must have forgotten he was there,—"is Dennis anywhere round?"

"Yissor," said Dennis, answering for himself from the head of the stairs, and appearing in the wareroom.

Lapham spoke to the woman again. "Do you want I should call a hack, or do you want I should call an officer?"

The woman began to cry into an end of her shawl. "*I* don't know what we're goin' to do."

"You're going to clear out," said Lapham. "Call a hack, Dennis. If you ever come here again, I'll have you arrested. Mind that! Zerrilla, I shall want you early to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir," said the girl meekly; she and her mother shrank out after the porter.

Lapham shut his door without a word.

At lunch the next day Walker made himself amends for Corey's reticence by talking a great deal. He talked about Lapham, who seemed to have, more than ever since his apparent difficulties began, the fascination of an enigma for his book-keeper, and he ended by asking, "Did you see that little circus last night?"

"What little circus?" asked Corey in his turn.

"Those two women and the old man. Dennis told me about it. I told him if he liked his place he'd better keep his mouth shut."

"That was very good advice," said Corey.

"Oh, all right, if you don't want to talk. Don't know as I should in your place," returned Walker, in the easy security he had long felt that Corey had no intention of putting on airs with him. "But I'll tell you what: the old man can't expect it of everybody. If he keeps this thing up much longer, it's going to be talked about. You can't have a woman walking into your place of business, and trying to bulldoze you before your porter, without setting your porter to thinking. And the last thing you want a porter to do is to think; for when a porter thinks, he thinks wrong."

"I don't see why even a porter couldn't think right about that affair," replied Corey. "I don't know who the woman was, though I believe she was Miss Dewey's mother; but I couldn't see that Colonel Lapham showed anything but a natural resentment of her coming to him in that way. I should have said she was some rather worthless person whom he'd been befriending, and that she had presumed upon his kindness."

"Is that so? What do you think of his never letting Miss Dewey's name go on the books?"

"That it's another proof it's a sort of charity of his. That's the only way to look at it."

"Oh, *I'm* all right." Walker lighted a cigar

and began to smoke, with his eyes closed to a fine straight line. "It won't do for a book-keeper to think wrong, any more than a porter, I suppose. But I guess you and I don't think very different about this thing."

"Not if you think as I do," replied Corey steadily; "and I know you would do that if you had seen the 'circus' yourself. A man doesn't treat people who have a disgraceful hold upon him as he treated them."

"It depends upon who he is," said Walker, taking his cigar from his mouth. "I never said the old man was afraid of anything."

"And character," continued Corey, disdaining to touch the matter further, except in generalities, "must go for something. If it's to be the prey of mere accident and appearance, then it goes for nothing."

"Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families," said Walker, with vulgar, good-humored obtuseness that filled Corey with indignation. Nothing, perhaps, removed his matter-of-fact nature farther from the commonplace than a certain generosity of instinct, which I should not be ready to say was always infallible.

That evening it was Miss Dewey's turn to wait for speech with Lapham after the others were gone. He opened his door at her knock, and stood looking at her with a worried air. "Well, what do you want, Zerrilla?" he asked, with a sort of rough kindness.

"I want to know what I'm going to do about Hen. He's back again; and he and mother have made it up, and they both got to drinking last night after I went home, and carried on so that the neighbors came in."

Lapham passed his hand over his red and heated face. "I don't know what I'm going to do. You're twice the trouble that my own family is, now. But I know what I'd do, mighty quick, if it wasn't for you, Zerrilla," he went on relentingly. "I'd shut your mother up somewheres, and if I could get that fellow off for a three years' voyage ——"

"I declare," said Miss Dewey, beginning to whimper, "it seems as if he came back just so often to spite me. He's never gone more than a year at the furthest, and you can't make it out habitual drunkenness, either, when it's just sprees. I'm at my wit's end."

"Oh, well, you mustn't cry around here," said Lapham soothingly.

"I know it," said Miss Dewey. "If I could get rid of Hen, I could manage well enough with mother. Mr. Wemmel would marry me if I could get the divorce. He's said so over and over again."

"I don't know as I like that very well," said Lapham, frowning. "I don't know as I want you should get married in any hurry again. I don't know as I like your going with anybody else just yet."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid but what it'll be all right. It'll be the best thing all round, if I can marry him."

"Well!" said Lapham impatiently; "I can't think about it now. I suppose they've cleaned everything out again?"

"Yes, they have," said Zerrilla; "there isn't a cent left."

"You're a pretty expensive lot," said Lapham. "Well, here!" He took out his pocket-book and gave her a note. "I'll be round to-night and see what can be done."

He shut himself into his room again, and Zerrilla dried her tears, put the note into her bosom, and went her way.

Lapham kept the porter nearly an hour later. It was then six o'clock, the hour at which the Laphams usually had tea; but all custom had been broken up with him during the past months, and he did not go home now. He determined, perhaps in the extremity in which a man finds relief in combating one care with another, to keep his promise to Miss Dewey, and at the moment when he might otherwise have been sitting down at his own table he was climbing the stairs to her lodging in the old-fashioned dwelling which had been portioned off into flats. It was in a region of depots, and of the cheap hotels, and "ladies' and gents'" dining-rooms, and restaurants with bars, which abound near depots; and Lapham followed to Miss Dewey's door a waiter from one of these, who bore on a salver before him a supper covered with a napkin. Zerrilla had admitted them, and at her greeting a young fellow in the shabby shore-suit of a sailor, buttoning imperfectly over the nautical blue flannel of his shirt, got up from where he had been sitting, on one side of the stove, and stood infirmly on his feet, in token of receiving the visitor. The woman who sat on the other side did not rise, but began a shrill, defiant apology.

"Well, I don't suppose but what you'll think we're livin' on the fat o' the land, right straight along, all the while. But it's just like this. When that child came in from her work, she didn't seem to have the spirit to go to cookin' anything, and I had such a bad night last night I was feelin' all broke up, and s'd I, what's the use, anyway? By the time the butcher's heaved in a lot o' bone, and made you pay for the suet he cuts away, it comes to the same thing, and why not *git* it from the rest'rant first off, and save the cost o' your fire? s'd I."

"What have you got there under your apron? A bottle?" demanded Lapham, who stood with his hat on and his hands in his

pockets, indifferent alike to the ineffective reception of the sailor and the chair Zerrilla had set him.

"Well, yes, it's a bottle," said the woman, with an assumption of virtuous frankness. "It's whisky; I got to have *some*thing to rub my rheumatism with."

"Humph!" grumbled Lapham. "You've been rubbing *his* rheumatism too, I see."

He twisted his head in the direction of the sailor, now softly and rhythmically waving to and fro on his feet.

"He hain't had a drop to-day in *this* house!" cried the woman.

"What are you doing around here?" said Lapham, turning fiercely upon him. "You've got no business ashore. Where's your ship? Do you think I'm going to let you come here and eat your wife out of house and home, and then give money to keep the concern going?"

"Just the very words I said when he first showed his face here, yist'day. Didn't I, Z'rilla?" said the woman, eagerly joining in the rebuke of her late boon companion. "You got no business here, Hen, s'd I. You can't come here to live on me and Z'rilla, s'd I. You want to go back to your ship, s'd I. That's what I said."

The sailor mumbled, with a smile of tipsy amiability for Lapham, something about the crew being discharged.

"Yes," the woman broke in, "that's always the way with these coasters. Why don't you go off on some them long v'y'ges? s'd I. It's pretty hard, when Mr. Wemmel stands ready to marry Z'rilla and provide a comfortable home for us both,—I hain't got a great many years more to live, and I *should* like to get some satisfaction out of 'em and not be beholden and dependent all my days,—to have Hen, here, blockin' the way. I tell him there'd be more money for him in the end; but he can't seem to make up his mind to it."

"Well, now, look here," said Lapham. "I don't care anything about all that. It's your own business, and I'm not going to meddle with it. But it's my business who lives off me; and so I tell you all three, I'm willing to take care of Zerrilla, and I'm willing to take care of her mother——"

"I guess if it hadn't been for that child's father," the mother interpolated, "you wouldn't been here to tell the tale, Colonel Lapham."

"I know all about that," said Lapham. "But I'll tell you what, Mr. Dewey, I'm not going to support *you*."

"I don't see what Hen's done," said the old woman, impartially.

"He hasn't done anything, and I'm going to stop it. He's got to get a ship, and he's got to get out of this. And Zerrilla needn't come back to work till he does. I'm done with you all."

"Well, I vow," said the mother, "if I ever heard anything like it! Didn't that child's father lay down his life for you? Hain't you said it yourself a hundred times? And don't she work for her money, and slave for it mornin', noon, and night? You talk as if we was beholden to you for the very bread in our mouths. I guess if it hadn't been for Jim, you wouldn't been here crowin' over us."

"You mind what I say. I mean business this time," said Lapham, turning to the door.

The woman rose and followed him, with her bottle in her hand. "Say, Colonel! what should you advise Z'rilla to do about Mr. Wemmel? I tell her there ain't any use goin' to the trouble to git a divorce without she's sure about him. Don't you think we'd ought to git him to sign a paper, or something, that he'll marry her if she gits it? I don't like to have things going at loose ends the way they are. It ain't sense. It ain't right."

Lapham made no answer to the mother anxious for her child's future, and concerned for the moral questions involved. He went out and down the stairs, and on the pavement at the lower door he almost struck against Rogers, who had a bag in his hand, and seemed to be hurrying towards one of the depots. He halted a little, as if to speak to Lapham; but Lapham turned his back abruptly upon him, and took the other direction.

The days were going by in a monotony of adversity to him, from which he could no longer escape, even at home. He attempted once or twice to talk of his troubles to his wife, but she repulsed him sharply; she seemed to despise and hate him; but he set himself doggedly to make a confession to her, and he stopped her one night, as she came into the room where he sat—hastily upon some errand that was to take her directly away again.

"Persis, there's something I've got to tell you."

She stood still, as if fixed against her will, to listen.

"I guess you know something about it already, and I guess it's set you against me."

"Oh, I guess not, Colonel Lapham. You go your way, and I go mine. That's all."

She waited for him to speak, listening with a cold, hard smile on her face.

"I don't say it to make favor with you, because I don't want you to spare me, and I don't ask you; but I got into it through Milton K. Rogers."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Lapham contemptuously.

"I always felt the way I said about it — that it wa'n't any better than gambling, and I say so now. It's like betting on the turn of a card; and I give you my word of honor, Persis, that I never was in it at all till that scoundrel began to load me up with those wild-cat securities of his. Then it seemed to me as if I ought to try to do something to get somewhere even. I know it's no excuse; but watching the market to see what the infernal things were worth from day to day, and seeing it go up, and seeing it go down, was too much for me; and, to make a long story short, I began to buy and sell on a margin — just what I told you I never would do. I seemed to make something — I did make something; and I'd have stopped, I do believe, if I could have reached the figure I'd set in my own mind to start with; but I couldn't fetch it. I began to lose, and then I began to throw good money after bad, just as I always did with everything that Rogers ever came within a mile of. Well, what's the use? I lost the money that would have carried me out of this, and I shouldn't have had to shut down the Works, or sell the house, or ——"

Lapham stopped. His wife, who at first had listened with mystification, and then dawning incredulity, changing into a look of relief that was almost triumph, lapsed again into severity. "Silas Lapham, if you was to die the next minute, is this what you started to tell me?"

"Why, of course it is. What did you suppose I started to tell you?"

"And — look me in the eyes! — you haven't got anything else on your mind now?"

"No! There's trouble enough, the Lord knows; but there's nothing else to tell you. I suppose Pen gave you a hint about it. I dropped something to her. I've been feeling bad about it, Persis, a good while, but I hain't had the heart to speak of it. I can't expect you to say you like it. I've been a fool, I'll allow, and I've been something worse, if you choose to say so; but that's all. I haven't hurt anybody but myself — and you and the children."

Mrs. Lapham rose and said, with her face from him, as she turned towards the door, "It's all right, Silas. I sha'n't ever bring it up against you."

She fled out of the room, but all that evening she was very sweet with him, and seemed to wish in all tacit ways to atone for her past unkindness.

She made him talk of his business, and he told her of Corey's offer, and what he had done about it. She did not seem to care for his part in it, however; at which Lapham was silently disappointed a little, for he would have liked her to praise him.

"He did it on account of Pen!'

"Well, he didn't insist upon it, anyway," said Lapham, who must have obscurely expected that Corey would recognize his own magnanimity by repeating his offer. If the doubt that follows a self-devoted action — the question whether it was not after all a needless folly — is mixed, as it was in Lapham's case, with the vague belief that we might have done ourselves a good turn without great risk of hurting any one else by being a little less unselfish, it becomes a regret that is hard to bear. Since Corey spoke to him, some things had happened that gave Lapham hope again.

"I'm going to tell her about it," said his wife, and she showed herself impatient to make up for the time she had lost. "Why didn't you tell me before, Silas?"

"I didn't know we were on speaking terms before," said Lapham sadly.

"Yes, that's true," she admitted, with a conscious flush. "I hope he won't think Pen's known about it all this while."

XXIV.

THAT evening James Bellingham came to see Corey after dinner, and went to find him in his own room.

"I've come at the instance of Colonel Lapham," said the uncle. "He was at my office to-day, and I had a long talk with him. Did you know that he was in difficulties?"

"I fancied that he was in some sort of trouble. And I had the book-keeper's conjectures — he doesn't really know much about it."

"Well, he thinks it time — on all accounts — that you should know how he stands, and why he declined that proposition of yours. I must say he has behaved very well — like a gentleman."

"I'm not surprised."

"I am. It's hard to behave like a gentleman where your interest is vitally concerned. And Lapham doesn't strike me as a man who's in the habit of acting from the best in him always."

"Do any of us?" asked Corey.

"Not all of us, at any rate," said Bellingham. "It must have cost him something to say no to you, for he's just in that state when he believes that this or that chance, however small, would save him."

Corey was silent. "Is he really in such a bad way?"

"It's hard to tell just where he stands. I suspect that a hopeful temperament and fondness for round numbers have always caused

him to set his figures beyond his actual worth. I don't say that he's been dishonest about it, but he's had a loose way of estimating his assets; he's reckoned his wealth on the basis of his capital, and some of his capital is borrowed. He's lost heavily by some of the recent failures, and there's been a terrible shrinkage in his values. I don't mean merely in the stock of paint on hand, but in a kind of competition which has become very threatening. You know about that West Virginia paint?"

Corey nodded.

"Well, he tells me that they've struck a vein of natural gas out there which will enable them to make as good a paint as his own at a cost of manufacturing so low that they can undersell him everywhere. If this proves to be the case, it will not only drive his paint out of the market, but will reduce the value of his Works —the whole plant—at Lapham to a merely nominal figure."

"I see," said Corey dejectedly. "I've understood that he had put a great deal of money into his Works."

"Yes, and he estimated his mine there at a high figure. Of course it will be worth little or nothing if the West Virginia paint drives his out. Then, besides, Lapham has been into several things outside of his own business, and, like a good many other men who try outside things, he's kept account of them himself; and he's all mixed up about them. He's asked me to look into his affairs with him, and I've promised to do so. Whether he can be tided over his difficulties remains to be seen. I'm afraid it will take a good deal of money to do it—a great deal more than he thinks, at least. He believes comparatively little would do it. I think differently. I think that anything less than a great deal would be thrown away on him. If it were merely a question of a certain sum—even a large sum—to keep him going, it might be managed; but it's much more complicated. And, as I say, it must have been a trial to him to refuse your offer."

This did not seem to be the way in which Bellingham had meant to conclude. But he said no more; and Corey made him no response.

He remained pondering the case, now hopefully, now doubtfully, and wondering, whatever his mood was, whether Penelope knew anything of the fact with which her mother went nearly at the same moment to acquaint her.

"Of course, he's done it on your account," Mrs. Lapham could not help saying.

"Then he was very silly. Does he think I would have let him give father money? And if father lost it for him, does he suppose it would make it any easier for me? I think father acted twice as well. It was very silly."

In repeating the censure, her look was not so severe as her tone; she even smiled a little, and her mother reported to her father that she acted more like herself than she had yet since Corey's offer.

"I think, if he was to repeat his offer, she would have him now," said Mrs. Lapham.

"Well, I'll let her know if he does," said the Colonel.

"I guess he won't do it to you!" she cried.

"Who else will he do it to?" he demanded.

They perceived that they had each been talking of a different offer.

After Lapham went to his business in the morning the postman brought another letter from Irene, which was full of pleasant things that were happening to her; there was a great deal about her cousin Will, as she called him. At the end she had written, "Tell Pen I don't want she should be foolish."

"There!" said Mrs. Lapham. "I guess it's going to come out right, all round;" and it seemed as if even the Colonel's difficulties were past. "When your father gets through this, Pen," she asked impulsively, "what shall you do?"

"What have you been telling Irene about me?"

"Nothing much. What should you do?"

"It would be a good deal easier to say what I should do if father didn't," said the girl.

"I know you think it was nice in him to make your father that offer," urged the mother.

"It was nice, yes; but it was silly," said the girl. "Most nice things are silly, I suppose," she added.

She went to her room and wrote a letter. It was very long, and very carefully written; and when she read it over, she tore it into small pieces. She wrote another one, short and hurried, and tore that up too. Then she went back to her mother, in the family room, and asked to see Irene's letter, and read it over to herself. "Yes, she seems to be having a good time," she sighed. "Mother, do you think I ought to let Mr. Corey know that I know about it?"

"Well, I should think it would be a pleasure to him," said Mrs. Lapham judicially.

"I'm not so sure of that—the way I should have to tell him. I should begin by giving him a scolding. Of course, he meant well by it, but can't you see that it wasn't very flattering? How did he expect it would change me?"

"I don't believe he ever thought of that."

"Don't you? Why?"

"Because you can see that he isn't one of

that kind. He might want to please you without wanting to change you by what he did."

"Yes. He must have known that nothing would change me,—at least, nothing that he could do. I thought of that. I shouldn't like him to feel that I couldn't appreciate it, even if I did think it was silly. Should you write to him?"

"I don't see why not."

"It would be too pointed. No, I shall just let it go. I wish he hadn't done it."

"Well, he has done it."

"And I've tried to write to him about it—two letters: one so humble and grateful that it couldn't stand up on its edge, and the other so pert and flippant. Mother, I wish you could have seen those two letters! I wish I had kept them to look at if I ever got to thinking I had any sense again. They would take the conceit out of me."

"What's the reason he don't come here any more?"

"Doesn't he come?" asked Penelope in turn, as if it were something she had not noticed particularly.

"You'd ought to know."

"Yes." She sat silent awhile. "If he doesn't come, I suppose it's because he's offended at something I did."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I—wrote to him—a little while ago. I suppose it was very blunt, but I didn't believe he would be angry at it. But this—this that he's done shows he was angry, and that he wasn't just seizing the first chance to get out of it."

"What have you done, Pen?" demanded her mother sharply.

"Oh, I don't know. All the mischief in the world, I suppose. I'll tell you. When you first told me that father was in trouble with his business, I wrote to him not to come any more till I let him. I said I couldn't tell him why, and he hasn't been here since. I'm sure *I* don't know what it means."

Her mother looked at her with angry severity. "Well, Penelope Lapham! For a sensible child, you *are* the greatest goose I ever saw. Did you think he would come here and *see* if you wouldn't let him come?"

"He might have written," urged the girl.

Her mother made that despairing "Tchk!" with her tongue, and fell back in her chair. "I should have *despised* him if he had written. He's acted just exactly right, and you—you've acted—I don't know *how* you've acted. I'm ashamed of you. A girl that could be so sensible for her sister, and always say and do just the right thing, and then when it comes to herself to be such a *disgusting* simpleton!"

"I thought I ought to break with him at once, and not let him suppose that there was any hope for him or me if father was poor. It was my one chance, in this whole business, to do anything heroic, and I jumped at it. You mustn't think, because I can laugh at it now, that I wasn't in earnest, mother! I *was*—dead! But the Colonel has gone to ruin so gradually, that he's spoilt everything. I expected that he would be bankrupt the next day, and that then *he* would understand what I meant. But to have it drag along for a fortnight seems to take all the heroism out of it, and leave it as flat!" She looked at her mother with a smile that shone through her tears, and a pathos that quivered round her jesting lips. "It's easy enough to be sensible for other people. But when it comes to myself, there I am! Especially, when I want to do what I oughtn't so much that it seems as if doing what I didn't want to do *must* be doing what I ought! But it's been a great success one way, mother. It's helped me to keep up before the Colonel. If it hadn't been for Mr. Corey's staying away, and my feeling so indignant with him for having been badly treated by me, I shouldn't have been worth anything at all."

The tears started down her cheeks, but her mother said, "Well, now, go along, and write to him. It don't matter what you say, much; and don't be so very particular."

Her third attempt at a letter pleased her scarcely better than the rest, but she sent it, though it seemed so blunt and awkward. She wrote:

DEAR FRIEND:

I expected when I sent you that note, that you would understand, almost the next day, why I could not see you any more. You must know now, and you must not think that if anything happened to my father, I should wish you to help him. But that is no reason why I should not thank you, and I do thank you, for offering. It was like you, I will say that.

Yours sincerely, PENELOPE LAPHAM.

She posted her letter, and he sent his reply in the evening, by hand:

DEAREST:

What I did was nothing, till you praised it. Everything I have and am is yours. Won't you send a line by the bearer, to say that I may come to see you? I know how you feel; but I am sure that I can make you think differently. You must consider that I loved you without a thought of your father's circumstances, and always shall. T. C.

The generous words were blurred to her eyes by the tears that sprang into them. But she could only write in answer:

"Please do not come; I have made up my mind. As long as this trouble is hanging over us, I cannot see you. And if father is unfortunate, all is over between us."

She brought his letter to her mother, and told her what she had written in reply. Her mother was thoughtful awhile before she said, with a sigh, "Well, I hope you've begun as you can carry out, Pen."

"Oh, I shall not have to carry out at all. I shall not have to do anything. That's one comfort — the only comfort." She went away to her own room, and when Mrs. Lapham told her husband of the affair, he was silent at first, as she had been. Then he said, "I don't know as I should have wanted her to done differently; I don't know as she could. If I ever come right again, she won't have anything to feel meeching about; and if I don't, I don't want she should be beholden to anybody. And I guess that's the way she feels."

The Coreys in their turn sat in judgment on the fact which their son felt bound to bring to their knowledge.

"She has behaved very well," said Mrs. Corey, to whom her son had spoken.

"My dear," said her husband, with his laugh, "she has behaved *too* well. If she had studied the whole situation with the most artful eye to its mastery, she could not possibly have behaved better."

The process of Lapham's financial disintegration was like the course of some chronic disorder, which has fastened itself upon the constitution, but advances with continual reliefs, with apparent amelioration, and at times seems not to advance at all, when it gives hope of final recovery not only to the sufferer, but to the eye of science itself. There were moments when James Bellingham, seeing Lapham pass this crisis and that, began to fancy that he might pull through altogether; and at these moments, when his adviser could not oppose anything but experience and probability to the evidence of the fact, Lapham was buoyant with courage, and imparted his hopefulness to his household. Our theory of disaster, of sorrow, of affliction, borrowed from the poets and novelists, is that it is incessant; but every passage in our own lives and in the lives of others, so far as we have witnessed them, teaches us that this is false. The house of mourning is decorously darkened to the world, but within itself it is also the house of laughing. Bursts of gayety, as heartfelt as its grief, relieve the gloom, and the stricken survivors have their jests together, in which the thought of the dead is tenderly involved, and a fond sense, not crazier than many others, of sympathy and enjoyment beyond the silence, justifies the sunnier mood before sorrow rushes back, deploring and despairing, and making it all up again with the conventional fitness of things. Lapham's adversity had this quality in common with bereavement. It was not always like the adversity we figure in allegory; it had its moments of being like prosperity, and if upon the whole it was continual, it was not incessant. Sometimes there was a week of repeated reverses, when he had to keep his teeth set and to hold on hard to all his hopefulness; and then days came of negative result or slight success, when he was full of his jokes at the tea-table, and wanted to go to the theater, or to do something to cheer Penelope up. In some miraculous way, by some enormous stroke of success which should eclipse the brightest of his past prosperity, he expected to do what would reconcile all difficulties, not only in his own affairs, but in hers too. "You'll see," he said to his wife; "it's going to come out all right. Irene'll fix it up with Bill's boy, and then she'll be off Pen's mind; and if things go on as they've been going for the last two days, I'm going to be in a position to do the favors myself, and Pen can feel that *she's* makin' a sacrifice, and then I guess may be she'll do it. If things turn out as I expect now, and times ever *do* get any better generally, I can show Corey that I appreciate his offer. I can offer him the partnership myself then."

Even in the other moods, which came when everything had been going wrong, and there seemed no way out of the net, there were points of consolation to Lapham and his wife. They rejoiced that Irene was safe beyond the range of their anxieties, and they had a proud satisfaction that there had been no engagement between Corey and Penelope, and that it was she who had forbidden it. In the closeness of interest and sympathy in which their troubles had reunited them, they confessed to each that nothing would have been more galling to their pride than the idea that Lapham should not have been able to do everything for his daughter that the Coreys might have expected. Whatever happened now, the Coreys could not have it to say that the Laphams had tried to bring any such thing about.

Bellingham had lately suggested an assignment to Lapham, as the best way out of his difficulties. It was evident that he had not the money to meet his liabilities at present, and that he could not raise it without ruinous sacrifices, that might still end in ruin after all. If he made the assignment, Bellingham argued, he could gain time and make terms; the state of things generally would probably improve, since it could not be worse, and the market, which he had glutted with his paint, might recover and he could start again. Lapham had not agreed with him. When his reverses first began, it had seemed easy for him to give up everything, to let the people he owed take all,

so only they would let him go out with clean hands; and he had dramatized this feeling in his talk with his wife, when they spoke together of the mills on the G. L. & P. But ever since then it had been growing harder, and he could not consent even to seem to do it now in the proposed assignment. He had not found other men so very liberal or faithful with him; a good many of them appeared to have combined to hunt him down; a sense of enmity towards all his creditors asserted itself in him; he asked himself why they should not suffer a little too. Above all, he shrank from the publicity of the assignment. It was open confession that he had been a fool in some way; he could not bear to have his family—his brother the judge, especially, to whom he had always appeared the soul of business wisdom—think him imprudent or stupid. He would make any sacrifice before it came to that. He determined in parting with Bellingham to make the sacrifice which he had oftenest in his mind, because it was the hardest, and to sell his new house. That would cause the least comment. Most people would simply think that he had got a splendid offer, and with his usual luck had made a very good thing of it; others who knew a little more about him would say that he was hauling in his horns, but they could not blame him; a great many other men were doing the same in those hard times—the shrewdest and safest men; it might even have a good effect.

He went straight from Bellingham's office to the real-estate broker in whose hands he meant to put his house, for he was not the sort of man to shilly-shally when he had once made up his mind. But he found it hard to get his voice up out of his throat, when he said he guessed he would get the broker to sell that new house of his on the water side of Beacon. The broker answered cheerfully, yes; he supposed Colonel Lapham knew it was a pretty dull time in real estate? and Lapham said yes, he knew that, but he should not sell at a sacrifice, and he did not care to have the broker name him or describe the house definitely unless parties meant business. Again the broker said yes; and he added, as a joke Lapham would appreciate, that he had half a dozen houses on the water side of Beacon on the same terms; that nobody wanted to be named or to have his property described.

It did, in fact, comfort Lapham a little to find himself in the same boat with so many others; he smiled grimly, and said in his turn, yes, he guessed that was about the size of it with a good many people. But he had not the heart to tell his wife what he had done, and he sat taciturn that whole evening, without even going over his accounts, and went early to bed, where he lay tossing half the night before he fell asleep. He slept at last only upon the promise he made himself that he would withdraw the house from the broker's hands; but he went heavily to his own business in the morning without doing so. There was no such rush, anyhow, he reflected bitterly; there would be time to do that a month later, probably.

It struck him with a sort of dismay when a boy came with a note from the broker, saying that a party who had been over the house in the fall had come to him to know whether it could be bought, and was willing to pay the cost of the house up to the time he had seen it. Lapham took refuge in trying to think who the party could be; he concluded that it must have been somebody who had gone over it with the architect, and he did not like that; but he was aware that this was not an answer to the broker, and he wrote that he would give him an answer in the morning.

Now that it had come to the point, it did not seem to him that he could part with the house. So much of his hope for himself and his children had gone into it that the thought of selling it made him tremulous and sick. He could not keep about his work steadily, and with his nerves shaken by want of sleep, and the shock of this sudden and unexpected question, he left his office early, and went over to look at the house and try to bring himself to some conclusion there. The long procession of lamps on the beautiful street was flaring in the clear red of the sunset towards which it marched, and Lapham, with a lump in his throat, stopped in front of his house and looked at their multitude. They were not merely a part of the landscape; they were a part of his pride and glory, his success, his triumphant life's work which was fading into failure in his helpless hands. He ground his teeth to keep down that lump, but the moisture in his eyes blurred the lamps, and the keen, pale crimson against which it made them flicker. He turned and looked up, as he had so often done, at the window-spaces, neatly glazed for the winter with white linen, and recalled the night when he had stopped with Irene before the house, and she had said that she should never live there, and he had tried to coax her into courage about it. There was no such façade as that on the whole street, to his thinking. Through his long talks with the architect, he had come to feel almost as intimately and fondly as the architect himself the satisfying simplicity of the whole design and the delicacy of its detail. It appealed to him as an exquisite bit of harmony appeals to the unlearned ear, and he recognized the difference between this fine work and the obstreperous pretentious-

ness of the many overloaded house-fronts which Seymour had made him notice for his instruction elsewhere on the Back Bay. Now, in the depths of his gloom, he tried to think what Italian city it was where Seymour said he had first got the notion of treating brick-work in that way.

He unlocked the temporary door with the key he always carried, so that he could let himself in and out whenever he liked, and entered the house, dim and very cold with the accumulated frigidity of the whole winter in it, and looking as if the arrest of work upon it had taken place a thousand years before. It smelt of the unpainted woods and the clean, hard surfaces of the plaster, where the experiments in decoration had left it untouched; and mingled with these odors was that of some rank pigments and metallic compositions which Seymour had used in trying to realize a certain daring novelty of finish, which had not proved successful. Above all, Lapham detected the peculiar odor of his own paint, with which the architect had been greatly interested one day, when Lapham showed it to him at the office. He had asked Lapham to let him try the Persis Brand in realizing a little idea he had for the finish of Mrs. Lapham's room. If it succeeded, they could tell her what it was, for a surprise.

Lapham glanced at the bay-window in the reception-room, where he sat with his girls on the trestles when Corey first came by; and then he explored the whole house to the attic, in the light faintly admitted through the linen sashes. The floors were strewn with shavings and chips which the carpenters had left, and in the music-room these had been blown into long irregular windrows by the draughts through a wide rent in the linen sash. Lapham tried to pin it up, but failed, and stood looking out of it over the water. The ice had left the river, and the low tide lay smooth and red in the light of the sunset. The Cambridge flats showed the sad, sodden yellow of meadows stripped bare after a long sleep under snow; the hills, the naked trees, the spires and roofs had a black outline, as if they were objects in a landscape of the French school.

The whim seized Lapham to test the chimney in the music-room; it had been tried in the dining-room below, and in his girls' fire-places above, but here the hearth was still clean. He gathered some shavings and blocks together, and kindled them, and as the flame mounted gayly from them, he pulled up a nail-keg which he found there and sat down to watch it. Nothing could have been better; the chimney was a perfect success; and as Lapham glanced out of the torn linen sash he said to himself that that party, whoever he was, who had offered to buy his house might go to the devil; he would never sell it as long as he had a dollar. He said that he should pull through yet; and it suddenly came into his mind that, if he could raise the money to buy out those West Virginia fellows, he should be all right, and would have the whole game in his own hand. He slapped himself on the thigh, and wondered that he had never thought of that before; and then, lighting a cigar with a splinter from the fire, he sat down again to work the scheme out in his own mind.

He did not hear the feet heavily stamping up the stairs, and coming towards the room where he sat; and the policeman to whom the feet belonged had to call out to him, smoking at his chimney-corner, with his back turned to the door, "Hello! what are you doing here?"

"What's that to you?" retorted Lapham, wheeling half round on his nail-keg.

"I'll show you," said the officer, advancing upon him, and then stopping short as he recognized him. "Why, Colonel Lapham! I thought it was some tramp got in here!"

"Have a cigar?" said Lapham hospitably. "Sorry there ain't another nail-keg."

The officer took the cigar. "I'll smoke it outside. I've just come on, and I can't stop. Tryin' your chimney?"

"Yes, I thought I'd see how it would draw, in here. It seems to go first-rate."

The policeman looked about him with an eye of inspection. "You want to get that linen window, there, mended up."

"Yes, I'll speak to the builder about that. It can go for one night."

The policeman went to the window and failed to pin the linen together where Lapham had failed before. "*I* can't fix it." He looked round once more, and saying, "Well, good-night," went out and down the stairs.

Lapham remained by the fire till he had smoked his cigar; then he rose and stamped upon the embers that still burned with his heavy boots, and went home. He was very cheerful at supper. He told his wife that he guessed he had a sure thing of it now, and in another twenty-four hours he should tell her just how. He made Penelope go to the theater with him, and when they came out, after the play, the night was so fine that he said they must walk round by the new house and take a look at it in the starlight. He said he had been there before he came home, and tried Seymour's chimney in the music-room, and it worked like a charm.

As they drew near Beacon street they were aware of unwonted stir and tumult, and presently the still air transmitted a turmoil of sound, through which a powerful and incessant throb-

bing made itself felt. The sky had reddened above them, and turning the corner at the Public Garden, they saw a black mass of people obstructing the white perspective of the snowy street, and out of this mass a half dozen engines, whose strong heart-beats had already reached them, sent up volumes of fire-tinged smoke and steam from their funnels. Ladders were planted against the façade of a building, from the roof of which a mass of flame burnt smoothly upward, except where here and there it seemed to pull contemptuously away from the heavy streams of water which the firemen, clinging like great beetles to their ladders, poured in upon it.

Lapham had no need to walk down through the crowd, gazing and gossiping, with shouts and cries and hysterical laughter, before the burning house, to make sure that it was his.

"I guess I done it, Pen," was all he said.

Among the people who were looking at it were a party who seemed to have run out from dinner in some neighboring house; the ladies were fantastically wrapped up, as if they had flung on the first things they could seize.

"Isn't it perfectly magnificent!" cried a pretty girl. "I wouldn't have missed it on any account. Thank you *so* much, Mr. Symington, for bringing us out!"

"Ah, I thought you'd like it," said this Mr. Symington, who must have been the host; "and you can enjoy it without the least compunction, Miss Delano, for I happen to know that the house belongs to a man who could afford to burn one up for you once a year."

"Oh, do you think he would, if I came again?"

"I haven't the least doubt of it. We don't do things by halves in Boston."

"He ought to have had a coat of his non-combustible paint on it," said another gentleman of the party.

Penelope pulled her father away toward the first carriage she could reach of a number that had driven up. "Here, father! get into this."

"No, no; I couldn't ride," he answered heavily, and he walked home in silence. He greeted his wife with, "Well, Persis, our house is gone! And I guess I set it on fire myself;" and while he rummaged among the papers in his desk, still with his coat and hat on, his wife got the facts as she could from Penelope. She did not reproach him. Here was a case in which his self-reproach must be sufficiently sharp without any edge from her. Besides, her mind was full of a terrible thought.

"Oh, Silas," she faltered, "they'll think you set it on fire to get the insurance!"

Lapham was staring at a paper which he held in his hand. "I had a builder's risk on it, but it expired last week. It's a dead loss."

"Oh, thank the merciful Lord!" cried his wife.

"Merciful!" said Lapham. "Well, it's a queer way of showing it."

He went to bed, and fell into the deep sleep which sometimes follows a great moral shock. It was perhaps rather a torpor than a sleep.

XXV.

LAPHAM awoke confused, and in a kind of remoteness from the loss of the night before, through which it loomed mistily. But before he lifted his head from the pillow, it gathered substance and weight against which it needed all his will to bear up and live. In that moment he wished that he had not wakened, that he might never have wakened; but he rose, and faced the day and its cares.

The morning papers brought the report of the fire, and the conjectured loss. The reporters somehow had found out the fact that the loss fell entirely upon Lapham; they lighted up the hackneyed character of their statements with the picturesque interest of the coincidence that the policy had expired only the week before; heaven knows how they knew it. They said that nothing remained of the building but the walls; and Lapham, on his way to business, walked up past the smoke-stained shell. The windows looked like the eye-sockets of a skull down upon the blackened and trampled snow of the street; the pavement was a sheet of ice, and the water from the engines had frozen, like streams of tears, down the face of the house, and hung in icy tags from the window-sills and copings.

He gathered himself up as well as he could, and went on to his office. The chance of retrieval that had flashed upon him, as he sat smoking by that ruined hearth the evening before, stood him in such stead now as a sole hope may; and he said to himself that, having resolved not to sell his house, he was no more crippled by its loss than he would have been by letting his money lie idle in it; what he might have raised by mortgage on it could be made up in some other way; and if they would sell, he could still buy out the whole business of that West Virginia company, mines, plant, stock on hand, good-will, and everything, and unite it with his own. He went early in the afternoon to see Bellingham, whose expressions of condolence for his loss he cut short with as much politeness as he knew how to throw into his impatience. Bellingham seemed at first a little dazzled with

the splendid courage of his scheme; it was certainly fine in its way; but then he began to have his misgivings.

"I happen to know that they haven't got much money behind them," urged Lapham. "They'll jump at an offer."

Bellingham shook his head. "If they can show profit on the old manufacture, and prove they can make their paint still cheaper and better hereafter, they can have all the money they want. And it will be very difficult for you to raise it if you're threatened by them. With that competition, you know what your plant at Lapham would be worth, and what the shrinkage on your manufactured stock would be. Better sell out to them," he concluded, "if they will buy."

"There ain't money enough in this country to buy out my paint," said Lapham, buttoning up his coat in a quiver of resentment. "Good-afternoon, sir." Men are but grown-up boys, after all. Bellingham watched this perversely proud and obstinate child fling petulantly out of his door, and felt a sympathy for him which was as truly kind as it was helpless.

But Lapham was beginning to see through Bellingham, as he believed. Bellingham was, in his way, part of that conspiracy by which Lapham's creditors were trying to drive him to the wall. More than ever now he was glad that he had nothing to do with that cold-hearted, self-conceited race, and that the favors so far were all from his side. He was more than ever determined to show them, every one of them, high and low, that he and his children could get along without them, and prosper and triumph without them. He said to himself that if Penelope were engaged to Corey that very minute, he would make her break with him.

He knew what he should do now, and he was going to do it without loss of time. He was going on to New York to see those West Virginia people; they had their principal office there, and he intended to get at their ideas, and then he intended to make them an offer. He managed this business better than could possibly have been expected of a man in his impassioned mood. But when it came really to business, his practical instincts, alert and wary, came to his aid against the passions that lay in wait to betray after they ceased to dominate him. He found the West Virginians full of zeal and hope, but in ten minutes he knew that they had not yet tested their strength in the money market, and had not ascertained how much or how little capital they could command. Lapham himself, if he had had so much, would not have hesitated to put a million dollars into their business. He saw, as they did not see, that they had the game in their own hands, and that if they could raise the money to extend their business, they could ruin him. It was only a question of time, and he was on the ground first. He frankly proposed a union of their interests. He admitted that they had a good thing, and that he should have to fight them hard; but he meant to fight them to the death unless they could come to some sort of terms. Now, the question was whether they had better go on and make a heavy loss for both sides by competition, or whether they had better form a partnership to run both paints and command the whole market. Lapham made them three propositions, each of which was fair and open: to sell out to them altogether; to buy them out altogether; to join facilities and forces with them, and go on in an invulnerable alliance. Let them name a figure at which they would buy, a figure at which they would sell, a figure at which they would combine,— or, in other words, the amount of capital they needed.

They talked all day, going out to lunch together at the Astor House, and sitting with their knees against the counter on a row of stools before it for fifteen minutes of reflection and deglutition, with their hats on, and then returning to the basement from which they emerged. The West Virginia company's name was lettered in gilt on the wide low window, and its paint, in the form of ore, burnt, and mixed, formed a display on the window shelf. Lapham examined it and praised it; from time to time they all recurred to it together; they sent out for some of Lapham's paint and compared it, the West Virginians admitting its former superiority. They were young fellows, and country persons, like Lapham, by origin, and they looked out with the same amused, undaunted, provincial eyes at the myriad metropolitan legs passing on the pavement above the level of their window. He got on well with them. At last, they said what they would do. They said it was nonsense to talk of buying Lapham out, for they had not the money; and as for selling out, they would not do it, for they knew they had a big thing. But they would as soon use his capital to develop it as anybody else's, and if he could put in a certain sum for this purpose, they would go in with him. He should run the works at Lapham and manage the business in Boston, and they would run the works at Kanawha Falls and manage the business in New York. The two brothers with whom Lapham talked named their figure, subject to the approval of another brother at Kanawha Falls, to whom they would write, and who would telegraph his answer, so that Lapham

could have it inside of three days. But they felt perfectly sure that he would approve; and Lapham started back on the eleven o'clock train with an elation that gradually left him as he drew near Boston, where the difficulties of raising this sum were to be overcome. It seemed to him, then, that those fellows had put it up on him pretty steep, but he owned to himself that they had a sure thing, and that they were right in believing they could raise the same sum elsewhere; it would take all of it, he admitted, to make their paint pay on the scale they had the right to expect. At their age, he would not have done differently; but when he emerged, old, sore, and sleep-broken, from the sleeping-car in the Albany depot at Boston, he wished with a pathetic self-pity that they knew how a man felt at his age. A year ago, six months ago, he would have laughed at the notion that it would be hard to raise the money. But he thought ruefully of that immense stock of paint on hand, which was now a drug in the market, of his losses by Rogers and by the failures of other men, of the fire that had licked up so many thousands in a few hours; he thought with bitterness of the tens of thousands that he had gambled away in stocks, and of the commissions that the brokers had pocketed whether he won or lost; and he could not think of any securities on which he could borrow, except his house in Nankeen Square, or the mine and works at Lapham. He set his teeth in helpless rage when he thought of that property out on the G. L. & P., that ought to be worth so much, and was worth so little if the road chose to say so.

He did not go home, but spent most of the day shinning round, as he would have expressed it, and trying to see if he could raise the money. But he found that people of whom he hoped to get it were in the conspiracy which had been formed to drive him to the wall. Somehow, there seemed a sense of his embarrassments abroad. Nobody wanted to lend money on the plant at Lapham without taking time to look into the state of the business; but Lapham had no time to give, and he knew that the state of the business would not bear looking into. He could raise fifteen thousand on his Nankeen Square house, and another fifteen on his Beacon street lot, and this was all that a man who was worth a million by rights could do! He said a million, and he said it in defiance of Bellingham, who had subjected his figures to an analysis which wounded Lapham more than he chose to show at the time, for it proved that he was not so rich and not so wise as he had seemed. His hurt vanity forbade him to go to Bellingham now for help or advice; and if he could have brought himself to ask his brothers for money, it would have been useless; they were simply well-to-do Western people, but not capitalists on the scale he required.

Lapham stood in the isolation to which adversity so often seems to bring men. When its test was applied, practically or theoretically, to all those who had seemed his friends, there was none who bore it; and he thought with bitter self-contempt of the people whom he had befriended in their time of need. He said to himself that he had been a fool for that; and he scorned himself for certain acts of scrupulosity by which he had lost money in the past. Seeing the moral forces all arrayed against him, Lapham said that he would like to have the chance offered him to get even with them again; he thought he should know how to look out for himself. As he understood it, he had several days to turn about in, and he did not let one day's failure dishearten him. The morning after his return he had, in fact, a gleam of luck that gave him the greatest encouragement for the moment. A man came in to inquire about one of Rogers's wild-cat patents, as Lapham called them, and ended by buying it. He got it, of course, for less than Lapham took it for, but Lapham was glad to be rid of it for something, when he had thought it worth nothing; and when the transaction was closed, he asked the purchaser rather eagerly if he knew where Rogers was; it was Lapham's secret belief that Rogers had found there was money in the thing, and had sent the man to buy it. But it appeared that this was a mistake; the man had not come from Rogers, but had heard of the patent in another way; and Lapham was astonished in the afternoon, when his boy came to tell him that Rogers was in the outer office, and wished to speak with him.

"All right," said Lapham, and he could not command at once the severity for the reception of Rogers which he would have liked to use. He found himself, in fact, so much relaxed towards him by the morning's touch of prosperity that he asked him to sit down, gruffly, of course, but distinctly; and when Rogers said in his lifeless way, and with the effect of keeping his appointment of a month before, "Those English parties are in town, and would like to talk with you in reference to the mills," Lapham did not turn him out-of-doors.

He sat looking at him, and trying to make out what Rogers was after; for he did not believe that the English parties, if they existed, had any notion of buying his mills.

"What if they are not for sale?" he asked. "You know that I've been expecting an offer from the G. L. & P."

"I've kept watch of that. They haven't made you any offer," said Rogers quietly.

"And did you think," demanded Lapham, firing up, "that I would turn them in on somebody else as you turned them in on me, when the chances are that they won't be worth ten cents on the dollar six months from now?"

"I didn't know what you would do," said Rogers, non-committally. "I've come here to tell you that these parties stand ready to take the mills off your hands at a fair valuation—at the value I put upon them when I turned them in."

"I don't believe you!" cried Lapham brutally, but a wild, predatory hope made his heart leap so that it seemed to turn over in his breast. "I don't believe there are any such parties to begin with; and in the next place, I don't believe they would buy at any such figure; unless—unless you've lied to them, as you've lied to me. Did you tell them about the G. L. & P.?"

Rogers looked compassionately at him, but he answered, with unvaried dryness, "I did not think that necessary."

Lapham had expected this answer, and he had expected or intended to break out in furious denunciation of Rogers when he got it; but he only found himself saying, in a sort of baffled gasp, "I wonder what your game is!"

Rogers did not reply categorically, but he answered, with his impartial calm, and as if Lapham had said nothing to indicate that he differed at all with him as to disposing of the property in the way he had suggested: "If we should succeed in selling, I should be able to repay you your loans, and should have a little capital for a scheme that I think of going into."

"And do you think that I am going to steal these men's money to help you plunder somebody in a new scheme?" answered Lapham. The sneer was on behalf of virtue, but it was still a sneer.

"I suppose the money would be useful to you too, just now."

"Why?"

"Because I know that you have been trying to borrow."

At this proof of wicked omniscience in Rogers, the question whether he had better not regard the affair as a fatality, and yield to his destiny, flashed upon Lapham; but he answered, "I shall want money a great deal worse than I've ever wanted it yet, before I go into such rascally business with you. Don't you know that we might as well knock these parties down on the street, and take the money out of their pockets?"

"They have come on," answered Rogers, "from Portland to see you. I expected them some weeks ago, but they disappointed me. They arrived on the *Circassian* last night; they expected to have got in five days ago, but the passage was very stormy."

"Where are they?" asked Lapham, with helpless irrelevance, and feeling himself somehow drifted from his moorings by Rogers's shipping intelligence.

"They are at Young's. I told them we would call upon them after dinner this evening; they dine late."

"Oh, you did, did you?" asked Lapham, trying to drop another anchor for a fresh clutch on his underlying principles. "Well, now, you go and tell them that I said I wouldn't come."

"Their stay is limited," remarked Rogers. "I mentioned this evening because they were not certain they could remain over another night. But if to-morrow would suit you better ——"

"Tell 'em I sha'n't come at all," roared Lapham, as much in terror as defiance, for he felt his anchor dragging. "Tell 'em I sha'n't come at all! Do you understand that?"

"I don't see why you should stickle as to the matter of going to them," said Rogers; "but if you think it will be better to have them approach you, I suppose I can bring them to you."

"No, you can't! I sha'n't let you! I sha'n't see them! I sha'n't have anything to do with them. *Now* do you understand?"

"I inferred from our last interview," persisted Rogers, unmoved by all this violent demonstration of Lapham's, "that you wished to meet these parties. You told me that you would give me time to produce them; and I have promised them that you would meet them; I have committed myself."

It was true that Lapham had defied Rogers to bring on his men, and had implied his willingness to negotiate with them. That was before he had talked the matter over with his wife, and perceived his moral responsibility in it; even she had not seen this at once. He could not enter into this explanation with Rogers; he could only say, "I said I'd give you twenty-four hours to prove yourself a liar, and you did it. I didn't say twenty-four days."

"I don't see the difference," returned Rogers. "The parties are here now, and that proves that I was acting in good faith at the time. There has been no change in the posture of affairs. You don't know now any more than you knew then that the G. L. & P. is going to want the property. If there's any difference, it's in favor of the Road's having changed its mind."

There was some sense in this, and Lapham felt it — felt it only too eagerly, as he recognized the next instant.

Rogers went on quietly: "You're not obliged to sell to these parties when you meet them; but you've allowed me to commit myself to them by the promise that you would talk with them."

"'Twa'n't a promise," said Lapham.

"It was the same thing; they have come out from England on my guaranty that there was such and such an opening for their capital; and now what am I to say to them? It places me in a ridiculous position." Rogers urged his grievance calmly, almost impersonally, making his appeal to Lapham's sense of justice. "I *can't* go back to those parties and tell them you won't see them. It's no answer to make. They've got a right to know *why* you won't see them."

"Very well, then!" cried Lapham; "I'll come and *tell* them why. Who shall I ask for? When shall I be there?"

"At eight o'clock, please," said Rogers, rising, without apparent alarm at his threat, if it was a threat. "And ask for me; I've taken a room at the hotel for the present."

"I won't keep you five minutes when I get there," said Lapham; but he did not come away till ten o'clock.

It appeared to him as if the very devil was in it. The Englishmen treated his downright refusal to sell as a piece of bluff, and talked on as though it were merely the opening of the negotiation. When he became plain with them in his anger, and told them why he would not sell, they seemed to have been prepared for this as a stroke of business, and were ready to meet it.

"Has this fellow," he demanded, twisting his head in the direction of Rogers, but disdaining to notice him otherwise, "been telling you that it's part of my game to say this? Well, sir, I can tell you, on my side, that there isn't a slipperier rascal unhung in America than Milton K. Rogers!"

The Englishmen treated this as a piece of genuine American humor, and returned to the charge with unabated courage. They owned now, that a person interested with them had been out to look at the property, and that they were satisfied with the appearance of things. They developed further the fact that they were not acting solely, or even principally, in their own behalf, but were the agents of people in England who had projected the colonization of a sort of community on the spot, somewhat after the plan of other English dreamers, and that they were satisfied, from a careful inspection, that the resources and facilities were those best calculated to develop the energy and enterprise of the proposed community. They were prepared to meet Mr. Lapham — Colonel, they begged his pardon, at the instance of Rogers — at any reasonable figure, and were quite willing to assume the risks he had pointed out. Something in the eyes of these men, something that lurked at an infinite depth below their speech, and was not really in their eyes when Lapham looked again, had flashed through him a sense of treachery in them. He had thought them the dupes of Rogers; but in that brief instant he had seen them — or thought he had seen them — his accomplices, ready to betray the interests of which they went on to speak with a certain comfortable jocosity, and a certain incredulous slight of his show of integrity. It was a deeper game than Lapham was used to, and he sat looking with a sort of admiration from one Englishman to the other, and then to Rogers, who maintained an exterior of modest neutrality, and whose air said, "I have brought you gentlemen together as the friend of all parties, and I now leave you to settle it among yourselves. I ask nothing, and expect nothing, except the small sum which shall accrue to me after the discharge of my obligations to Colonel Lapham."

While Rogers's presence expressed this, one of the Englishmen was saying, "And if you have any scruple in allowin' us to assume this risk, Colonel Lapham, perhaps you can console yourself with the fact that the loss, if there is to be any, will fall upon people who are able to bear it — upon an association of rich and charitable people. But we're quite satisfied there will be no loss," he added savingly. "All you have to do is to name your price, and we will do our best to meet it."

There was nothing in the Englishman's sophistry very shocking to Lapham. It addressed itself in him to that easy-going, not evilly intentioned, potential immorality which regards common property as common prey, and gives us the most corrupt municipal governments under the sun — which makes the poorest voter, when he has tricked into place, as unscrupulous in regard to others' money as an hereditary prince. Lapham met the Englishman's eye, and with difficulty kept himself from winking. Then he looked away, and tried to find out where he stood, or what he wanted to do. He could hardly tell. He had expected to come into that room and unmask Rogers, and have it over. But he had unmasked Rogers without any effect whatever, and the play had only begun. He had a whimsical and sarcastic sense of its being very different from the plays at the theater. He could not get up and go away in silent contempt; he could not tell the Eng-

lishmen that he believed them a pair of scoundrels and should have nothing to do with them; he could no longer treat them as innocent dupes. He remained baffled and perplexed, and the one who had not spoken hitherto remarked:

"Of course we sha'n't 'aggle about a few pound, more or less. If Colonel Lapham's figure should be a little larger than ours, I've no doubt 'e'll not be too 'ard upon us in the end."

Lapham appreciated all the intent of this subtle suggestion, and understood as plainly as if it had been said in so many words, that if they paid him a larger price, it was to be expected that a certain portion of the purchase money was to return to their own hands. Still he could not move; and it seemed to him that he could not speak.

"Ring that bell, Mr. Rogers," said the Englishman who had last spoken, glancing at the annunciator button in the wall near Rogers's head, "and 'ave up something 'ot, can't you? I should like to wet me w'istle, as you say 'ere, and Colonel Lapham seems to find it rather dry work."

Lapham jumped to his feet, and buttoned his overcoat about him. He remembered with terror the dinner at Corey's where he had disgraced and betrayed himself, and if he went into this thing at all, he was going into it sober. "I can't stop," he said, "I must be going."

"But you haven't given us an answer yet, Mr. Lapham," said the first Englishman with a successful show of dignified surprise.

"The only answer I can give you now is, *No*," said Lapham. "If you want another, you must let me have time to think it over."

"But 'ow much time?" said the other Englishman. "We're pressed for time ourselves, and we hoped for an answer—'oped for a hanswer," he corrected himself, "at once. That was our understandin' with Mr. Rogers."

"I can't let you know till morning, anyway," said Lapham, and he went out, as his custom often was, without any parting salutation. He thought Rogers might try to detain him; but Rogers had remained seated when the others got to their feet, and paid no attention to his departure.

He walked out into the night air, every pulse throbbing with the strong temptation. He knew very well those men would wait, and gladly wait, till the morning, and that the whole affair was in his hands. It made him groan in spirit to think that it was. If he had hoped that some chance might take the decision from him, there was no such chance, in the present or future, that he could see. It was for him alone to commit this rascality—if it was a rascality—or not.

He walked all the way home, letting one car after another pass him on the street, now so empty of other passing, and it was almost eleven o'clock when he reached home. A carriage stood before his house, and when he let himself in with his key, he heard talking in the family-room. It came into his head that Irene had got back unexpectedly, and that the sight of her was somehow going to make it harder for him; then he thought it might be Corey, come upon some desperate pretext to see Penelope; but when he opened the door he saw, with a certain absence of surprise, that it was Rogers. He was standing with his back to the fire-place, talking to Mrs. Lapham, and he had been shedding tears; dry tears they seemed, and they had left a sort of sandy, glistening trace on his cheeks. Apparently he was not ashamed of them, for the expression with which he met Lapham was that of a man making a desperate appeal in his own cause, which was identical with that of humanity, if not that of justice.

"I some expected," began Rogers, "to find you here——"

"No, you didn't," interrupted Lapham; "you wanted to come here and make a poor mouth to Mrs. Lapham before I got home."

"I knew that Mrs. Lapham would know what was going on," said Rogers, more candidly, but not more virtuously, for that he could not, "and I wished her to understand a point that I hadn't put to you at the hotel, and that I want you should consider. And I want you should consider me a little in this business, too; you're not the only one that's concerned, I tell you, and I've been telling Mrs. Lapham that it's my one chance; that if you don't meet me on it, my wife and children will be reduced to beggary."

"So will mine," said Lapham, "or the next thing to it."

"Well, then, I want you to give me this chance to get on my feet again. You've no right to deprive me of it; it's unchristian. In our dealings with each other we should be guided by the Golden Rule, as I was saying to Mrs. Lapham before you came in. I told her that if I knew myself, I should in your place consider the circumstances of a man in mine, who had honorably endeavored to discharge his obligations to me, and had patiently borne my undeserved suspicions. I should consider that man's family, I told Mrs. Lapham."

"Did you tell her that if I went in with you and those fellows, I should be robbing the people who trusted them?"

"I don't see what you've got to do with the people that sent them here. They are rich people, and could bear it if it came to

the worst. But there's no likelihood, now, that it will come to the worst; you can see yourself that the Road has changed its mind about buying. And here am I without a cent in the world; and my wife is an invalid. She needs comforts, she needs little luxuries, and she hasn't even the necessaries; and you want to sacrifice her to a mere idea! You don't know in the first place that the Road will ever want to buy; and if it does, the probability is that with a colony like that planted on its line, it would make very different terms from what it would with you or me. These agents are not afraid, and their principals are rich people; and if there was any loss, it would be divided up amongst them so that they wouldn't any of them feel it."

Lapham stole a troubled glance at his wife, and saw that there was no help in her. Whether she was daunted and confused in her own conscience by the outcome, so evil and disastrous, of the reparation to Rogers which she had forced her husband to make, or whether her perceptions had been blunted and darkened by the appeals which Rogers had now used, it would be difficult to say. Probably there was a mixture of both causes in the effect which her husband felt in her, and from which he turned, girding himself anew, to Rogers.

"I have no wish to recur to the past," continued Rogers, with growing superiority. "You have shown a proper spirit in regard to that, and you have done what you could to wipe it out."

"I should think I had," said Lapham. "I've used up about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars trying."

"Some of my enterprises," Rogers admitted, "have been unfortunate, seemingly; but I have hopes that they will yet turn out well — in time. I can't understand why you should be so mindful of others now, when you showed so little regard for me then. I had come to your aid at a time when you needed help, and when you got on your feet you kicked me out of the business. I don't complain, but that is the fact; and I had to begin again, after I had supposed myself settled in life, and establish myself elsewhere."

Lapham glanced again at his wife; her head had fallen; he could see that she was so rooted in her old remorse for that questionable act of his, amply and more than fully atoned for since, that she was helpless, now in the crucial moment, when he had the utmost need of her insight. He had counted upon her; he perceived now that when he had thought it was for him alone to decide, he had counted upon her just spirit to stay his own in its struggle to be just. He had not forgotten how she held out against him only a little while ago, when he asked her whether he might not rightfully sell in some such contingency as this; and it was not now that she said or even looked anything in favor of Rogers, but that she was silent against him, which dismayed Lapham. He swallowed the lump that rose in his throat, the self-pity, the pity for her, the despair, and said gently, "I guess you better go to bed, Persis. It's pretty late."

She turned towards the door, when Rogers said, with the obvious intention of detaining her through her curiosity:

"But I let that pass. And I don't ask now that you should sell to these men."

Mrs. Lapham paused, irresolute.

"What are you making this bother for, then?" demanded Lapham. "What *do* you want?"

"What I've been telling your wife here. I want you should sell to *me*. I don't say what I'm going to do with the property, and you will not have an iota of responsibility, whatever happens."

Lapham was staggered, and he saw his wife's face light up with eager question.

"I want that property," continued Rogers, "and I've got the money to buy it. What will you take for it? If it's the price you're standing out for ——"

"Persis," said Lapham, "go to bed," and he gave her a look that meant obedience for her. She went out of the door, and left him with his tempter.

"If you think I'm going to help you whip the devil round the stump, you're mistaken in your man, Milton Rogers," said Lapham, lighting a cigar. "As soon as I sold to you, you would sell to that other pair of rascals. *I* smelt 'em out in half a minute."

"They are Christian gentlemen," said Rogers. "But I don't purpose defending them; and I don't purpose telling you what I shall or shall not do with the property when it is in my hands again. The question is, Will you sell, and, if so, what is your figure? You have got nothing whatever to do with it after you've sold."

It was perfectly true. Any lawyer would have told him the same. He could not help admiring Rogers for his ingenuity, and every selfish interest of his nature joined with many obvious duties to urge him to consent. He did not see why he should refuse. There was no longer a reason. He was standing out alone for nothing, any one else would say. He smoked on as if Rogers were not there, and Rogers remained before the fire as patient as the clock ticking behind his head on the mantel, and showing the gleam of its pendu-

lum beyond his face on either side. But at last he said, "Well?"

"Well," answered Lapham, "you can't expect me to give you an answer to-night, any more than before. You know that what you've said now hasn't changed the thing a bit. I wish it had. The Lord knows, I want to be rid of the property fast enough."

"Then why don't you sell to me? Can't you see that you will not be responsible for what happens after you have sold?"

"No, I *can't* see that; but if I can by morning, I'll sell."

"Why do you expect to know any better by morning? You're wasting time for nothing!" cried Rogers, in his disappointment. "Why are you so particular? When you drove me out of the business you were not so very particular."

Lapham winced. It was certainly ridiculous for a man who had once so selfishly consulted his own interests to be stickling now about the rights of others.

"I guess nothing's going to happen overnight," he answered sullenly. "Anyway, I sha'n't say what I shall do till morning."

"What time can I see you in the morning?"

"Half-past nine."

Rogers buttoned his coat, and went out of the room without another word. Lapham followed him to close the street-door after him.

His wife called down to him from above as he approached the room again, "Well?"

"I've told him I'd let him know in the morning."

"Want I should come down and talk with you?"

"No," answered Lapham, in the proud bitterness which his isolation brought, "you couldn't do any good." He went in and shut the door, and by and by his wife heard him begin walking up and down; and then the rest of the night she lay awake and listened to him walking up and down. But when the first light whitened the window, the words of the Scripture came into her mind: "And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

She could not ask him anything when they met, but he raised his dull eyes after the first silence and said, "*I* don't know what I'm going to say to Rogers."

She could not speak; she did not know what to say, and she saw her husband, when she followed him with her eyes from the window, drag heavily down toward the corner, where he was to take the horse-car.

He arrived rather later than usual at his office, and he found his letters already on his table. There was one, long and official-looking, with a printed letter-heading on the outside, and Lapham had no need to open it in order to know that it was the offer of the Great Lacustrine & Polar Railroad for his mills. But he went mechanically through the verification of his prophetic fear, which was also his sole hope, and then sat looking blankly at it.

Rogers came promptly at the appointed time, and Lapham handed him the letter. He must have taken it all in at a glance, and seen the impossibility of negotiating any further now, even with victims so pliant and willing as those Englishmen.

"You've ruined me!" Rogers broke out. "I haven't a cent left in the world! God help my poor wife!"

He went out, and Lapham remained staring at the door which closed upon him. This was his reward for standing firm for right and justice to his own destruction: to feel like a thief and a murderer.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

REPENTANT.

THIS summer breeze fraught with repentant sighs,
Once a fleet force no heavenly law could bind,—
Now wandering earthward in a gentler guise,
Is but the ghost of some fierce winter wind.

William H. Hayne.

IT was Rowney Mauve who described Roberson as being like one of his own still-lifes; a lot of queer stuff badly composed and out of drawing, and with his perspective all wrong. And I regret to add that it was Miss Carmine, when she heard this description and recognized its accuracy, who giggled. To say that Violet Carmine was a pickle is presenting a statement of the case that is well within bounds.

The arrival of this somewhat erratic young person in New York was unexpected, and had a rather dramatic touch about it. On a warm evening in September, while yet the dying splendor of sunset hung redly over the Jersey Highlands, Mr. Mangan Brown was sitting in a wicker chair on the veranda of his own exceedingly comfortable house in West Eleventh street. He was in the perfectly placid frame of mind that is the right of a man who has dined well and who is smoking a good cigar. In another wicker chair, similarly placid, similarly smoking a good cigar, sat Vandyke Brown. And between the two sat Rose: whose nature was so sweet at all times, that even after-dinner cigars (supposing that she had been inclined to smoke them, and she was not) could not have made it one particle sweeter. These three people were very fond of each other; and they were talking away pleasantly about nothing in particular, and were gently light-hearted, and were having a deal of enjoyment in a quiet way, as they sat there beneath their own vine and ailanthus-tree, in the light of the mellow afterglow left when the sun went down. Their perfect peacefulness can be likened only to that of a tropical calm; and, therefore, the unities of the situation were preserved, though its placidity was shattered, when the calm was broken by what with a tolerable degree of accuracy may be described as a tropical storm.

Out of a coupé that stopped with a flourish in front of Mr. Mangan Brown's gate descended a tall young woman with a good deal of color in her cheeks, and a good deal of black hair, and a pair of exceptionally bright black eyes. She carried a cage, in which was a large white cockatoo, in one hand, and with the other she opened the gate in a decisive sort of way, as though she had a right to open it; and in a positive, proprietary fashion she traversed the walk of flags to the veranda steps. Mr. Mangan Brown arose from his wicker chair—somewhat reluctantly, for he was very comfortable—and advanced to meet her.

"You must be my cousin Mangan. I am very glad to see you, Cousin Mangan. Won't you take the parrot, please?" and the young person held out the cage in her left hand, and also extended her right hand with the obvious purpose of having it shaken.

Mr. Mangan Brown did his best to discharge simultaneously the two duties thus demanded of him; but as this involved crossing his hands in an awkward sort of way, the result was not altogether graceful. "My name *is* Mangan Brown," he said diplomatically.

"Of course it is," answered the young woman, with a smile that showed what a charming mouth and what prodigiously fine teeth she had. "And my name is Violet Carmine. Don't you think Violet rather a pretty name, Cousin Mangan? My mamma gave it to me out of a novel. And don't you think that I speak very good English? I haven't a strawberry-mark on my left arm nor anything like that, you know, to prove it, but I am your cousin—your second cousin once removed—just as much as though I had strawberry-marks all over me. Don't look at me in that doubtful sort of way, Cousin Mangan; it makes me feel quite uncomfortable. I'm sure if I am willing to believe in you, you might be willing to believe in me. But here's papa's letter; just read that, and then you'll believe in me, I'm sure."

Mr. Mangan Brown, who was rather dazed by this assault, took the letter and began to read it.

"You're cousins too, I suppose," said Miss Carmine, turning to Van and Rose. "Long cousin, won't you please go out to the carriage and pay the man and bring in my things? As to you, you dear little blue-eyed cousin, I think that you are simply delightful, and I know that I shall love you with all my heart, and I must kiss you right away," and this Miss Carmine did, with a fervor that was quite in keeping with the energy of her manner and words.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," said Mr. Mangan Brown, who had finished the letter. "This is my nephew, Vandyke Brown, and this is his wife, my niece Rose; and I am sure that we all will do our best to make you comfortable while you stay with us. If I was not quite so cordial as I might have been just now, you must understand that your sudden arrival rather took me by surprise, you know. Rose, take your cousin Violet up to Caledonia's room and make her comfortable. Van will carry up her bag."

"And Rose, dear," said Miss Carmine, precisely imitating Mr. Mangan's tone and manner, "take your cousin Violet to where she will get something to eat, please. I assure you that she is almost starving." In her own proper voice she continued: "You sweet little blue-eyed thing, it was worth while coming all the way from Mexico just to have a sight of you. You are a lucky fellow, Van. I don't believe you half deserve her. Tell the truth, now, do you? But of course he'll say yes, Rose, so we need not wait for his answer. Take me along, dear, and let me wash myself and get some food. You really have no idea how hungry I am!" And Miss Carmine, with her arm around Rose's waist, vanished through the open door.

"Cool sort of hand, this cousin of ours," said Van to Mr. Mangan, when the bag and the parrot had been carried upstairs and Van had come down again to the veranda. "And who is she, anyway? She really is our cousin, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mr. Mangan, in a tone that did its best to be cheerful, "there is no doubt about the relationship; though it certainly is rather a distant one. Her great-grandfather Carmine married the sister of my grandfather, Bone Brown. Carmine had a cochineal plantation in San Domingo, and he was killed in the time of the insurrection. In fact, his slaves burnt him. His son got away and went over to Mexico, and the family has been there ever since. The present Carmine, Violet's father, has a big *hacienda* somewhere or another. We have a consignment of hides from him every year, and that's pretty much all that I know about him — except that in one of his letters he once said that he had married an American and was bringing up his daughters — I don't think he had any sons — on the American plan, teaching them to be self-confident, and that sort of thing. And," continued Mr. Mangan, reflectively, "if this young person is a fair specimen of the family, I should say that his educational methods had been, ah, quite a remarkable success."

"Yes," answered Van dryly, "I think they have. But to what fortunate circumstance do we owe the pleasure of her descent upon our inoffensive household?"

"Don't be inhospitable, Van; I'm sure she's a nice girl, though she certainly is a little — a little odd, perhaps. Why, her father writes that he has sent her up to see something of American life under my care, — he seems to take it for granted that I am married, and have a lot of daughters, — and when her visit is ended (he suggests that she shall stay with us for a year, or for six months at the least), he wants me to come down to his place with all my family, and stay a year or so with him. It's Mexican, I suppose, visiting in this fashion. I always have understood that they do not make much account of time down there."

"But how on earth did she get here? Surely she did not come up alone?"

"Really, Van," said Violet, stepping out upon the veranda briskly, just in time to hear these questions — "Really, Van, you don't look stupid, but I think you must be. I came, sir, in a delightful Pullman car, and the Señor and Señora Moreno — I wonder if they can be distant relations of yours, Cousin Mangan? it's the same name, you know — and all the thirteen, no, the fourteen, little Morenos and their nurses and servants brought me. We just filled the car nicely. And oh! we did have such a good time! Did you ever go anywhere in a Pullman car, Cousin Mangan? If you didn't, you don't know at all how nice it is. Not a bit like the horrid *diligencia*, you know. And we did have such fun! I had my dear Pablo — he's the parrot, you know; and the Señora Moreno had a — I don't know what the English name is: it's a bird that whistles and sings wonderfully; and little Joséfita had a yellow kitten; and at Chihuahua each of the seven boys bought a dear little dog. When Pablo was screaming, and the bird was whistling, and the kitten was fighting with all the little dogs at once, really we could not hear ourselves speak. It was so funny that we were laughing every bit of the time.

"And, Cousin Mangan, Señor Moreno wanted to come here with me, and give me into your hands. But I wouldn't let him, and they all stopped at a little hotel quite near here, where Spanish is spoken; for Señor Moreno does not speak a word of English, and I have done all the talking for him ever since we left Paso del Norte, — you have no idea what nice things the conductors and people have said to me about my English, — and I begged Señor Moreno to let me come in the carriage myself. I wanted to surprise you, you see. *Have* I surprised you, Cousin Mangan? Tell me truly, *have* I?"

And Mr. Mangan Brown answered, in a

tone that Miss Carmine possibly thought unnecessarily serious: "Yes, my dear, I believe that I may say with perfect truth — you have!"

NATURALLY, so quiet a household as was this — Mr. Mangan Brown's — was a good deal upset by having interjected into it such a whirlwind of a young woman as was this Miss Violet Carmine. The household was quieter than ever, of course, now that Miss Caledonia and Verona were married off. The wedding, by the way, was a prodigious success. Mr. Mangan Brown gave away the brides successively, with a defiant one-down-and-t'other-come-on air that was tremendously effective; and young Orpiment went through with the ceremony gallantly; and Mr. Gamboge, who was badly scared, most certainly would have said, "Under these circumstances Mr. Orpiment would have said, 'I will,'" if Miss Caledonia, being on the look-out for precisely this emergency, had not pinched him; and Miss Caledonia looked so young and so pretty in her gray silk and new back-hair that nobody ever would have thought her a day over forty; and Verona just looked like the lovable, dignified angel that she was.

But while Miss Carmine found no difficulty in filling with her belongings the two rooms lately occupied by Miss Caledonia and Verona, it cannot be said that she herself filled precisely the place in the household which had been filled by these its departed members. Mr. Mangan tried loyally to make the best of his Mexican kinswoman, but even he found her at times — as he deprecatingly admitted to Rose — a little wearing. He tried to convince himself that Pablo's violent remarks in the Spanish tongue at atrocious hours of the morning did not disturb him; he tried to believe that he admired the spirited playfulness of the seven little Moreno boys when they came to visit their countrywoman, and with their countrywoman and their seven Chihuahua dogs raced in and out of the parlor windows and up and down the veranda steps and all over the flower-beds in the front garden; and he tried to think that his kinswoman's habitual tendency toward the violent and the unexpected did not annoy him. But it is certain that his efforts in these and in various other directions were not at all times successful. And yet when Violet was not doing something outrageous,— which, to be sure, was not often,— she was such a frank, affectionate body that not to love her was quite impossible.

"It's not herself, it's her extraordinary education that's at fault, Van," Mr. Mangan declared, in extenuation of her expedition with Rowney Mauve and without a chaperon to Coney Island. "She's a good little thing, but what with her queer life on her father's *hacienda*, and the queer doctrines which her father and mother have got into her head, it's no wonder that her notions of propriety are a little eccentric."

Being lectured about her Coney Island trip, Violet manifested only astonishment. "Why, Cousin Mangan, I thought that here in America girls could do just as they pleased. That's what mamma has always told me. I'm sure that *she* did what she pleased when she was a girl. And mamma was very carefully brought up, and moved in very elegant society, you know. Grandpapa, you know, sold outfits at Fort Leavenworth to people going across the Plains; and he did a splendid business, too, in the Santa Fé trail. That was before the railroad, of course. Were you ever along the Santa Fé trail before the Atchison road was built, Cousin Mangan? It was a splendid trip to make. Mamma came out that way to Santa Fé in 1860 with grandpapa. They had a lovely time; just as full of excitement as possible. They had one fight with Indians before they were fifty miles out from Council Grove, and another just as they struck off from the Arkansas, and another at the crossing of the Cimarron; and they were caught in a tremendous snow-storm in the Raton mountains; and in fording the Pecos they lost a wagon and its team of six mules, and grandpapa was so angry with the head-teamster for his carelessness that he just picked him up bodily and chucked him in after the mules, and then shot at him when he tried to swim ashore; and mamma used to say, in her droll way, that they never knew whether that teamster died of drowning or shooting.

"It was in Santa Fé, you know, that papa met mamma and fell in love with her. It was very romantic. Mamma had made a bet with one of the officers of the garrison that she could ride a mustang that never had been broken; and it ran away with her,— which mamma did not mind a bit, of course,— and just as she was waving her handkerchief to the men to show that she was winning the bet, she found that the mustang was heading right for the edge of the bluff,— she was riding on the *mesa*, close by old Fort Marcy,— and as she couldn't turn him, she knew that they both were going to have their necks broken. And then papa, who was with the officers, saw her danger and galloped up just in time to lift her right out of the saddle, while both horses were running as hard as ever they could run; and papa managed to turn his horse on the very edge of the bluff, and the mustang went over the bluff and was

done for. Of course, after he had saved her life this way, and after he had fought a duel with the officer that mamma bet with, because he said that mamma had not won the bet after all, mamma had to marry him. They had a lovely wedding in the old church of San Miguel, and all the officers were there,— the officer whom papa wounded was ever so nice about it and came on crutches,— and all the best people of the town were there too, and they had a splendid banquet at the Fonda afterwards. You see, there was no trouble about their being married, for mamma was born in the church. Her mother's folks, the Smalts, were German Catholics, and, of course, her father was a Catholic too, for he was Don Patricio O'Jara, you know. The O'Jaras are a very noble family, Cousin Mangan; some of them once were kings, mamma says.

"And because she belonged to such a grand family, and because grandpapa was so rich, mamma moved in the very highest circles of Leavenworth society, you see; and I am sure that she went around with young gentlemen just as much as she pleased, for she has told me so, often. So what was the harm in my going to Coney Island with Mr. Mauve, Cousin Mangan? And we did have *such* a lovely time! Now you aren't angry with me, are you? Then kiss me, and say you're not — so. That's a dear! And now we never will say another word about the horrid place again."

Rowney Mauve, of course, knew that the Coney Island expedition was all wrong; and he had the grace to profess to be sorry when Van took it on himself to give him a lecture about it. Rowney was a rather weak vessel, morally,— as he admitted with a charming frankness, when anybody spoke to him on the subject,— and he never made any very perceptible effort to strengthen himself. It wasn't his ambition to be a whited sepulcher, he would say, with an air of cheerful resignation that, in its way, was quite irresistible. But after all, he was not half a bad fellow at bottom. His besetting sin was his laziness. Unless he had some scheme of pleasure on hand — when he would rouse up and work like a beaver — he was about as lazy as a man well could be. Had he ever buckled down to work, there was the making of a first-rate painter in him. Two or three landscapes, which by some extraordinary chance he had finished, had been quite the talk of the town and had sold promptly. But there he stopped.

"Of course, old man, I know that I could sell a lot of pictures if I painted them," he would say when Van upbraided him for his laziness. "But what's the good of it? I don't need the money. I've got more now than I know what to do with." And then he would add in the high moral key, and with the twinkle in the corners of his blue eyes that always came there in nice appreciation of his own humbug: "And I don't think it's right, Van, you know, to sell my pictures and so take the bread out of the mouths of the men who need it. No, I prefer to be, as that cheerful old father-in-law of yours once said to me, when he sent his 'Baby's First Steps' to the Young Geniuses' exhibition, and the Young Geniuses cracked it right back at him,—'a willing sacrifice for Art's great sake to other men's success.' That's a noble sentiment, isn't it? And now, what do you say to joining me on board the yacht to-morrow and sliding down to Saint Augustine for a week or two? There are some types among those stunning Minorcan girls down there, that will make you a bigger swell in art than ever, if you will catch them in time for the spring exhibition." The fact of the matter was that Rowney Mauve, in the matter of laziness, simply was incorrigible.

In connection with Miss Carmine, however, not the least trace of Rowney's laziness was perceptible. In her service he was all energy. Why, he even went so far as to finish one of his numerous unfinished pictures because— when Van and Rose brought her to his studio one day — she took a fancy to it and told him that she would like to see it completed! Among the people who knew him, this outburst of zealous labor was regarded as being little short of miraculous; and Rowney, who was rather given to contemplative consideration of his own actions, could not help at first feeling that way about it himself. As the result of careful self-analysis, however, he came to the conclusion that his sudden access of energy was not the result of a miracle, but of love!

Being really in love was a new experience for Rowney, and he did not quite understand it. At one time or another he had been spoons on lots of girls; but being spoons and being genuinely in love, as he now perceived, were conditions of the heart which bore no relation to each other whatever. Looking at his case critically, he was satisfied that his decline and fall had begun on that October day, now four months past, when he and Miss Carmine had defied the proprieties by going down together to Coney Island. They had seen the races — which Violet enjoyed immensely — and had had a capital little lunch; and after the lunch they had taken a long walk on the deserted beach toward Far Rockaway. Rowney knew all the while, of course, that they hadn't any business whatever to be off alone on a cruise of this nature; and his knowledge, I am sorry to say, made him regard the cruise in

the light of a lark of quite exceptional jollity. Violet, not having the faintest suspicion that she was anything less than a model of American decorum, simply was in raptures. With a delightful frankness she repeatedly told Rowney what a good time she was having, and how like it was to the good times that her mother, the scion of the royal house of O'Jara, used to have in company with the young Chesterfields of Fort Leavenworth society.

Altogether, it had been an original sort of an experience for Rowney; and for this easy-going young gentleman original experiences had an exceeding great charm. Looking back, therefore, in the light of subsequent events, upon that particular day, he decided that it was the Coney Island expedition that had sapped the foundations of his previously well-fortified heart. Anyhow, without regard to when it began, he felt satisfied in his own mind that he was in love now — right over head and ears!

Roberson, whose studio was just across the passage, happened to drop in upon him at the very moment that he had arrived at this, to him, astonishing conclusion. Roberson was not a very promising specimen of a confidant, but Rowney was so full of his discovery that before he could check himself he had blurted out: "Old man, I've been and gone and done it! I'm in love!"

"No? Are you though, really?" said Roberson, in his funny little mincing way. "Why, that's very interesting. And who are you in love with?"

By this time Rowney had perceived the absurdity, not to say the stupidity, of taking Roberson into his confidence. So he laughed and answered:

"With my own laziness, of course. I've been thinking what a precious ass I have been making of myself in working over this confounded picture. Now that it's finished, I don't know what to do with it, and I've wasted a solid month that I might have devoted to scientific loafing. And it's because I see my folly and am determined to be wise again that I've fallen in love with my own laziness once more."

"Oh!" said Roberson, in a tone of disappointment, "I thought that you were in earnest; and I was ever so glad, for I really am in love, Rowney, in love awfully! And — and I thought that if you were in love too, you'd like to hear about it. Wouldn't you like to hear about it, anyway?"

"Of course I would, old man. Just wait till I fill my pipe — I can be more sympathetic over a pipe, you know. Now crack away," Rowney continued, as he settled himself comfortably in a big chair and pulled hard at his pipe to give it a good start. "Now crack away, my stricken deer. Though the herd all forsake thee, thy home is still here, you know. Rest on this bosom and tell your tale of sorrow. Are you very hard hit, Roberson?"

"Oh, I am, indeed I am," groaned Roberson. "You see, it's — it's this queer Mexican girl who is staying with the Browns ——"

"The dickens it is!" exclaimed Rowney, suddenly sitting bolt upright in his chair, and glaring at Roberson through the smoke as though he wanted to glare his head off.

"Don't, please don't look at me like that, Mauve. Surely there's no reason why you should be angry with me."

"N-no," answered Rowney, slowly, "I don't think there is." And then, as he sank back in the chair, and his ferocious expression gave place to a quiet grin, he added briskly, "No, I'm sure there's not. I was surprised, that's all. I always look like that when I'm a good deal surprised."

"Well, I must say I'm glad I don't surprise you often. You have no idea how savage you looked, old fellow. I'm not easily frightened, you know," — and the little man put on a look of inoffensive defiance as he spoke, that gave him something the air of a valorously disposed lamb, — "but I do assure you that the way you looked at me gave me quite a turn. Just let me know, won't you, when you feel yourself beginning to be surprised the next time, so that I may be prepared for it?"

"I'll do better than that, Roberson; I'll promise not to let you surprise me. And now go ahead with the love-story, old man; I'm quite ashamed of myself for having interrupted you so rudely."

"There isn't any more yet to tell," said Roberson dolefully. "I wish there was."

"Nonsense, man! Why, that isn't any love-story at all. There *must* be more of it. What have you said to her? What has she said to you?"

"Nothing," answered Roberson dismally; "that's just it, you see. That's what makes me so low in my mind over it. I haven't said anything, and she hasn't said anything. If either of us had said anything, I'd know better where I was. But neither of us has spoken, and so I don't know where I am at all — not the least bit in the world." Roberson hid his face in his hands and groaned.

Presently he went on again: "I have made efforts to speak, Rowney; I've made repeated efforts — but, somehow, they've none of them come to anything. Indeed, I've never had but one fair chance; for, every time, just as I've got to the point when I was ready to say something, — something that really would have

a meaning to it, you know,—something has happened to stop me."

"And what stopped you that one time when something didn't happen to stop you?"

"You mustn't think me weak, Rowney, but —but the truth is that I was so dreadfully upset that what I wanted to say wouldn't come at all. We were sitting on the veranda,—the moon was shining, and all the rest were inside listening to Mrs. Orpiment who was singing. I couldn't have had a better chance, you see."

"I should think not!" growled Rowney.

"But the more I tried, the more the right words wouldn't come. And what do you suppose I ended by asking her?"

"If she didn't think you were an intolerable idiot. And, of course, she said 'Yes.'"

"Don't be hard on me, Mauve. You've no idea what a trying situation it was. No; what I ended by asking her was, What was the food most commonly eaten in Mexico? I didn't say it in just a commonplace way, you know. I threw a great deal of feeling into my voice, and I looked at her beseechingly. And—and I think, old fellow, that she knew that my words meant more than they expressed, for there was a strange tremor in her own voice as she answered, 'Tortillas and frijoles'; and as soon as she had uttered those brief words she got up and rushed into the parlor as though something were after her. This was a very extraordinary thing for her to do, and it shows to my mind that she did not dare to trust herself with me for a moment longer. And I am the more confirmed in this opinion by the fact that when I followed her, in a minute or two,—for at first I was too much surprised by her sudden departure to stir,—I found her leaning upon Mrs. Brown's shoulder in hysterics—laughing and crying all at once, I solemnly assure you. Don't you think there's hope for me in all this, Rowney? Don't you think that her saying 'Tortillas and frijoles' in that strange, tremulous tone, and then having hysterics after it, meant more than I could understand at the time?"

"Yes," answered Rowney decidedly, "I think it did. To be quite frank with you, Roberson, I don't think that you fully understand just what she meant even yet."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mauve. You don't know how much good you are doing me by your kind, encouraging words."

Rowney's conscience did prick him a little when Roberson said this—but only a little, for his resentment of what he styled in his own mind Roberson's confounded impudence in venturing to make love to Violet, was too keen for him to give the unlucky little man mercy in the least degree.

For a while there was silence. Mauve pulled away steadily at his pipe, and Roberson stared gloomily into vacancy, and gently wrung his hands. At last he spoke:

"Rowney, do you believe that there is anything in—in spiritualism?"

"There's dollars in it if you only can make it go. Why? Are you thinking of taking it up as a profession? It's rather a shady profession, of course, but you ought to make more out of it than you do out of your still-life stuff. The properties wouldn't take much capital to start with. Two rooms in an out-of-the-way street,—Grove street would do nicely,—some curtains, and a table—that's all you'd need to begin with. If things went along well, and you found that there was a paying demand for materializations, then you'd have to get some costumes. And what awfully good fun it will be," Rowney continued, as he warmed up to the subject. "Do you know, I've a great mind to go in with you. It will be no end of a lark."

"Oh, you don't understand me at all, Mauve. I don't want to be a medium. What I mean is, do you believe in the reality of spiritual manifestations?"

Rowney was about to say "Spiritual fiddlesticks," but checked himself, and answered diplomatically, "Well, you see I have no experience in that line, and so my opinion isn't worth having. Have you ever tackled the spirits yourself, Roberson?"

"Ye-es," answered Roberson hesitatingly, "I have."

"And what sort of a time did you have with them?"

"Well—but you won't laugh at me, will you, Mauve? I'm really in earnest, you know; and if you only want to make a joke of it, I won't go on."

"Don't you see how serious I am?"

"Well, some of the spirits did tell me very wonderful things. Do you remember that picture that I painted a year ago last winter,—peas and asparagus and Bermuda potatoes and strawberries grouped around a shad,—that I called 'The First Breath of Spring'? I don't think that you can have forgotten it, for it was a noble work. Well, the spirit of Jan Weenix told me to paint that picture, and promised me that it would bring me fortune and fame."

"Why, I saw it in your studio only yesterday, with a lot of other stuff piled up in a corner. Not much fame or fortune there, apparently. If that's the sort of game that the spirits come on you, I should say that they talk like Ananias and Sapphira."

"Hush! Don't speak that way, please. We never know what Form hovers near." (Roberson said this so earnestly that, invol-

untarily, Rowney glanced over his shoulders.) "It is true that the promise made by the spirit of Jan Weenix has not yet been fulfilled; but you know there's no telling at what moment it will be. Every time that I hear a strange step on the stairs, I say to myself, 'He comes! The Purchaser comes — and with him come Fortune and Fame!' And though I'm bound to admit I haven't seen the least sign of him yet, that only assures me that I have so much the less time to wait for his coming.

"Yes, I believe in the spirits thoroughly, Mauve. Every action of my life for years past has been guided by them. And I believe that it is because I have not their guidance in this great matter of my love that I am going all wrong."

"What's the reason they won't guide you now? Have you had a row with 'em?"

"I do wish that you wouldn't speak in that irreverent way. No; the trouble is that the medium whom I have been in the habit of consulting for years has — has gone away. In point of fact," Roberson blushed a little, "he has been arrested for swindling. It is a great outrage, of course, and I am desperately sorry for him. But I am more sorry for myself. You see, getting a new medium is a very difficult matter. It is not only that he must be a good medium intrinsically, but he must possess a nature that easily becomes *en rapport* with mine. When I began this conversation it was in the faint hope that you also might be a believer and might be able to help me in my quest; but I see now that this hope has no foundation. I must search on, alone; and until I find what I require I shall toss aimlessly upon the ocean of life like a rudderless ship in a storm. Don't think me ungrateful, old man, because I am so melancholy. Your sympathy has cheered me up ever so much. Indeed, I haven't been so light-hearted since I don't know when." And with tears in his eyes and sorrow stamped upon every line of his face, Roberson gently minced his way out of the room.

"I say, Roberson," Rowney called after him, "I've a notion that I know a medium who is just the very card you want. I'll look him up, and if he's what I think he is, I'll pass him along to you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much, Mauve," said Roberson, putting his head in at the door again. "It's ever so good of you to think of taking this trouble on my account. But if you will find me a new medium,— a good one, you know, that I can trust implicitly,— you really will make a new man of me;" and uttering these hopeful words, Roberson closed the door.

For an hour or more Rowney Mauve continued to sit and smoke in the big chair. During this period he grinned frequently, and once he laughed aloud. When at last he stood up and knocked the ashes from his third pipe, it was with the satisfied air of a man who has formulated an Idea.

At the outset of this narrative the fact has been mentioned that Violet Carmine was a pickle. The additional fact may be appropriately mentioned here that a residence of five months in the stimulating atmosphere of New York had not by any means tended to make her less picklesome. Except in the case of Mr. Mangan Brown, who stood by her loyally, she was the despair of the Eleventh street household, and she was not favorably commented upon abroad. After that dinner at the Gamboges',— when Violet flirted so outrageously with young Orpiment that even Verona's placid spirit was ruffled,— Mrs. Gamboge said to Mr. Gamboge, in the privacy of their own chamber, that she was very sure that this wild Mexican-Irish girl would bring all their gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave. Mr. Gamboge, who had rather a soft spot in his heart for Violet, and to whom the mystery of Miss Caledonia's back-hair was a mystery no longer, glanced shrewdly at the toilet-table, grinned in a manner that was highly exasperating, and made no reply. Mr. Gamboge regretted his adoption of this line of rejoinder; but Mrs. Gamboge — having suffered peace to be restored when she found herself in possession of the India shawl for which her heart had panted all winter long — inclined to the opinion that brutality was not without its compensating advantages, after all.

And being a pickle, Violet threw herself heart and soul into the part assigned to her by Rowney Mauve in the realization of his Idea.

"It's delightful, Rowney." ("Mamma always used to call her gentlemen friends at Fort Leavenworth by their first names, Cousin Mangan. I am sure that you might let me do what mamma did," Miss Carmine had observed with dignity when Mr. Mangan had suggested to her one day that this somewhat unceremonious mode of address might be modified advantageously.)

"It's delightful, Rowney. Really, I didn't think that you had the wit to think of doing anything so funny. Of course, I'll keep as dark about it as possible. If that sweet little Rose were to get wind of it, I believe she'd faint; and funny little old Cousin Caledonia would have a fit; and Van would be seriously horrified and disagreeable. And even Cousin Mangan, who is the dearest dear that ever was, wouldn't like it, and he'd end by coaxing me out of it, I'm sure. And I don't want

to be coaxed out of it, Rowney, for it will be the best bit of fun that I ever had anything to do with. But I'll have to have somebody along, you know. And I'll tell you who it will be — that nice Rose d'Antimoine! She's just as bad as they all say I am — I don't think that I'm very bad, Rowney; do you? — only she's sly, and knows how to pretend that she isn't. May I tell her about it, and ask her to take a hand? You'd better say 'Yes,' for unless she comes in I'll stay out, you know."

Rowney, who though acquainted only with the society of young American women, was unacquainted with the natural young American woman's instinct of self-preservation, which is most shrewdly manifested in her determination always to have one of her sex with her in her escapades, was rather staggered by this proposition, and was disposed to raise objections to it. But Miss Carmine gave him to understand in short order that his objections could not be entertained for a moment. He would do what she wanted, she told him decidedly, or he would not do anything at all; and Rowney, not altogether unwillingly, for he did not want to get Violet into a scrape, gave in. Therefore, the aid of Madame d'Antimoine was sought, and was given with effusion, for marriage had not tended to make her take a view of life much more serious than that which she had entertained when her scandalous flirtation with the "Marquis" had driven poor Jaune almost to extremities. So these three lively young people laid their reprehensible heads together — and if Roberson's ears did not burn, it was no fault of theirs.

It was the morning after this conference that Rowney Mauve dropped in upon Roberson in his studio.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you, Mauve," said Roberson. "I was just wishing for somebody to come in to tell me about this thing. I'm not satisfied with it exactly, and yet I don't know what there is wrong about it, either. I must explain, though, what I'm driving at. I call it 'The Real and the Ideal' — though I've been thinking that possibly 'High Life and Low Life' will be better. On this side, you see, I have a pile of turnips and a cabbage and a mackerel, and on this side a vase of roses and a glass globe with goldfish in it. The idea's capital — contrast, and that sort of thing, you know. But somehow the picture don't seem to come together. I've changed the composition two or three times, but I don't seem to get what I want. I do wish that you'd give me your advice about it. What you honestly think, you know."

"To tell the truth, Roberson, the way you've got it now, — the things all along in a row like that, — it looks a good deal like ninepins after the first ball has cracked into 'em."

"No? does it though? Why, I do believe you're right, Mauve. I've been thinking myself that perhaps the things were too scattery. And yet, I think there's a good effect in the way that they rise gradually from this one turnip here on the left to the roses on the right. I can't paint out those roses again, they're too good. Don't you think that they're better than Lambdin's? I do. But I might move the globe of gold-fish over to the left, and then have the mackerel and the vegetables along in a row between it and the roses. How do you think that would do? I've got to do something in a hurry, for the mackerel I am using for a model is beginning to smell horribly. I hope you don't find it very bad. I put carbolic acid over it this morning. Oh, dear! Mauve, I don't seem to be able to do anything in these days, now — now," and Roberson's voice became lower, and had a tone of awe in it, "that I no longer have a Guide, you know."

"That's just what I came to speak to you about, Roberson."

"Goodness gracious! Mauve, you don't mean to say that you have — that you have found a Medium?" exclaimed Roberson in great excitement, springing up from his chair, and dropping his palette and maulstick with a clatter.

"That is just what I do mean to say, old man; but I wish that you wouldn't jump around so. It disturbs the atmosphere, and fans the fish, you know."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. Just wait a minute and I'll put some more carbolic acid on it. But tell me about him. Is he really a good medium? Have you tested him? Is he knocks, or voice, or a slate? is he ——"

"He isn't a 'he' at all; he's a she."

"A 'she'?"

"Yes; a woman medium, you know."

"Oh," said Roberson, doubtfully, and with less brightness in his face, "I've never tried a woman medium. Do you think they're apt to be as good as men?"

"Not as a rule," Rowney answered, in the grave, careful tone of one who had given the subject a very thorough investigation and whose decision was final. "No, not as a rule; but, as an exception, yes. Dugald Stewart, in his admirable chapter on clairvoyance, — spiritualism hadn't come up in his day, you know, — says that 'the delicate, super-sensitive nerve-fiber of women renders them far more keenly acute to psychic influences than are men. It is for this reason that women, and women only, have given us trustworthy evidences of clairvoyant phenomena.' The eminent Professor Crookes, during his re-

cent exhaustive and most fruitful experiments upon the element to which he has given the name of psychic force, has arrived at a conclusion which substantially is identical with that arrived at by the great Scotch philosopher. He says, clearly and positively: 'While the majority of my experiments with women have been failures, it is a notable fact that of all my experiments, the only ones which have been completely and entirely satisfactory have been those in which the operating force was a woman; and from this fact I conclude that only in the exquisitely sensitive nervous structure of women can proper *media* for the most interesting, most astonishing class of psychic phenomena be found.' Now, what can you say in opposition to this positively expressed opinion of the great English scientist? Surely, Roberson, you will not have the temerity, not to say the downright impudence, to set up your opinion, based only on your own meager experience, against that of this profound investigator,—against the dictum of the man who has invented the Radiometer?"

Roberson was greatly astonished, as well as greatly impressed, by this eloquent and learned outburst; and he was a good deal puzzled later, when his most diligent search through the works of the authors named failed to discover the passages, or anything at all like them, that Rowney had quoted.

"What a wonderful fellow you are, Mauve!" he said admiringly. "I had no idea that you had gone into the matter in this serious way."

"Well, when I set out to know anything, I do like to know it pretty thoroughly," Rowney answered airily. "But I hope that what I've said has weakened your prejudice against women mediums. A man of your strong intellect, Roberson, has no right to entertain a prejudice like that. Of course, though, if you don't believe in women mediums, we will say no more about this one that I have found for you."

"Oh, please don't speak that way, Mauve; I see that I have been very foolish, and I want to meet this one very much indeed. Who is she?"

"She's a Theosoph."

"A what?"

"A Theosoph—a member of that wonderful and mysterious Oriental Cult that Madame Polavatsky has expounded so ably. But of course you know all about Theosophism."

"I—I know about it in a general way, you know. It's something like animal magnetism, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's something of that general nature"—Rowney found that he was getting into rather deep water himself, and he floundered a little in getting out of it. "Yes, it's like animal magnetism in a general sort of way. And having this magnetic basis, you see, of course it affords a wonderfully perfect channel for communication with the spirit world."

"Of course," Roberson assented.

"And this particular medium," Rowney continued, speaking with confidence again, now that the awkward turn in the conversation was safely past, "is without exception the most extraordinary medium that even Theosophism has produced. She does everything that ordinary mediums do, and some most astonishing things that they don't. Of course you've seen materializations, Roberson?"

"Oh, yes, repeatedly."

"But of people who were dead?"

"Of course."

"Well, this Theosoph will show you, will actually show you, materializations of the living!"

"You don't say!" said Roberson, greatly interested.

"It's a fact, I assure you. This has never been done before, and even she has been able to do it only recently—after twelve years of study among the oldest Pajamas of the Cult in India. It's wonderful! And, what is more, she can materialize inanimate objects—can make things in distant places appear visibly before your eyes. Of course she can do the trance business, and knocks, and slate-writing, and all that sort of thing, you might say, with one hand."

"Wonderful!—Wonderful!" exclaimed Roberson.

"Right you are, my boy. She is the most wonderful medium that the world, at least the Western world, has ever known. She is—she is what a Colorado newspaper person would call a regular daisy, and no mistake!"

"And when can I see her, and where? Oh, Mauve, my heart is beginning to brighten again. I'm sure that she will set me in the right way again about my pictures and—and about Violet, you know."

It was with some difficulty that Rowney restrained his strong desire to box Roberson's ears for this free use of Miss Carmine's name. But he did restrain himself, and answered: "You shall see her this very night, and in my studio. She is here in New York only for a day or two,—she starts for India again at the end of this week,—and has no regular place for her séances, so I have arranged with her to come to my studio this evening at eight o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, yes; and thank you a thousand times, Mauve. I shall be grateful to you all my life for what you have done."

"Will you, though? Don't be too sure about that," said Rowney, with a queer smile. "Good-bye till eight o'clock. Phew! how that fish does speak for itself!"

EGYPTIAN darkness reigned in Rowney Mauve's studio when Roberson entered it at eight o'clock that evening. Roberson did not more than half like this gloom and mystery. Rowney, leading him to a seat, felt that he was trembling. "Has the Indian lady come yet?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"The Theosoph? Yes, here she is. Permit me to present to you, Madam, an earnest seeker after truth."

"It is well," was answered in a deep voice, that quavered as though with suppressed emotion. "What seeks this earnest seeker?"

"Now crack away and ask about the picture. You'd better begin with that, and take the other matter afterward," Rowney whispered.

"Mustn't I call up an advising spirit first? That's the usual way of beginning a séance, you know."

"Oh, of course; that's what I meant you to do," Rowney answered, in some slight confusion.

"Is the spirit of Jan Weenix present?" asked Roberson.

There was a regular volley of raps, and then the deep voice answered, "He is!"

("*It* is; there is no sex in spirits," murmured Rowney, *sotto voce*.)

"I am ever so glad to meet you again," Roberson said, quite in the tone of one who greets an old friend after a long separation. "I'm dreadfully muddled about this new picture of mine—'High Life and Low Life,' you know. Won't you please tell me what I must do to get it right?"

"Behold it as the great Weenix himself has painted it!" and the deep voice was deeper, and also shakier, than ever.

"Now you will see one of the wonderful materializations that I told you about," Rowney whispered. "Only the most highly gifted even of the Theosophs can do this sort of thing. Look!"

In one corner of the room there appeared a soft, hazy glow, covering a space of about three feet square. The haze passed slowly away, and as the brightness increased a picture became visible. It was Roberson's picture, sure enough; but the composition had been modified materially. The rose-bush was in the center; on one side of it was the glass globe filled with vegetables; on the other side was the mackerel, standing straight up on its tail; while the four gold-fish, standing on their tails and touching fins, were circling around it in a waltz.

"Oh!" was all that Roberson could say on beholding this astonishing rearrangement of his work.

"Now, isn't that wonderful?" Rowney asked impressively.

"Ye-es, it certainly is," Roberson answered, with hesitation. "At least, it's very wonderful as a materialization; indeed, I never saw anything like it. But—but really, you know, Mauve, this arrangement of the picture is a most extraordinary one. Is it possible, do you think, that a malignant spirit has obtained control of the medium? You know that does happen sometimes."

"Like getting the wrong fellow at the telephone?" suggested Rowney.

"Precisely," Roberson answered.

"And what do you do then? With the telephone you ring for the exchange again and swear at them. But that wouldn't do with the spirits, I suppose."

"Of course not," said Roberson, a good deal horrified. "No; the proper thing to do when this happens is to drop all attempts to communicate with the spirit that has been called, and the effort of which to come has been frustrated, and to continue the séance with others less susceptible to malignant influences."

"With the Theosophs the custom differs a little. Being more potent than ordinary mediums, they usually insist upon the attendance of the spirit called. Still, it might be well in this case to adopt the plan that you mention. Suppose you go right ahead and demand a materialization of Miss Carmine and then have things out with her?"

"You don't mean to say that the medium can do that?"

"Indeed I do. Didn't I tell you that these Theosophs could materialize living people? You don't seem to understand, Roberson, what a tremendous power is here at our command. But I'll manage it for you." And Rowney continued, in a deep, solemn tone, "Madam, I conjure you to compel the visible presence of the spirit of Violet Carmine!"

As Rowney ceased speaking, the materialized picture vanished, the hazy light disappeared, and profound darkness came again. Then the phenomenon of the gradual appearance of the light was repeated; but this time they beheld behind the misty veil, not Roberson's reconstructed picture, but the wraith of Violet herself! Oddly enough, the beautiful apparition seemed to be doing its best not to laugh.

Roberson was so overpowered by this astounding sight that he was speechless. It was monstrous, this awful power that could subject a living being to its sway, so far be-

yond anything that he ever had encountered in the course of his spiritual investigations, that a great fear seized him. Cold perspiration started upon his forehead and his knees shook.

"Well, you goose, now that I'm here, haven't you anything to say for yourself? Can't you even ask me about what people eat in Mexico?" Voice, tone, and manner were Violet's to the life. It was too much for Roberson. His demoralization was complete.

"Mauve! Mauve! for heaven's sake help me to get away! This is no ordinary medium. It is the very Power of Evil that we have invoked!"

"That's a pretty compliment to pay a lady, now, isn't it?" and the apparition spoke with a certain amount of sharpness. "As I didn't come here to be called bad names, I shall leave; and the next time that you have a chance to speak to me, you will be apt to know it, my lad!" With these decisive words, Miss Carmine's wraith faded away, and the misty light slowly vanished into darkness.

"Oh, take me away! take me away!" moaned Roberson feebly. In his terror he had sunk down in a little heap of misery upon the floor.

"All right, old man. Just wait half a minute, though, until I speak a word to the Theosoph."

Roberson heard Rowney cross the room, perceived a momentary gleam of light,— such as might come when a curtain that conceals a lamp is quickly raised and quickly dropped again,— and then came the sound of whispering. Roberson's fear was leaving him a little now; but in the darkness, without Rowney to guide him, he did not dare to stir. Suddenly the whispering, becoming less guarded, was audible.

"You sha'n't! Go away!"

"I shall! I can't help it! You've no idea what a lovely ghost you made!"

Then there was a sound of a scuffle, that ended in a crash, and there, seen in a blaze of light over the fallen screen, was Rowney Mauve in the very act of kissing Violet Carmine. The whole apparatus of the trick was disclosed. In the part of the screen that remained standing was the square hole where the picture had been visible; and the gradual coming and going of the light, and its mistiness, were accounted for by the dozen or so of gauze curtains, arranged to draw back one by one. And there was the picture itself — even more shocking when seen clearly than when hidden by the misty veil. On the outer side of the screen, where she could manage the curtains, stood Rose d'Antimoine.

As he sat there on the floor and perceived by these several disclosures how careful the preparations had been for making a fool of him, and as he painfully realized how admirably well he had been fooled, fear ceased to hold possession of Roberson, and in its place came spiteful rage.

"It's a nasty, mean trick that you have played on me; and I'll get even with you for it, see if I don't! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, every one of you; and I'll make you ashamed, too, before I get through with you."

"Oh, come, now, old fellow, it was only a joke, you know. Don't be unreasonable about it and raise a row."

"You may think it a joke, Mauve, to have these ladies here at your studio at night, and to go on in that scandalous way with Miss Carmine; but I don't think that either Mr. d'Antimoine or Mr. Brown will see much of a joke in it! Oh, you'll all repent this! I'll teach you to play tricks! I'll fix you, you mean things!" Roberson's voice, never a deep one, rose to a shrill treble as he delivered these threats, and in a perfect little whi[illegible]ver of fury he rushed out of the room.

The fact must be admitted that the three conspirators, being thus delivered over into the hands of their intended victim, were pretty badly crest-fallen. They knew that Roberson certainly had it in his power to make things exceedingly unpleasant for them; and they knew, too, that he certainly intended to use his power to the very uttermost. Decidedly the outlook was not a cheerful one. As they left the studio and the wreck of their spirit-raising apparatus, they all three were in a chastened and melancholy frame of mind.

"THERE's been a dreadful rumpus, Rowney," Violet said when, as they had agreed, they met in the friendly shelter of Madame d'Antimoine's drawing-room the next afternoon. "That mean little Roberson has told everybody everything, and — and hot water's no name for it! Mr. and Mrs. d'Antimoine have had a regular squabble, though they've made things up now; and Rose has been crying till her lovely blue eyes are all swollen and ugly; and Van is in a perfect Apache rage; and Verona is dignifiedly disagreeable; and little Mrs. Gamboge got so excited and indignant that her back-hair all went crooked and nearly came off, and she had to go upstairs and fix it; and dear little Mr. Gamboge looks solemnly at me, and I heard him say as I came by the parlor door, 'I am sure that Mr. Orpiment would not have hesitated to characterize such conduct as highly reprehensible.' And the wo-worst of all, Rowney," and Violet's voice broke, and her eyes had tears in them, "is that Cousin Mangan won't

"IT'S A NASTY, MEAN TRICK!"

get comfortably angry and have it out with me, but is just miserable and mopes. All that he said to me was, 'Mr. Roberson has told me something that I have been very sorry to hear, my child,' and his voice didn't sound right, and I know that he wanted to cry. Oh, Rowney, I'm the most wretched girl in the world!"

Rowney was feeling pretty low in his mind already, and this frank avowal of her misery by Violet made him feel a great deal lower; and he was cut the more keenly because neither by her words nor her manner did she imply that he was the cause of it — as he most certainly was.

"I am very, very sorry," he said.

"Yes, I'm sure you are, Rowney; and it's ever so good of you, you dear boy. You see — you see," and Violet blushed delightfully, "what upsets them all so is your — your kissing me that way. Of course I know that you didn't mean anything by it, and I'm sure I don't see why they make such a fuss about it. Mamma has told me that several of her gentlemen friends at Fort Leavenworth used to kiss her whenever they got a chance, and that she always used to box their ears whenever they did it. Now I wonder," Violet continued, struck by a happy thought, "I wonder if it's because I didn't box your ears that they all object to it so? Because if it is, you know, I might do it yet! Shall I?" and she looked at him half inquiringly, half with a most bewitching sauciness. The comfort of telling her troubles to so sympathetic a listener was having a very reviving effect upon her. She certainly did not look at all like the most wretched girl in the world now.

Rowney moved a little closer to her — they were sitting on the sofa — and took her hand in his. "Violet!"

She started. He never had called her Violet before. But she did not take away her hand.

"Violet!" Rowney's voice had not its usual mocking tone, but was quite grave, and had a strange ring of tenderness in it. "My little girl, there's just one way for me to get you out of the scrape that I've got you into, and that's to marry you. May I?"

"Oh, Rowney! Do you mean to run away with me?"

"Well, I hadn't exactly contemplated running away with you, I confess," said Rowney, grinning a little in spite of himself.

"Hadn't you, though?" Violet answered, with a touch of disappointment. "Why, grandpapa ran away with grandmamma, and they had a lovely time. Colonel Smalt, that was grandmamma's father, you know, started right out after them with dogs and a shot-gun, and chased them for two whole days. And at last they came to a river that they had to swim their horses across, and the Colonel, who was close behind them, swam after them. And his horse was dead beat, and couldn't

swim; and the Colonel would have been drowned if grandpapa had not come back and rescued him. And the Colonel insisted upon fighting grandpapa right there in the water, and he did cut him pretty badly; and it was not until grandpapa held him under water until he was nearly drowned that the Colonel gave in. And then grandpapa carried him safely ashore, and after that, of course, they were the best of friends. Wasn't it all delightful? I've heard mamma say again and again how much she was disappointed because papa did not run away with her. So don't you think, don't you really think, Rowney, that you'd better run away with me, dear?"

"And have Mr. Mangan Brown and Van and Mr. Gamboge galloping after us, and swimming the Hudson, and peppering us with shot-guns?"

"Yes! yes! Oh, *do* do it, Rowney. It would be such splendid fun, and would be so very romantic!"

"All right. If you really want to run away, I'd just as lief have things arranged that way as any other, and it certainly will save a lot of trouble. But don't count too much on the shot-guns, for I don't think it probable that Mr. Mangan Brown and Mr. Gamboge will come out strong in that direction; it isn't exactly their line. And now let me have a kiss; just one to — to make it a bargain, you know."

And Madame d'Antimoine, coming in at this moment, assumed an air of stately benevolence and said, "Ah, my children, is it thus? Let me then give to you the blessing, as is done by the good mamma in the play!"

Mr. Mangan Brown did not adopt the shot-gun policy. Indeed, this policy was rendered quite impracticable by the fact that Rowney and Violet, immediately upon accomplishing their marriage, did their running away on board of Rowney's yacht — a mode of departure that Violet approved of rapturously, because, as she said with much truth, "it was so like eloping with a real pirate." But Mr. Mangan felt pretty dismal over it, and wrote a very apologetic account of his stewardship to Señor Carmine. He tried to make the best of things, of course, pointing out that in the matters of family and fortune Rowney really was quite a desirable son-in-law; but even after he had made the best of it, he could not help admitting to himself that the situation was one that a prudent parent scarcely could be expected very heartily to enjoy. And he was most agreeably surprised, therefore, a month or so later, when Señor Carmine's letter escaped from the Mexican post-office and came to him laden with olive-branches instead of the thunderbolts which he had feared. Violet's father was not angry; on the contrary, he seemed to be highly pleased with "the excellent match" that his daughter had made, and expressed his unqualified approval of the "spirited way" in which she had made it. "She has done honor to herself, to her mother, and to the education that she has received," Señor Carmine declared, "and we are very grateful to you for giving her the opportunity that she has so well improved." The letter concluded with a most urgent invitation for Mr. Mangan to come down for six months or a year, and to bring with him Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, Van and Rose, Verona and young Orpiment, and Monsieur and Madame d'Antimoine — with all of whom, this hospitable Mexican gentleman wrote, he had made a very pleasant acquaintance in his daughter's letters. And inclosed in this communication was a note, signed Brigida O'Jara de Carmine, of which the theme was a breezy laudation of the love that defies conventionalities and laughs at locksmiths and is the true parent of romance!

"Well, since they take it this way," said Mr. Mangan Brown, with a great sigh of relief, as he laid down the letters, "I must say that I'm glad she's gone. At my time of life close association with such a — such a very volcanic young woman as Violet is — is rather overwhelming. It's like being the Czar of Russia and having the leading Nihilist right in the house with me. And it is a great comfort, just when I thought that everything was ending shockingly, to find that everything has ended pleasantly. For — except that Violet has left that confounded parrot behind her — everything *has* ended pleasantly, after all."

And only Roberson, among those who had enjoyed the rather mixed pleasure of Miss Carmine's acquaintance during her sojourn in New York, dissented from the optimistic view of the situation thus formulated by Mr. Mangan Brown. In this matter Roberson was not optimistic: he was a pessimist of the deepest dye. When he came to know what a boomerang his revenge had turned out to be, he forswore both love and spiritualism, and settled down to art with the stony calmness of despair. And it is a notable fact — though a fact not unparalleled — that the longer he painted the more abominably bad his still-lifes were!

Ivory Black.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE COLONIES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"THE ONE-HOSS SHAY." (FROM AN ETCHING BY W. H. SHELTON, BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER.)

[This etching corresponds with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's recollection and with some ancient examples.]

I.

EQUIPAGES AND TRAVEL.

IN the first half of the seventeenth century there were many in England who regarded coaches as novel and ostentatious superfluities, that were, moreover, particularly injurious to the muddy roads of the time. In America, until the eighteenth century was well under way, traveling by coach, beyond the immediate vicinity of the greater towns was rendered almost impossible by the innumerable river-mouths and estuaries that intersected the belt of inhabited territory along the coast. Foot-passengers traversed the narrow streams by means of tree-trunks felled across them; wider rivers could be passed only by finding a canoe at some plantation upon the bank. On some main thoroughfares there were regular ferries, at which the traveler might count on getting over in a canoe, provided he could find the ferryman; but he could only get his saddle-horse over by leading him, swimming alongside. Even after wheeled vehicles were used, it was often necessary in ferrying to take them apart, or to straddle the carriage into two canoes lashed together, or to let the wheels hang over the side of a small boat, or to tow the carriage behind through the water, and to carry the horse with his fore feet in one, and his hind feet in the other of two canoes bound together. The German immigrants appear to have introduced the ferry-boat running with pulleys upon a rope stretched across the river —the boat being set obliquely to the current, and propelled by the force of the stream against the gunwales.

The Virginia planter of the richer sort, who was said to live with more show and luxury "than a country gentleman in England on an estate of three or four thousand pounds a year," showed a strong liking for the stately six-horse coach, with postilions; but it was not until 1720 that wheeled carriages were recognized in the legal price-list of the Virginia ferries. In the other colonies, also, the coach was valued as a sign of official or family dignity, and some of the richer Carolinians carried "their luxury so far as to have carriages, horses, coachmen, and all, imported from England"; but in Carolina, and everywhere north of Virginia, the light open

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"chair" or the covered chaise was generally preferred. These were better suited to the roughness and sinuosity of the roads than the coach. The chaise was a kind of two-wheeled gig, having a top, and drawn sometimes by one, and sometimes by two horses; the chair had two wheels, but no top; the sulky, which was much used, differed from the chair chiefly in having room for but one person. All these seem to have been hung on straps, or thorough-braces, instead of springs. Boston ladies in the middle of the eighteenth century took the air in chaises or chairs, with negro drivers. Boston gentlemen also affected negro attendants when they drove their chairs or rode on saddle-horses. But in rural regions, from Pennsylvania northward, ladies took delight in driving about alone in open chairs, to the amazement of European travelers, who deemed that a paradise in which women could travel without protection. Philadelphians were fond of a long, light, covered wagon, with benches, which would carry a dozen persons in an excursion to the country. Sedan-chairs were occasionally used in the cities. The Dutch introduced sleighs into New York at a very early date; but sleighs for pleasure, though known in Boston about 1700, only came into general use in the northern provinces at a somewhat later period. The first stage wagon in the colonies was run from Trenton to New Brunswick, twice a week, during the summer of 1738. It was a link in the tedious land and water journey from Philadelphia to New York, and travelers were promised that it would be "fitted up with benches, and covered over, so that passengers may sit easy and dry."

American wheeled vehicles belonged almost entirely to the eighteenth century; the primitive, and always the commonest, means of land travel in the colonies was the saddle-horse. At the time of the beginning of American settlement English peers were wont to carry their spouses behind them on horseback from London to their country-seats, and even princesses rode on pillions, wearing caps of waxed linen to shelter their heads from the rain. In the eighteenth century the English were accounted the only European people that were fond of traveling in the saddle. In like manner American colonists, especially during the first hundred years or more, rode on horseback to church, to picnics, to weddings, to funerals, and on journeys, often carrying their wives behind them. Sometimes two or three children were stacked on in front of the saddle. One horse was often made to carry two men. By the "ride-and-tie" method, a horse was yet further economized; one man, or a man and woman, would ride a mile or two, and then leave the animal by the roadside for another person or persons to mount when they should come up with him, the first party going on afoot until their alternates had ridden past them, and left the horse tied again by the roadside. Two men and their wives sometimes went to church with one horse, by this device. Where a saddle could not be had, a sheep-skin or a bear-skin served instead. A lady when alone rode on a side-saddle; when behind a gentleman she sat on a pillion, which was a cushion buckled to the saddle. A church surrounded on all sides by saddle-horses tied to the trees and fences reminded the traveler of the outskirts of an English horse-fair. Stories are told of Virginians walking two miles to catch a horse to ride one, and of Marylanders walking six or eight miles for a horse to ride five miles to church.

The planter in the Chesapeake region was well-nigh inseparable from his steed; traveling, church-going, visiting, fighting, hunting, and even sometimes fishing, were done on

BROOKLYN FERRY-HOUSE AND FERRY-BOATS. SITE OF THE PRESENT FULTON FERRY, FROM A VIEW OF NEW YORK IN 1746.

AN AMERICAN SLEIGH OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

horseback. The scouts and rangers against the Indians, the Indian traders, the lawyers, the doctors, the parsons, and the peddlers of the southern colonies were all mounted. Comparatively few of the colonists except peddlers ever journeyed by land so far as to reach a neighboring province. The badness of the roads made travel irksome, if not dangerous, and pious people wrote "Laus Deo" in their almanac diaries when they got back with whole bones from a twenty-mile ride into the country. The taverns, whose signs hung on "a kind of gallows" across the road, bearing the portrait of some king or great man, were almost as formidable obstacles to travel as the rough roads and dangerous ferries. Innkeepers in many cases persisted in lodging two strangers in the same bed, often without changing the linen used by its previous occupants, and the beds for guests were frequently all included in one large room. From these roadside inns the hospitality of the colonists sometimes afforded a deliverance. In the South especially travelers were often able entirely to avoid the wretched and extortionate "ordinaries," as they were called.

When a magistrate or other dignitary made a journey, gentlemen of each town escorted him a few miles on the way, usually bidding him adieu at some stream or boundary. "Not one creature accompanies us to the ferry," writes Judge Sewall with indignation on one occasion. Fifty horsemen escorted Whitefield into Philadelphia in 1745, and eight hundred mounted gentlemen went out to meet one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania. Indeed, it was but common courtesy for a company of gentlemen to meet, a long way off, a governor or a commissioner from another province, and to form a voluntary guard of honor, bringing him in great state to his destination, with no end of wine, punch, and other "treats" on the way, and no end of dinners and dances after his arrival.

COACH, SUPPOSED TO BE THAT OF RIP VAN DAM. (FROM A PRINT OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN NEW YORK, 1731.)

II.

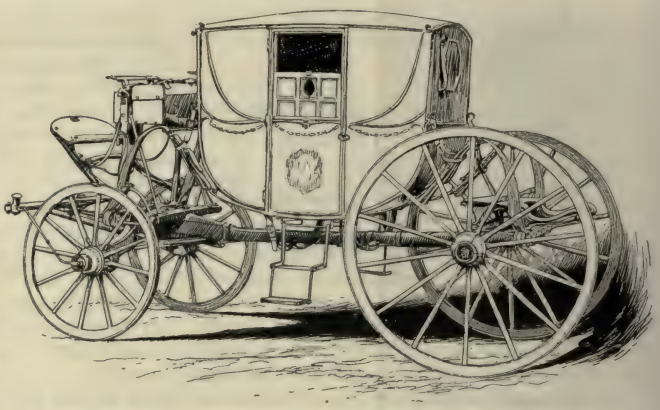
COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

THE traveler Josselyn gives us a glimpse of seventeenth-century "gallants," promenading with their sweethearts, on Boston Common, from a little before sunset till the nine o'clock bell gave warning of the lawfully established bed-time. This picture of twilight and love lends a touch of human feeling to the severely regulated life of the Puritan country. But even love-making in that time was made to keep to the path appointed by those in authority. Fines, imprisonments, and corporal punishment were the penalties denounced in New England against him who should inveigle the affections of any "maide, or maide servant," unless her parents or guardians should "give way and allowance in that respect." Nor were such laws dead letters. In all the colonies sentiment was less regarded than it is now. The worldly estate of the parties was weighed in even balances, and there were sometimes conditional marriage treaties between the parents, before the young people were consulted. Judge Sewall's daughter Betty hid herself in her father's coach for hours one night, to avoid meeting an unwelcome suitor approved by her father. Sometimes marriage agreements between the parents of the betrothed extended even to arrangements for bequests to be left to the young people, as "incorridgement for a livelihood." The newspapers of the later period, following English examples, not only praised the bride, but did not hesitate to mention her "large fortune," that people might know the elements of the bridegroom's happiness.

ENGLISH SADDLE OF THE STUART PERIOD. (FROM MEYRICK'S "ANCIENT ARMOUR.")

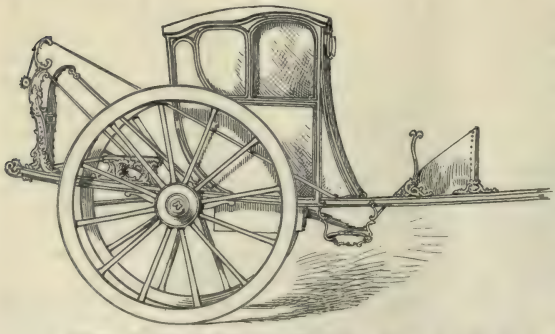
But if passion was under more constraint from self-interest among people of the upper class, it was less restrained by refinement in

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than it is in our time. There was a good deal of stiff external formality in good society, but far less of real modesty in all classes than in modern times. The New England law-givers declare that great evils had resulted from certain social recreations, which would be regarded as quite harmless now; and the large number of offenses against sexual morality, brought to light in the proceedings of churches and courts of law in all the colonies, make one suspect that this was not a merely puritanic scruple. The books, the newspapers, the plays, even the law and court proceedings, and the very sermons of the colonial time, manifest a comparative coarseness and lack of reserve in thought and feeling. The smallness of most of the houses, the numerousness of families, the rustic manners of a new country, the rude, untempered physical life begotten of hardy living, the primitive barbarism lingering in the race, and the prevailing laxity of morals in the mother country, all tended to promote an irregularity that could not be corrected by the most stringent secular and ecclesiastical discipline. There were many illegitimate births in all the colonies, nor was the evil confined to families of the lower order. Puritan churches often exacted a public apology from their members for such sins, and the not infrequent spectacle of a young girl making confession of her offense in meeting probably spread the contagion it was meant to arrest. Beyond the influence of the more strenuous religious movements, such as puritanism, quakerism, and what may be comprehensively called Whitefieldism, men were under comparatively slight restraints from society. In the South a taste for gallant adventures, though very hurtful to a woman, was quite as likely to be beneficial as otherwise to the standing of a gentleman.



BEEKMAN FAMILY COACH OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD, IN THE POSSESSION OF GERARD BEEKMAN, ESQ.

The mode of courtship known as bundling or tarrying — the very name of which one hesitates to write to-day — was prevalent in certain regions of New England, especially in the Connecticut Valley. The practice existed in many parts of Europe, and is said still to linger in Wales. It was no doubt brought from England by early immigrants. That it could flourish throughout the whole colonial age, alongside a system of doctrine and practice so austere as that enforced by New England divines and magistrates, is but one of many instances of the failure of law and restraining precept to work a refinement of manners. That during much more than a century after the settlement this practice found none to challenge it on grounds of modesty and moral tendency, goes to show how powerful is the sanction of traditional custom. Even when it was attacked by Jonathan Edwards and other innovators, the attempt to abolish it was met by violent opposition and no end of ridicule. Edwards seems to think that as "among people who pretend to uphold their credit," it was peculiar to New England; and there appears to be no evidence that it was practiced elsewhere in America, except in parts of Pennsylvania, where the custom is a matter of court record so late as 1845, and where it probably still lingers in out-of-the-way places among people both of English and of German extraction.



A CHAISE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM "L'ART DU MENUISIER-CARROSSIER," 1771.)

A certain grossness in the relations of the sexes was a trait of

AMERICAN STAGE-COACH OF 1795, FROM "WELD'S TRAVELS." (PROBABLY SIMILAR IN FORM TO THOSE OF THE LATER COLONIAL PERIOD.)

eighteenth-century life, not confined to rustics and people in humble stations. In the "Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia," the writer complains more than once of the freedoms of certain married gentlemen of her acquaintance, "who seized me and kissed me a dozen times in spite of all the resistance I could make." Miss Sarah Eve, of Philadelphia, has likewise recorded in a private journal her objections to the affectionate salutations bestowed on her in company by a Dr. S. "One hates to be always kissed," she says, "especially as it is attended with so many inconveniences; it decomposes the œconomy of one's *handkerchief*, it disorders one's *high Roll*, and it ruffles the serenity of one's countenance." Perhaps it was the partial default of refined feeling that made stately and ceremonious manners seem so proper to the upper class of that day; such usages were a fence by which society protected itself from itself. But eighteenth-century proprieties were rather thin and external; they had an educational value, no doubt, but conventional hypocrisies scantly served to hide the rudeness of the Englishmen of the time.

Marriage ceremonies and festivities in America differed but little from those which prevailed in the mother country. The widest divergence was in New England, where the Puritans, abhorring the Catholic classification which put marriage among the sacraments, were repelled to the other extreme, and forbade ministers to lend any ecclesiastical sanction to a wedding. But the earliest New Englanders celebrated a public betrothal, or, as they styled it, "a contraction," and on this occasion a minister sometimes preached a

CUT-PAPER VALENTINE OF 1764. (VIRGINIA.)

sermon. A merely civil marriage could hardly continue long in a community where the benedictions of religion were sought on so many other occasions; where the birth of a child, the illness and the recovery of the sick, birthday anniversaries, the entrance into a new house, and even the planning of a bridge, gave occasion for prayer and psalm-singing. Indeed, a marriage performed as at first by a magistrate was accompanied by psalms sung by the guests and by prayers; and as the seventeenth century drew to its close, the Puritan minister resumed the function of solemnizing marriages.

The Quakers, of course, were married without intervention of parson or magistrate, by "passing the meeting." Even in the colonies in which the Church of England was established, marriages usually took place in private houses,—a divergence from English usage growing out of the circumstances of people in a new country. But it was everywhere enacted that the banns should be published. This was in some places done at church service, as in England, or by putting a notice on the court-house door. In New England the publication was sometimes made at the week-day lecture, at town-meeting, or by affixing a notice to the door or in the vestibule of the meeting-house, or to a post set up for this express purpose. Publication seems to have been sometimes evaded by ingenuity. The Friends in Pennsylvania took care to enjoin that the notice should be posted at a meeting-house, "with the fair publication side outward." The better sort of people in some of the colonies were accustomed to buy exemption from publishing the banns, by paying a fee to the governor for a license, and the governor's revenue from this source was very considerable. Ministers in remote places sometimes purchased a supply of licenses signed in blank and issued them at a profit.

English colonists in the hardest pioneer surroundings took a patriotic pride in celebrating what was called "a merry English wedding." The festivities in different places varied only in detail; in all the colonies a genteel wedding was a distressingly expensive and protracted affair. There was no end of eating, and drinking, and dancing, of dinners, teas, and suppers. The guests were often supplied with one meal before the marriage, and then feasted without stint afterward. These festivities, on one ground or another, were in some places kept up two or three days, and sometimes even much longer. The minister finished the service by kissing the bride; then all the gentlemen present followed his example; and in some regions the bridegroom meanwhile went about the room kissing each of the ladies in turn. There were brides who received the salutations of a hundred and fifty gentlemen in a day. As if this were not enough, the gentlemen called on the bride afterward, and this call was colloquially known as "going to kiss the bride." In some parts of the Puritan country kissing at weddings was discountenanced, but there were other regions of New England in which it was practiced with the greatest latitude and fervor. In Philadelphia the Quaker bride, having to "pass the meeting" twice, had to submit to a double ordeal of the sort, and the wedding expenses, despite the strenuous injunctions of yearly meetings, were greatly increased by the twofold festivity.

TANKARD PRESENTED ON HER WEDDING DAY TO SARAH RAPELJE, THE FIRST WHITE PERSON BORN IN NEW NETHERLANDS. NOW IN POSSESSION OF MISS SARAH A. JOHNSON OF BROOKLYN. (SEE "CENTURY MAGAZINE," APRIL, 1885, PAGE 889.)

I have seen no direct evidence that the colonial gentry followed the yet ruder English wedding customs of the time. But provincials loyally follow the customs of a metropolis, and I doubt not a colonial wedding in good society was attended by observances as indecorous as those of a nobleman of the same period. Certainly stocking-throwing and other such customs long lingered among the backwoodsmen of the colonies, as did many other ancient wedding usages. Among the German immigrants, the bride did not throw her shoe for the guests to scramble for as she entered her chamber, after the manner of the noble ladies of Germany in other times; but at a "Pennsylvania Dutch" wedding the guests strove by dexterity or craft to steal a shoe from the bride's foot during the day. If the groomsmen failed to prevent this, they were obliged to redeem the shoe from the bosom of the lucky thief with a bottle of wine. The ancient wedding sport known in parts of the British Islands as "riding for the kail," or "for the broose," — that is, a pot of spiced broth,— and elsewhere called "riding for the ribbon," took the form among the Scotch-Irish in America of a dare-devil race over perilous roads to secure a bottle of whisky with a ribbon about its neck, which awaited the swiftest and most reckless horseman on his arrival at the house of the bride's father. There were yet other practices,—far-reaching shadows of the usages of more barbarous ages, when brides were carried off by force. A wedding party in the backwoods as it approached the bride's house would sometimes find its progress arrested by wild grape-vines tied across the way, or great trees felled in the road in sport or malice by the neighbors. Sometimes, indeed, they would be startled by a sudden volley with blank cartridges fired by men in ambuscade. This old Irish practice, and other such horse-play, was most congenial to woodsmen and Indian-fighters, in whom physical life overflowed all bounds.

A custom, no doubt of very ancient origin, prevailed in some Massachusetts villages, by which a group of the non-invited would now and then seize the bride and gently lead her off to an inn or other suitable place of detention until the bridegroom consented to redeem her by providing entertainment for the captors. But in the staidest parts of New England puritanism succeeded in suppressing or modifying some of the more brutal wedding customs of the time. Sack-posset was eaten, perhaps even in the bridal chamber, but it was taken solemnly with the singing of a psalm before and a grace afterward. The health and toasts to posterity, which had been, according to immemorial usage, drunk in the wedding chamber after the bedding of the bride and groom, were omitted, and in their place prayers were offered that the children of the newly married might prove worthy of a godly ancestry. Old English blood and rude traditions would now and then break forth; it was necessary in 1651 to forbid all dancing in taverns on the occasion of weddings, such dancing having produced many "abuses and disorders."

Where church-going was practiced, as in New England, the "coming out groom and bride" on the Sunday after the wedding was a notable part of the solemnities. In Sewall's diary one may see the bride's family escorting the newly married pair to church, marching in double file, six couples in all, conscious that they were the spectacle of the little street, and the observed of all in the church.

The eccentric custom, known in England, of a widow's wearing no garment at her second marriage but a shift, from a belief that by her surrendering before marriage all her property but this, her new husband would escape liability for any debts contracted by her or her former husband, was followed in a few instances in the middle colonies. One Pennsylvania bridegroom saved appearances by meeting the slightly clad bride half-way from her own house to his, and announcing in the presence of witnesses that the wedding clothes which he proceeded to put on her with his own hands were only lent to the widow for the occasion.

III.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

In 1655 the Virginia Assembly, in order to check the waste of powder at drinking frolics, and to prevent false alarms, ordained that no person should "shoot guns at drinkeing (marriages and funeralls onely excepted)." And indeed the colonial funeral deserved to rank as a festive occasion—a time of much eating and a great deal of drinking. Whole pipes of Madeira with several hogsheads of beer were consumed at single funerals in New York, to say nothing of the food eaten and the tobacco smoked by the friends and neighbors who made a day of it, and now and then also a night of it, in honor of the departed. In Pennsylvania five hundred guests were sometimes served with punch and cake at a funeral; the refreshments were distributed not only in the house, but to guests standing all up and down the road. The cost of the wine at one funeral in Virginia came to more than four thousand pounds of tobacco. In more than

one colony, legislative interference was required to keep the friends of the deceased from eating and drinking his widow and orphans out of house and home. South Carolinians excelled in the sumptuousness of their funerals, as they did in all other forms of hospitality and social ostentation; a profusion of all kinds of liquors, tea, coffee, and other articles were distributed at their cheerful obsequies. In New England funeral festivities were more moderate in the matter of eating and drinking. Cake and cheese were distributed, and tables were sometimes spread in Massachusetts, and wine or beer was served as on other solemn occasions; but feasting at such times appears not to have been so general as in the middle and southern colonies, where funerals were sometimes occasions of disgraceful drunkenness and riot. A New Jersey governor provided in his will against the occurrence at his funeral of rudeness, "that may be occationed By To Much Strong Lickquor"; and a Virginia clergyman took the bold course of wholly forbidding the distribution of liquors at his burial.

But meats and drinks, though costly, were not always the chief expense at a funeral. The "underbearers," who carried the coffin, walking with their heads and shoulders covered with the pall-cloth, were provided with plain gloves. This pall was hired for the occasion; its corners were upheld by persons of social dignity who were the pall-bearers, and who were provided with gloves of a costlier kind. Gloves were also given to the minister, and often to a great many of the friends. The present of a pair of gloves was an approved form of invitation to a funeral, though in some places invitation cards with wide black borders were used. Among the Dutch at Albany, one hears of a "special" invitation to a funeral being given by sending to the house of the person invited "a linen scarf, a pair of silk gloves, a bottle of old Madeira, and two funeral cakes." At one Massachusetts funeral seven hundred pairs of gloves were sent, at another a thousand, and three thousand at yet another. So many gloves were received by persons of wide social connections, that a considerable revenue was derived from the sale of them. Mourning rings were one of the heaviest charges at an upper-class funeral; they were sent to the minister and pall-bearers, and sometimes to a wide circle of friends. One Boston minister estimated the rings and gloves he received as worth fifteen pounds per annum. Two hundred rings were distributed at a funeral in Boston in 1738. Scarfs, often of silk, were given to the pall-bearers, ministers, and others, and they were worn for a considerable time after the funeral as a badge of respect for the dead. Families sometimes dissipated a large portion of their estates in funeral pomp. As early as 1656 the Virginia Assembly began to struggle with this pernicious extravagance, and some of the other colonial legislatures, as well as voluntary associations of the people, sought at various times to abate funeral expenses; but the solemn pledge against the use of funeral scarfs and gloves embodied in the Articles of Association prescribed by the first Congress in 1774, shows how well the old customs had held their own against the reformers.

In New England the tolling of a "death-bell" as an announcement immediately after the decease of any person came in probably with the introduction of bells. The earliest New Englanders had no religious service of any sort at a funeral; they followed the corpse and filled the grave in silence, lest they should "confirme the popish error, . . . that prayer is to bee used for the dead or over the dead." But eulogistic verses, or ingenious laudatory anagrams of the name of the deceased, were often pinned to the bier, and by degrees some towns deviated from the general practice by having suitable prayers at the house before the burial of the dead, or a short speech at the grave. Another custom, probably confined to New England, was that of presenting to friends at the funeral suitably serious books as memorials of the occasion. Funeral sermons there were, but these were not preached at the time of burial. In some of the southern colonies a clergyman's fee for a funeral sermon was fixed by law. In following the coffin to the grave, great formality was observed; some man of dignity "led" the chief mourner. If the cortège had far to go, and the chief mourner was a widow, she sometimes rode on horseback behind her escort. The funeral of the Philadelphia printer-poet, Aquilla Rose, in 1723, was on this wise:

> "A worthy merchant did the widow lead,—
> And these both mounted on a stately steed.
> . . . . .
> Thus was he carried—like a king—in state,
> And what still adds a further lustre to 't,
> Some rode well mounted, others walked afoot."

At the funeral of a young child the bier was sometimes borne by girls clad in white, and wearing long white veils. Now and then, among people attached to the English Church, a funeral took place by torch-light, but night burials were never common in the colonies. There was an early custom of firing volleys at the grave of a person of great distinction or of high rank, and this even where the per-

son buried was a lady. A barrel and a half of powder was consumed in the endeavor to do proper honor to Winthrop, the chief founder of Massachusetts.

IV.

SPORTS OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

THE abundant supply of game in the forest and of fish in the waters was the supreme good fortune of the pioneer and his chief bane. The poorest need rarely lack for fresh meat, but the fascination of the chase was destructive to habits of industry. Mechanics deserted their trades and many of the lower classes neglected to provide for their families, falling into a savage's hand-to-mouth way of depending on the dog, the gun, the trap, and the fishing-line for a living. The agriculture of the colonies was lowered in character from the perpetual temptation offered by well-stocked woods and virgin streams; in North Carolina the evil was so great that the woods became at length infested by hunters who led a half-savage life in defiance of law. Deer were most sought for, and many were the ways of making war on them. The settlers early learned a favorite Indian method of hunting them. A hunter inclosed himself in a deer-skin, so as to peer out of the breast of a mock stag at his game, and, thus disguised, was able to get almost into the midst of the unsuspecting herd. Sometimes a horse was trained to walk gently by his master's side, shielding the man from sight. As the woods were full of horses, the deer took no alarm until the rifle had brought down its victim. Trees were felled to tempt the deer to browse upon the tender twigs, while the hunter lay in wait behind the boughs. Night-hunting was then as now a common method; a negro with a flaring torch went before the sportsman, who killed the dazed animal while it was looking into the light; or the hunter floated up to his game in a canoe with a blazing fire in the middle of it. In the Carolinas and the up-country of Virginia, deer were run down with dogs by sportsmen on horseback; but along the coast the frequent bays and rivers rendered dogs and horses of no avail. The Virginians drove sharp stakes where the deer were accustomed to leap into a field of peas; on these stakes they would find the animals impaled in the morning. The great iron traps set for deer in New Jersey and Pennsylvania were found dangerous to men. A favorite way of capturing these creatures in Pennsylvania, and of ridding the land of bears and wolves at the same time, was to get up a "drive." The name and the method of procedure resembled the "drift of the forest" in England, by which all the animals in waste or common ground were brought together and their ownership settled. In Pennsylvania a ring of men surrounded a great tract of country, and then in exact order, carefully regulated, drew inward toward a center, inclosing deer, bears, wolves, turkeys, and other game, shooting the animals as they made desperate efforts to escape. New England swamps were "beat up" for wolves in a similar way. The excitement of such a day of slaughter, increasing to the very last, may be easily imagined. A more common and destructive device was that of "fire-hunting." A band of men would set fire to the leaves around a circle of five miles or more; this fire, running inwards from all sides, drove the frightened deer and other game to the center, where they were easily slaughtered by the hunters outside the blazing circle. This mode of hunting was at length forbidden in several of the colonies, partly because it was dangerous to property, and partly because, as wild creatures grew scarce, it became desirable to preserve the game from extermination. The slaughter and waste of venison was excessive at the first coming of fire-arms. One planter's household in Maryland was said to have had eighty deer in ninety days, and dry bread was at length thought preferable to a meat of which everybody was tired.

The South Carolinians made the deer-hunt a prime social pastime. For this they gathered regularly at club-houses, from which they started the chase, running the deer with hounds; the sportsmen following with tremendous swiftness on horseback, regardless of underbrush and more dangerous obstacles. Little lads rode pell-mell with the rest, and boys of ten years could show trophies from deer they had killed. Foxes were also hunted by men on horseback, especially in Virginia and Maryland, where the traditions of English country gentlemen were preserved. But there was little that resembled the English sport; the American deer or fox hunter endured fatigues and discomforts, and exposed himself to perils, never dreamed of by an English sportsman of that time, whose worst dangers were ditches and hedge-rows, and whose stags were carted home alive to be chased another day. One of the many devices for taking foxes in New England was to bait them with a sledge-load of heads of the cod-fish, the hunter shooting them from behind a paled fence. One man sometimes killed ten in a night. Wolves were caught on mackerel hooks, bound together with thread, wrapped with wool and dipped in tallow. Other colonial

methods of capturing wolves were by pits lightly covered so as to let them fall in; by pens of logs slanting inward, open at the top and baited within; and by traps and spring-guns. Smaller "vermin," opossums, raccoons, and such like, were hunted then as now by small boys, negroes, and mongrel dogs. Squirrels were prized above most other sorts of game, and were also shot as pernicious consumers of the farmers' grains; matches were made between groups of men, and squirrel scalps were counted at night to decide which party had won. The wild turkey is the prince of all game birds. The colonists hunted it not chiefly for sport, but for its delicious meat; and for taking it they "had many pretty devices besides the gun," such as traps that would catch a whole flock at once. Fires built at night near their roosting-trees so bewildered the turkeys, that one might shoot at them more than once before they would take wing.

The flight of migrating pigeons at certain seasons, darkening the very sky with their multitude, is a phenomenon little known in this generation to people east of the Alleghany mountains; and inconceivable to one who has not seen it. But in colonial days such flocks were seen all along the coast. Cotton Mather, with characteristic fondness for the improbable, suggested to the Royal Society that these birds migrated to and fro between the earth and a satellite near at hand, but invisible. Their abundance at certain seasons was a great relief to the poor in the more settled regions. They were shot down with guns fired into the wide flocks without definite aim; they were taken in nets, they were beaten off their roosts at night by negroes and others with poles, and they were knocked down with sticks as they flew low over the house-tops in Philadelphia. In the Boston market they were sometimes sold at a rate as low as a cent a dozen. Waterfowl in their season were almost as abundant as the pigeons.

There were many other beasts and birds captured and killed by other devices. But these will serve to show what life in all but the most densely settled regions was,— a school, not of industry, but rather of happy-go-lucky vagabondage. It was also a rare school for soldiers. The rustic colonists were accustomed from boyhood to make war on the creatures of the forest by cunning, courage, and marksmanship. With hardship and woodcraft they were familiar from childhood. A traveler in the colonies about 1774 says: "As all the country people are brought up to the Use of Fire Arms from Meer Children, they in general handle a Musket more dextrously and with greater ease than almost any other Set of People in the World." It was this training that made them more than a match for Indians, and superior to British veterans in fighting against the French in the woods. In the rebellion against the imperial power, it was their habitual endurance of the fatigues of the march and the privations of the camp, with their deadly marksmanship, that made them so formidable. These life-long hunters were never raw troops, and in a crisis like that which culminated at Bennington and Saratoga, the farm-houses poured out riflemen and soldiers ready-made by all the training of their lives. When beaten from towns and forts in the Carolinas, the soldiers became partisan rangers, living in the recesses of the familiar forests, and picking off an English officer with as little ruth as they felt in shooting a stag, and with much more exultation.

It would be tedious, if it were possible, to describe the various methods used by the colonists for taking fish. Beverley, about 1700, mentions "Trolls, Casting-Netts, Setting-Netts, Hand-fishing and Angling," as well as "Spil-yards," which last were long lines "staked out in the River, and hung with a great many Hooks on short strings, fasten'd to the main Line, about three or four Foot asunder." Seines were widely used, and seem to have been also known as sieves or "sives" in some places. Weirs were in use, and these were rather an improvement on Indian devices than an introduction of the English "hedges."

The New Englanders went in multitudes, as the Indians before them had been wont to do, to the falls of the rivers to intercept the ascending shad and salmon. The vast crowds of men gathered at the fishing season made a sort of merry-meeting, and there was much drunkenness and reveling. From these assemblages men went away with their horses laden with fish. Shad were too plentiful; incredible stories are told of three thousand taken at a haul; they sold for from one to two cents apiece of our present money, and were held so cheap that the salmon were sometimes picked out of a net and the shad rejected. Well-to-do people only ate shad on the sly, lest they should be suspected of not having a good supply of pork.

The colonists may have brought the art of spearing fish "with a harping iron or gigg" from the mother country, where in some places trout were thus taken by torchlight, but it is more likely that in this they took lessons from the expert savages. The Virginians and Marylanders had a method all their own: riding their horses into the water on the shoal beaches of their rivers, they speared fish torch in hand, much as a Centaur might have done. Hardly

less picturesque were the Connecticut River fishermen when they waded into the water holding a flaring torch of birch-bark, while they caught lampreys by seizing them in their mittened hand.

Notwithstanding all the wholesale ways of fishing which were practiced without remorse and with small hinderance from the laws, one catches now and then a glimpse of a quiet angler of the true Izaak Walton breed. Such was the Virginia historian Beverley, who gently intimates rather than boasts of his success in saying: "I have set in the shade at the Heads of the Rivers Angling, and spent as much time in taking the Fish off the Hook as in waiting for their taking it." In the same restful tone the colonial historian of New York digresses to let us know that the long, lazy summer voyage by sloop from New York to Albany was "exceedingly diverting to such as are fond of angling."

V.

THE TURF AND OTHER OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

American hunting and fishing took on American forms; but horse-racing, a sport at that time peculiar to Englishmen, followed in the main the fashions of the English turf. The Virginians probably had something like a horse-race as soon as there were horses in the plantation. The races run in the colonies were of two sorts. The first was a regular formal race, over a set course, for a silver bowl, tray, tankard, or other piece of plate. Such great events, whose results convulsed the good society of the little provinces, had their chief capitals at the race-courses in the vicinity of New York, Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Charleston. There were other courses, notably one at Philadelphia after 1760, but these were the chief. To each of these came at stated seasons all the gay world of the neighborhood in apery of the English aristocracy, enjoying themselves like children in imitating their betters, and rejoicing in the patriotic belief that they were planting the institutions of Old England on a new continent. And indeed every form of gayety, revelry, pomp, and pleasure-getting known to English people flourished in the American racing seasons, and in the latest years of the colonies the races on this side the ocean came to rival those of England in the speed of the horses, the character of the attendance, and the extravagance of the betting. The circular courses were a mile in length, and were traversed four times in each heat. Where two four-mile heats out of three were needed to win a race, endurance was a prime requisite in a horse. The horses of Virginia, the best in the colonies, achieved a four-mile heat "in eight or nine minutes"; the imported horse Flimnap ran the first four-mile heat of his race with Little David at Charleston, in 1773, in eight minutes and seventeen seconds. Successful horses became heroes of popular admiration, and were followed by applauding crowds and discussed in drawing-rooms by the ladies, who were ardent partisans in the contests of the turf. Roger, a famous South Carolina horse, was retired from the course by a formal announcement in the "Gazette," accompanied by a poetic eulogy of his virtues and achievements.

On the prosperity of these great races the well-being of fashionable society seemed somehow to depend, and to attend them was a kind of duty for every man of the world and every lady of social pretensions. But there were innumerable less formal races, which were run merely for the sport to be gotten out of them. In North Carolina and the up-country of Virginia quarter-races were much esteemed, and a breed of horses was cherished with no remarkable staying qualities, but capable of running a quarter of a mile at a tremendous speed. "Quarter-courses" usually consisted of two parallel paths, and were run by two horses at a time; as each horse was required to keep to his own track, and the race was short, there was little skill in the riding; it was merely a question of initial velocity. But these thundering dashes, where all was staked on a few seconds of exalted effort, delighted the common people, who traveled long miles to witness them, and to see the chance excitement of "fist-fights," and other accidents, that were sure to fall out in an excited crowd. The infatuated Marylanders took advantage of every great assemblage of people, even of Quaker yearly meetings, to test the speed of their horses. But the horse-race, a sport so closely bound to English traditions, began to suffer a change when practiced on quarter-courses, at county courts, at fairs, by cross-road taverns, and at Quaker yearly meetings. Those peculiarly American forms of the race, the trotting-match and the pacing-match, had come into being, if not into vogue, long before the expiration of the colonial period.

Another peculiarly English sport, of which some of the colonists were inordinately fond, was the cock-fight, which found its chief home in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, where men would travel fifty miles to see a main, and where they brought choice game-cocks from England. The delight taken in this inhuman sport by those of the highest social standing and the best education, is only

one of a thousand marks of the lack of compassion in the man of that time, who did not like to kill a wolf outright, but kept him in order to "have some sport with his dogs" in baiting him to death, or dragged him alive, tied to a horse's tail. Says Wood, in "New England's Prospect," "No ducking ponds can afford more delight than a lame cormorant and two or three lusty dogges." This love of fierce and cruel sport was in the fiber, and had the sanction of ancient usage and aristocratic example. Bears and bulls were baited in England, and an important vote in Parliament was lost in 1699 by the absence of members at the baiting of a tiger by dogs. Even horses were baited to death by dogs in England; this cruelty, shown in drawings of the fourteenth century, was relished as late as 1667. Englishmen on both sides of the sea cultivated some of the tastes of beasts of prey.

Holy days, parish wakes, and other such outlets for the animal spirits of the populace, having been omitted or suppressed in New England, the militia training became a sort of substitute. Even this was sometimes sanctified by prayer, and by psalm-singing at such length as once provoked remonstrance from the rank and file; but it was also cheered by "a noble dinner," for the Puritans were by no means poor livers. In 1675 we find many Boston gentlemen and gentlewomen dining in tents on the common, at a training; there were also "great firings" during the day, so that it made quite a good old English frolic. Now and then the irksomeness of military drill and manœuvre was turned into play by a sham-fight—one party rigging themselves up like Indians, to be ignominiously defeated at the close of a battle of blank cartridges. Training-day prevailed everywhere except in Quaker latitudes, and it was more a time of merry-making than of any efficient military drill. Byrd tells of the militia of a county in southern Virginia "exercising in a pasture," and says there were "women enough in attendance to form a more invincible corps."

There were usually other amusements than evolutions and the manual of arms at a militia muster in the country. Running, leaping, wrestling, cudgel, stool-ball, nine-pins, quoits, fencing, and back-sword or single-stick were practiced. But the favorite competition on training-days was in shooting at a mark for a silk handkerchief or other prize, or a wager. In New England in the seventeenth century this was directly connected with the military training; for they shot in cold blood at what appears to have been an image or outline of a man, and there were grave debates as to who had won the prize, the one who had shot the target in the neck or he who lodged a fatal ball in the bowels.

Target-shooting was by no means confined to days of training. In a country where marksmanship was a means of livelihood and of defense from ever-impending danger, it became the kind of skill most highly valued, and the manliest sort of distinction. So unerring was the aim of Virginia up-countrymen, that one of them would volunteer to hold a board nine inches square in his fingers or between his knees, while a comrade a hundred paces off shot through it. A British officer, prisoner during the revolution, was pounced upon by a wildcat, and would have been killed had not his companion in the hunt, a Virginia rifleman, shot the brute without hurting the officer. In New York the eve of Christmas and the eve of New Year's Day were always celebrated by shooting at turkeys. In South Carolina marksmanship was the supreme accomplishment; target-shooting took the place of the auction and the raffle. A beef was often distributed by shooting for it at a target no larger than a silver dollar. The best shot got the best cut, and so on down; but those whose shots failed of coming near to the center were quite ruled out.

The fairs held in some of the middle and southern colonies took old English forms; the very ancient court of pipowder, for the trial of disputes and offenses arising at the fair, was established in some of them. People attending the fairs were usually exempted from arrest for offenses or debts, and all kinds of old English sports were used to attract a crowd. A beaver hat worth eight pounds and a pair of boots were prizes in a foot-race at a fair in South Carolina. A live goose was often hung head downward; whoever, riding at full speed, plucked the well-greased head from the goose, was declared victor and carried off the fowl. A greased pig was given to him who could catch it and hold it by the tail, and the ludicrous efforts of one and another to do this caused great hilarity. A laced hat was hung on top of a greased pole, to be the property of any one who could climb up and take it. Then there were sack-races and other forms of rude fun suited to an age of great animal spirits and little refinement. The excitement of the rabble was increased whenever a strapping young woman entered the foot-race or engaged in a wrestling match. To all these delights bull-baiting was sometimes added. Traveling shows of various sorts increased the attractiveness of the fair. The advertisement of a fair on Long Island in 1728 closes with this climax: "It is expected that the Lyon will be there to be seen."

A catalogue of the outdoor sports in that out-

door age would be tedious. There was no end of noise; guns were fired at weddings and at funerals, at "merry-meetings" or drinking bouts, on training-days, and, except in New England, at Christmas and New Year's, as well as on every special occasion of rejoicing besides. Guns often welcomed a distinguished person on arrival, and the din of guns was the last public adieu. People of all ranks loved active sports. Golf and foot-ball obstructed the streets of some of the towns. By a sort of natural selection, the sports now and then took their cue from the laborious occupations of the people. The whalers on Nantucket strove to excel in an ancient English sport called "pitching the bar," while the Maine and New Hampshire lumbermen liked above all things to match, yoke against yoke, their great yellow oxen in drawing loads as a test of strength. There were among the farming people sharp competitions in reaping with the sickle, boisterous corn-shuckings, wood-choppings, and wood-hauling matches.

In all those amusements that require ice and snow, such as sleighing, coasting, and skating, the Dutch were foremost, having brought their liking for such sports from the fatherland. The wide descent of State street in Albany was long a famous resort of young people with sleds, and it was no doubt the original home of the coasting frolic in America. The maze of ponds, marshes, and watered meadows on Manhattan Island made a noble skating-park; marketmen even brought back-loads of provisions into New York on skates. But skating, which was introduced from Holland to England by Charles II., was known in Boston before 1700. At the close of the colonial time Philadelphians prided themselves on their graceful skating and their famous swimming.

Whichever way we turn, we are impressed with the love which the colonists of every grade had for the out-of-doors. Houses chafed them. New York and Philadelphia followed if they did not go ahead of London in the proportionate number of their suburban "gardens" or places of pleasure resort. Some of these commanded delightful prospects of the rivers and bays, and "entertained gentlemen and ladies in the genteelest manner." To the tea-garden came the town-people, sometimes to eat a breakfast in the dewy coolness of the morning, or to take a lunch on butter, crackers, and cheese, with dried beef, ham, pickled salmon, and bread, or to eat hot rolls with coffee, or, better still, "soft waffles with tea," in the freshness of a summer twilight. Certain gardens were noted for their mead; the "Tea-water Pump Garden" in New York was famous not so much for its tea or its water as for its punch. There were also gardens of a more public sort which, following the example of the Vauxhall and Ranelagh of London, entertained their guests with concerts, "weather permitting."

Suburban taverns were much resorted to. The New Yorkers especially affected fish-dinners at an inn perched on Brooklyn Heights; they were also fond of driving in chaises to a bi-weekly turtle-feast at a retreat on the shores of East River, taking pains to come back over what was known as the Kissing Bridge, "where," as a traveler of the time tells us, "it is part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection." To eat and drink with zest and to be ardently gallant to the ladies were two cardinal traits of gentlemanliness.

Philadelphians amused themselves in much the same way. They had fishing-clubs and club-houses at convenient places on the rivers; they rejoiced in what were playfully termed "feeding parties"; they incessantly drove into the country in wagons, as though the little city of the time were already too strait for them. Albany people went on all-day picnics, or alighted in a surprise-party at some settler's cabin "in the bush," where feasting and dancing filled the day. Norfolk, though but inconsiderable as a city, had its "Old Pleasure House" by the seaside; and everywhere town-people delighted in suburban excursions. The country people were, perhaps, equally fond of moving about. The Long Islanders mounted their horses,—each horse carrying its couple, a man in the saddle and a woman on the croup,—and, taking with them wine, and cream, and sugar, feasted like gypsies on the wild berries which grew in such plenty as to dye the fields red. Joyous, excursion-loving, simple-minded were the men and women of that time; fond above all things of society, of the fresh air, of excitement, and of eating and drinking. The barbecue had great attractions for the people of the middle and southern colonies; indeed, the ox or pig, roasted whole, even had a considerable political influence in some of the provinces.

VI.

HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS.

ONE of the curious effects of the migration of English to America was the weakening of the hold of the old English festivals. All the church days were sedulously disregarded in New England, and elsewhere they suffered some decay. The unfamiliar aspect of the seasons may have had something to do with

this; the decline of the religious spirit, and the exigencies of the first years in a new country, had no doubt even more influence. In 1719 the Virginia clergy tell the Bishop of London that their parishioners observe "no Holy days except those of Christmas day and Good Friday, being unwilling to loose their dayly labour." There was probably a revival of interest in the church festivals in the later years of colonial dependence, when English ways were more in fashion with the rich. Outside of New England Christmas was always observed, but with something less than the old English fervor, and with a good deal less than the old English disorder. On eastern Long Island, which was as distinctly Puritan as Connecticut, the Yule log continued to be burned at Christmas until the open fire-place disappeared; and the custom of hanging up the children's stockings on Christmas eve, and filling them with cakes made in images of little boys, continued there in spite of Puritan prejudices against all church days. In New England, the English custom of counting March the first month was in use until the change from old to new style; but the Puritans probably had a preference for the continental mode of counting. As early as 1697 a "levet" was sounded under Judge Sewall's window on the morning of the 1st of January; and on January 1st, 1700, old style, which he seems to have regarded as the beginning of 1701, he caused to be recited by the town bell-man a poem of his own on the opening of the eighteenth century.

New Year's Day was celebrated among the New York Dutch by the calls of the gentlemen on their lady friends; it is perhaps the only distinctly Dutch custom that afterward came into widespread use in the United States. New Year's Day, and the church festivals kept alike by the Dutch and the English, brought an intermission of labor to the New York slaves, who gathered in throngs to devote themselves to wild frolics. The Brooklyn fields were crowded with them on New Year's Day, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, or "Pinxter," as the Dutch called it, and on "San Claus Day"—the feast of St. Nicholas.

It was complained in 1724 that the Virginians paid little attention to the two anniversaries of the gunpowder treason — the 5th of November and the 30th of January. But the former of these was celebrated in some of the northern colonies by fire-works, by burning an effigy of Guy Fawkes, or by carrying about the village two hideous pumpkin faces, supposed to represent the Pope and the devil, and then consigning them to a bonfire. The pale shadow of this old celebration reaches to our time; boys in some New England coast towns still light their bonfires on the 5th of November, though quite unable to tell what for. In the region about New York forgetfulness has gone further; stacks of barrels are burned, not on the 5th, but on the evening of the November election day, by lads both Catholic and Protestant, none of whom have any interest in the gunpowder plot, or any suspicion that they are perpetuating in disguise a custom handed down to them from ancestors loyal to the throne and Parliament of England.

Like most things that come to stay, the autumn thanksgiving feast of New England grew so gradually that its development is not easily traced. Days occasionally set apart for thanksgiving were known in Europe before the Reformation, and were in frequent use among Protestants afterward. The early New Englanders appointed fasts and thanksgivings on proper occasions without reference to the season. Some of the first thanksgivings were for harvests, for the safe arrival of ships with provisions, and for the success of the arms of the Protestants in Germany. There were also fast days and thanksgiving days kept by single churches, and private fasts and private thanksgivings set apart by individuals and observed in retirement. Public thanksgiving for the harvest, and for the other blessings of a year that was near its end, occurred frequently in the autumn and easily became customary. Christmas and other church festivals had been severely put down; the very names of the months were at first changed to numeral designations, "not out of any pevish humour of singularity, . . . but of purpose to prevent the Heathenish and Popish observation of Dayes, Moneths and Yeares, that they may be forgotten among the people of the Lord." But custom is stronger than precept, and when the Thanksgiving holiday became annual, it borrowed many of the best and most essential features of the old English Christmas. It was a day of family reunion on which the Puritans ate turkey and pumpkin pies instead of boars' heads and plum-pudding. Thanksgiving Day was long in settling down to its present fixity of season; it is even on record that one prudent town took the liberty of postponing its celebration of the day for a week in order to get molasses with which to sweeten the pumpkin pies.

VII.

SOCIAL LIFE WITHIN DOORS.

Clubs were more affected by gentlemen in colonial times than they are now, but the club of that day was not a rich corporation possessing

a club-house with luxurious up-fittings, a restaurant and a library, parlors, billiard rooms, and art galleries. It was simply a company of gentlemen meeting on a given evening of each week at a tavern. Some clubs could not get enough of the tavern by meeting weekly. "The Governor's Club" of Philadelphia, presumably made up of men of the highest fashion, were accustomed in 1744 to assemble every night at a tavern, "where they pass away a few hours in the Pleasure of Conversation and a Cheerful Glass."

GOLD SNUFF-BOX OF RALPH IZARD, ESQ., NOW IN POSSESSION OF DR. G. E. MANIGAULT OF CHARLESTON.

This club appears to have had a great personage for its center and nucleus, but a common basis of association in the colonial clubs was origin, and this naturally enough, for the immigrants of various nationalities had not yet had time to assimilate. New York had its Irish club, its French club, and so on. Each of these met weekly at the tavern at six in the evening. Even general society was divided into groups by the patriotic attachments and clannish feelings of the immigrants and their children. In a center of fashion like Annapolis or Philadelphia, for example, the Scots' Society gave a ball, or held "an assembly" in the language of the time, on St. Andrew's Day; while the "English Society," as it was called, had its festivals on the King's birthday, and on St. George's; the Welsh "Society of Ancient Britons" danced to St. David with leeks in their hats, and the Irish to St. Patrick of blessed memory. The young gentlemen of American nativity found themselves without a patron saint or a holiday; but with American notions of congruity, they canonized, by their own authority, King Tammany, a Delaware chief long dead, and celebrated his feast on the old English May-day, which they ushered in with bell-ringings, as though it were a veritable saint's day. These lively native Americans danced at their assemblies with bucks' tails dangling from their hats; some of them were accustomed to enter the ball-room painted and dressed like savages, and to entertain the ladies and gentlemen with the spectacle of an Indian dance and the music of a whooping war-song.

The savages themselves were not more fond of dancing than the colonists who came after them. Dancing-schools were forbidden in New England by the authorities, but dancing could not be repressed in an age in which the range of conversation was necessarily narrow, and the appetite for physical activity and excitement almost insatiable. From the most eastern forest settlements of Maine to the southern frontier of Georgia, people in town, village, and country were everywhere indefatigably fond of dancing. Fiddlers were sure of employment; but failing a fiddler, the dance might go on without him, some one volunteering to

TOP OF THE IZARD SNUFF-BOX, WITH PORTRAIT IN ENAMEL OF MRS. IZARD (MISS DELANCEY OF NEW YORK). SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL.

SILVERWARE FROM THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION, CHARLESTON, S. C.

launching of a ship, the raising of a house, the assembling of a county court, and the ordination of a minister were good occasions for dancing, as were many other public and private festivities. Winter parties gathered in sleighs and drove merrily to some neighboring village, where they at once took possession of the inn and spent the evening in vigorous dancing. Not even in old age did the New Englanders quite give up the pleasures of the dance, if we may believe a careful Italian traveler who knew them just after the close of the Revolution; and the South Carolinians held their places in the ballroom to almost as late a period.

guide the dancing by humming the tunes. In less fashionable companies, when music could not be had to dance by, such ancient, jolly, and unreserved plays as rimming-the-thimble, cut-and-tailor, grinding-the-bottle, dropping-the-glove, brother-I-am-bobbed, threading-the-needle, wooing-a-widow, and so on, were substituted.

In centers of fashion, like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Charleston, there were regular assemblies where one might meet "handsome, well-dressed, compleat gentlemen," and "a brilliant appearance of lovely well-dressed women," according to the testimony of eye-witnesses. The richness of the costumes at these balls was set off by the stateliness of the ceremonies. The account-book of the Philadelphia Assembly of 1748 has been preserved; we can see there how wine was provided by the hogshead; tea and coffee two pounds at a time. Card-tables were set out for those who preferred gaming to dancing, and the playing of ladies and gentlemen, often for high stakes, added to the excitement of the evening. Early in the eighteenth century Virginia families remote from the capital held regular assemblies in the several county court-houses. But dancing did not wait upon formal assemblies or invited parties; night after night, week in and week out, the young people sojourning in a Virginia planter's house could dance with unflagging enjoyment. Among New Englanders, in the later colonial times, the Fashionable assemblies and parties in the little provincial capitals began their evenings with the graceful and formal minuet. For this minuet a gentleman sometimes craved the honor of a lady's hand by a note written a week in advance of the time. After the minuet came the country dances, but less fashionable people loved livelier movement. The Virginians were famous for their animated jigs; Pennsylvanians and the Scotch-Irish everywhere were infatuated with the "hipsesaw." But whatever the dance or the assembly, the lady appears to have been assigned for the entire evening to one partner, with whom she did the greater part of her dancing.

Gaming was a vice almost universal. Young men often lost large estates in a short time by reckless betting at cards and billiards, and the lower orders followed them afar off by wasting time and money at truck and shuffleboard. Raffles were common, and lotteries were an approved resort for raising money to build bridges or churches and to accomplish other laudable things. The ladies of New York were considered virtuous above many others of their sex because of the moderation of their gambling.

VIII.

WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

In such a society as this we are examining, women were chiefly esteemed for their good health, sprightliness, beauty, and housewifery.

As in all new countries, women were scarce, and the demand exceeded the supply. Few remained unmarried; and she was usually an irretrievable old maid who passed twenty without a husband. The education of girls was of the slightest; the female mind was thought quite unsuited to bear more than the rudiments of reading and writing. But there were various "fine works," such as the making of needlework cornucopias, the painful elaboration of shell-work, and the making of flowers from silk cuttings, that were taught to girls of wealth as a mark of upper-class breeding. Battledore was thought very suitable to young ladies of leisure. Some were able to accompany their own singing upon the guitar; the virginal, the spinet, and the harpsichord — quaint ancestors of our piano — were known to some of the most musical among people of wealth. Just before the beginning of the Revolution there began to be found in a very few houses an instrument hardly less primitive than these, which is set down in some of the diaries of the day as a "forte-pianer."

SILVERWARE OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD, BELONGING TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE SENATOR BARNWELL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

If some of our foremothers were intelligent and thoughtful, it was rather by natural gift than from instruction. Men of cultivation seem to have found it a little irksome to get down to the level of topics deemed sufficiently simple for the understanding of women. "Conversation with ladies," says William Byrd, "is like whipped syllabub, very pretty, but nothing in it." The most accomplished gentlemen of that time thought it necessary to treat their lady friends to flattery so gross that it would not be bearable now. Byrd, great lord that he was, repaid his lady friends for courteous and hospitable entertainment at their houses by kissing them at his departure, and excused himself for leaving one gentleman's house by assuring the lady that her beauty would spoil his devotions if he remained.

IX.

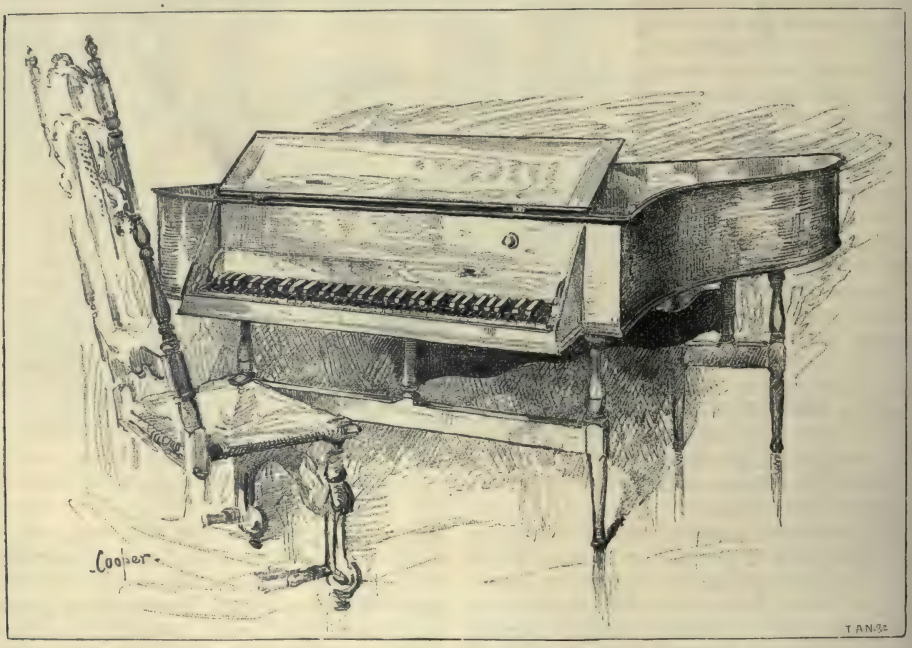
THE THEATER.

Of the drama proper we have no distinct record until near the middle of the eighteenth century. Shows there were in plenty; and so show-hungry were the people that it took little to make an exhibition. "The Lyon, the king of Beasts," was carried from place to place in 1728, on a cart drawn by four oxen, with as much noise as though he had been a whole menagerie. In 1732 the cub of a polar bear was brought to Boston by a whaler, and put on exhibition. His arrival was heralded in the gazettes of the various colonies. A lonesome camel went the rounds in 1740. There were also exhibitions of legerdemain; there were various performances on the slack and tight rope by men and women and little boys, with fetters on their feet, with wheelbarrows ahead of them, and so on; there was a woman that spun around like an animated top, while eight swords were pointed at her eyes, mouth, and heart. A solar microscope, a camera obscura, ingenious shell-work, "eight prospects of London," a musical clock, and puppets representing Joseph's dream, were shown at various times, to say nothing of such monstrosities as the remarkable cat with "one head, eight legs, and two tails."

As early as 1724 there was a variety show in a booth on Society Hill in Philadelphia, to which there were sold tickets for the stage, pit, and gallery. Corams and jigs to be danced on the rope, and other feats, were prominently advertised, and the sixth item on the programme reads: "You are entertained with the comical humor of your old friend Pickle Herring." This show was evidently a reproduction of one of the half-acrobatic, half-dramatic performances in the booths at the great London fairs, and the "comical humor" of "Pickle Herring" was no doubt one of those little plays called "drolls." Such shows were probably well known, since there was a "playhouse" in New York in 1733, and a "theatre" at Charleston in 1735, many years before

the earliest mention we have of the production of any regular drama in the colonies. But it is not impossible that there were vagabond players in the English settlements from an early period. Mention is made of "a play" at Williamsburg on the King's birthday in 1718.

The origin of the first group of actors of whose performance any record has yet been discovered is as obscure as though the players had come out of the ground. From a private diary we hear of them performing "Addison's Cato," in Philadelphia, in 1749, to the great disgust of the Quakers and those in authority, who took measures in the following January to prevent their continuing a course calculated to "draw money from inconsiderate people." It was probably this hostile action which sent "Murray & Kean," the managers of this venture, to New York, where they set up in a wooden building in Nassau street, in which, in 1750, they essayed, among other things, "The Historical Tragedy of King Richard III., wrote originally by Shakspeare, and alter'd by Colley Cibber, Esq." About the same time "two young Englishmen," probably the same adventurers, stirred up a lively hornet's-nest by producing "Otway's Orphan," with the help of amateurs, in a Boston coffee-house. Prompt and severe legislation put down this attempt of stage-players to gain an entrance to New England, and kept the drama out of Boston for the rest of the colonial period. Murray and Kean's company in New York were a sorry lot; the actors were mostly taken from other callings; one of the actresses was a "redemptioner," or indentured servant, the proceeds of whose benefit were appropriated to buy her freedom. The members of the company appear to have left debts and a bad reputation behind. For such a troupe a frequent change of air is desirable.



SPINET IN THE ROOMS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

In this same year "The New York Company," as it styled itself, played in Williamsburg, Virginia, and its members were just opening a new brick theater at Annapolis in 1752, when the arrival from England of what was doubtless the first well-organized company of players in the colonies seems to have dissipated this makeshift troupe.

In 1752, when the English theater, led by Garrick, was in the most brilliant period of its history, William Hallam, of the Goodman's Fields theater, sent to America his brother, Lewis Hallam, at the head of a company of actors, twelve in all, who were to open their colonial career at Williamsburg. The Hallams probably chose the capital of Virginia because the inhabitants of that colony were known to be rich, leisurely, and society-loving people, with enough of refinement to enjoy plays, and with few religious scruples against anything that tended to make life pleasant to the upper

THE FIRST MRS. LEWIS HALLAM, AFTERWARD MRS. DOUGLASS, AS DARAXA IN "EDWARD AND ELENORA." (FROM A PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.

must have proved a disappointment to them. There were not more than a thousand people, white and black, in the village. The buildings, except the capitol, the college, and the so-called "palace" of the governor, were insignificant, and there were only about a dozen "gentlemen's" families resident in the place. In the outskirts of the town a warehouse was fitted up for a theater. The woods were all about it, and the actors could shoot squirrels from the windows. When the time arrived for the opening of the theater, the company were much disheartened. It seemed during the long still hours of the day that they had come on a fool's errand to act dramas in the woods. But as evening drew on, the whole scene changed like a work of magic. The roads leading into Williamsburg were thronged with out-of-date vehicles of every sort, driven by negroes and filled with gayly dressed ladies, whose gallants rode on horseback alongside. The treasury was replenished, the theater was crowded, and Shakspere was acted on the continent probably for the first time by a trained and competent company. The "Merchant of Venice" and Garrick's farce of "Lethe" were played; and at the close the actors found themselves surrounded by groups of planters congratulating them, and after the Virginia fashion offering them the hospitality of their houses.

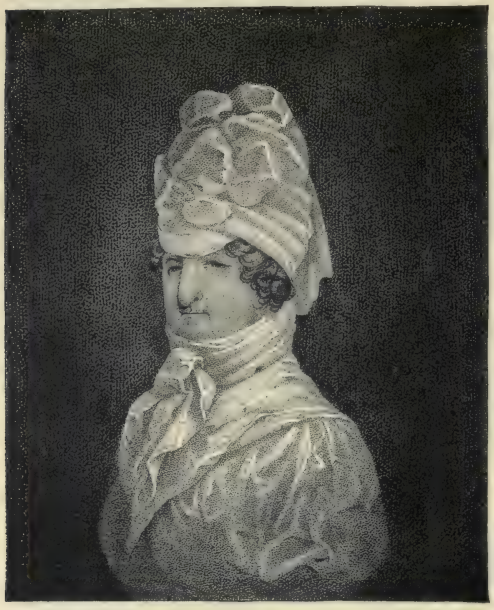
When the "season" at Williamsburg was over, the company got "a character" from the Governor of Virginia, and proceeded to play in the new brick theater in the gay and luxurious little capital of Maryland. From Annapolis a tour was

classes. Long before this period, and long afterward, the reading aloud of plays, romances, and operas was a pastime in Virginia country houses on rainy days, Sunday afternoons, and when no fiddler could be had in the evening.

Twenty-four plays had been selected and cast before Lewis Hallam and his company left London on the "Charming Sally," no doubt a tobacco-ship returning light for a cargo. On her unsteady deck, day after day, during the long voyage, the actors diligently rehearsed the plays with which they proposed to cheer the hearts of people in the New World. Williamsburg

INTERIOR OF JOHN STREET THEATER, BUILT IN 1767. (FROM A PRINT OF 1791 IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.)

made to other places among the drama-loving Marylanders, and in 1753, a year after their arrival in Virginia, Hallam's company reached New York. So far the actors had found their career in the colonies open and their success easy. But New England, except Rhode Island, was double-barred against them, and to gain admittance to Philadelphia required strenuous importunity and careful diplomacy. From this time forward to the Revolution, under the management of the senior Lewis Hallam, and then of Douglass, Mrs. Hallam's second husband, the company held exclusive possession of the American stage. They ranged from Newport to Charleston, and diversified their journeys by excursions to the West Indies.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MORRIS, OF THE "AMERICAN COMPANY." (FROM A RARE PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

The theaters built by this company in the colonial cities were, for the most part, little more than inclosed sheds, and were generally painted red. The scenery was very indifferent. At the opening in Williamsburg in 1752, the local music-master, with a harpsichord, furnished the music. By the time they arrived in New York, the next year, a violinist had been imported, who was also a dancer; orchestra and ballet were thus comprised in one man. Of the earliest actors we know little, except that the first Lewis Hallam was an excellent low comedian, and his wife a woman of beauty and an actress of more than ordinary merit. Their son, Lewis Hallam the second, who on the opening night at Williamsburg made his début as a lad of twelve by breaking down in a part that gave him but one line to speak, early became, and long remained, the leading actor on this side of the sea. He was "a veritable Garrick" on the American stage, though he had but a tolerant reception at Covent Garden. His articulation was not so good as his acting; he was accused of mouthing and ranting, but the critic who lays this charge concedes that he was "thorough master of all the tricks of his trade." His versatility was considerable: Josiah Quincy's sentence, "Hallam has merit in every character he acts," is sustained by the general tradition. As Mungo in "The Padlock," he is thought to have been the first to portray negro character from observation. The American company, as it was constituted before the Revolution, succeeded better in comedy than tragedy, and its members were accounted by an intelligent Englishman "equal to the best actors in the provincial English theatres" of the time.

The seats were classified into boxes, pit, and gallery. Some of the boxes were placed in such proximity to the stage as to be virtually a part of it. The boxes could only be entered from the stage, and seats were sometimes sold on the stage itself. Gentlemen made free to go behind the scenes, and to loiter in full view on the stage, showing their gallantry by disturbing attentions to the actresses. Managers were ever publishing notices that no one would be admitted behind the scenes, and were ever allowing their rule to be broken by those whose position in society entitled them to do lawless things without rebuke. Smoking was allowed in the theater, and liquors were served to people in the pit.

Play-bills were distributed to places of business and to residences on the day before the performance. Seats were reserved for ladies by sending negro slaves as early as three or four o'clock in the afternoon to occupy them until their mistresses arrived; in 1762 a system of reserving seats in the boxes was introduced. When an actor received a benefit, he offered tickets at his lodgings, that he might have the opportunity of receiving personally the favors of friends and admirers; the beneficiary actor or actress was even expected to show respect for leading ladies and gentlemen by waiting on them at their houses to crave their patronage. Plays began at six o'clock, and gentlemen were entreated to come early, as "it would be a great inconvenience" to these gentlemen "to be kept out late." In the early years of this century, and no doubt before the Revolution, Shakspere's and other plays were ruthlessly cut down in New York theaters, in order not to break over this habit

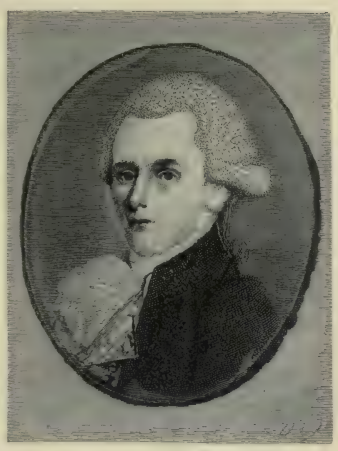
of keeping early hours, the only virtuous practice that was universally prevalent in that age.

In all communities where Puritanism or Quakerism was strong, the opposition to the theater was very violent. To soften this hostility and maintain the liberty of playing, the actors gave benefits to many objects — to the poor of various cities, to a charity school, to buy an organ for a college chapel, to assist in building a hospital in New York, and to the Pennsylvania Hospital, the managers of which institution were roundly abused for accepting money from such a source. The actors pleaded their own cause in various prologues; they took a peculiar "benefit of clergy" once by reciting a prologue written for them by a clergyman, and again by acting a play written by a Scotch divine. On the return of the company to New York from the West Indies, in 1758, the opposition broke out in that city, which had been their northern stronghold, and it was only after a severe struggle that the manager succeeded in getting permission to play. Religious feeling had been wrought to a high tension in the middle of the eighteenth century by the labors of Whitefield, Edwards, Tennent, and other famous revivalists. Much of the opposition had its source in a puritanic aversion to amusements, but it was greatly reënforced by the licentious freedom of some of the pieces relished by the play-goers of that time, a freedom that would be intolerable in any decorous place of amusement to-day. Nor did the loud dressing and irregular lives of some of the players help the standing of the drama with serious people who judged by other than artistic standards.

The managers adopted many ingenious devices for avoiding the legal impediments thrown in their way in several places. One ruse was to advertise a play, as Douglass did in Newport, as "a series of moral dialogues in five parts," giving a syllabus of the good instruction to be got out of "Othello," for example. Another device was to announce the opening of a "Histrionic Academy."

The southern colonists were exceedingly fond of the theater, and of all kindred gayeties. Virginians of the highest standing, not content with seeing plays at the theater, and reading them for home amusement, organized amateur companies of their own. In South Carolina it was a sort of article of faith with the upper classes that town life should atone for the irksomeness of time spent "in the swamps." They not only welcomed the American company when it came, but they conducted a series of fashionable concerts, paying in 1773 a salary of fifty guineas the season to a French-horn player, and ten times as much for a first violinist.

The American theater had after a while to contend with a new and unlooked-for enemy. The movement in the colonies against the encroachments of the British Parliament involved an underlying movement toward democratic equality. Nearly all modern democratic movements, especially those of the eighteenth century, have been characterized by what may be called a political Puritanism — an overflow of the reforming spirit. It was this which made some of the French revolutionists so austere in matters of dress and food. In America the outburst against the stamp-act in 1765 brought the destruction, by a New York mob, of a theater building. This curious logic of feeling was not confined to the vulgar. The patriot Josiah Quincy, though capable of enjoying and admiring Hallam's acting, yet declares that he would oppose the introduction of the theater in any State of which he was a citizen. When at length the revolutionary storm broke, the theater was one of the first things to go down. The Articles of Association, by which the Continental Congress of 1774 sought to pledge the colonists to put themselves into a state of warlike self-denial, contain a promise to "discountenance and discourage" "all horse-racing and all kinds of gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shews, plays, and other expensive diversions and entertainments." Peyton Randolph, president of the Congress, wrote a letter to Douglass, the head of the American company, inclosing the resolution. If this had been law, a loop-hole might have been found; but the manager who should have disregarded the expressed wish of the Congress at this time would have looked the lightning in the face. The actors sailed for the West Indies, to return northward, like migratory birds of song, when storms should have blown over.



LEWIS HALLAM THE SECOND.
(FROM A MINIATURE, BY PERMISSION OF MR. EDWIN BOOTH.)

Edward Eggleston.

MAP OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND BRITISH INDIA.

THE GATE OF INDIA.

FROM their northern dominions, securely protected at the rear by eternal ice and snow, and desert wilderness, the Russian Tsars have watched for a hundred years the growth of the world's commerce, and contemplated the scheme of out-flanking the whole of Europe, to reach one of its greatest sources of wealth — India.

As long ago as the time of Alexander the First and Napoleon the First, a project was entertained by the two of sending an army of 35,000 men, through Persia, by way of Herat, into India. Whether the Russian policy of the last fifty years has really contemplated an ultimate descent into India, or whether its object is, as she protests, merely the necessity of keeping the Turcomans in subjection, her military forces in that region have steadily increased, and steadily pushed their outposts farther south-eastward.

But there is another view of this south-eastward movement. Russia in Europe has a population of about 86,000,000, comprising at least one quarter of the entire population of Europe, besides 9,000,000 in Asia. For the growth in numbers, intelligence and energy of this vast population there is no outlet in any direction but to the south-east. To the northward there is nothing but ice and snow. To the southward and south-westward are the denser populations and the great standing armies of western Europe. To the east is the vast level expanse of Siberia, which, though a fertile country south of the latitude of St. Petersburg, and capable of supporting a population equal to that of western Europe, is too far from the sea or any great navigable water, too remote from the world's great markets to induce a movement of population in that direction. Russian energy, therefore, finds no sufficient field of expansion except on this line to the south-eastward, which may lead either to India or to the Arabian Sea. In the last half-century the other nations of western Europe have built up great and prosperous colonies in all parts of the world. But the Russian population, more distant from the seas, has felt the pressure of circumstances similar to those which in ancient times drove the Huns from the very regions lately traversed by the Russians,— a pressure which precipitated the swarms of Huns upon imperial Rome, and which may yet precipitate the Russians from Bokhara upon Cabool, or even, as feared by the Turkish generals, from Armenia upon Constantinople.

From St. Petersburg it is 1200 miles by rail to Odessa. The latter place is also connected by rail with the general railway system of Europe. Draw a line on the map straight south-eastward from Odessa to the nearest point of India, on the lower Indus, and it falls near to Batoum on the Black Sea, Baku and Michaelovsk on the Caspian, and Herat and the Bolan Pass in Afghanistan. On three-fifths of this great line of over 2800 miles, communication has been opened in the last five years by the completion of the Batoum-Baku railroad, and the Trans-Caspian railroad, and by steamers on the Black and Caspian Seas, until it is now only eight days' journey from St. Petersburg to Kezil Arvat, within 450 miles of Herat. How much farther than Kezil Arvat the railroad has really progressed in the last year or so, is carefully concealed by the Russian officials, who will allow no inquisitive foreign travelers to proceed that far. But two years ago there was a tramway from Kezil Arvat to Askabad, which may have already been turned into a railroad.

But in case the route across the Black Sea was impracticable, owing to the presence of an enemy's fleet, there is a nearly all-rail route around the Black Sea. This is by rail from, say, Moscow, *via* Koslow and Rostov to Vladi-kavkas on the northern slope of the Caucasus, 1063 miles; from Vladi-kavkas over the Caucasus by the wagon road in the Dariel Pass, 133 miles to Tiflis; thence to Baku by rail 305 miles; thence across the Caspian 220 miles to Michaelovsk, and thence 300 miles by rail to Askabad on the Persian frontier, which is only 300 miles from Herat. The whole distance of 2000 miles from Moscow to Askabad could be traversed by troops in ten days. In April, also, the Russian Government authorized the extension of the railroad from Vladi-kavkas 150 miles to Petrovsk on the Caspian Sea. When this line is completed, as it probably will be this summer, the entire distance from Moscow to Askabad will be 1800 miles, all of which will be railroad except the 400 by sea from Petrovsk to Michaelovsk.

There has also been a project to build a railroad from Kezil Arvat, about 300 miles eastward to Khiva. This would give Russia direct railroad connection with Turkestan, and steamers could ply on the Oxus from Khiva to Bokhara.

England, uneasy at these expanding schemes and this steady progress, has built a railroad from Kurachee on the lower Indus, 450 miles

north-westward, up into the mountains to the Afghan border, at the Bolan Pass. Russia has steadily protested that she has no designs upon India, and has invited England to extend her Kurachee railroad 600 miles farther to Herat, and so make a nearly all-rail route by which the trading Englishman could go from England to India, 4500 miles, in nine or ten days.

The quickest present route is through France and Italy to Brindisi, and thence by the Red Sea to Bombay, about 5500 miles in about twenty days; or by steamer all the way, *via* Malta, Alexandria, and the Red Sea, 6000 miles, in about twenty-four days. The Russian route would undoubtedly be a great economy of time and distance, but as two-thirds of it would lie through Russian territory, John Bull regards it with great distrust, and every once in a while prepares to stop the "Russian advance toward India," by force of arms. Last March the attempt to settle the boundary between Russia and Afghanistan at last brought the Russians and English face to face, on the western border of a mountain country, which is likely to be the theater of any war between Russia and England; because, within its territory are the few mountain passes — at the utmost four or five — which are the only means of access to India anywhere on its entire land boundary of nearly 2500 miles. Of these the Khyber Pass is the chief, and after this the Bolan. The others are the Kurm, the Gomal, and the Saki Sarwar. These are the gates of which Herat is called the key, though possession of the key does not by any means imply a passage through them, but only the access to their vicinity.

Strictly speaking, both England and Russia are trespassers on the territory of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who is an independent potentate. The war between England and Afghanistan in 1878 was brought about by the Ameer receiving an Embassy from Russia and refusing to receive one from the Viceroy of India. It resulted in a loss of many thousands of British soldiers in the various battles in the passes, and, finally, in the placing of Abdurrahman on the throne with an annual subsidy from England, instead of Shere Ali, without one. The war, however, was too recent not to have left in the minds of many of the present Afghan soldiers bloody memories, which would be revived by the presence of some of the very British officers as allies who, seven years ago, were enemies. It has even been a Russian boast that the Ameer was alone, among the Afghans, in desiring British alliance. From the beginning of the Russo-Afghan dispute, England, therefore, had stood in the embarrassing position of an ally who mistrusts the friendship of the people whose territory she is undertaking to defend. Under these circumstances it is not probable that any British force will take the risk of putting five or six hundred miles of deserts and mountains between itself and its base of supplies, to fight the Russians in western Afghanistan. Whatever fighting there may be in Afghanistan between British and Russians, will necessarily be nearer to Cabool.

Within a radius of about 400 miles from the city of Cabool, lies one of the strangest, wildest, most diversified, and historically interesting countries in the world. Here the great mountain ranges of the Himalaya, the Soliman, the Beloor Taugh, and the Siah Coh, which traverse the vast continent of Asia from China to Persia, and from Siberia to the Indian Ocean, are all converged into a titanic jumble. Within this territory are embraced portions of the tropical plains of India, the bleak steppes of Tartary, and the high plateau of Iran. These are separated from one another by such bewildering mazes of snow-clad, impassable mountains, that soldiers and travelers have called it "an awful country." "Awful," or awe-inspiring, indeed it is; a maze of mountains full of surprises to the explorer, who finds here not only different climates, but different tribes having different customs and in some cases speaking different languages.

Almost in the center of this district, and within about a hundred miles of the city of Cabool, are the peaks of Hindoo Coosh, Coonde, Soliman, Suffaid Coh, Siah Coh, and many others, varying in height from 16,000 to 20,000 feet above the sea level. How these compare with others in better-known parts of the world, may be seen when it is said, that, of the great peaks of the Swiss Alps, the Matterhorn has an altitude of only 14,856 feet, and Mont Blanc only 15,670. feet. If the whole mountain system of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with all the greatest peaks, were crowded into the area of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, it would be a region much less rugged, less elevated and difficult, than that within a radius of 300 miles from the city of Cabool. The city itself, though surrounded by high mountains, is 6400 feet above the sea. The city of Ghuznee, ninety miles to the south of it, is at an elevation of 7,700 feet, and the entire road between the two averages 8,000 feet, one of the passes, the Lion's Mouth, being at an elevation of 9,000 feet. Heavy snows lie on the city of Ghuznee, sometimes until the end of March, while 200 miles to the east is the tropic valley of the Indus. The group of these four great captains, Hin-

doo Coosh, Coonde, Suffaid Coh, and Soliman, represents almost in the limit of one view nearly all the important mountain ranges on the continent: From the peak of Hindoo Coosh, seventy-five miles north-west of Cabool, the range of the same name extends nearly 1000 miles eastward at an average height of 18,000 or 19,000 feet, in one unbroken, treeless wall of stone. In all that distance there is not a pass that leads over an altitude less than 12,000 feet above the sea. That of Kawah, the most easterly one yet discovered (about longitude 70° east), is at an altitude of 13,500 feet, and even the Bamian Pass, 100 miles farther west, which leads entirely around the western end of Hindoo Coosh, is at an altitude of about 9,000 feet. Nor is there any break in this tremendous barrier, even at the end of 1,000 miles eastward from the peak of Hindoo Coosh, for there the range is developed into that of Himalaya, which is higher still, thus making an impassable barrier along the northern border of India, from Afghanistan to Burmah. From the peak to Coonde northward, extends the range of Beloor Taugh, the "Cloudy Mountains," which form part of the western rampart of that vast high plateau of Central Asia, called the plain of Pamir, the "Roof of the World." About eighty miles south of Coonde is the peak of Suffaid Coh, the "White Mountain,"—so called by the natives from its continual cap of snow,—and from here southward into Beloochistan, extends the range of Soliman,—not so lofty in its whole extent as the Hindoo Coosh, but still at various points reaching up into the thin atmosphere, beyond the range of vegetation and animal life.

But this vital knot in the mountain system of Asia is also the place where the two great elevated plateaux of the continent find their only point of approximation. Here the plateau of Pamir almost connects with that of Iran. Here, too, the lower-lying, habitable plains of Tartary and the Caspian, come closest to the warmer plains of Hindostan—indeed, nothing separates them but this very knot of mountains, traversed by a pass about 300 miles long from Hindoo Coosh through Cabool and Peshauwer to the Indus. From the two sides of Hindoo Coosh the streams run into the Caspian Sea and the Indian Ocean; while from the snows on the eastern side of Beloor Taugh run rivers that after many hundreds of miles are lost in the sands and solitudes of the great Mongolian Desert in China. Such is this one culminating point of all the great physical features of Asia.

The Khyber Pass is a deep gorge, but in many places comparatively a mere crack or crevice. Down this for a distance of about 150 miles rushes the Cabool River, delayed and placid for a while near Gundamut, about the upper end of this 150 miles, and again near Jellalabad farther down, and still again in the plain of Peshauwer, but rapid and torrent-like between each of these places. Jellalabad is on a mountain as compared to Peshauwer, and Gundamut is on a mountain as compared to Jellalabad. Between the plain of Peshauwer and the higher one of Jellalabad is the Khyber Pass, a deep ravine about thirty miles long, shut in by cliffs that in some places present walls 600 or 700 feet high.

The Emperor Baber in his first journey eastward from Cabool (1504), coming from his bleak plains of Tartary, was struck with wonder not only at the greatness, but the suddenness of the change in the face of nature, and afterwards wrote in his commentaries: "I had never before seen the hot climates or the Indian country. When I came to the Pass, I saw another world; the grass, the trees, the birds, the animals, the tribes of men,—all was new; I was astonished." "The road"—says Mr. Elphinstone, in his account of his embassy to Cabool in 1808—

"is often along the bed of torrents, and is extremely dangerous in the event of sudden falls of rain from the hills. In quiet times the Khybers have stations in different parts of the pass to collect an authorized toll from passengers, but in times of trouble they are all on the alert. If a single traveler attempts to make his way through, the noise of his horse's feet sounds up the long narrow valleys, and soon brings the Khybers in troops from the hills and ravines. But if they expect a caravan, they assemble in hundreds on the side of a hill, and sit patiently with their matchlocks in their hands, watching its approach."

This Khyber Pass is indeed the "Gate of India," for the road through it and over the Bamian Pass, 150 miles north-westward, near the mountain of Hindoo Coosh, is the only route practicable for artillery across that vast wall of mountains anywhere between Burmah and Beloochistan, a distance of nearly 2300 miles, which covers nearly the whole land boundary of India from the Bay of Bengal to the mouth of the Indus. This mountain wall is a great ethnological barrier which in all ages has separated widely different races of men, and in all the ages prior to the eighteenth century, whatever of conquest or commerce or immigration came to disturb or change India, either for better or for worse, flowed and ebbed through this narrow gate of the Khyber Passes, crossing the Indus where the Cabool rushes into it with wild commotion near the fort of Attock. The little district which embraces these mountain passes vertebrates the whole history of mankind down to the time of the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope;

and if its rocky walls possessed the phonographic power of preserving and repeating the sounds which they have once echoed, they would tell the history of the world. For up and down this narrow ravine in the Khybeer Hills, under the shadows of its forests of pine, and oak, and wild olive, have passed either the armies or the emissaries of almost every important nation in Europe and Asia.

It was about the beginning of the eighteenth century that the British East India Company, after a struggling and precarious existence of a hundred years, had just begun to be a political power in India. The Emperor Arungzebe, the last great sovereign of the Mogul empire, was dead (1707), and the Mahratta chiefs of Central India were endeavoring to build anew the Hindoo empire on the ruins of that of the Moguls, which, though still keeping up the semblance of state, was fast crumbling away. It is at about this period that the character of Indian history seems to change. It is here that the European and the modern are joined on to the Oriental and the old. But history enables us to conjure up visible phantoms of the men who traversed these mountain passes in the olden time, and around these the past may be galvanized into life again:

It is the year 1738, and Nadir Shah with all his army, has crossed the Indus, ravaged all the north-western provinces of India, and, finally, captured the capital, Delhi, and made the Mogul a prisoner. After occupying Delhi for some months, and ordering a massacre of many thousands of people, he has marched back, carrying with him a booty to the value of 100,000,000 dollars, in which is the famous Koh-i-noor diamond. Nadir Shah, the man whose father was only a maker of sheepskin caps at Kelat, with grim humor proposed as a token of friendship to the fallen Mogul monarch that they should exchange turbans — because in the turban of the latter he saw the great diamond, which is presumed to be worth somewhere between five and ten millions of dollars.

Nine years later (1750) the passes resound to the tramp of another great army going to invade India. It is Ahmed Shah Abdalli, the founder of the Afghan empire. He is of the native Afghan tribe of Abdallis, of which he has changed the name to Durannees, and calls himself "Ahmed Shah Duranny." He goes down to cross the Indus at Attock — where every conqueror before and after him has crossed. Making only a flying invasion this time, he will cross again next year with a larger army; and still again a third time in 1752, and then will capture and plunder the oft-captured capital city of Delhi, and carry off the treasure which seems ever to accumulate there. And now, again a fifth time, in 1760, with an army of over 40,000 horsemen, and 2000 camels, he clatters down the passes to cross the Indus at Attock, and in the Punjaub is "joined by three of the native princes, swelling his whole army to 41,800 horse, 38,000 foot, with some eighty pieces of artillery." "This" — says a Persian writer (Casa Raja Pundit) who was present at the battle of Paniput — "I know to have been precisely the state of the Mussulman army, but the irregulars who accompanied these troops were four times that number, thus swelling Ahmed's army to above 300,000."

This is the last great invasion of India by an Oriental army, Oriental not only in its numbers, but in its *personnel:* there are Afghan horsemen, dressed like Persians in gay-colored clothes and low sheep-skin caps, armed with Persian hilted swords, some with matchlocks, the stocks of which are strange-looking hooks, shaped like a sickle, and intended to go under the arm; and some with short blunderbusses, with extremely thin barrels and diminutive stocks. The housings of their horses are of leopard and lion skins. There are great numbers of camels, on each of which are mounted two musketeers, armed with larger blunderbusses, and several hundred camels on which are mounted pieces of light cannon, and "shuternels," or swivels.

To oppose this army is that of the Mahratta king, Biswas-rao, who has within a few months nearly overturned the feeble Mogul government, and is now entrenched with 55,000 horse, 15,000 foot, and a vast number of irregular and independent troops, and camp followwers on the fatal field of Paniput, where the empire of India has twice before in former years (1526 and 1556) been lost and won.

Setting his army down before this entrenched camp, the stern Mussulman, Ahmed, — whose orders, says the Persian writer, "were everywhere obeyed like destiny," — directs a little red tent to be pitched for him half a "cos" in advance of his camp, and to this every morning before sunrise he goes out to pray, and then with a troop of horse rides forty or fifty miles every day to visit every post of the army. After three months of investment, with all supplies cut off, the Mahrattas in despair march out of their lines on the 7th of January, 1761, and opening fire with all their artillery, thus announce their resolve to give battle and die; for well they know that if vanquished they will find no quarter.

The Persian vakeel, or news-writer,— Casa Raja Pundit,— telling the story of that terrible battle, which lasted from noon till sunset, says: "Of every description of people, men, women and children, there were 500,000 souls

in the Mahratta camp, of whom the greatest part were killed or taken prisoners." The headless body of the Mahratta king was found and recognized only by his jewels."

This great battle put an end not only to the Mahratta power, but also to the Mogul government and left anarchy in all India. But now these Duraunee Afghans, after having done such terrible work, were tired of the plains of India, and having mutinied against even their stern Ahmed, obliged him to abandon his project of seizing the empire of India, and to lead them back with their plunder to their mountains about Cabool.

But now again the curtain is lifted on another era of the past — the Middle Ages. It is the year 1398, and through the snows on the lofty Pass of Kawah, seventy-five miles north of Cabool, a cloud of Tartar horsemen under Timour are descending on the city. Everything gives way before them, and as they swarm down through the rocky passes below Jellalabad they collect such a multitude of prisoners — whom they are afraid to liberate lest they should have to fight them again on their return — that by the time they have reached the historic crossing-place of the Indus at Attock, the number of captives is over 100,000. And still as they go on across the plains of the Punjaub the number increases until, just before the great battle near Delhi, Timour orders all the fighting men among the captives (over 100,000) to be slaughtered, so that in case of necessity for retreat the Cabool passes may not be closed by these captives flying back in advance to their native cliffs and valleys.

A hundred and twenty-eight years after Timour comes his descendant Baber, who having conquered Cabool and from that city as a base of operations has already crossed the Indus at Attock four times in twenty years, crosses now a fifth time (1525) with a greater army than ever before, and goes down to fight the *first* great battle of Paniput and capture Delhi, and thus establish that great empire of the Moguls in Hindostan which will last for nearly 300 years.

But again the scene shifts to an era anterior to that of the Moguls. It is the year 977, and Sebuctagi, the Persian Sultan of Ghuzni, after reducing Cabool, has marched down through these passes with such an overwhelming army that, though the Brahmin Jeypul opposed him at the crossing at Attock with an army of 200,000 foot and 100,000 horse, Jeypul's army has been completely routed.

After Sebuctagi comes his son Mahmood the "Scourge of India," the most zealous Mohammedan bigot of his time,— the meaning of whose name, "Mahmood," according to Gibbon, is "The slave of the slave of the slave of the Prophet," — and who invaded India twelve times in twenty-five years, and each time except the last advancing by way of Cabool and the Khyber passes.

It was about the year 700 that, to use an Oriental metaphor, "the star of Islam first shone on the plains of Hind," and though there is scarcely even an outline of the event, there is enough to show that it came from the direction of Cabool. Down in the plains of India, 130 miles northwest from Delhi, is a place called Hisar, of which the ancient name was *A'si*, "a sword," and "often," says an old description of the place(referring to the eighth century), "did the warriors of the mountains of Cabool find their graves before A'si."

But now the figures of a still earlier time come into view, and in that long era from the seventh century all the way back to the first, and even beyond it to the time when Christianity and Mohammedanism were as yet unborn, there are indistinct outlines of armies of Tartars and Persians and Afghans trooping down these Khyber passes to their conquests and plunder in India. And intermingled with these are long caravans, partly of traders and partly of religious pilgrims, from Thibet, Tartary, and China, and even from Siberia, going down to worship at the numberless holy places of Buddhism in India; to seek for the ruins of the sacred city of Kapilavastu, where Buddha was born, or to look upon the sacred Bo-tree where he was enlightened by celestial wisdom, so that he was able to solve the mystery of this mortal life. In the valley of Bamian, where all these swarms of pilgrims going in and of missionaries going out, crossing the mountains by the Bamian Pass, there are great rock-cut temples like those of Abu Simbul in Egypt. Here stand two gigantic statues, male and female, the former 160 and the latter 130 feet high, inside of which are winding stairs by which the pilgrims may ascend to the heads of the statues, and look out of their eyes toward the holy land; and on the rocks down near Peshauwer and Attock are engraved the edicts of Dharmaroska, the great Buddhist king of northern India, inculcating the practice of virtue, the construction of roads and hospitals, and abolishing capital punishment. But among all this throng of pilgrims — some in their garments of rags, adopted to indicate their humility, and some in their sacred yellow robes sprinkled with dust — which pours in and out the passes for nearly a thousand years down to the seventh century, we recognize but two figures distinctly: Fa-Hien, who came from China in the fourth century, and Hiuen-Thsang, who came from the same

country early in the seventh century,—the latter to find that while Buddhism was spreading so rapidly in all the rest of Asia, it was as rapidly declining in India, and that the green banner of the Prophet of Islam had already been seen east of the Indus.

But now once again the Genius of the Past waves his wand, and the head of a column of horse comes around a turn in the road. The foremost riders are men of fair complexion, except for the weather bronze of two or three years' campaigning. Their dress and arms are different from any of those of later days. They wear close-fitting, long-sleeved jackets of woolen cloth, and tight-fitting pantaloons of the same. They wear either breastplates of brass, or cuirasses made of many plates of the same which come down to the waist, and in some cases below. Greaves of thick leather cover the front part of their legs. On their heads are high helmets, some of leather and some of brass, with strong stiff visors. The tops of their helmets are ornamented with stiff, closely cut hair from their horses' manes. They carry short straight swords of brass. Upright behind the right shoulder of each are two spears, the butts of which rest in sockets by the right foot. Their sheep-skin overjackets and cloaks hang behind them on their horses. These men are Greeks, the advance guard of a great army of Macedonians, Greeks, Phrygians, Bactrians, and men of all the countries of Asia Minor. The time is the year 327 before Christ, and the man who directs the march of this great army is Alexander the Great. He will go down to cross the Indus at Attock, and push his conquest as far east as the Hyphasis (Sutlej), where his Macedonians, appalled at the distance from their homes and the recklessness with which he plunges farther into the unknown world of the Orient, refuse to follow.

Two hundred years earlier (525 B. C.), there is a misty outline of an invasion by an army of Darius, king of Persia.

And still the swarms of human beings seem as great in the ancient as in the later days, and away back in the past, beyond the reach of chronology, tradition shows an out-pouring of an Aryan race from the plains of Tartary, downward through these passes, to conquer and extinguish the aboriginal "dark race" of India.

Notwithstanding these oft-recurring tidal waves of invasion, there was a constant current of commerce flowing through the Bamian and Khyber passes—almost the only connection indeed that India had with the outer world. From the earliest times recorded in history, the routes of trade between the Levant and India had been by way of Baalbec and Balkh to these passes. In the latter part of the thirteenth century the Genoese, having assisted Michael Paleologus to recapture Constantinople, were given such commercial privileges as made them masters of the Black Sea. From here they soon pushed their factories and trading-posts to the eastern shores of the Caspian, and by the way of Balkh and Cabool carried on an extensive trade with India until they were shut out of the Black Sea by the Turks in 1453. But even yet the commercial usages of the traders on the Caspian recall the commercial supremacy of the Genoese.

One of the most remarkable things in connection with all this tide of conquest and immigration that has flowed through these mountain passes is that it has always been inward. There has never been any considerable movement of people out of India. No army of Hindoos or of any other race that had become naturalized there ever went out to conquer other countries. The Aryans went in from the north to conquer the aborigines and establish the Hindoo empire. The Persians and Arabs went in from the west to conquer the Hindoos and establish the Mussulman empire; and again the Tartars went in to establish the Mogul empire, which in turn faded away under the attacks of the Persians, the Afghans, and the British. At one time, indeed, the Mogul emperors did include Afghanistan in their dominions, but it was before the Tartar spirit had succumbed to the opiate influence of India. What came out of India—and particularly by way of this its historic gate—was measureless wealth, and one great religion; wealth which for ages set the rest of the world in a tumult of contention between the nations to have control of its source, and a religion which, though it has almost faded out in India itself, still causes one-third of the human race to turn their thoughts to India as the land of Buddha's birth and death.

But the historic interest which is concentrated around this Oriental gate, in the mountain passes of Afghanistan, also extends to the Afghans themselves; their traditions of their own origin are among the most curious of all peoples in Asia. They claim their descent from the Israelites, and say they are the representatives of a part of the lost ten tribes of Israel, who never returned from the Assyrian captivity, into which they were carried by their conqueror, Tiglath-pileser, in the year 721 B. C. All the Afghan accounts of their own nation begin with the recital of the principal events in Hebrew history, from Abraham down to the time of the Assyrian captivity. These traditions do not differ very essentially from the biblical accounts of the same events, except in some cases, in which both accounts are evidently of an apocryphal

and mythical character. The Afghans claim that they are descended from Melic Talut (King Saul); that Melic Talut had two sons, Berkia and Imria, that the son of Berkia was called Afghan, from whom are descended the Afghans, and the son of Imria was called Usbee. Their traditions, however, are here at variance with the biblical genealogies, which do not mention any such sons of Saul. The Afghan tradition also brings King Saul into notice, in a mythical account of an event which is differently described in the Bible (I Samuel, chap. v). The Afghan account — published in the researches of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1787 — is as follows:

"In a war which raged between the children of Israel and the Amalekites, the latter, being victorious, plundered the Jews and obtained possession of the ark of the covenant. Considering this the god of the Jews, they threw it into the fire, which did not affect it. They afterwards attempted to cleave it with axes, but without success. Every individual who treated it with indignity was punished by some misfortune for his temerity. They then placed it in their temple, but all their idols bowed to it. At length they fastened it upon a cow, which they turned loose in the wilderness."

Melic Talut — continues the Afghan tradition — restored the ark, and was consequently made King of Israel.

Tiglath-pileser, who took the whole of Israel into captivity, distributed them among the north-east provinces of his empire. From the time of this captivity, ten of the tribes drop out of the biblical history. But the Afghan account is that a portion of these "lost tribes" withdrew to the mountains of Ghore, in the present Afghanistan, and another portion to the vicinity of Mecca, in Arabia.

This claim of the Afghans to have descended from the Jews was regarded with respect by many distinguished Oriental scholars, among whom was Sir William Jones, the founder of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

As another evidence of the probability of their Jewish descent, the Afghan historians all claim that the children of Israel, both in Ghore and in Arabia, preserved their knowledge of the Unity of God. "When the select of creatures, Mohammed, appeared upon earth," says the Afghan tradition, "his fame reached the Afghans, who sought him in multitudes."

The tribal nomenclature of the Afghans is as copious, in proportion to the numbers of the people, as that of the aborigines of America,—with names, indeed, that in many cases strangely recall the sound of those of America. There are the Durannees, Ghiljis, Sheerannees, Vizerees, Berdurannees, Eusofzys, Turcolannees, Khybeers, and a host of others. The dominant tribe is the Durannees, whose country — without any exact boundary lines — embraces a large part of western Afghanistan, and whose principal cities are Herat and Candahar. The total number of this tribe has probably never been above a million souls, and yet by their ascendancy of the other tribes they once founded a government at Candahar, which was obeyed from the Caspian to the Ganges. The Ghiljis, which are the second in numbers, control all the Cabool Valley above Jellalabad. About the year 1000, A. D., they established, under their Sultan Mahmood of Ghuznee, an empire which extended from the Tigris to the Ganges, and from the Jaxartes to the Persian Gulf, a territory as great as the United States. The other tribes are remarkable chiefly for the great diversity of their customs and degrees of civilization. Some, like the Khybeers, are dwellers in the hills and mountain gorges, which they seldom leave, while others, like the Naussers, are wandering pastoral people, who have no country of their own. Mr. Elphinstone, in his "History of Cabool," described the Naussers as assembling twice a year to make their semi-annual migrations in search of new pasturage for their flocks. In the autumn it is from the mountains to the plains of Damaun, near the Indus, and in the spring back again to the mountains. The bustle and disorder attendant upon the movement in one body of twelve or fifteen thousand families, with such a great assemblage of sheep and cattle and camels, the fights with their old enemies the Vizerees, who waylay them in the mountain passes, the long marches over barren wastes and through unfrequented mountain defiles in search of subsistence for their flocks,—present, altogether, a picture of pastoral life more like that of Abraham than is to be found anywhere else in the world.

W. L. Fawcett.

MISTRAL.*

A STRONG emotion seizes me as I write the name of Mistral. That name, so full of sound, brings back to me my youth like a wind blown suddenly from the past; I see a vision of blue sky and I feel an impression of delightful warmth. It gladdens me as once the bells of Avignon made me happy, when, escaping the north and the tumult of Paris, I heard their chimes ring out through the limpid dawns of Provence.

I met Mistral for the first time in 1859. He was just being "born into celebrity" by his first poem, "Mirèio," and came to Paris to give his thanks to Lamartine, who had made himself the godfather, the herald, of this budding fame. I was ten years younger than Mistral, who himself was not thirty. So I was almost a boy still, but a boy already smudged with printer's ink; as a rhymester my name had begun to get about among the newspapers and be read in the reviews, and I had begun with all my might, with all my lungs, and all my heart, to blow away on my little trumpet in honor of the great poet of my own province.

I had a room as big as your hand in the Hôtel du Sénat, Rue de Tournon, where my next-door neighbor was a student called Gambetta; it was thither Mistral was brought to see me by the poet Adolphe Dumas. A big, fine-looking chap, but lame, this Dumas was known through a few tragedies which were not lacking in cleverness. A native of a little village close by Mistral's place, he instituted himself Mistral's guide about Paris. Well, well, it seems as if it were yesterday (so clearly have I held it in memory), that little dinner in my small bedroom in the Rue de Tournon, twenty-five years ago!

Mistral, large, powerfully built, sunbrowned, with his head carried proudly, his ample bust buttoned into a frock-coat, was a good representative, notwithstanding that garment, of the fine type of peasantry that belongs to the valley of the Rhone. He wore the military mustache and long imperial, but his own spirit and the vivacity of the poet were easily visible on his lofty forehead, in his widely opened eyes and the dark and deep pupils in which lurked a little rustic suspicion of everything having to do with Paris, that city so much feared and respected! Very agreeable, very courteous, he spoke and answered with a soft and singing voice, at once attractive from its musical quality. But now and then the voice rose high; he forgot to be polite and smiling as soon as he was asked why he wrote in Provençal. You may believe Mistral was roused at that; he almost lost his temper; then, with a fieriness entirely southern: "Why? — why I write in Provençal? Because Provençal is my language — the language of the land where I was born. Because my father, my mother, speak Provençal. It was in Provençal I was rocked in my infancy. Everybody about me in the village speaks it — that beautiful tongue of Provence; women plucking the olives, little ones trotting about the roads in the sun, speak no other tongue. The farmer speaks it to his oxen, the village priest among us preaches from his pulpit in Provençal, and it is in Provençal that the very birds sing their songs!"

French! To him that language was only a foreign tongue learned at school. He told us about his life, spoke of his boyhood passed in the open country among the vineyards and olive orchards, described for us the farm near Maillane where he was born and brought up, the village into which every Tuesday the whole family marched — father, mother, children, and servants — in order to hear the mass read. The farm near Maillane where Mistral grew up is the very farm of Mirèio, the *Mas des Micocouliers*, with its solid thatch of boughs casting deep shade on the tiled walk, with its beautiful fountain running into the fish-pond, its hives of bees that festoon with their swarms the great *micocoulier* trees. Under the *micocouliers* of Mirèio, there it was that the poet was born.

His father, whom I never knew, but whom I imagine to myself one of those old-fashioned peasants, unflinching in labor, proud of property amassed, and whose glory it is to see their sons in the robe of the priest or the lawyer, instead of the peasant's frock,—this father of Mistral, dreaming doubtless for his boy Frederick a larger horizon than the few roods of cultivated land he owned, wanted to turn him into a man of learning; so he sent him at an early age to the Avignon Lyceum.

*American readers are greatly indebted to Miss Harriet W. Preston for a knowledge of the Provençal revival. See her translation of Mistral's "Mirèio" into English verse; also her book on "Troubadours and Trouvères, New and Old," both published by Roberts Bros., Boston; also her article in "The Atlantic" for November, 1884, on "Mistral's Nerto." See also this magazine for May, 1872: article on Mistral by M. E. M., with translation of the song of Magali by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks. Another American who has made versified translations from the modern Provençals is Mr. Alvey A. Adee, of the State Department. — ED.

With what bitterness did he not tell us of those sorrowful days at college, where the free spirit of his childhood, used to the open air and broad sunshine of the fields, found itself suddenly imprisoned! Having secured the diploma of Bachelor, it was necessary to go to Aix to study law. No longer the narrow prison, still that college was a species of exile, the exile of the poet among the Scythians, of the young Provençal lost in the foreign surroundings of the French language! At last he returned to his country, to Mas; and when his father asked him, "What do you want to do?" he answered, "Work in the fields and make verses." In those words alone lay all that was to be his after life.

His poem "Mirèio," wherein he sings the youthful loves of a lass of La Crau and a little sluice-tender, that touching poem built of love-thoughts and impressions of nature, is the mirror of his early years. In it he unrolls by the aid of light stanzas the sketches of that rustic life which charmed his infantile eyes,— labor, the sowing, sheep-shearing, reaping, the silk-worms, winnowing,— everything which he himself has called "the majestic deeds of rural life, forever harsh, but eternally honest, wholesome, independent, and calm."

It is worth knowing how this poetic nature became revealed to itself. In his college at Avignon Mistral made the acquaintance of an instructor named Roumanille who made verses in Provençal. They were soon friends, and when the pupil had read the lines of his teacher he exclaimed with a thrill, "Behold the dawn that my soul was waiting for, in order to wake to the light of day!" He set himself to translate into Provençal the Eclogues of Virgil, in which he found living the labor, the ideas, the customs and manners of his rural home.

Mistral related to me those recollections of youth while we were at table in my little furnished room. It was a wretched dinner from a tavern, brought up cold from the heater of its kitchen, and served on thick plates. The dessert! I see it now — Rheims biscuits of mournful aspect, dusty and uneatable, that appeared to have been found beneath some pyramid of Egypt. But the unspeakable commonplace of the lean and hungry student's dinner, the wearisome look of the room itself, with its well-worn carpet, old desk and lounge of Empire style, its horrible clock,— all that disappeared while we listened to Mistral. He declaimed a few bits from "Mirèio." *

The whole evening passed after this fashion, and while he spoke, pointing his lines with his liberal gesticulations, it seemed to me that the narrow room was filled with a delicious odor, fresh and living, exhaled from my own country, left so long before. I knew again, in my little corner of Paris, the delightful fragrance of Provence, while listening to that sonorous, musical tongue, as it mingled with the rolling of cabs and omnibuses rising from the pavements of the Rue de Tournon.

From that first meeting on we were friends, and upon leaving him I promised to come very soon to see him in his fields of Maillane, whither he was in haste to return. The next year I kept my word; that journey is one of the most delightful reminiscences of my life.

Oh the waxen impressionability of early years! Never shall I forget the little station at Graveson between Avignon and Arles where I stepped out one morning, happy, jovial, impatient to get there, shaking myself free from the numbness of the long journey, and already driving out of mind all recollec-

* We here give two stanzas,— the Provençal, the French version, and a translation in English:

I.

* "En desfuiant vòsti verguello,
Cantas, cantas, magnanarello!
Mirèio es à la fueio, un bèu matin de Mai.
Aquèu matin, pèr pendeloto,
A sis auriho, la faroto!
Aviè penja dos agrioto. . . .
Vincèn, aquèu matin, passè 'qui tournamai.

"En défeuillant vos rameaux,
Chantez, chantez, magnanarelles!
Mireille est à la feuille, un beau matin de Mai.
Ce matin-là, pour pendeloques,
A ses oreilles, la coquette!
Avait pendu deux cerises. . . .
Vincent, ce matin-là, passa là de nouveau.

"Plucking mulberry leaves in masses,
Sing ye, sing ye, plucking-lasses!
Who's perched among the boughs this lovely day in May?
Mirèio sweet, Mirèio brown as berry!
Mirèio's hung, the mad and merry,
In either ear a ruddy cherry —
By chance, that very morn, Vincen must come that way!

II.

"A sa barreto escarlatino,
Coume au li gènt di mar latino,
Aviè poulidamen uno plumo de gau;
E'n trapejant dins li draiolo
Fasiè fugi li serp courriolo,
E di dindànti clapeirolo
Emè soun bastounet brandissie li frejau."

"A son bonnet écarlate,
Comme en ont les riverains des mers latines,
Il avait gentiment une plume de coq;
Et en foulant les sentiers,
Il faisait fuir les couleuvres vagabondes,
Et des sonores tas de pierres
Avec son bâton il chassait les cailloux."

"And like the men of Castel'maré
Within his scarlet bonnet wore he
Right spruce and gay a plume of chanticleer.
Across the road the lizards cunning
Before his stick were swiftly running;
Each stone-heap slashed with volleys stunning
Sonorous rang, and echoed loud and clear."

tion of Paris, like a lingering remnant of sleep. A wee, wee rustic station in the midst of the plain; on the horizon shaved and fragrant hillocks,—a genuine landscape of Provence, clean-cut, precise, a little spare, with its distances unclouded by mists beneath its light sky. Leaning against the openwork bar, a man. It was Mistral come to meet me, but no longer the Mistral I saw in Paris; another entirely different, a red *tayolle* wound round his loins, a little peasant's hat tipped over his ear, his jacket hung on one shoulder, a stick in his hand. I like him better in this costume; I find him larger, handsomer, more himself. We fall into each other's arms and start off. From Graveson to Maillane it is a long hour to walk. All the way great walls of standing wheat, enormous fields of the vine (there were vineyards there then) whose tangled boughs cover the earth. The wind is tremendous; one of those transmontine gales that cut the words off at the lips. I walk side by side with Mistral, arm in arm, and we scream to make ourselves heard. Great cypresses, with pointed heads like dervishes, wave their thick branches and make walls of somber green, which bend low in the wind. Around us the plain, full of scattered sunlight, has a color of the Orient; the small mountains of the Alpilles, which rise far off warm and golden, seem near by, so transparent is the atmosphere. An hour's walk through that lovely landscape, and all stiffness has disappeared; our friendship seems an old story; we call each other *thou*, and when we get to our destination we are brothers!

Maillane is a largish village which resembles, with its shady boulevards round about, some old Italian small town. You find water running through it — no very common thing in Provence. Water runs in the moats, where one sees a water-wheel turning. From the houses comes a continual noise of the looms of silk-weavers.

Mistral's house was at the other side of Maillane, the last on the left. While we crossed the village he was met at every step by hearty good-days. Young girls, their little velvet ribbons arranged with coquetry, threw him, laughing, a "*Bounjou, Moussu Frédéri,*" and he answered, in his strong, joyous voice, "*Bounjou, Azalais; bounjou, Vinceneto!*" Farther on an old man, bent by work in his vineyard, straightened himself to salute in like manner *Moussu Frédéri.* This simple cordiality, this friendly warmth, showed what the man was in his own home, on his own soil, free and at his ease in the midst of all these honest folk whose ancestors had known his own.

The house before which we stopped differed little from the others. A poor little house of a well-to-do peasant, with one floor and an attic. Only the ticking that is stretched across the door to keep out mosquitoes was replaced by a network with fine openings, a kind of metallic curtain, which is a luxury in villages and a sign of wealth.

To the left on entering is a small room, very simple, furnished with a lounge with yellow squares and with two straw arm-chairs. In a corner is a desk, a poor little registrar's desk, covered with books and blotters. On the wall unpretending plaster-casts, a picture of a first communion. Later on I was to pass many wonderful hours in that workshop, which I then saw for the first time.

There his mother met us: an old peasant woman with a wrinkled, placid face and clear eyes, a *cambresine* on her head. Breakfast was all ready and waiting for us in the middle of the room, which was study, drawing-room, and dining-room at one and the same time. It was the simplest of meals,—potatoes, olives, sweetmeats,—because it was fast-day; and, to wash the lenten meal down, there was some excellent wine. While eating and chatting I looked about. On the wall hung two miniature plows of wood, very cleverly done, like models for patents; they were labors of patience and dexterity, with which he had amused himself. As a child, the son of farming folk, Mistral pleased himself in this way, just as in seaports the children of sailors will fashion little boats. The poet's mother did not breakfast with us. In Provence, as in all parts of South France,—a custom that makes one think of Oriental fashions — women do not eat with men. *Fremo noun soun gen*, says a proverb of the thirteenth century: "Women are not folks." Madame Mistral never seated herself at the table with her husband, never with her son. She ate in the kitchen with the help, the *chato*, the maid-servant. After breakfast we made her a visit and had a chat. She was seated on the stone slab of the wide hearth, and I recall the happy and frank look she gave me as I talked to her about her son. Her ignorance was a bar to understanding fully the fame of her child. Nevertheless she felt in him something above and beyond her peasant understanding, and she told me that, one day, while Frédéri read her "Mirèio," she did not appreciate it entirely, but she had seen a shooting-star! O dear old woman! soul of the mother! she had seen indeed a star shooting through the distant sky of poesy!

I dwelt there, in that little house, almost a month. We slept in the upper story, in a big room with two beds of most rural aspect, with posts reaching to the ceiling. To get to it one had to cross the mother's bedroom and pass close by her bed covered with a canopy. When we came in at night, returning from the little

café on the village square, we walked on the tips of our toes; but old folks have tardy slumbers and light; she always heard us, and from behind the canopy came her hearty mother's voice, "You are there, children? Well, good-night — sleep well." And in good sooth we did sleep well in our big dormitory with our tall bed-posts overhead. One day Mistral bethought himself to cause the old roof of his decked bedstead to disappear; he dreamed of decorations and improvements to be made with the three thousand francs of the prize from the Académie Française obtained by "Mirèio." But on second thoughts he gave up the project; the prize was disposed otherwise; he put the little sum to one side, in a corner, and that money, won by his verses, he employed, to the last *sou*, in giving aid to poets.

In the course of that month passed with Mistral, I lived entirely his life, companion to all his hours, accompanying him on all his walks, comrade in all his labor. He took me to the farm where he was born, and there I saw his brother, much older than he, a large old man with white beard, who superintended the work. To get from Maillane to the *Mas* one follows the St. Rémy road,—a white highway along whose entire length great Spanish reeds border the absent streams which are dried up at the bottom of the ditches; the sound of their leaves rubbed together by the wind gives the impression of fresh-running water in that waterless land. Near the farm I found once more the same evergreens with pointed tops and thick boughs. Behind those trees, which ward off the wind, beneath the cradling movement of their boughs, Mistral wrote his first lines. He made them singing, and he has kept up the habit. He chooses a rhythm and sings his verses like a genuine *cantaïre*, like a real troubadour of the old time; he sings them and gesticulates them, casting forth his sonorous rhymes upon the open air and into the noise of the wind. Whilst I listened, enthusiastic, delighted, I watched below us on the plain a sower who threw,— he also! — with the same magnificent wide gesture, the yellow rain of the seed across the furrows.

He was at that time at work on his poems called "Iles d'Or," a collection of popular songs of South France; and I saw him produce, or rather improvise, while singing them, the verses of "Lou Bastimen."

"The saucy sloop hails from Majorca
With oranges in many a group;
The crew has decked with fresh green garlands
The topmast of the saucy sloop.
Good luck a-poop,
Hails from Majorca
Our saucy sloop!

"The saucy sloop is from Marsilia;
Believe, her venture's of the best!
The ocean holds his breath, and smoothens
Before the prow that has been blessed.
Now, God you rest!
She's Marseilles-builded,
And has been blessed.

. . . . . .

"Her captain, first a sunbrowned sailor,
Was courteous when he quit the helm;
He carried off a good man's daughter
(No better father in the realm) —
Came home good man,
Good merchant captain
And fisherman.

"Then with his wife's abundant dower
He builded him a handsome sloop;
He would not stay a simple rower
And fisherman, but off he'd swoop.
'Nay, do not droop,
My wife so bonny'—
And off he'd swoop.

"The saucy sloop like balsam fragrant
Is calked and pitched all fresh and new;
Like scaly sea-fish bright and vagrant
She glitters fair from ear to clew.
She 's painted well,
And smells like balsam
From ear to clew.

. . . . . .

"The saucy sloop hails from Majorca
With oranges in many a group;
The crew has decked with fresh green garlands
The topmast of the saucy sloop.
Good luck a-poop,
Hails from Majorca
Our saucy sloop!"

Whilst he made his songs and poems Mistral watched his vines, which at that time were flourishing. Living always in the open fields, he loved to chat with peasants; stopping near a shepherd, or a plowman resting at the end of his furrow, he asked them questions, noted their peculiar terms and the original turns of their picturesque language. Even at that time he nourished the idea of the great dictionary of Provençal, a veritable monument to the tongue of his country, on which he has been working many years, and which is at present almost finished. As one does with a dead language, he undertook to restore and reconstruct his dear and beautiful Provençal tongue fallen into disuse, a tongue which is spoken only in the remoter parts by the working class, and is never written any more. Patiently he sought from the songs of the troubadours forgotten words belonging to Old Provençal, in order to bring them back to life. And if, at a café of the village, or on a farm where peasants were talking, he heard one mingle with the pure Provençal a word of the bastard, Frenchified dialect, such as "Baio me de *pain*" (Give me bread), instead of "Baio me de *pan*," he would jump up in wrath, and cry to the speaker, "Wretch, speak your own language!"

That was his aim, to reawaken the taste for Provençal in the peasants; and it was to reach that end that he composed his songs of "Iles d'Or," and even anonymous songs, like that of the "Sheep-Shearers," which he has not put in his book. "And the proud shearer who has made the song. Think not he has given his name." But I well knew who that proud shearer was; it was Mistral. His breath of poesy has gone abroad over the whole region; there is no village of Provence where one may not hear sung "Lou Bastimen vèn de Maiorco," or "Lou Renegat Jan de Gounfaroun":

"Jan de Gounfaroun, by the corsairs taken,
And his faith forsaken,
A Janissary turns:
Faith! amid the Turks, a Christian skin were better
Toughened for the fetter
And the rust that burns!

"With your mistress drinking,
Love and joys unthinking,
These are what Mohammed calls felicity;
But upon the mountains
Nuts and simple fountains
Sweeter are than warmest love that lacks of liberty.

"Jan de Gounfaroun, no longer to be martyred,
Soul and conscience bartered
At a paltry trade.
Ah, belovéd Lord, this poor sinner pardon,
Who his heart must harden
Turning renegade!

"With your mistress drinking, etc.

"Like a dash of waves when the oars are sweeping
Thus a flood of weeping
Broke his heart so hard.
Then the exile longed for his home unsleeping,
Cursed himself for keeping
For the Turk a guard.

"With your mistress drinking, etc.," etc.

One of the finest pieces Mistral has composed is his "Song of the Sun" *(Lou Cant dou Soulèu)*, which opens his collection of "Iles d'Or." This has become the people's hymn of the south of France:

"Mighty sun of fair Provence,
Of the mistral comrade fine,
You who drain of waves Durance
Like a draught of La Crau wine

"Show your ringlets golden-spun,
Cause the dark and woes to run—
Soon, soon, soon,
Show your visage, lovely sun!"

Some time was needed before all these beautiful poems, all these sun-steeped songs, made of Mistral the celebrated poet he is today. At first he was hardly known, save by the citizens of Maillane, all peasants and the first persons who ever sang his catches. They considered the village songster a gay comrade, a good fellow, a little cracked! In the towns the good cits of South France had indeed heard talk of Mistral, but laughed mockingly at the attempts of this rustic to reëstablish in its purity the Provençal tongue. They did not understand him; they did not begin to admire his "Mirèio," nor did they sing in their turn "*Lou Grand Soulèu de Provença*," until the talents of the poet had found an echo as far as Paris, even into the Académie Française. Oh, then Mistral passed for a prophet in his own land; all saluted him as the national singer.

At the time I was near him, this reaction in his favor had only begun. But he hardly perceived it. We walked together from village to village, and went to every Provençal festival. Never a *ferrade* at which we were not seen! In the evening we went out to meet the little bulls of Camargue which came in by *manades* (herds), marshaled by cowboys on little fierce white horses, men half-savage themselves, booted in big leathers, and bringing with them the distant smell of the bogs, where their troops of horses and bulls live in freedom. Their long three-pronged "punchers" stood out against the light background of the Provençal evening skies, like recollections of Don Quixote. At these village festivals I was passionately attached, with Mistral, to all our southern sports,—the three leaps, the leap *sur l'outre* (on the wine-skin), the wrestling matches for men and half-men (men and youths),—sports in the open air, which, beneath that blue sky, recalled the games of ancient Greece.

And the *farandoles!* I still remember the one we danced on Saint Agatha's day, the votive saint of Maillane: a *farandole* with torches, which they call a *pigoulade*, led about the village during the entire night by the elder brother of Mistral; and the old farmer, despite his white beard, bounded like a young man. Hardly did we now and then stop long enough, breathless, to drink from a butt of wine opened on the village green, and then off went the band. From ten at night to seven in the morning, down the street, across the gardens, across the vineyards, the male and female dancers intertwined and unraveled the long serpent of the *farandole*, as if seized by a fit of insanity.

O the happy hours! O the joyous moments!

It was necessary that we should part, however; but I did not go without promising to return soon. Besides, I remained Mistral's neighbor. In order to work, I installed myself in an old mill two leagues from Maillane. It was a ruin, that windmill,—a tumbling heap of stone, iron, and old planks, which had not been put for many years to the test of the wind; it stood there with all its mem-

bers broken — as useless as a poet. Strange are the affinities between us and things. I loved that pariah of a mill. I loved it on account of its sadness, its road lost among the grass; and I have kept the most delightful impressions of it. I found this picturesque shelter for my work of "grinder, miller of letters" in the hands of relatives and friends who were allowing it to come to a natural and thorough old age in a corner of their estate, — a mill that turned no more,— just as they would allow to die in the pasture an old blind and foundered horse.

Often I thrust the key under the door of my mill, and, being tempted by a morning full of sunlight, set off afoot to Maillane, seized by a resistless desire to see Mistral. I always found him the same, open and warm-hearted, and always faithful to his beautiful literary belief, following his work with a robust will which nothing could distract from its aim. Thus I saw him produce almost all his books, page by page, the pages following one upon another, all wet with ink, covered with a fine handwriting, on the wretched little registrar's desk. Sometimes we made appointments with other Provençal poets, Théodore Aubanel, Roumanille, Anselme Matthieu, at one time at Maillane in Mistral's house, again at Arles on the forum in the midst of a crowd of drovers and shepherds, come to hire themselves out to the farmers of the *Mas*. Thence we branched out on expeditions without end. We went to the Ville des Baux, a powdery heap of ruins, wild rocks, palaces with escutcheons, crumbling, wavering in the wind, like an eagle's nest on a cliff. We dined at Cornille's tavern, and all the evening we strolled about, singing songs among the little short alleys, between crumbling walls, remains of stairs, fallen capitals — all in a phantasmal light which silvered the grass and stones as with a light fall of snow.

We also met together among the reeds of the island of Barthelasse opposite the ramparts of Avignon and the Papal palace; and, after a breakfast in a sailors' pot-house, we marched up to Château-neuf-des-Papes, illustrious by reason of its vineyards. O that Papal wine — wine golden, royal, imperial, pontifical! We drank it on the height, up there, while we sang the verses of Mistral — new fragments in the "Iles d'Or."

These wild expeditions often lasted several days. Then we slept at some village inn, and I found myself again engaged with Mistral, as at his own house in Maillane, in the endless all-night gossip of a single bedroom for two. I shall always remember how, on one of these nights, he recited to me from his bed "La Communion des Saints."

"With eyes cast down she presses light
The steps and stairs of Saint Trophime;
It is upon the sill of night
And vesper tapers cease to gleam.
The marble Saints within the door
The while she passes her have blessed,
And from the church to her own floor
Their marble eyes upon her rest."

I cannot read over those lines without peculiar emotion; for I have heard them since under different circumstances. It was in the month of January, 1867. In the middle of one of Véfour's rooms, Mistral, standing, recited the stanzas of the "Communion des Saints" and I translated them as they were uttered. Around us was a circle of black coats and feminine toilettes — among the latter a little patch all white. Mistral had come to Paris to be a witness to my wedding.

Having married, my windmill became too small, and I returned to the south very little. Mistral wrote me a letter for each one of my books; on my part, I wrote to him whenever he published anything. He himself married, and I was to have been his witness, as he had been mine; but, being ill at the time, I could not be present at his wedding.

So the months and years passed, until last summer, when, finding myself in the south with wife and children, I took the opportunity of seeing Mistral. I hesitated a little to make this visit to the poet, because his mother had just died. Nevertheless, I resolved to go. Nothing was altered in the village when we crossed it in the carriage; only Mistral was no longer in his little peasant house; since his marriage he lived in a new house built opposite the old one, in a little garden which he owned. I ring, and with what feelings! It is Mistral himself who opens the door. We give a great cry, our arms open, and we hug each other with tears coming at the same moment to our eyes! I would not hear of it, that we should breakfast anywhere else but with him. Since his mother's death he remained shut in with his sorrow. "But you she loved" said he to me; and he talked to us of the dear old woman, who died more than eighty years old. Soon his wife came down and was presented. A tall young woman, very composed, a native of Dijon, who had learned Provençal and was living out her life in that little corner of Maillane, immersed with Mistral in his dictionary and his Provençal poems.

The new house was hardly larger than the old: two large rooms on the ground floor, two in the upper story. It was merely somewhat more comfortable. I recognized the same innocent pictures hung on the white walls, and in the hall I found the two little plows. Everything was upset for our breakfast. The poet himself wished to go and pull the

finest grapes from his trellis in the garden, the only vines remaining to him, the others having been ruined, destroyed, along with all the grape stocks of Southern France. Through the window I saw him walking in the alleys, always the same man, whilst the bees swirled about his broad hat. This breakfast was like those of the past — potatoes, grapes, of course good wines, champagne, an old bottle of Château-neuf-des-Papes, a remnant saved from the wreck of the vineyards. After breakfast Mistral began to read his new poem, "Nerto,"— Provence, evoked from the middle ages,— consisting of scenes exquisite in color, and little condensed verses full of a light gracefulness. Whilst he read I saw outside the window the sunflowers of the little garden raising their heads; I saw afar off the fine lacework of the Alpilles hills traced on the blue sky, and all the wine of my own youth in Provence mounted once more into my brain!

Alphonse Daudet.

THE NEW TROUBADOURS.

AVIGNON, 1879.

THEY said that all the troubadours had flown—
No bird to flash a wing or swell a throat!
But as we journeyed down the rushing Rhone
To Avignon, what joyful note on note
Burst forth, beneath thy shadow, O Ventour!
Whose eastward forehead takes the dawn divine.
Ah, dear Provence! ah, happy troubadour,
And that sweet, mellow, antique song of thine!
First Roumanille, the leader of the choir,
Then graceful Matthieu — tender, sighing, glowing,
Then Wyse all fancy, Aubanel all fire,
And Mistral, mighty as the north-wind's blowing;
And youthful Gras and, lo! among the rest
A mother-bird that sang above her nest.

R. W. Gilder.

A FANCY FROM FONTANELLE.

"De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier."

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by —
"He is old — so old! And he soon will die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread, and spread, till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread —
"He is older now. He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

Austin Dobson.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XIX.

THIS idea of their triumph, a triumph as yet ultimate and remote, but preceded by the solemn vista of an effort so religious as never to be wanting in ecstasy, became tremendously familiar to the two friends, but especially to Olive, during the winter of 187–, a season which ushered in the most momentous period of Miss Chancellor's life. About Christmas a step was taken which advanced her affairs immensely, and put them, to her apprehension, on a regular footing. This consisted in Verena's coming in to Charles street to stay with her, in pursuance of an arrangement on Olive's part with Selah Tarrant and his wife that she should remain for many months. The coast was now perfectly clear. Mrs. Farrinder had started on her annual grand tour; she was rousing the people from Maine to Texas; Matthias Pardon (it was to be supposed) had received, temporarily at least, his quietus; and Mrs. Luna was established in New York, where she had taken a house for a year, and whence she wrote to her sister that she was going to engage Basil Ransom (with whom she was in communication for this purpose) to do her law business. Olive wondered what law business Adeline could have, and hoped she would get into a pickle with her landlord or her milliner, so that repeated interviews with Mr. Ransom might become necessary. Mrs. Luna let her know very soon that these interviews had begun; the young Mississippian had come to dine with her: he hadn't got started much, by what she could make out, and she was even afraid that he didn't dine every day. But he wore a tall hat now, like a Northern gentleman, and Adeline intimated that she found him really attractive. He had been very nice to Newton, told him all about the war (quite the Southern version, of course, but Mrs. Luna didn't care anything about American politics, and she wanted her son to know all sides), and Newton did nothing but talk about him, calling him "Rannie" and imitating his pronunciation of certain words. Adeline subsequently wrote that she had made up her mind to put her affairs into his hands (Olive sighed, not unmagnanimously, as she thought of her sister's "affairs"), and later still she mentioned that she was thinking strongly of taking him to be Newton's tutor. She wished this interesting child to be privately educated, and it would be more agreeable to have in that relation a person who was already, as it were, a member of the family. Mrs. Luna wrote as if he were prepared to give up his profession to take charge of her son, and Olive was pretty sure that this was only a part of her grandeur, of the habit she had contracted, especially since living in Europe, of speaking as if in every case she required special arrangements.

In spite of the difference in their ages, Olive had long since judged her, and made up her mind that Adeline lacked every quality that a person needed to be interesting in her eyes. She was rich (or sufficiently so), she was conventional and timid, very fond of attentions from men (with whom indeed she was reputed bold, but Olive scorned such boldness as that), given up to a merely personal, egotistical, instinctive life, and as unconscious of the tendencies of the age, the revenges of the future, the new truths and the great social questions, as if she had been a mere bundle of dress-trimmings, which she very nearly was. It was perfectly observable that she had no conscience, and it irritated Olive deeply to see how much trouble a woman was spared when she was constructed on that system. Adeline's "affairs," as I have intimated, her social relations, her views of Newton's education, her practice and her theory (for she had plenty of that, such as it was, heaven save the mark!), her spasmodic disposition to marry again, and her still sillier retreats in the presence of danger (for she had not even the courage of her frivolity), these things had been a subject of tragic consideration to Olive ever since the return of the elder sister to America. The tragedy was not in any particular harm that Mrs. Luna could do her (for she did her good, rather, that is, she did her honor, by laughing at her), but in the spectacle itself, the drama, guided by the hand of fate, of which the small, ignoble scenes unrolled themselves so logically. The *dénouement* would of course be in keeping, and would consist simply of the spiritual death of Mrs. Luna, who would end by understanding no common speech of Olive's at all, and

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would sink into mere worldly plumpness, into the last complacency, the supreme imbecility, of petty, genteel conservatism. As for Newton, he would be more utterly odious, if possible, as he grew up, than he was already; in fact, he would not grow up at all, but only grow down, if his mother should continue her infatuated system with him. He was insufferably forward and selfish; under the pretext of keeping him, at any cost, refined, Adeline had coddled and caressed him, having him always in her petticoats, remitting his lessons when he pretended he had an earache, drawing him into the conversation, letting him answer her back, with an impertinence beyond his years, when she administered the smallest check. The place for him, in Olive's eyes, was one of the public schools, where the children of the people would teach him his small importance, teach it, if necessary, by the aid of an occasional drubbing; and the two ladies had a grand discussion on this point before Mrs. Luna left Boston — a scene which ended in Adeline's clutching the irrepressible Newton to her bosom (he came in at the moment), and demanding of him a vow that he would live and die in the principles of his mother. Mrs. Luna declared that if she must be trampled upon — and very likely it was her fate! — she would rather be trampled upon by men than by women, and that if Olive and her friends should get possession of the government they would be worse despots than those who were celebrated in history. Newton took an infant oath that he would never be a destructive, impious radical, and Olive felt that after this she needn't trouble herself any more about her sister, whom she simply committed to her fate. That fate might very properly be to marry an enemy of her country, a man who, no doubt, desired to treat women with the lash and manacles, as he and his people had formerly treated the wretched colored race. If she was so fond of the fine old institutions of the past, he would supply them to her in abundance; and if she wanted so much to be a conservative, she could try first how she liked being a conservative's wife. If Olive troubled herself little about Adeline, she troubled herself more about Basil Ransom; she said to herself that since he hated women who respected themselves (and each other), destiny would use him rightly in hanging a person like Adeline round his neck. That would be the way poetic justice ought to work, for him — and the law that our prejudices, when they act themselves out, punish us in doing so. Olive considered all this, as it was her effort to consider everything, from a very high point of view, and ended by feeling sure it was not for the sake of any nervous personal security that she desired to see her two relations in New York get so mixed up together. If such an event as their marriage would gratify her sense of fitness, it would be simply as an illustration of certain laws. Olive, thanks to the philosophic cast of her mind, was exceedingly fond of illustrations of laws.

I hardly know, however, what illumination it was that sprang from her consciousness (now a source of considerable comfort) that Mrs. Farrinder was carrying the war into distant territories, and would return to Boston only in time to preside at a grand Female Convention, already advertised to take place in Boston in the month of June. It was agreeable to her that this imperial woman should be away; it made the field more free, the air more light; it suggested an exemption from official criticism. I have not taken space to mention certain episodes of the more recent intercourse of these ladies, and must content myself with tracing them, lightly, in their consequences. These may be summed up in the remark, which will doubtless startle no one by its freshness, that two imperial women are scarcely more likely to hit it off together, as the phrase is, than two imperial men. Since that party at Miss Birdseye's, so important in its results for Olive, she had had occasion to approach Mrs. Farrinder more nearly, and those overtures brought forth the knowledge that the great leader of the feminine revolution was the one person (in that part of the world) more concentrated, more determined, than herself. Miss Chancellor's aspirations, of late, had been immensely quickened; she had begun to believe in herself to a livelier tune than she had ever listened to before; and she now perceived that when spirit meets spirit there must either be mutual absorption or a sharp concussion. It had long been familiar to her that she should have to count with the obstinacy of the world at large, but she now discovered that she should have to count also with certain elements in the feminine camp. This complicated the problem, and such a complication, naturally, could not make Mrs. Farrinder appear more easy to assimilate. If Olive's was a high nature and so was hers, the fault was in neither; it was only an admonition that they were not needed as landmarks in the same part of the field. If such perceptions are delicate as between men, the reader need not be reminded of the exquisite form they may assume in natures more refined. So it was that Olive passed, in three months, from the stage of veneration (I gave a hint of it in the early pages of this narrative) to that of competition; and the process had been accelerated by the introduction of Verena into the fold. Mrs. Farrinder had behaved in the

strangest way about Verena. First she had been struck with her, and then she hadn't; first she had seemed to want to take her in, then she had shied at her unmistakably — intimating to Olive that there were enough of that kind already. Of "that kind" indeed! — the phrase reverberated in Miss Chancellor's resentful soul. Was it possible she didn't know the kind Verena was of, and with what vulgar aspirants to notoriety did she confound her? It had been Olive's original desire to obtain Mrs. Farrinder's stamp for her *protégée;* she wished her to hold a commission from the commander-in-chief. With this view the two young women had made more than one pilgrimage to Roxbury, and on one of these occasions the sibylline mood (in its short, charming form) had descended upon Verena. She had fallen into it, naturally and gracefully, in the course of talk, and poured out a stream of eloquence even more touching than her regular discourse at Miss Birdseye's. Mrs. Farrinder had taken it rather dryly, and certainly it didn't resemble her own style of oratory, remarkable and cogent as this was. There had been considerable question of her writing a letter to the New York "Tribune," the effect of which should be to launch Miss Tarrant into renown; but this beneficent epistle never appeared, and now Olive saw that there was no favor to come from the prophetess of Roxbury. There had been primnesses, pruderies, small reserves, which ended by staying her pen. If Olive didn't say at once that she was jealous of Verena's more attractive manner, it was only because such a declaration was destined to produce more effect a little later. What she did say was that evidently Mrs. Farrinder wanted to keep the movement in her own hands — viewed with suspicion certain romantic, æsthetic elements which Olive and Verena seemed to be trying to introduce into it. They insisted so much, for instance, on the historic unhappiness of women; but Mrs. Farrinder didn't appear to care anything for that, or indeed to know much about history at all. She seemed to begin just today, and she demanded their rights for them whether they were unhappy or not. The upshot of this was that Olive threw herself on Verena's neck with a movement which was half indignation, half rapture; she exclaimed that they would have to fight the battle without human help, but, after all, it was better so. If they were all in all to each other, what more could they want? They would be isolated, but they would be free; and this view of the situation brought with it a feeling that they had almost already begun to be a force. It was not, indeed, that Olive's resentment faded quite away; for not only had she the sense, doubtless very presumptuous, that Mrs. Farrinder was the only person thereabouts of a stature to judge her (a sufficient cause of antagonism in itself, for if we like to be praised by our betters we prefer that censure should come from the other sort), but the kind of opinion she had unexpectedly betrayed, after implying such esteem in the earlier phase of their intercourse, made Olive's cheeks occasionally to flush. She prayed heaven that *she* might never become so personal, so narrow. She was frivolous, worldly, an amateur, a trifler, a frequenter of Beacon street; her taking up Verena Tarrant was only a kind of elderly, ridiculous doll-dressing: this was the light in which Miss Chancellor had reason to believe that it now suited Mrs. Farrinder to regard her. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the misrepresentation was so gross; yet, none the less, tears of wrath rose more than once to Olive's eyes when she reflected that this particular wrong had been put upon her. Frivolous, worldly, Beacon street! She appealed to Verena to share in her pledge that the world should know in due time how much of that sort of thing there was about her. As I have already hinted, Verena at such moments quite rose to the occasion; she had private pangs at committing herself to give the cold shoulder to Beacon street forever; but she was now so completely in Olive's hands that there was no sacrifice to which she would not have consented to prove that her benefactress was not frivolous.

The matter of her coming to stay for so long in Charles street was arranged during a visit that Selah Tarrant paid them at Miss Chancellor's request. This interview, which had some curious features, would be worth describing, but I am forbidden to do more than mention the most striking of these. Olive wished to have an understanding with him; wished the situation to be clear, so that, disagreeable as it would be to her to receive him, she sent him a summons for a certain hour — an hour at which she had planned that Verena should be out of the house. She withheld this incident from the girl's knowledge, reflecting with some solemnity that it was the first deception (for Olive her silence was a deception) that she had yet practiced on her friend, and wondering whether she should have to practice others in the future. She then and there made up her mind that she would not shrink from others, should they be necessary. She notified Tarrant that she should keep Verena a long time, and Tarrant remarked that it was certainly very pleasant to see her so happily located. But he also intimated that he should like to know what Miss Chancellor laid out to do with her; and the tone of this sugges-

tion made Olive feel how right she had been to foresee that their interview would have the stamp of business. It assumed that complexion very definitely when she crossed over to her desk and wrote Doctor Tarrant a check for a very considerable amount. "Leave us alone — entirely alone — for a year, and then I will write you another;" it was with these words she handed him the little strip of paper that meant so much, feeling, as she did so, that surely Mrs. Farrinder herself could not be less amateurish than that. Selah looked at the check, at Miss Chancellor, at the check again, at the ceiling, at the floor, at the clock, and once more at his hostess; then the document disappeared beneath the folds of his waterproof, and she saw that he was putting it into some queer place on his queer person. "Well, if I didn't believe you were going to help her to develop," he remarked; and he stopped, while his hands continued to fumble, out of sight, and he treated Olive to his large joyless smile. She assured him that he need have no fear on that score; Verena's development was the thing in the world in which she took most interest; she should have every opportunity for a free expansion. "Yes, that's the great thing," Selah said; "it's more important than attracting a crowd. That's all we shall ask of you; let her act out her nature. Don't all the trouble of humanity come from our being pressed back? Don't shut down the cover, Miss Chancellor; just let her overflow!" And again Tarrant illuminated his inquiry, his metaphor, by the strange and silent lateral movement of his jaws. He added, presently, that he supposed he should have to fix it with Mis' Tarrant; but Olive made no answer to that; she only looked at him with a face in which she intended to express that there was nothing that need detain him longer. She knew it had been fixed with Mrs. Tarrant; she had been over all that with Verena, who had told her that her mother was willing to sacrifice her for her highest good. She had reason to know (not through Verena, of course) that Mrs. Tarrant had embraced, tenderly, the idea of a pecuniary compensation, and there was no fear of her making a scene when Tarrant should come back with a check in his pocket. "Well, I trust she *may* develop, richly, and that you may accomplish what you desire; it seems as if we had only a little way to go, further," that worthy observed, as he erected himself for departure.

"It's not a little way; it's a very long way," Olive replied, rather sternly.

Tarrant was on the threshold; he lingered a little, embarrassed by her grimness, for he himself had always inclined to rose-colored views of progress, of the march of truth. He had never met any one so much in earnest as this definite, literal young woman, who had taken such an unhoped-for fancy to his daughter; whose longing for the new day had such perversities of pessimism, and who, in the midst of something that appeared to be terribly searching in her honesty, was willing to corrupt him, as a father, with the most extravagant orders on her bank. He hardly knew in what language to speak to her; it seemed as if there was nothing soothing enough, when a lady adopted that tone about a movement which was thought by some of the brightest to be so promising. "Oh, well, I guess there's some kind of mysterious law . . ." he murmured, almost timidly; and so he passed from Miss Chancellor's sight.

XX.

She hoped she should not soon see him again, and there appeared to be no reason she should, if their intercourse was to be conducted by means of checks. The understanding with Verena was, of course, complete; she had promised to stay with her friend as long as her friend should require it. She had said at first that she couldn't give up her mother, but she had been made to feel that there was no question of giving up. She should be as free as air, to go and come; she could spend hours and days with her mother, whenever Mrs. Tarrant required her attention; all that Olive asked of her was that, for the time, she should regard Charles street as her home. There was no struggle about this, for the simple reason that by the time the question came to the front Verena was completely under the charm. The idea of Olive's charm will perhaps make the reader smile; but I use the word not in its derived, but in its literal sense. The fine web of authority, of dependence, that her strenuous companion had woven about her, was now as dense as a suit of golden mail; and Verena was thoroughly interested in their great undertaking; she saw it in the light of an active, enthusiastic faith. The benefit that her father desired for her was in her hands; she expanded, developed, on the most liberal scale. Olive saw the difference, and you may imagine how she rejoiced in it; she had never known a greater pleasure. Verena's former attitude had been girlish submission, grateful, curious sympathy. She had given herself, in her young, amused surprise, because Olive's stronger will and the incisive proceedings with which she pointed her purpose drew her on. Besides, she was held by hospitality, the vision of new social horizons, the sense of novelty, and the love of change.

But now the girl was disinterestedly attached to the precious things they were to do together; she cared about them for themselves, believed in them ardently, had them constantly in mind. Her share in the union of the two young women was no longer passive, purely appreciative; it was passionate, too, and it put forth a beautiful energy. If Olive desired to get Verena into training, she could flatter herself that the process had already begun, and that her colleague enjoyed it almost as much as she. Therefore she could say to herself, without the imputation of heartlessness, that when she left her mother it was for a noble, a sacred use. In point of fact, she left her very little, and she spent hours in jingling, aching, jostled journeys between Charles street and the stale suburban cottage. Mrs. Tarrant sighed and grimaced, wrapped herself more than ever in her mantle, said she didn't know as she was fit to struggle alone, and that, half the time, if Verena was away, she wouldn't have the nerve to answer the door-bell; she was incapable, of course, of neglecting such an opportunity to posture as one who paid with her heart's blood for leading the van of human progress. But Verena had an inner sense (she judged her mother now, a little, for the first time) that she would be sorry to be taken at her word, and that she felt safe enough in trusting to her daughter's generosity. She could not divest herself of the faith — even now that Mrs. Luna was gone, leaving no trace, and the gray walls of a sedentary winter were apparently closing about the two young women — she could not renounce the theory that a residence in Charles street must at last produce some contact with the brilliant classes. She was vexed at her daughter's resignation to not going to parties and to Miss Chancellor's not giving them; but it was nothing new for her to have to practice patience, and she could feel, at least, that it was just as handy for Mr. Burrage to call on the child in town, where he spent half his time, sleeping constantly at Parker's.

It was a fact that this fortunate youth called very often, and Verena saw him with Olive's full concurrence whenever she was at home. It had now been quite agreed between them that no artificial limits should be set to the famous phase; and Olive had, while it lasted, a sense of real heroism in steeling herself against uneasiness. It seemed to her, moreover, only justice that she should make some concession; if Verena made a great sacrifice of filial duty in coming to live with her (this, of course, should be permanent — she would buy off the Tarrants from year to year), she must not incur the imputation (the world would judge her, in that case, ferociously) of keeping her from forming common social ties. The friendship of a young man and a young woman was, according to the pure code of New England, a common social tie; and as the weeks elapsed, Miss Chancellor saw no reason to repent of her temerity. Verena was not falling in love; she felt that she should know it, should guess it on the spot. Verena was fond of human intercourse; she was essentially a sociable creature; she liked to shine and smile and talk and listen; and so far as Henry Burrage was concerned, he introduced an element of easy and convenient relaxation into a life now a good deal stiffened (Olive was perfectly willing to own it) by great civic purposes. But the girl was being saved, without interference, by the simple operation of her interest in those very designs. From this time there was no need of putting pressure on her; her own springs were working; the fire with which she glowed came from within. Sacredly, brightly single she would remain; her only espousals would be at the altar of a great cause. Olive always absented herself when Mr. Burrage was announced; and when Verena afterwards attempted to give some account of his conversation she checked her, said she would rather know nothing about it — all with a very solemn mildness; this made her feel very superior, truly noble. She knew by this time (I scarcely can tell how, since Verena could give her no report) exactly what sort of a youth Mr. Burrage was: he was weakly pretentious, softly original; cultivated eccentricity, patronized progress, liked to have mysteries, sudden appointments to keep, anonymous persons to visit, the air of leading a double life, of being devoted to a girl whom people didn't know, or at least didn't meet. Of course he liked to make an impression on Verena; but what he mainly liked was to play her off upon the other girls, the daughters of fashion, with whom he danced at Papanti's. Such were the images that proceeded from Olive's rich moral consciousness. "Well, he *is* greatly interested in our movement"; so much Verena once managed to announce; but the words rather irritated Miss Chancellor, who, as we know, did not care to allow for accidental exceptions in the great masculine conspiracy.

In the month of March Verena told her that Mr. Burrage was offering matrimony — offering it with much insistence, begging that she would at least wait and think of it before giving him a final answer. Verena was evidently very glad to be able to say to Olive that she had assured him she couldn't think of it, and that if he expected this he had better not come any more. He continued to come, and it was therefore to be supposed that he had ceased

to count on such a concession; it was now Olive's opinion that he really didn't desire it. She had a theory that he proposed to almost any girl who was not likely to accept him — did it because he was making a collection of such episodes — a mental album of declarations, blushes, hesitations, refusals that just missed imposing themselves as acceptances, quite as he collected enamels and Cremona violins. He would be very sorry indeed to ally himself to the house of Tarrant; but such a fear didn't prevent him from holding it becoming in a man of taste to give that encouragement to low-born girls who were pretty, for one looked out for the special cases in which, for reasons (even the lowest might have reasons), they wouldn't "rise." "I told you I wouldn't marry him, and I won't," Verena said, delightedly, to her friend; her tone suggested that a certain credit belonged to her for the way she carried out her assurance. "I never thought you would, if you didn't want to," Olive replied to this; and Verena could have no rejoinder but the good humor that sat in her eyes, unable as she was to say that she had wanted to. They had a little discussion, however, when she intimated that she pitied him for his discomfiture, Olive's contention being that, selfish, conceited, pampered, and insincere, he might properly be left now to digest his affront. Miss Chancellor felt none of the remorse now that she would have felt six months before at standing in the way of such a chance for Verena, and she would have been very angry if any one had asked her if she were not afraid of taking too much upon herself. She would have said, moreover, that she stood in no one's way, and that even if she were not there, Verena would never think seriously of a frivolous little man who fiddled while Rome was burning. This did not prevent Olive from making up her mind that they had better go to Europe in the spring; a year's residence in that quarter of the globe would be highly agreeable to Verena, and might even contribute to the evolution of her genius. It cost Miss Chancellor an effort to admit that any virtue still lingered in the elder world, and that it could have any important lesson for two such good Americans as her friend and herself; but it suited her just then to make this assumption, which was not altogether sincere. It was recommended by the idea that it would get her companion out of the way — out of the way of officious fellow-citizens — till she should be absolutely firm on her feet, and would also give greater intensity to their own prolonged *tête-à-tête*. On that continent of strangers they would cleave more closely still to each other. This, of course, would be to fly before the inevitable "phase," much more than to face it; but Olive decided that if they should reach unscathed the term of their delay (the first of July) she should have faced it as much as either justice or generosity demanded. I may as well say at once that she traversed most of this period without further serious alarms and with a great many little thrills of bliss and hope.

Nothing happened to dissipate the good omens with which her partnership with Verena Tarrant was now surrounded. They threw themselves into study; they had innumerable big books from the Athenæum, and consumed the midnight oil. Henry Burrage, after Verena had shaken her head at him so sweetly and sadly, returned to New York, giving no sign; they only heard that he had taken refuge under the ruffled maternal wing. (Olive, at least, took for granted the wing was ruffled; she could fancy how Mrs. Burrage would be affected by the knowledge that her son had been refused by the daughter of a mesmeric healer. She would be almost as angry as if she had learnt that he had been accepted.) Matthias Pardon had not yet taken his revenge in the newspapers; he was perhaps nursing his thunderbolts; at any rate, now that the operatic season had begun, he was much occupied in interviewing the principal singers, one of whom he described in one of the leading journals (Olive, at least, was sure it was only he who could write like that) as "a dear little woman with baby dimples and kittenish movements." The Tarrants were apparently given up to a measure of sensual ease with which they had not hitherto been familiar, thanks to the increase of income that they drew from their eccentric protectress. Mrs. Tarrant now enjoyed the ministrations of a "girl"; it was partly her pride (at any rate, she chose to give it this turn) that her house had for many years been conducted without the element — so debasing on both sides — of servile, mercenary labor. She wrote to Olive (she was perpetually writing to her now, but Olive never answered) that she was conscious of having fallen to a lower plane, but she admitted that it was a prop to her wasted spirit to have some one to converse with when Selah was off. Verena, of course, perceived the difference, which was inadequately explained by the theory of a sudden increase of her father's practice (nothing of her father's had ever increased like that), and ended by guessing the cause of it — a discovery which did not in the least disturb her equanimity. She accepted the idea that her parents should receive a pecuniary tribute from the extraordinary friend whom she had encountered on the threshold of womanhood, just as she herself accepted that friend's irresistible hospitality. She had no worldly pride, no traditions of independence, no ideas of what was done

and what was not done; but there was only one thing that equaled this perfectly gentle and natural insensibility to favors,—namely, the inveteracy of her habit of not asking them. Olive had had an apprehension that she would flush a little at learning the terms on which they should now be able to pursue their career together; but Verena never changed color; it was either not new or not disagreeable to her that the authors of her being should be bought off, silenced by money, treated as the troublesome of the lower orders are treated when they are not locked up; so that her friend had a perception, after this, that it would probably be impossible in any way ever to offend her. She was too rancorless, too detached from conventional standards, too free from private self-reference. It was too much to say of her that she forgave injuries, since she was not conscious of them; there was in forgiveness a certain arrogance of which she was incapable, and her bright mildness glided over the many traps that life sets for our consistency. Olive had always held that pride was necessary to character, but there was no peculiarity of Verena's that could make her spirit seem less pure. The added luxuries in the little house at Cambridge, which even with their help was still such a penal settlement, made her feel afresh that before she came to the rescue the daughter of that house had traversed a desert of sordid misery. She had cooked and washed and swept and stitched; she had worked harder than any of Miss Chancellor's servants. These things had left no trace upon her person or her mind; everything fresh and fair renewed itself in her with extraordinary facility; everything ugly and tiresome evaporated as soon as it touched her; but Olive held that, being what she was, she had a right to immense compensations. In the future she should have exceeding luxury and ease, and Miss Chancellor had no difficulty in persuading herself that persons doing the high intellectual and moral work to which the two young ladies in Charles street were now committed owed it to themselves, owed it to the groaning sisterhood, to cultivate the best material conditions. She herself was nothing of a sybarite, and she had proved, visiting the alleys and slums of Boston in the service of the Associated Charities, that there was no foulness of disease or misery she feared to look in the face; but her house had always been thoroughly well regulated, she was passionately clean, and she was an excellent woman of business. Now, however, she elevated daintiness to a religion; her interior shone with superfluous friction, with punctuality, with winter roses. Among these soft influences Verena herself bloomed like the flower that attains such perfection in Boston. Olive had always rated high the native refinement of her countrywomen, their latent "adaptability," their talent for accommodating themselves at a glance to changed conditions; but the way her companion rose with the level of the civilization that surrounded her, the way she assimilated all delicacies and absorbed all traditions, left this friendly theory halting behind. The winter days were still, indoors, in Charles street, and the winter nights secure from interruption. Our two young women had plenty of duties, but Olive had never favored the custom of running in and out. Much conference on social and reformatory topics went forward under her roof, and she received her colleagues—she belonged to twenty associations and committees—only at preappointed hours, which she expected them to observe rigidly. Verena's share in these proceedings was not active; she hovered over them, smiling, listening, dropping occasionally a fanciful though never an idle word, like some gently animated image, placed there for good omen. It was understood that her part was before the scenes, not behind; that she was not a prompter, but (potentially, at least) a "popular favorite," and that the work over which Miss Chancellor presided so efficiently was a general preparation of the platform on which, later, her companion would execute the most striking steps.

The western windows of Olive's drawing-room, looking over the water, took in the red sunsets of winter; the long, low bridge that crawled, on its staggering posts, across the Charles; the casual patches of ice and snow; the desolate suburban horizons, peeled and made bald by the rigor of the season; the general hard, cold void of the prospect; the extrusion, at Charlestown, at Cambridge, of a few chimneys and steeples, straight, sordid tubes of factories and engine-shops, or spare, heavenward finger of the New England meeting-house. There was something inexorable in the poverty of the scene, shameful in the meanness of its details, which gave a collective impression of boards and tin and frozen earth, sheds and rotting piles, railway-lines striding flat across a thoroughfare of puddles, and tracks of the humbler, the universal horse-car, traversing obliquely this path of dangers; loose fences, vacant lots, mounds of refuse, yards bestrewn with iron pipes, telegraph poles, and bare wooden backs of places. Verena thought such a view lovely, and she was by no means without excuse when, as the afternoon closed, the ugly picture was tinted with a clear, cold rosiness. The air, in its windless chill, seemed to tinkle like a crystal, the faintest gradations of tone were perceptible in the sky, the west became deep and delicate, every-

thing grew doubly distinct before taking on the dimness of evening. There were pink flushes on snow, "tender" reflections in patches of stiffened marsh, sounds of car-bells, no longer vulgar, but almost silvery, on the long bridge, lonely outlines of distant dusky undulations against the fading glow. These agreeable effects used to light up that end of the drawing-room, and Olive often sat at the window with her companion before it was time for the lamp. They admired the sunsets, they rejoiced in the ruddy spots projected upon the parlor wall, they followed the darkening perspective in fanciful excursions. They watched the stellar points come out at last in a colder heaven, and then, shuddering a little, arm in arm they turned away, with a sense that the winter night was even more cruel than the tyranny of men — turned back to drawn curtains and a brighter fire and a glittering tea-tray and more and more talk about the long martyrdom of women, a subject as to which Olive was inexhaustible and really most interesting. There were some nights of deep snowfall, when Charles street was white and muffled and the door-bell foredoomed to silence, which seemed little islands of lamplight, of enlarged and intensified vision. They read a great deal of history together, and read it ever with the same thought — that of finding confirmation in it for this idea that their sex had suffered inexpressibly, and that at any moment in the course of human affairs the state of the world would have been so much less horrible (history seemed to them in every way horrible) if women had been able to press down the scale. Verena was full of suggestions which stimulated discussion; it was she, oftenest, who kept in view the fact that a good many women in the past had been intrusted with power and had not always used it amiably, who brought up the wicked queens, the profligate mistresses of kings. These ladies were easily disposed of between the two, and the public crimes of Bloody Mary, the private misdemeanors of Faustina, wife of the pure Marcus Aurelius, were very satisfactorily classified. If the influence of women in the past accounted for every act of virtue that men had happened to achieve, it only made the matter balance properly that the influence of men should explain the casual irregularities of the other sex. Olive could see how few books had passed through Verena's hands, and how little the home of the Tarrants had been a house of reading; but the girl now traversed the fields of literature with her characteristic lightness of step. Everything she turned to or took up became an illustration of the facility, the "giftedness," which Olive, who had so little of it, never ceased, as we know, to wonder at and prize. Nothing frightened her; she always smiled at it, she could do anything she tried. As she knew how to do other things, she knew how to study; she read quickly and remembered infallibly; could repeat, days afterwards, passages that she appeared only to have glanced at. Olive, of course, was more and more happy to think that their cause should have the services of an organization so rare.

All this doubtless sounds rather dry, and I hasten to add that our friends were not always shut up in Miss Chancellor's strenuous parlor. In spite of Olive's desire to keep her precious inmate to herself and to bend her attention upon their common studies, in spite of her constantly reminding Verena that this winter was to be purely educative and that the platitudes of the satisfied and unregenerate would have little to teach her, in spite, in short, of the severe and constant duality of our young women, it must not be supposed that their life had not many personal confluents and tributaries. Individual and original as Miss Chancellor was universally acknowledged to be, she was yet a typical Bostonian, and as a typical Bostonian she could not fail to belong in some degree to a "set." It had been said of her that she was in it but not of it; but she was of it enough to go occasionally into other houses and to receive their occupants in her own. It was her belief that she filled her tea-pot with the spoon of hospitality, and made a good many select spirits feel that they were welcome under her roof at convenient hours. She had a preference for what she called *real* people, and there were several whose reality she had tested by arts known to herself. This little society was rather suburban and miscellaneous; it was prolific in ladies who trotted about, early and late, with books from the Athenæum nursed behind their muff, or little nosegays of exquisite flowers that they were carrying as presents to each other. Verena, who, when Olive was not with her, indulged in a good deal of desultory contemplation at the window, saw them pass the house in Charles street, always apparently straining a little, as if they might be too late for something. At almost any time, for she envied their preoccupation, she would have taken the chance with them. Very often, when she described them to her mother, Mrs. Tarrant didn't know who they were; there were even days (she had so many discouragements) when it seemed as if she didn't want to know. So long as they were not some one else, it seemed to be no use that they were themselves; whoever they were, they were sure to have that defect. Even after all her mother's disquisitions Verena had but vague ideas as to whom she

would have liked them to be; and it was only when the girl talked of the concerts, to all of which Olive subscribed and conducted her inseparable friend, that Mrs. Tarrant appeared to feel in any degree that her daughter was living up to the standard formed for her in their Cambridge home. As all the world knows, the opportunities in Boston for hearing good music are numerous and excellent, and it had long been Miss Chancellor's practice to cultivate the best. She went in, as the phrase is, for the superior concerts, and that high, dim, dignified Music Hall, which has echoed in its time to so much eloquence and so much melody, and of which the very proportions and color seem to teach respect and attention, shed the protection of its illuminated cornice, this winter, upon no faces more intelligently upturned than those of the young women for whom Bach and Beethoven only repeated, in a myriad forms, the idea that was always with them. Symphonies and fugues only stimulated their convictions, excited their revolutionary passion, led their imagination further in the direction in which it was always pressing. It lifted them to immeasurable heights; and as they sat looking at the great florid, somber organ, overhanging the bronze statue of Beethoven, they felt that this was the only temple in which the votaries of their creed could worship.

And yet their music was not their greatest joy, for they had two others which they cultivated at least as zealously. One of these was simply the society of old Miss Birdseye, of whom Olive saw more this winter than she had ever seen before. It had become apparent that her long and beautiful career was drawing to a close, her earnest, unremitting work was over, her old-fashioned weapons were broken and dull. Olive would have liked to hang them up as venerable relics of a patient fight, and this was what she seemed to do when she made the poor lady relate her battles,—never glorious and brilliant, but obscure and wastefully heroic,— call back the figures of her companions in arms, exhibit her medals and scars. Miss Birdseye knew that her uses were ended; she might pretend still to go about the business of unpopular causes, might fumble for papers in her immemorial satchel and think she had important appointments, might sign petitions, attend conventions, say to Doctor Prance that if she would only make her sleep she should live to see a great many improvements yet; she ached and was weary, growing almost as glad to look back (a great anomaly for Miss Birdseye) as to look forward. She let herself be coddled now by her friends of the new generation; there were days when she seemed to want nothing better than to sit by Olive's fire and ramble on about the old struggles, with a vague, comfortable sense—no physical rapture of Miss Birdseye's could be very acute—of immunity from wet feet, from the draughts that prevail at thin meetings, of independence of street-cars that would probably arrive overflowing; and also a pleased perception, not that she was an example to these fresh lives which began with more advantages than hers, but that she was in some degree an encouragement, as she helped them to measure the way the new truths had advanced—being able to tell them of such a different state of things when she was a young lady, the daughter of a very talented teacher (indeed, her mother had been a teacher too), down in Connecticut. She had always had for Olive a kind of aroma of martyrdom, and her battered, unremunerated, unpensioned old age brought angry tears, springing from depths of outraged theory, into Miss Chancellor's eyes. For Verena, too, she was a picturesque humanitary figure. Verena had been in the habit of meeting martyrs from her childhood up, but she had seen none with so many reminiscences as Miss Birdseye, or who had been so nearly scorched by penal fires. She had had escapes, in the early days of abolitionism, which it was a marvel she could tell with so little implication that she had shown courage. She had roamed through certain parts of the South, carrying the Bible to the slave; and more than one of her companions, in the course of these expeditions, had been tarred and feathered. She herself, at one season, had spent a month in a Georgian jail. She had preached temperance in Irish circles, where the doctrine was received with missiles; she had interfered between wives and husbands mad with drink; she had taken filthy children, picked up in the street, to her own poor rooms, and had removed their pestilent rags and washed their sore bodies with slippery little hands. In her own person she appeared to Olive and Verena a representative of suffering humanity; the pity they felt for her was part of their pity for all who were weakest and most hardly used; and it struck Miss Chancellor (more especially) that this frumpy little missionary was the last link in a tradition, and that when she should be called away the heroic age of New England life—the age of plain living and high thinking, of pure ideals and earnest effort, of moral passion and noble experiment — would be effectually closed. It was the perennial freshness of Miss Birdseye's faith that had had such a contagion for these modern maidens, the unquenched flame of her transcendentalism, the simplicity of her vision, the way in which, in spite of mistakes, deceptions, the changing fashions

of reform, which make the remedies of a previous generation look as ridiculous as their bonnets, the only thing that was still actual for her was the elevation of the species by the reading of Emerson and the frequentation of Tremont Temple. Olive had been active enough, for years, in the city missions; she too had scoured dirty children, and, in squalid lodging-houses, had gone into rooms where the domestic situation was strained and the noises made the neighbors turn pale. But she reflected that after such exertions she had the refreshment of a pretty house, a drawing-room full of flowers, a crackling hearth, where she threw in pine-cones and made them snap, an imported tea-service, a Chickering piano, and the *Deutsche Rundschau;* whereas Miss Birdseye had only a bare, vulgar room, with a hideous flowered carpet (it looked like a dentist's), a cold furnace, the evening paper, and Doctor Prance. Olive and Verena were present at another of her gatherings before the winter ended; it resembled the occasion that we described at the beginning of this history, with the difference that Mrs. Farrinder was not there to oppress the company with her greatness, and that Verena made a speech without the coöperation of her father. This young lady had delivered herself with even finer effect than before, and Olive could see how much she had gained, in confidence and range of allusion, since the educative process in Charles street began. Her *motif* was now a kind of unprepared tribute to Miss Birdseye, the fruit of the occasion and of the unanimous tenderness of the younger members of the circle, which made her a willing mouth-piece. She pictured her laborious career, her early associates (Eliza P. Mosely was not neglected as Verena passed), her difficulties and dangers and triumphs, her humanizing effect upon so many, her serene and honored old age,—expressed, in short, as one of the ladies said, just the very way they all felt about her. Verena's face brightened and grew triumphant as she spoke, but she brought tears into the eyes of most of the others. It was Olive's opinion that nothing could be more graceful and touching, and she saw that the impression made was now deeper than on the former evening. Miss Birdseye went about with her eighty years of innocence, her undiscriminating spectacles, asking her friends if it wasn't perfectly splendid; she took none of it to herself, she regarded it only as a brilliant expression of Verena's gift. Olive thought, afterwards, that if a collection could only be taken up on the spot, the good lady would be made easy for the rest of her days; then she remembered that most of her guests were as impecunious as herself.

I have intimated that our young friends had a source of fortifying emotion which was distinct from the hours they spent with Beethoven and Bach, or in hearing Miss Birdseye describe Concord as it used to be. This consisted (I have touched the fact more than once already) of the wonderful insight they had obtained into the history of feminine anguish. They perused that chapter perpetually and zealously, and they derived from it the purest part of their mission. Olive had pored over it so long, so earnestly, that she was now in complete possession of the subject; it was the one thing in life which she felt she had really mastered. She was able to exhibit it to Verena with the greatest authority and accuracy, to lead her up and down, in and out, through all the darkest and most tortuous passages. We know that she was without belief in her own eloquence, but she was very eloquent when she reminded Verena how the exquisite weakness of women had never been their defense, but had only exposed them to sufferings more acute than masculine grossness can conceive. Their odious partner had trampled upon them from the beginning of time, and their tenderness, their abnegation, had been his opportunity. All the bullied wives, the stricken mothers, the dishonored, deserted maidens who have lived on the earth and longed to leave it, passed and repassed before her eyes, and the interminable dim procession seemed to stretch out a myriad hands to her. She sat with them at their trembling vigils, listened for the tread, the voice, at which they grew pale and sick, walked with them by the dark waters that offered to wash away misery and shame, took with them, even, when the vision grew intense, the last shuddering leap. She had analyzed to an extraordinary fineness their susceptibility, their softness; she knew (or she thought she knew) all the possible tortures of anxiety, of suspense and dread; and she had made up her mind that it was women, in the end, who had paid for everything. In the last resort the whole burden of the human lot came upon them; it pressed upon them far more than on the others, the intolerable load of fate. It was they who sat fixed and chained to receive it; it was they who had done all the waiting and taken all the wounds. The sacrifices, the blood, the tears, the terrors were theirs. Their organism was in itself a challenge to suffering, and men had played upon it with an impudence that knew no bounds. As they were the weakest, most had been wrung from them; and as they were the most generous, they had been most deceived. Olive Chancellor would have rested her case, had it been necessary, on those general facts; and her simple and comprehensive contention was that the peculiar wretchedness which had been the very

essence of the feminine lot was a monstrous artificial imposition, crying aloud for redress. She was willing to admit that women, too, could be bad; that there were many about the world who were false, immoral, vile. But their errors were as nothing to their sufferings; they had expiated, in advance, an eternity if need be of misconduct. Olive poured forth these views to her listening and responsive friend; she presented them again and again, and there was no light in which they did not seem to palpitate with truth. Verena was immensely wrought upon; a subtle fire passed into her; she was not so hungry for revenge as Olive, but at the last, before they went to Europe (I shall take no place to describe the manner in which she threw herself into that project), she quite agreed with her companion that after so many ages of wrong (it would also be after the European journey) men must take *their* turn, men must pay!

XXI.

Basil Ransom lived in New York, rather far to the eastward, and in the upper reaches of the town; he occupied two small shabby rooms in a somewhat decayed mansion which stood next to the corner of Second Avenue. The corner itself was formed by a considerable grocer's shop, the near neighborhood of which was fatal to any pretensions Ransom and his fellow-lodgers might have had in regard to gentility of situation. The house had a red, rusty face, and faded green shutters, of which the slats were limp and at variance with each other. In one of the lower windows was suspended a fly-blown card, with the words "Table Board" affixed in letters cut (not very neatly) out of colored paper, of graduated tints, and surrounded with a small band of stamped gilt. The two sides of the shop were protected by an immense pent-house shed, which projected over a greasy pavement and was supported by wooden posts fixed in the curbstone. Beneath it, on the dislocated flags, barrels and baskets were freely and picturesquely grouped; an open cellarway yawned beneath the feet of those who might pause to gaze too fondly on the savory wares displayed in the window; a strong odor of smoked fish, combined with a fragrance of molasses, hung about the spot; the pavement, toward the gutters, was fringed with dirty panniers, heaped with potatoes, carrots, and onions; and a smart, bright wagon, with the horse detached from the shafts, drawn up on the edge of the abominable road (it contained holes and ruts a foot deep, and immemorial accumulations of stagnant mud), imparted an idle, rural, pastoral air to a scene otherwise perhaps expressive of a rank civilization. The establishment was of the kind known to New Yorkers as a Dutch grocery; and red-faced, yellow-haired, bare-armed vendors might have been observed to lounge in the doorway. I mention it not on account of any particular influence it may have had on the life or the thoughts of Basil Ransom, but for old acquaintance sake and that of local color; besides which, a figure is nothing without a setting, and our young man came and went every day, with rather an indifferent, unperceiving step, it is true, among the objects I have briefly designated. One of his rooms was directly above the street-door of the house; such a dormitory, when it is so exiguous, is called in the nomenclature of New York a "hall bedroom." The sitting-room, beside it, was slightly larger, and they both commanded a row of tenements no less degenerate than Ransom's own habitation — houses built forty years before and already sere and superannuated. These were also painted red, and the bricks were accentuated by a white line; they were garnished, on the first floor, with balconies covered with small tin roofs, striped in different colors, and with an elaborate iron lattice-work, which gave them a repressive, cage-like appearance, and caused them slightly to resemble the little boxes for peeping unseen into the street, which are a feature of oriental towns. Such posts of observation commanded a view of the grocery on the corner, of the relaxed and disjointed roadway, enlivened at the curbstone with an occasional ash-barrel or with gas-lamps drooping from the perpendicular, and westward, at the end of the truncated vista, of the fantastic skeleton of the Elevated Railway, overhanging the transverse longitudinal street, which it darkened and smothered with the immeasurable spinal column and myriad clutching paws of an antediluvian monster. If the opportunity were not denied me here, I should like to give some account of Basil Ransom's interior, of certain curious persons of both sexes, for the most part not favorites of fortune, who had found an obscure asylum there; some picture of the crumpled little *table d'hôte*, at two dollars and a half a week, where everything felt sticky, which went forward in the low-ceiled basement, under the conduct of a couple of shuffling negresses, who mingled in the conversation and indulged in low, mysterious chuckles when it took a facetious turn. But we need, in strictness, concern ourselves with it no further than to gather the implication that the young Mississippian, even a year and a half after that momentous visit of his to Boston, had not made his profession very lucrative.

He had been diligent, he had been ambi-

tious, but he had not yet been successful. During the few weeks preceding the moment at which we meet him again, he had even begun to lose faith altogether in his earthly destiny. It became much of a question with him whether success in any form was written there; whether for a hungry young Mississippian, without means, without friends, wanting, too, in the highest energy, the wisdom of the serpent, personal arts, and national prestige, the game of life was to be won in New York. He had been on the point of giving it up and returning to the home of his ancestors, where, as he heard from his mother, there was still just a sufficient supply of hot corn-cake to support existence. He had never believed much in his luck, but during the last year it had been guilty of aberrations surprising even to a constant, an imperturbable victim of fate. Not only had he not extended his connection, but he had lost most of the little business which was an object of complacency to him a twelvemonth before. He had had none but small jobs, and he had made a mess of more than one of them. Such accidents had not had a happy effect upon his reputation; he had been able to perceive that this fair flower may be nipped when it is so tender a bud as scarcely to be palpable. He had formed a partnership with a person who seemed likely to repair some of his deficiencies—a young man from Rhode Island, acquainted, according to his own expression, with the inside track. But this gentleman himself, as it turned out, would have been better for a good deal of remodeling, and Ransom's principal deficiency, which was, after all, that of cash, was not less apparent to him after his colleague, prior to a sudden and unexplained departure for Europe, had drawn the slender accumulations of the firm out of the bank. Ransom sat for hours in his office, waiting for clients, who either didn't come, or, if they did come, didn't seem to find him encouraging, as they usually left him with the remark that they would think what they would do. They thought to little purpose, and seldom reappeared, so that at last he began to wonder whether there were not a prejudice against his Southern complexion. Perhaps they didn't like the way he spoke. If they could show him a better way, he was willing to adopt it; but the manner of New York could not be acquired by precept; and example, somehow, was not in this case contagious. He wondered whether he was stupid and unskilled, and he was finally obliged to confess to himself that he was unpractical.

This confession was in itself a proof of the fact, for nothing could be less to the purpose than such a speculation, terminating in such a way. He was perfectly aware that he cared a great deal for theory, and so his visitors must have thought when they found him, with one of his long legs twisted round the other, reading a volume of De Tocqueville. That was the kind of reading he liked; he had thought a great deal about social and economical questions, forms of government, and the happiness of peoples. The convictions he had arrived at were not such as mix gracefully with the time-honored verities a young lawyer looking out for business is in the habit of taking for granted; but he had to reflect that these doctrines would probably not contribute any more to his prosperity in Mississippi than in New York. Indeed, he scarcely could think of the country where they would be a particular advantage to him. It came home to him that his opinions were stiff, whereas in comparison his effort was lax; and he accordingly began to wonder whether he might not make a living by his opinions. He had always had a desire for public life; to cause one's ideas to be embodied in national conduct appeared to him the highest form of human enjoyment. But there was little enough that was public in his solitary studies, and he asked himself what was the use of his having an office at all, and why he might not as well carry on his profession at the Astor Library, where, in his spare hours and on chance holidays, he did an immense deal of suggestive reading. He took copious notes and memoranda, and these things sometimes shaped themselves in a way that might possibly commend them to the editors of periodicals. Readers perhaps would come, if clients didn't; so he produced, with a great deal of labor, half a dozen articles, from which, when they were finished, it seemed to him that he had omitted all the points he wished most to make, and addressed them to the powers that preside over weekly and monthly publications. They were all declined with thanks, and he would have been forced to believe that the accent of his languid clime brought him luck as little under the pen as on the lips, had not another explanation been suggested by one of the more explicit of his oracles, in relation to a paper on the rights of minorities. This gentleman pointed out that his doctrines were about three hundred years behind the age; doubtless, some magazine of the sixteenth century would have been very happy to print them. This threw light on his own suspicion that he was attached to causes that could only, in the nature of things, be unpopular. The disagreeable editor was right about his being out of date, only he had got the time wrong. He had come centuries too soon; he was not too old, but too new. Such an impression, however, would not have prevented him from going into politics, if

there had been any other way to represent constituencies than by being elected. People might be found eccentric enough to vote for him in Mississippi, but meanwhile where should he find the twenty-dollar greenbacks which it was his ambition to transmit from time to time to his female relations, confined so constantly to a farinaceous diet? It came over him with some force that his opinions would not yield interest, and the evaporation of this pleasing hypothesis made him feel like a man in an open boat, at sea, who had just parted with his last rag of canvas.

I shall not attempt a complete description of Ransom's ill-starred views, being convinced that the reader will guess them as he goes, for they had a frolicsome, ingenuous way of peeping out of the young man's conversation. I shall do them sufficient justice in saying that he was by natural disposition a good deal of a stoic, and that, as the result of a considerable intellectual experience, he was, in social and political matters, a reactionary. I suppose he was very conceited, for he was much addicted to judging his age. He thought it talkative, querulous, hysterical, maudlin, full of false ideas, of unhealthy germs, of extravagant, dissipated habits, for which a great reckoning was in store. He was an immense admirer of the late Thomas Carlyle, and was very suspicious of the encroachments of modern democracy. I know not exactly how these queer heresies had planted themselves, but he had a longish pedigree (it had flowered at one time with English royalists and cavaliers), and he seemed at moments to be inhabited by some transmitted spirit of a robust but narrow ancestor, some broad-faced wig-wearer or sword-bearer, with a more primitive conception of manhood than our modern temperament appears to require, and a programme of human felicity much less varied. He liked his pedigree, he revered his forefathers, and he rather pitied those who might come after him. In saying so, however, I betray him a little, for he never mentioned such feelings as these last. Though he thought the age too talkative, as I have hinted, he liked talk as well as any one; but he could hold his tongue, if that were more expressive, and he usually did so when his perplexities were greatest. He had been sitting for several evenings in a beer-cellar, smoking his pipe with a profundity of reticence. This attitude was so unbroken that it marked a crisis — the complete, the acute consciousness of his personal situation. It was the cheapest way he knew of spending an evening. At this particular establishment the *Schoppen* were very tall and the beer was very good; and as the host and most of the guests were German, and their colloquial tongue was unknown to him, he was not drawn into any undue expenditure of speech. He watched his smoke and he thought, thought so hard that at last he appeared to himself to have exhausted the thinkable. When this moment of combined relief and dismay arrived (on the last of the evenings that we are concerned with), he took his way down Third Avenue and reached his humble dwelling. Till within a short time there had been a resource for him at such an hour and in such a mood; a little variety actress, who lived in the house, and with whom he had established the most cordial relations, was often having her supper (she took it somewhere, every night, after the theater) in the dim, close dining-room, and he used to drop in and talk to her. But she had lately married, to his great amusement, and her husband had taken her on a wedding-tour, which was to be at the same time professional. On this occasion he mounted, with rather a heavy tread, to his rooms, where (on the rickety writing-table in the parlor) he found a note from Mrs. Luna. I need not reproduce it *in extenso;* a pale reflection of it will serve. She reproached him with neglecting her, wanted to know what had become of him, whether he had grown too fashionable for a person who cared only for serious society. She accused him of having changed, and inquired as to the reason of his coldness. Was it too much to ask whether he could tell her at least in what manner she had offended him? She used to think they were so much in sympathy — he expressed her own ideas about everything so vividly. She liked intellectual companionship, and she had none now. She hoped very much he would come and see her — as he used to do six months before — the following evening; and however much she might have sinned or he might have altered, she was at least always his affectionate cousin Adeline.

"What the deuce does she want of me now?" It was with this somewhat ungracious exclamation that he tossed away his cousin Adeline's missive. The gesture might have indicated that he meant to take no notice of her; nevertheless, after a day had elapsed, he presented himself before her. He knew what she wanted of old — that is, a year ago; she had wanted him to look after her property and to be tutor to her son. He had lent himself, good-naturedly, to this desire,—he was touched by so much confidence,— but the experiment had speedily collapsed. Mrs. Luna's affairs were in the hands of trustees, who had complete care of them, and Ransom instantly perceived that his function would be simply to meddle in things that didn't concern him. The levity

with which she had exposed him to the derision of the lawful guardians of her fortune opened his eyes to some of the dangers of cousinship; nevertheless, he said to himself that he might turn an honest penny by giving an hour or two every day to the education of her little boy. But this, too, proved a brief illusion. Ransom had to find his time in the afternoon; he left his business at five o'clock and remained with his young kinsman till the hour of dinner. At the end of a few weeks he thought himself lucky in retiring without broken shins. That Newton's little nature was remarkable had often been insisted on by his mother; but it was remarkable, Ransom saw, for the absence of any of the qualities which attach a teacher to a pupil. He was in truth an insufferable child, entertaining for the Latin language a personal, physical hostility, which expressed itself in convulsions of rage. During these paroxysms he kicked furiously at every one and everything — at poor "Rannie," at his mother, at Messrs. Andrews and Stoddard, at the illustrious men of Rome, at the universe in general, to which, as he lay on his back on the carpet, he presented a pair of singularly active little heels. Mrs. Luna had a way of being present at his lessons, and when they passed, as sooner or later they were sure to, into the stage I have described, she interceded for her overwrought darling, reminded Ransom that these were the signs of an exquisite sensibility, begged that the child might be allowed to rest a little, and spent the remainder of the time in conversation with the preceptor. It came to seem to him, very soon, that he was not earning his fee; besides which, it was disagreeable to him to have pecuniary relations with a lady who had not the art of concealing from him that she liked to place him under obligations. He resigned his tutorship, and drew a long breath, having a vague feeling that he had escaped a danger. He could not have told you exactly what it was, and he had a certain sentimental, provincial respect for women, which even prevented him from attempting to give a name to it in his own thoughts. He was addicted with the ladies to the old forms of address and of gallantry; he held that they were delicate, agreeable creatures, whom Providence had placed under the protection of the bearded sex; and it was not merely a humorous idea with him that whatever might be the defects of Southern gentlemen, they were at any rate remarkable for their chivalry. He was a man who still, in a slangy age, could pronounce that word with a perfectly serious face.

This boldness did not prevent him from thinking that women were essentially inferior to men, and infinitely tiresome when they declined to accept the lot which men had made for them. He had the most definite notions about their place in nature, in society, and was perfectly easy in his mind as to whether it excluded them from any proper homage. The chivalrous man paid that tax with alacrity. He admitted their rights; these consisted in a standing claim to the generosity and tenderness of the stronger race. The exercise of such feelings was full of advantage for both sexes, and they flowed most freely, of course, when women were gracious and grateful. It may be said that he had a higher conception of politeness than most of the persons who desired the advent of female law-makers. When I have added that he hated to see women eager and argumentative, and thought that their softness and docility were the inspiration, the opportunity (the highest) of man, I shall have sketched a state of mind which will doubtless strike many readers as painfully crude. It had prevented Basil Ransom, at any rate, from putting the dots on his *i*'s, as the French say, in this gradual discovery that Mrs. Luna was making love to him. The process went on a long time before he became aware of it. He had perceived very soon that she was a tremendously familiar little woman — that she took, more rapidly than he had ever known, a high degree of intimacy for granted. But as she had seemed to him neither very fresh nor very beautiful, so he could not easily have represented to himself why she should take it into her head to marry (it would never have occurred to him to doubt that she wanted marriage) an obscure and penniless Mississippian, with womenkind of his own to provide for. He could not guess that he answered to a certain secret ideal of Mrs. Luna's, who loved the landed gentry even when landless, who adored a Southerner under any circumstances, who thought her kinsman a fine, manly, melancholy, disinterested type, and who was sure that her views of public matters, the questions of the age, the vulgar character of modern life, would meet with a perfect response in his mind. She could see by the way he talked that he was a conservative, and this was the motto inscribed upon her own silken banner. She took this unpopular line both by temperament and by reaction from her sister's "extreme" views, the sight of the dreadful people that they brought about her. In reality, Olive was distinguished and discriminating, and Adeline was the dupe of confusions, in which the worse was apt to be mistaken for the better. She talked to Ransom about the inferiority of republics, the distressing persons she had met abroad in the legations of the United States, the bad manners of servants and shopkeepers in that country, the hope she entertained that "the good

old families" would make a stand; but he never suspected that she cultivated these topics (her treatment of them struck him as highly comical) for the purpose of leading him to the altar, of beguiling the way. Least of all could he suppose that she would be indifferent to his want of income,—a point in which he failed to do her justice; for, thinking the fact that he had remained poor a proof of delicacy in a shopkeeping age, it gave her much pleasure to reflect that, as Newton's little property was settled on him (with safeguards which showed how long-headed poor Mr. Luna had been, and large-hearted, too, since to what he left *her* no disagreeable conditions, such as eternal mourning, for instance, were attached)—that as Newton, I say, enjoyed the pecuniary independence which befitted his character, her own income was ample even for two, and she might give herself the luxury of taking a husband who should owe her something. Basil Ransom did not divine all this, but he divined that it was not for nothing that Mrs. Luna wrote him little notes every other day, that she proposed to drive him in the Park at unnatural hours, and that when he said he had his business to attend to, she replied: "Oh, a plague on your business! I am sick of that word—one hears of nothing else in America. There are ways of getting on without business, if you would only take them!" He seldom answered her notes, and he disliked extremely the way in which, in spite of her love of form and order, she attempted to clamber in at the window of one's house when one had locked the door; so that he began to interspace his visits considerably, and at last made them very rare. When I reflect on his habits of almost superstitious politeness to women, it comes over me that some very strong motive must have operated to make him give his friendly—his only too friendly—cousin the cold shoulder. Nevertheless, when he received her reproachful letter (after it had had time to work a little), he said to himself that he had perhaps been unjust and even brutal, and as he was easily touched by remorse of this kind, he took up (I have already mentioned it) the broken thread.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

FRANK HATTON IN NORTH BORNEO.

NOTES ON HIS LIFE AND DEATH, BY HIS FATHER.

I.

FRANK HATTON, without being precocious as a child, developed singular versatility of talent at a very early age. Fond of music, he was a skillful pianist, and could play several other instruments moderately well. He could ride, swim, shoot, skate, and had some long spins on the tricycle; he played chess with great skill, spoke French with a perfect accent, wrote his native language with the polish of a gentleman and the finish of a scholar; was a master of Malay, the Italian of the East, and was versed in Dusun, one of the local tongues of Borneo; and was an authority in the water filtrations and the actions of force on bacteria, and in other matters of scientific research. He died in his twenty-second year, a scientific explorer in the service of the government of Sabah, leaving behind him a record that would have been honorable to a long and industrious life. His was the first white foot in many of the hitherto unknown villages of Borneo; in him many of the wild tribes saw the first white man; he was the pioneer of scientific investigation among its mountain ranges, on its turbulent rivers, and in its almost impenetrable jungle fastnesses. Speaking the language of the natives, and possessing that special faculty of kindly firmness so necessary to the efficient control of uncivilized peoples, he journeyed through the strange land not only unmolested but frequently carrying away tokens of native affection. Several powerful chiefs made him their "blood brother," and here and there the tribes prayed to him as if he were a god. When he fell in the unexplored regions of the Seguama River, his escort rowed the body by river and sea for fully fifty-three hours without sleep, that it might be buried by white men in the new settlement of Elopura,—an act of devotion which travelers in the equatorial seas will understand and appreciate.

I who write these lines am his father, but he was not only my son, he was my friend and companion. He lost his life while on his way home. The news of his safety and his good health preceded by a few days the telegraphic report of his death. My own young life had been a hard one. His I had guarded and protected from every adverse wind. I

had my reward in a brave, upright, tender-hearted, modest, scholarly son. To-day, with the bright page of his young life before me, with letters concerning him coming to me from all parts of the world, I feel that I owe a duty to his memory and to humanity to tell his story. The justice of my interpretation of this can be judged by the following materials upon which it is founded.

Frank Hatton was born at Hatfield, Gloucestershire, a suburb of Bristol, England, on the 31st of August, 1861. He was connected on his father's side with journalism and music; his mother brought him the health and common sense of the sturdy yeomanry of Lincolnshire. Soon after his birth his parents went to live at Durham. He was known in his childhood for the amiability of his disposition, his love of flowers and animals; he developed a character of great strength and firmness. From Durham the family went to Worcester; after living in Worcestershire, city and county, for some years, to London. At the age of ten he went to his first public school; his chief prizes were for good conduct, and he gave no indication of the characteristics which distinguished him a few years later. At home he cultivated a taste for music and war. He was a collector of arms, pistols, swords, and knives, and his bedroom was quite an arsenal. A frequent visitor at the Zoölogical Gardens, he would bring home every stray dog or cat that would follow him. From the end of 1874 he was a student at the College of Marcy, near Lille, in France. He next became a student of King's College School, where in 1878 he obtained, at nineteen, the third place in the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations.

He had given evidence of a leaning towards scientific studies, and he elected to be "a chemist and mining engineer." Natural history at Lille, physical geography at King's College School, had prepared him for chemistry and mineralogy at the School of Mines. After a short interval of foreign travel, and some private readings with chemical experts, he entered upon the varied course of study then given at Jermyn street and at South Kensington, which he supplemented by geological tours around London, and in the Isle of Wight, Derbyshire, Cumberland, and other districts. "He was," says Dr. Frankland, "one of the most genial, earnest, and talented students I ever had in my laboratory; he was a most indefatigable worker and a skillful manipulator." Dr. Hopkinson, speaking of him to me the other day, said, "He was the only student of his time to whom I intrusted delicate and dangerous operations; he was implicitly reliable, and had a clear, firm grip of things; there was nothing he could not do that he cared to do." In addition to his arduous work at South Kensington, he contributed a series of letters on chemical subjects to papers and magazines.

When he left England for the islands of the eastern seas, young Hatton was close upon six feet in height, and carried no surplus flesh. After exploring a great part of North Borneo, he organized an expedition in a north-eastern district, chiefly with a view to determine the geological character of the Seguama River and certain regions of the Kinabortomgau. His expedition consisted of four boats. He was in the first one, and Mr. Beveridge, an Australian mining expert, in the last. Hatton fired from his boat at an elephant and wounded it severely. Leaping ashore, accompanied only by his mandore, a Malay named Drahman, he gave chase. They came up to the elephant, which had stopped and was roaring. Thinking possibly that his Winchester rifle was too light for a final attack on the elephant, he went back to the boats for a party of his native attendants. Arming them with Sniders, he led them into the jungle. The elephant, however, had moved off, and it being now nearly dark, he was persuaded by Drahman to return. On the way back he was walking with his Winchester at the shoulder. As he stooped to pass under a creeper, he raised his rifle to lift up the obstruction. The weapon became entangled in an unusually strong growth of vines, whereby the muzzle was suddenly twisted towards him, slid down his shoulder, and went off, the trigger being pulled by some twigs of the creeper. The ball entered at the collar-bone and came out at the back lower down, severing two main arteries. His men were round him in a moment, and seized him before he fell. "Oodeen, Oodeen, mati sahya!" (I am dead), he said in Malay, as he laid his head on the shoulder of his Tutong boy, whose name is Oodeen, and who was devoted to his service. Mr. Beveridge heard the shot and the cry of the men, and, leaping from his boat, was soon by the side of his young chief, who was breathing his last. It was so inconceivable to Mr. Beveridge that Frank Hatton, noted for his coolness and his care in the management of his weapons, had been the cause of the shooting, that he exclaimed, "Who has done this?" The men, most of them shedding bitter tears and crying, "Better we had died," explained the incident; and after satisfying himself that their story was only too true, he had the body carried to one of the largest boats. It was night now, and the lamps which had been brought on shore to aid the search for the wounded elephant in the jungle were used to throw a light upon the

embarkation of his corpse. One of the most affectionate acts of devotion followed. Eleven of the followers, under the direction of Mr. Beveridge, paddled the body to Sandakau by river and sea, a distance of nearly one hundred and seventy miles. They did not sleep, night or day, for fifty-three hours. They only rested three times to cook and eat a little rice.

An inquest was held at Elopura in the bay of Sandakau, and adjourned from time to time during two or three days, until all the boats came in and every man could give his evidence. Doctor Walker said the wound was perfectly consistent with the statements of the mandore and the boy Oodeen. It was inconsistent with the theory that one of the other rifles might have accidentally exploded, as Mr. Hatton was taller than any of the natives and the bullet had entered from above. Further, it seems that the men acted on a general order from Mr. Hatton never to carry their weapons loaded, and only to load when there was something to shoot at. Questioned as to his relations with his men, Mr. Beveridge said, "Mr. Hatton was on the best of terms with his men; they would do anything for him." The jury, which consisted of twelve Europeans, recorded a verdict of which the following is a part:

"The jury are of opinion that Frank Hatton came by his death from the accidental discharge of his rifle on the evening of the first of March, while returning from elephant-shooting at Sugoon Jukol, which is situated about sixty miles up the Seguama River, and about one hundred and sixty miles by water from Sandakau, and whilst he was pushing aside a vine with the end of said loaded rifle carried in his hand.

"The jury much deplore the sudden death of Mr. Hatton, who as an explorer and mineralogist had proved himself of much value to the British North Borneo Company, and to the world generally, and on account of his many social qualities."

Borneo is, with one exception, the largest island in the world. With a coast-line of over three thousand miles, it is larger than France, and three times the size of England. In 1847 the government of Queen Victoria, impressed with the necessity of a marine station in these latitudes, purchased Labuan, an island off the coast of Borneo, and formed a British colony, with a governor and all the necessary requirements of an efficient administration. Within the last few years a company of London capitalists have bought from the sultans and chiefs of the northern portion of the island the country known as Sabork. They have been incorporated under a royal charter, on the principle of the old East India Company. A line drawn across the map of Borneo, from the Kimomis River on the north-west coast to the Sibruco on the east, will indicate the territory hitherto called Sabork, now better known as British North Borneo.

The pictures on pages 442 and 443 illustrate the newest settlement on the coast — Elopura, in Sandakau bay. Within a few years it has grown from a mere stockade into a busy port. On the wooded slope of its jungle suburb by the sea rests Frank Hatton, whose name will forever be associated with the exploration of the country. Although brick buildings are now being erected at Elopura, it is chiefly constructed after the manner of the ancient lake-dwellers of Europe, on piles, as all the modern Dyaks' and other native houses are in these little-known regions of the Malay Archipelago. Frank Hatton's house, shown on page 442, was the first English house in the Kinoram district of North Borneo.

The wild interior of North Borneo was for the first time partially explored only as recently as 1881, and it was in this year that its finest harbor was discovered by an English cruiser. Mr. Witti, an Austrian officer in the North Borneo Company's service, crossed the country without encountering any more than the natural obstacles of tropical travel, through jungle, and over unknown rivers; though he fell a victim to over-zeal at a later day, when making his way through known warlike and cruel tribes of Dyaks on the unexplored border-land of the Sibuco River. He and his followers fell into an ambush and were slain. It was to supplement and extend, on a scientific basis, the investigations of Witti, that Frank Hatton went out to Borneo; and nothing is more remarkable, experts say, than the amount of solid work which he accomplished within eighteen months, right on the equator, in a country without roads, thick with a jungle-growth of centuries, its rivers the home of the crocodile, its "forests primeval" abounding with animal life, and peopled by half-naked savages, many of whom had never before seen a white man.

II.

NOTES FROM THE DIARIES OF FRANK HATTON.

One of Frank Hatton's most important explorations was a journey up the Labuk River and overland to Kudat, commencing March 16th, ending June 19th. Avoiding geographical technicalities on the one hand and mineralogical and other scientific details on the other, we propose to make such extracts from this diary report as will interest the general reader, while throwing new lights upon native man-

ners and customs and giving fresh incidents of tropical travel.

"By the 3d of March," he says, "we were well afloat on the Labuk, a bold stream, having a rapid current. At mid-day we passed two small tributaries, one on the right and one on the left. The banks were lined with nipa palms and the stream was very deep and rapid. The weather to-day was beautiful, and nothing could be more delightful than steaming up this unknown river. Presently we left the swamps behind us, and now the banks were lined with vast forests, from whose somber depths could be heard the cries of hornbills and the chatter of monkeys. Enormous creepers hung in pendent growths from the great dark trees; butterflies and insects of every hue and color fluttered before us; the sun blazing out and shedding a golden radiance over the scene.

"Tander Batu turned out to be a small village on the right bank of the river, having a population of two hundred and fifty persons; only five large houses. The people were originally Sulumen, but having lived for generations in the Labuk they call themselves 'Labuk men.' The chief of this part of the country is Datu Serikaya, who has the company's flag flying on a post outside his house, with two old iron cannon beside it. We sat there for nearly three hours talking over the matter of procuring 'gobangs,' or dugouts, two of which I obtained from a Hadgi trading up the river. I got no assistance whatever from Datu Serikaya. In Bongon, Sheriff Shea told me not to eat in Datu Serikaya's house, as dark stories are told of his having poisoned more than one person.

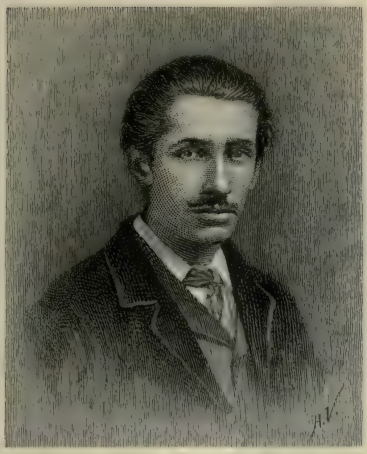
"In the wet season the Labuk must be terrible: there is a rise of at least twenty feet above its present level, with an irresistible current. Trees of enormous size are piled up on the banks, and even away in the jungle lie trunks of trees which had been swept there by the flood. The amount of denudation effected by these tropical rivers is enormous; vast beds of rolled pebbles, consisting of quartzite, quartz, serpentine, mica schist, porphyritic granite, etc., are to be seen all along the Labuk. The hills in this country are composed largely of rich clayey ironstone, and indeed, in one place near our last night's camping ground, where there had been a landslip, the exposure showed a bright red ironstone, which in England would have been jumped at as a source of wealth. On both banks of the river, at about a mile distant from the water, rise the Labuk hills, heights varying from five hundred to one thousand and two thousand feet.

"Left Tanah Dumpas with my Dusun guides on the 16th, and ran down the river as far as a small island, into whose right passage flows a tributary called the Telupid. . . . Not being able to find traces of any useful mineral in the Telupid, I left this river and followed up one of the tributaries, going overland to do so. Had the greatest mineral treasure imaginable lain hidden in the hills, nature could have taken no more trouble to conceal it. I was never in a jungle with so many leeches, as well as other crawling and flying pests. The rattans also were a great obstacle, stretched as they were across the path at heights varying from one inch to thirty feet. These catch the feet and trip up the traveler, while the rattan leaves hang down from above, armed with hundreds of thorns, each one strong enough to catch a fish with; and indeed they are used for this purpose.

"Left our camp on March 17th, at Tanah Dumpas, and passed through the northern channel past a large island, which here divides the Labuk into two. Nothing but going up rapids to-day; we ascended one four feet high in twenty yards, and shortly afterwards got up one eight feet in fifteen yards, and passed a veritable whirlpool. The water rushing round a sharp bend was met by some vertical rocks, and the stream striking on these had created a dangerous whirlpool. Just above this pool there is a small Dumpas village, on the left bank, called 'Kabuan.' The population numbers thirty persons, and none of them dare go farther up the river than they are at present, as the men of Sogolitan have closed the river to them. We passed a splendid waterfall on the right bank, the mouth of the Bombolie, which is some eight yards wide, and falls from a height of fifty feet into the Labuk. We camped to-night just below a rattan, which was stretched across the river, marking the frontier of the Sogolitan and Delarnass countries.

"I was informed that in this district there are several thousand people calling themselves Sin-Dyaks. They are painted and tattooed in a peculiar way. On the other side of the rattan, which my Malays were not at all willing to go under, there was a guard of three Dyaks in a native dugout. Their boat was of capital workmanship, being carved at the bow. The men were tattooed with blue all down the arms, breasts, and legs, and had pieces of wood in their ears. They wore a head-cloth of common blue calico fastened on by a plaited rattan, which was passed over the top of the head-cloth and under the chin. They were armed with spears and native-made short swords, and looked very formidable savages.

"It was close upon noon when we started on again. My prahu was leading; a little prahu with Datu Mahmad (my guide when



FRANK HATTON. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDEWEYDE.)

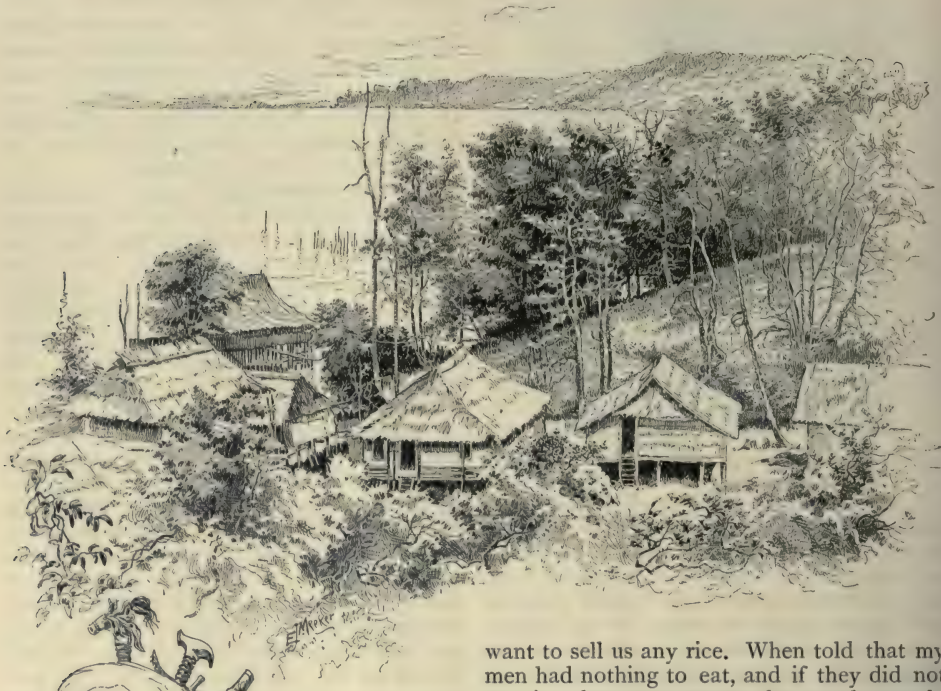
we get to Kinoram) followed. Then came Smith and the police, and lastly the mandore and coolies, in a large prahu full of things. We had passed rather a difficult bit of river, when I heard a shriek, and looking round I saw several heads bobbing in the rushing river and a prahu, bottom upwards, floating down and dashing among the bowlders in the distance. I jumped from my gobang and rushed to the spot; but before I arrived the prahu had gone out of sight and most of the men had got ashore, some with great difficulty and many narrow escapes. The Dumpas men, who swim like fishes, were of great help in getting the people ashore, and had it not been for them I think the accident would have been a fatal one. The missing goods were many; the severest losses being two bags of rice, three rifles, six axes and some parango, and a box of blow-pipe apparatus; while all the men's clothes, blankets, etc., had gone out to sea, and some poor fellows had scarcely a rag to stand in. The Dumpas and Sulu men who were following us dived all day trying to recover goods, and by their means two guns and half a bag of rice were got up. The Dyaks here gave us no help, and indeed their prahus were on the watch at a bend of the river some way down for blankets, kaglangs, or other things which might float down, and which they would very quickly clear up. These people are indeed head-hunters. Only seven days ago a head was taken at a tree-bridge over a torrent. A Dumpas man was walking over a felled tree (which in this country always constitutes a bridge), when four Sogolitan men set on him, pushed him down the steep bank, and jumping down after him took his head and hand and made away. I saw the victim's head and his hand in a house not far from the scene of the murder. Some four or five weeks ago the Sogolitan chiefs, Iamboune and Pongout, admitted that seven heads had been taken from slaughtered men of Tingara (a country near the Kinabatangan). He (Iamboune) said there was a blood feud going on between the men of 'Loundat' in Sogolitan and the Tingara tribes.

"Having got our things together, we crossed the river and made our camp for the night. It was useless to expect anything from the Sogolitan people, as they had already requested us not to go up to their houses, as their women were afraid. The Dyaks here all eat monkeys and preserve the skins, which they fasten round their waists, letting the tails hang down behind, so that in the distance they look like men with tails.

"Progress up the river is very difficult and dangerous; I think we ascended about fifty feet to-day, divided in three rapids. We passed under a second rattan stretched across the river between Kananap, a district of Sogolitan, and Sogolitan proper. These two rattans form one 'key' to the country, and if one is cut down, in defiance, the Dyaks never leave the war-path until the offenders' heads are at rest with the others in their head store. All these people are very superstitious. The 'bad bird' is a great trouble, for it causes trading parties to turn and go back, even when within sight of the end of their journey. On head raids there are several special birds, and great attention is paid to their warnings. If the bird flies from left to right and does not again return, the whole war party sits down and waits, and if nothing comes of the waiting every one goes home. This evening I caught a first sight of Mentapom, stated by Mr. Witti to be eight thousand, but which I should think is at least nine thousand feet high. It is a fine bold peak, with exposures of white rock near the summit, and is not unlike the Matterhorn.

"We camped on the 20th, almost at the foot of Mentapom, and I fired my gun several times as a signal to a prahu which had not yet come up. Some Dusuns, who were catching fish, asked us not to fire, as it made the spirits on Mentapom angry, and we should be sure to get rain. I cannot tell how they got hold of this curious superstition, but, sure enough, half an hour afterwards the rain came down in torrents.

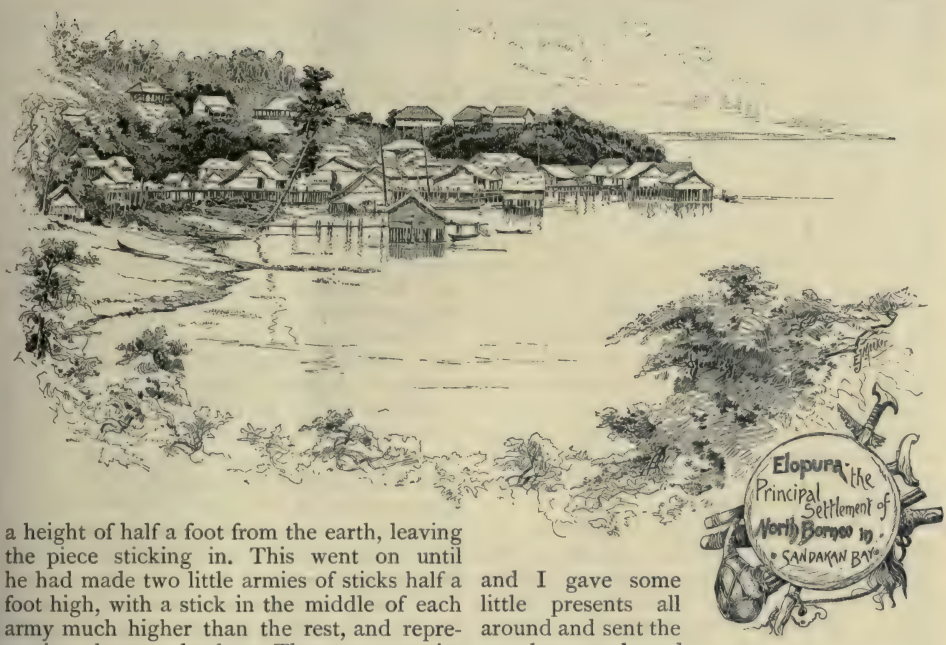
"At about 9 o'clock the next morning the missing gobang came up. Terrible news! She had gone over and all the things had been lost. A gun and sword-bayonet, a box of tinned provisions, four or five blankets, half a bag of rice (being all the rice we had to feed twenty hungry men), and all the biscuit, besides endless things belonging to the Datu and the unfortu-



nates in the boat. This is a most terrible thing for us, as the men have not a grain of rice to eat. I was thinking over the situation when one of the men said he could see a house on the top of a hill near the base of the Mentapom. He pointed it out to me, and I determined to go up and try and get food. Taking some cloth and four men, I went forward. At our approach all the people ran away and shouted, 'Take the paddy; there it is, there it is!' They were in the midst of cutting paddy. When they saw that we did not intend to rob and murder them, they came back, and gaining confidence by degrees, they at last did not want to sell us any rice. When told that my men had nothing to eat, and if they did not get rice they must starve, the people merely laughed and said they could not let us have any, as it was not yet time. They have some superstition connected with the beginning of harvest. However, we frightened them a little, and finally succeeded in getting some rice. We left these inhospitable shores at four o'clock.

FRANK HATTON'S HOUSE.

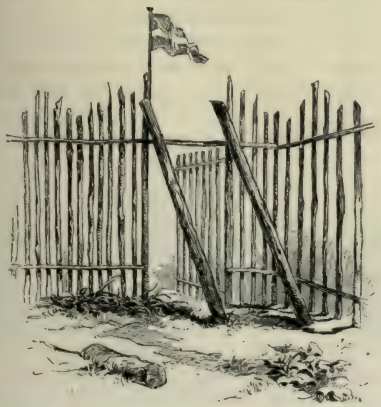
"On the 26th of March I left Tampias for the Dusun kampong in a small prahu. On arriving there, I was received by the headman, 'Degadong' (a name given by Datu Serikaya), who said he had never before seen a white man, although he had heard of Mr. Witti. His house is called 'Ghanah,' and the country is called 'Touaorum.' It is situated on a hill to the south and on the right bank of the Labuk river. The following day was fixed for 'the cutting ceremony,' which was to take place at my hut. Afterwards Degadong promised guides and porters. I told him I wanted to keep on the right bank, and he said, 'Oh, yes, I could do that.' At about 12 o'clock on the next day the Dusuns began to arrive, boat-load after boat-load, until some hundred men had collected, all armed with spears and swords. The chief now came up, and we at once proceeded with the ceremony. First the chief cut two long sticks, and then, sitting down, he had a space of ground cleared before him, and began a discourse. When he came to any special point in his discourse he thrust a stick into the ground and cut it off at



a height of half a foot from the earth, leaving the piece sticking in. This went on until he had made two little armies of sticks half a foot high, with a stick in the middle of each army much higher than the rest, and representing the two leaders. These two armies were himself and his followers and myself and my men. Having called in a loud voice to his god, or Kinarahingan, to be present, he and I took hold of the head and legs of the fowl while a third person cut its head off with a knife. We then dropped our respective halves, and the movements of the dying fowl were watched. If it jumps towards the chief, his heart is not true; if towards the person to be sworn in, his heart is not true; it must, to be satisfactory, go in some other direction. Luckily, in my case, the fowl hopped away into the jungle and died. All my men now fired three volleys at the request of the chief, and I gave some little presents all around and sent the people away pleased and delighted.

"The Dusun headman, 'Degadong,' was very kind. He presented me with a spear, and I gave him a long knife. This exchange of weapons is customary after the fowl ceremony.

"Two chiefs of 'Touaorum,' Degadong and his brother, accompanied us on our first day's tramp overland. The road lay over a high ridge, and we had often to climb heights of two thousand, and in one case upwards of three thousand feet. From the summit of one of these, where there was no high jungle, I had a splendid view of the country. To the north lay the Kinabatangan valley, with the Silam hills in the distance; eastward stretched the Labuk, girded by hills rising one above the other up to the noble crags of Mentapom. In the distance again was the Sugut vale, with range upon range of tree-capped mountains rising right away to Kinibalu, which, seemingly near, towered like a fairy castle up into the blue sky. I shall never forget this lovely scene, but more especially shall I remember the wonderful tints and shades presented by the distant 'giant hills of Borneo.' A blue sky showed up every crag of the principal mountain, which stood out purple and black. The setting sun shed its rays on rock and tree, and the water streaming down the time-worn sides glinted and flashed, while all the nearer hills were clothed in every shade of green. A few white clouds appeared in the distance, and as I neared the Dusun kampong



SECTION OF STOCKADE SURROUNDING FRANK HATTON'S HOUSE. (FROM SKETCH BY HIMSELF.)

of Toadilah night clouds were closing in the glorious landscape. It was a most exceptional view, and one which this season of the tropical year can alone afford.

"On March 31st some men came in from collecting upas juice. I asked how it was obtained, and they said they make a long bamboo spear, and, tying a rattan to one end, throw it at the soft bark of the upas tree; then pulling it out by means of the rattan, a little of the black juice will have collected in the bamboo, and the experiment is repeated until sufficient is collected. I cannot tell what truth there is in this story, but the people had no reason for deceiving me. The Dusuns at 'Toadilah' all wear brass collars, bracelets, and anklets, and a piece of black cloth round the head, kept on by a band of red rattans. The women wear a short sawong of native cloth, which is fixed on tightly at the upper part by brass wire. They also wear collars and anklets of brass wire.

"On the 4th of April I was initiated into the brotherhood of the Bendowen Dusuns. The old men and all the tribe having assembled, the ceremonies began. First the jungle was cleared for about twenty yards, and then a hole was dug about a foot deep, in which was placed a large water-jar. In this country these jars are of enormous value: $30, $40, and even $100 worth of gutta being given for a single jar. The bottom of the jar in question was knocked out, so as to render it useless in future. The clay taken out to make the hole was thrown into the jar, and now the 'old men' began to declaim, 'Oh, Kinarahingan, hear us!'—a loud shout to the Kinarahingan. The sound echoed away down the valleys, and as it died a stone was placed near the jar. Then for half an hour the old men declared by fire (which was represented by a burning stick), by water (which was brought in a bamboo and poured into the jar), and by earth, that they would be true to all white men. A sumpitum was then fetched, and an arrow shot into the air to summon the Kinarahingan. We now placed our four guns, which were all the arms my party of eight mustered, on the mouth of the jar, and each put a hand in and took a little clay out and put it away. Finally several volleys were shot over the place, and the ceremony terminated.

"On our way from Senendan we passed a solitary grave, marked by a rough stone; the rank grass grew high and green upon it. When I noticed it one of the headmen was on his knees busily tearing away the grass, and talking to the dead man's 'ghost.' He was telling him that the white man had come, and was friends with the Senendan people. The dead man was the brother of the chief.

"The Muruts here are much tattooed. Those men who have fought, or have gone on bold or risky expeditions, are tattooed from the shoulders to the pit of the stomach, and all down the arms in three broad parallel stripes to the wrist. A headman, or rather a sometime headman, of Senendan, had two square tattoo marks on his back. This was because he ran away in fight, and showed his back to the enemy. Another and a braver chief was elected in his place.

"There was a dead man in one of the houses here, and I went to see him. He was placed in a sitting posture, dressed in all the things he had; a cigarette was being held to his mouth, and a brass box containing betel, etc., was open before him. His friends were seated around, and were telling the dead man not to go to the right or left, as they were the wrong roads, but to keep straight ahead, 'and that is the way to Kini Balu.' This ceremony lasts one day and one night, and the next day the man is buried with all his belongings.

"Smith [a coal-miner], who is ill, and nearly all the men (most of them also ill), went on to Kudat. I stayed at Kinoram until April 24th, getting material ready for making a house.

"Subsequently I went down to Bongon, and had a tremendous struggle getting stones and kajangs to Kinoram in two prahus up the Kinoram River. The river is quite unnavigable, full of rapids and waterfalls, and subject

THE JOURNEY BACK.

to the most sudden floods. No prahu has ever navigated the river before; but with my usual good luck I got all the things up, nothing lost and no one hurt.

"I have been in the Bornean bush from March 1st until June 15th, and have traveled several hundred miles by land and river."

During the following July, August, September, and October of the same year, 1882, Frank Hatton conducted an expedition of scientific investigation in the Kinoram district, where he built this first house referred to in the above report. The following extracts are from an abstract of his diary of these investigations.

"As we proceeded up the Kinoram River our road became worse and worse. About two miles up we came to a long stretch of deep and rapid water with precipitous cliffs on either side. It took us until night to get past this obstacle, which, however, we managed to do by clinging on to the almost impassable face of the cliff by roots, trees, or any other hold we could get. The men with heavy loads had a very hard time getting past. The moment we were over, we pitched our camp on the first place which offered, and got some huts made as quickly as possible. I notice that the rock along the lower portions of Tomboyonkon is limestone, of which there are many bowlders in the river, together with pieces of a dark, fine-grained syenite, which must come from above.

"Terrific work all day climbing over immense bowlders, where a slip would simply be fatal. Great landslips have occurred all along the stream, and enormous bowlders have consequently blocked up the bed. The river flows along the spur from Kini Balu, which, running north-north-east, culminates in two peaks, Nonohan-t-ayaioh, 8000 feet, and Tomboyonkon, 6000 feet, the terminal mountain of the spur. As we traveled along I noticed in a small cave in the rock some twenty or thirty swallows' nests. They were greenish-white below, and fixed to the rock by a white glutinous substance. They are said to be worth about a dollar per catti.

"No description could do justice to the difficulty of our road, and the dangers and troubles we passed through could only have been compensated by a great mineral find. At four o'clock, being quite wet through, we camped in a cave, or rather a hole formed of gigantic fallen rocks, one fifty feet and one forty feet high, with eight or ten of fifteen feet and upwards in height forming sides to the cave, which also ran some ten or twenty feet into the rock. The outer apartment was filled with swallows, while the inner one was tenanted by bats, whose guano covered the floor to a depth of about eighteen inches, there being the same thickness of bird guano in the outer cave. A very rank, mouldy, badger-like smell pervaded the place, and on the roof were about a hundred of the nests previously noted. It was a romantic night sleeping there with the men stowed away in crevices and holes in the cliffs, the vast nature of the latter being most impressive. We were here, with the uncertainty of ever being able to get back or forwards, with provisions for only a few days, and not a living soul in the whole country round, nothing but trees; the true primeval forest of Borneo reigns supreme in these hilly fastnesses, and the camphor and gutta trees near the source of the Kinoram have yet to feel the axe of the pioneer and the trader. We are now up the river about seven miles, and if rain should flood the stream retreat would be quite impossible.

"Up very early this morning (Aug. 8th), as a pain in my knee kept me from sleeping. Not a soul was stirring as I walked about the camp; the last embers of the watch-fire were smoldering away. All the grass and leaves were wet with the morning dew, and the men stretched around in every conceivable position were huddled together in their blankets, for the mornings here are damp and chill. Later on I found that a regular breakdown of the health of our party had occurred, perhaps owing to the sudden change of climate. Out of fifteen, seven were down with fever, including Mr. Beveridge and the two Chinamen. I employed the morning dosing all hands with enormous potions of quinine and epsom salts. I waited here the day in hopes of a change.

"The Chinamen and two Malays are to-day (Aug. 9th) so ill that I sent them back to Kinoram in charge of Dusuns. Mr. Beveridge is better, so we started away on a trip to Marudu. We arrived at Pudi shortly after one o'clock, having traveled only six miles. Every one, however, was quite done up, so we made a stop at Pudi. I think the roughing up the Kinoram tired out all the men. The house at Pudi is a wretchedly dirty place, and the people more miserable and poor than most Dusuns. They 'prayed me for rain,' saying that if the heat continued their crops would wither and they would perish. All their potatoes and kaladis are almost dead for want of rain, and indeed the drought is rather severe. I told them to ask their 'Kinarahingan' for rain, but they said it would be better for me to ask the Kinarahingan, as my asking would surely be answered. It is a curious supposition this of the Dusuns, to attribute anything, whether good or bad, lucky or unlucky, that happens to them to something novel which has arrived in their country.

For instance, my living in Kinoram is thought to have caused the intensely hot weather we have experienced of late. This is attributed to me by all the Dusuns of Kinoram, Munnus, Kias, Lobah, in fact everywhere. I can only conclude that the natives have the most imperfect idea of time, for just now is the close of the dry season, and therefore of course very hot and dry."

These extracts are of the briefest; and yet we have only space to refer to the explorer's last diary, a pencil record of his last expedition, beginning January 6th, and ending March 1st, 1883. It is a daily and often an hourly report of (to quote the words of the Governor of Labuk himself) "an arduous exploring journey up the river Kinabatangan, and his very plucky though unsuccessful attempt to reach the Seguama overland from the former river, during the prevalence of the rainy season. He was compelled to make the journey by sea, and reached the Seguama with his party in open boats on the 27th of February, after what he has described in his diary as a terrible voyage." His duty was to prospect the Seguama district for gold, to the existence of which the testimony of all the natives of the east coast unanimously points. With this object, accompanied by Mr. Beveridge, the companion of all his journeys in Borneo, and by a party of Malays, he ascended the river. His diary is continued to the 1st of March, on which day he enters the note, "Just one year ago left Sandakan for the Labuk,"—the first inland journey he had made in the territory,—and this was to terminate forever all his work in this world. The diary is posted up to 3:40, about the time when he left his boat on his fatal excursion after elephants. Other pens have taken up the story of an expedition, which when it comes to be chronicled will fully establish the Bornean explorer's title to the honors that are being conferred upon his memory. The trophies of the young scientist's work are packed away in the room he used to occupy in the home that knows him no more; but of all those treasures, none are more pathetic than the thumbed log of his last journey, and the compass which he consulted for his last observation.

Joseph Hatton.

LOVE 'S IN THE CALENDAR.

WHEN chinks in April's windy dome
  Let through a day of June,
And foot and thought incline to roam,
  And every sound 's a tune;
When nature fills a fuller cup,
  And hides with green the gray,—
Then, lover, pluck your courage up
  To try your fate in May.

Though proud she was as sunset clad
  In Autumn's fruity shades,
Love too is proud and brings (gay lad!)
  Humility to maids.
Scorn not from nature's mood to learn,
  Take counsel of the day:
Since haughty skies to tender turn
  Go try your fate in May.

Though cold she seemed as pearly light
  Adown December eves,
And stern as night when March winds smite
  The beech's lingering leaves;
Yet Love hath seasons like the year,
  And grave will turn to gay,—
Then, lover, listen not to fear,
  But try your fate in May.

And you whose art it is to hide
  The constant love you feel:
Beware, lest overmuch of pride
  Your happiness shall steal.
No longer pout, for May is here
  And hearts will have their way;
Love's in the calendar, my dear,
  So yield to fate in May.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

McCLELLAN'S CHANGE OF BASE.

THE CONFEDERATE PURSUIT.

WILLIS'S CHURCH, ON THE QUAKER ROAD, NEAR GLENDALE. USED AS A CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL AFTER THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

FIVE of the six Confederate divisions north of the Chickahominy at the close of the battle of Gaines's Mill remained in bivouac all the next day (June 28th), it being deemed too hazardous to force the passage of the river in the presence of the enemy. General Ewell was sent with his division to Dispatch Station on the York River railroad. (See map on page 453.) He found the station and the railroad-bridge burnt. J. E. B. Stuart, who followed the retreating Federal cavalry to the White House on the Pamunkey River, found destruction of stations and stores all along the line. These things proved that General McClellan did not intend to retreat by the short line of the York River railroad; but it was possible he might take the Williamsburg road. General Lee, therefore, kept his troops on the north side of the river, that he might be ready to move on the Federal flank, should that route be attempted. New Bridge was repaired on Saturday (the 28th), and our troops were then ready to move in either direction. The burnings and explosions in the Federal camp Saturday afternoon and night showed that General McClellan had determined to abandon his strong fortifications around Richmond. Ewell, who was watching him at Bottom's Bridge, and the cavalry, holding the crossings lower down, both reported that there was no attempt at the Williamsburg route. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were sent across the river at New Bridge early on Sunday morning to move down the Darbytown road to the Long Bridge road to intercept the retreat to the James River. This movement began before it was known that General McClellan had evacuated his stronghold. Lee gave here the first illustration of a quality for which he became noted — the remarkable discernment of his adversary's plans through the study of his character. McClellan could have retreated to Yorktown with as little loss as Johnston sustained on his retreat from it. The roads from Richmond to Yorktown lead through a wooded and swampy country, on which strong rear-guards could have afforded perfect protection to a retreating column without bringing on a general engagement. General Johnston, on his retreat from Yorktown, did fight at Williamsburg, but it was a battle of his own choosing, and not one forced upon him by the vigor of pursuit. Lee had but little idea that McClellan would return to Yorktown, judging rightly that the military pride of his distinguished opponent would not permit him to march back a defeated column to the point from which he had started, a few months before, for the capture of the Confederate capital, with his splendid army and magnificent outfit.* It is a proof of Lee's sagacity that he predicated his orders for an advance upon the belief that General McClellan was too proud a man to fall back by the same route by which the triumphal advance had been made. A great commander must study the mental and moral characteristics of the opposing leader, and Lee was specially endowed with an aptitude in that direction. At the battle of Salzbach, Montecucculi, the Austrian commander, noticed the French troops making a movement so different from the cautious style of his famous rival that he exclaimed, "Either Turenne is dead or mortally wounded." So it proved to be; the French marshal had been killed by a cannon-ball before the movement began.

In pursuance of General Lee's plan, Huger

* The capture of Petersburg would have been almost as disastrous to the South as the capture of Richmond, and for many days Petersburg was at the mercy of the Federal army. There were no troops and no fortifications there when General McClellan reached the James. Some two weeks after the battle of Malvern Hill the first earth-works were begun at Petersburg, by my order.— D. H. H.

was directed (on the 29th) to take the Charles City road to strike the retreating column below White Oak Swamp. Holmes was to take possession of Malvern Hill, and Magruder to follow the line of retreat, as soon as the works were abandoned. The abandonment became known about sunrise on Sunday morning, but Grapevine bridge was not completed till sunset. Jackson then crossed his corps at that point, my division leading. We bivouacked that night near Savage's Station, where McLaws's division had had a severe fight a few hours before. Just at dawn on Monday, the 30th, we were in motion, when I discovered what appeared to be a line of battle drawn up at the station, but which proved to be a line of sick and of hospital attendants, two thousand five hundred in number. About half a mile from the station we saw what seemed to be an entire regiment of Federals cold in death, and learned that a Vermont regiment had made a desperate charge upon the division of McLaws, and had been almost annihilated. From the time of crossing the river, we had evidence everywhere of the precipitate nature of the Federal retreat. Dabney, in his life of Jackson, says:

"The whole country was full of deserted plunder, army wagons, and pontoon trains partially burned or crippled; mounds of grain and rice and hillocks of mess beef smoldering; tens of thousands of axes, picks, and shovels; camp kettles gashed with hatchets; medicine chests with their drugs stirred into a foul medley; and all the apparatus of a vast and lavish host; while the mire under foot was mixed with blankets lately new, and with overcoats torn from the waist up. For weeks afterwards agents of our army were busy in gathering in the spoils. Great stores of fixed ammunition were saved, while more were destroyed."

In our march from Savage's Station my division picked up a thousand prisoners, stragglers from the retreating army, and gathered a large number of abandoned rifles. I detached two regiments (the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina) to take the prisoners and arms to Richmond. We reached White Oak Swamp about noon, and there found another hospital camp, with about five hundred sick in it. Truly, the Chickahominy swamps were fatal to the Federal forces. A high bluff was on our side of the little stream called White Oak, and a large uncultivated field on the other side. In this field could be seen a battery of artillery, supported by a brigade of infantry — artillerists and infantry lying down and apparently asleep. Under cover of Munford's regiment of cavalry, thirty-one field pieces were placed upon the bluff, and were ordered to open fire as soon as the cavalry mask was removed. The battery fired its loaded guns in reply, and then galloped off, followed by its infantry supports and the long lines of infantry farther back in the field. Munford crossed his regiment over the ford, and Jackson and myself went with him to see what had become of the enemy. We soon found out. The battery had taken up a position behind a point of woods, where it was perfectly sheltered from our guns, but could play upon the broken bridge and ford, and upon every part of the uncultivated field. It opened with grape and canister upon us, and we retired rapidly. Fast riding in the wrong direction is not military, but it is sometimes healthy. We had taken one prisoner, a drunken Irishman, but he declined the honor of going back with us, and made fight with his naked fists. A soldier asked me naïvely whether he should shoot the Irishman or let him go. I am glad that I told him to let the man go, to be a comfort to his family. That Irishman must have had a charmed life. He was under the shelter of his gum-cloth coat hung on a stick, near the ford, when a citizen fired at him four times, from a distance of about fifty paces; and the only recognition that I could see the man make was to raise his hand as if to brush off a fly. One of the shells set the farm-house on fire. The owner came out and told us that General "Baldy" Smith was taking a bath in the house at the time. I do not know how refreshing the general found it, or whether the story was true.. We learned, however, that Franklin's corps was in front of us, and that item of news was true.

Our cavalry returned by a lower ford, and pronounced it perfectly practicable for infantry. But Jackson did not advance. Why was this? It was the critical day for both commanders, but especially for McClellan. With consummate skill he had crossed his vast train of five thousand wagons and his immense parks of artillery safely over White Oak Swamp, but he was more exposed now than at any time in his flank march. Three columns of attack were converging upon him, and a strong corps was pressing upon his rear. Escape seemed impossible for him, but he *did* escape, at the same time inflicting heavy damage upon his pursuers. General Lee, through no fault in his plans, was to see his splendid prize slip through his hands. Longstreet and A. P. Hill struck the enemy at Frayser's Farm (or Glendale) at 3 P. M. on the 30th, and, both being always ready for a fight, immediately attacked. Magruder, who followed them down the Darbytown road, was ordered to the assistance of General Holmes on the New Market road, who was not then engaged, and their two divisions took no part in the action. Huger, on the Charles City road, came upon Franklin's left flank,*

* See map on page 470.

but made no attack. I sent my engineer officer, Captain W. F. Lee, to him through the swamp, to ask whether he could not engage Franklin. He replied that the road was obstructed by fallen timber. So there were five divisions within sound of the firing, and within supporting distance, but not one of them moved. Longstreet and A. P. Hill made a desperate fight, contending against Sumner's corps, and the divisions of McCall, Kearny, and Hooker; but they failed to gain possession of the Quaker road, upon which McClellan was retreating. That night Franklin glided silently by them. He had to pass within easy range of the artillery of Longstreet and Hill, but they did not know he was there. It had been a gallant fight on their part. General Lee reported: "Many prisoners, including a general of division, McCall, were captured, and several batteries, with some thousands of small arms, were taken." But as an obstruction to the Federal retreat, the fight amounted to nothing.

Major Dabney, in his life of Jackson, thus comments on the inaction of that officer: "On this occasion it would appear, if the vast interests dependent upon General Jackson's coöperation with the proposed attack upon the center were considered, that he came short of the efficiency in action for which he was everywhere else noted." After showing how the crossing of White Oak might have been effected, Dabney adds: "The list of casualties would have been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoneer wounded: but how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up the next day at Malvern Hill? This temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was probably to be explained by physical causes. The labor of the previous days, the sleeplessness, the wear of gigantic cares, with the drenching of the comfortless night, had sunk the elasticity of his will and the quickness of his invention for the nonce below their wonted tension. And which of the sons of man is so great as never to experience this?"

I think that an important factor in this inaction was Jackson's pity for his own corps, worn out by long and exhausting marches, and reduced in numbers by its score of sanguinary battles. He thought that the garrison of Richmond ought now to bear the brunt of the fighting. None of us knew that the veterans of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were unsupported; nor did we even know that the firing that we heard was theirs. Had all our troops been at Frayser's Farm, there would have been no Malvern Hill.

Jackson's genius never shone out when under the command of another. It seemed then to be shrouded or paralyzed. Compare his inertness on this occasion with the wonderful vigor shown a few weeks later at Slaughter's Mountain, in the stealthy march to Pope's rear, and later still in the capture of Harper's Ferry. MacGregor on his native heath was not more different from MacGregor in prison, than was Jackson his own master from Jackson in a subordinate position. He wrote once to Richmond requesting that he "might have fewer orders and more men." That was the keynote to his whole character. The hooded falcon cannot strike the quarry.

The gentleman who tried his "splendid rifle" on the drunken Irishman was the Rev. L. W. Allen. Mr. Allen had been raised in that neighborhood, and knew Malvern Hill well. He spoke of its commanding height, the difficulties of approach to it, its amphitheatrical form and ample area, which would enable McClellan to arrange his three hundred and fifty field guns tier above tier and sweep the plain in every direction. I became satisfied that an attack upon the concentrated Federal army so splendidly posted, and with such vast superiority in artillery, could only be fatal to us. The anxious thought then was, Have Holmes and Magruder been able to keep McClellan from Malvern Hill? General Holmes arrived at Malvern at 10:40 A. M. on the 30th, with five thousand one hundred and seventy infantry, four batteries of artillery, and one hundred and thirty improvised or irregular cavalry. He did not attempt to occupy the hill, although only fifteen hundred Federals had yet reached it. Our cavalry had passed over it on the afternoon of the 29th and had had a sharp skirmish with the Federal cavalry on the Quaker road.

As General Holmes marched down the river, his troops became visible to the gunboats, which opened fire upon them, throwing those awe-inspiring shells familiarly called by our men "lamp-posts," on account of their size and appearance. Their explosion was very much like that of a small volcano, and had a very demoralizing effect upon new troops, one of whom expressed the general sentiment by saying: "The Yankees throwed them lamp-posts about too careless like." The roaring, howling gun-boat shells were usually harmless to flesh, blood, and bones, but they had a wonderful effect upon the nervous system. General Junius Daniel, a most gallant and accomplished officer, who had a brigade under General Holmes, gave me an incident connected with the affair on the 30th, known as the "Battle of Malvern Cliff." General Holmes, who was very deaf, had gone into a little house concealed from the boats by some intervening woods, and was engaged in some business when the bellowing of the "lamp-posts" began. The irregular cavalry stam-

peded and made a brilliant charge to the rear. The artillerists of two guns of Graham's Petersburg battery were also panic-struck, and cutting their horses loose mounted them, and, with dangling traces, tried to catch up with the fleet-footed cavaliers. The infantry troops were inexperienced in the wicked ways of war, having never been under fire before. The fright of the fleeing chivalry would have pervaded their ranks also with the same mischievous result but for the strenuous efforts of their officers, part of whom were veterans. Some of the raw levies crouched behind little saplings to get protection from the shrieking, blustering shells. At this juncture General Holmes, who, from his deafness, was totally unaware of the rumpus, came out of the hut, put his hand behind his right ear, and said: "I thought I heard firing." Some of the pale-faced infantry thought that they also had heard firing.

Part of Wise's brigade joined Holmes on the 30th, with two batteries of artillery and two regiments of cavalry. His entire force then consisted of five thousand eight hundred and twenty infantry, six batteries of artillery, and two regiments of cavalry. He remained inactive until 4 P. M., when he was told that the Federal army was passing over Malvern Hill in a demoralized condition. He then opened upon the supposed fugitives with six rifled guns, and was speedily undeceived in regard to the disorganization in the Army of the Potomac by a reply from thirty guns, which in a brief time silenced his own. The audacity of the Federals and the large number of their guns (which had gone in advance of the main body of Porter's corps) made General Holmes believe that he was about to be attacked, and he called for assistance, and, by Longstreet's order, Magruder was sent to him. After a weary march, Magruder was recalled to aid Longstreet; but the day was spent in fruitless marching and countermarching, so that his fine body of troops took no part in what might have been a decisive battle at Frayser's Farm. General Holmes was a veteran soldier of well-known personal courage, but he was deceived as to the strength and intentions of the enemy. General Porter says that the force opposed to General Holmes consisted of Warren's brigade and the Eleventh U. S. Infantry; in all, fifteen hundred infantry and thirty pieces of artillery. Here was afforded an example of the proneness to overestimate the number of troops opposed to us. The Federals reported Holmes to have twenty-five thousand men, and he thought himself confronted by a large part of McClellan's army. That night he fell back to a stronger position,* thinking apparently that there would be an "on to Richmond" movement by the River Road. He lost two killed, forty-nine wounded, two pieces of artillery, and six caissons. The guns and caissons, General Porter states, were afterwards abandoned by the Federals. General Holmes occupied the extreme Confederate right the next day, July 1st, but he took no part in the attack upon Malvern Hill, believing, as he says in his official report, "that it was out of the question to attack the strong position of Malvern Hill from that side with my inadequate force."

Mahone's brigade had some skirmishing with Slocum's Federal division on the 30th, but nothing else was done on that day by Huger's division. Thus it happened that Longstreet and A. P. Hill, with the fragments of their divisions shattered at Gaines's Mill, were struggling alone, while Jackson's whole corps and the divisions of Huger, Magruder, Holmes, McLaws, and my own were near by.

Jackson moved over the Swamp early on the first of July, Whiting's division leading. Our march was much delayed by the crossing of troops and trains. At Willis's Church I met General Lee. He bore grandly his terrible disappointment of the day before, and made no allusion to it. I gave him Mr. Allen's description of Malvern Hill, and presumed to say, "If General McClellan is there in force, we had better let him alone." Longstreet laughed and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." It was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army that made our leader risk the attack. It was near noon when Jackson reached the immediate neighborhood of Malvern Hill. Some time was spent in reconnoitering, and in making tentative efforts with our few batteries to ascertain the strength and position of the enemy. I saw Jackson helping with his own hands to push Riley's North Carolina battery farther forward. It was soon disabled, the woods around us being filled with shrieking and exploding shells. I noticed an artilleryman seated comfortably behind a very large tree, and apparently feeling very secure. A moment later a shell passed through the huge tree and took off the man's head. This gives an idea of the great power of the Federal rifled artillery. Whiting's division was ordered to the left of the Quaker road, and mine to the right; Ewell's was in reserve. Jackson's own division had been halted at Willis's Church. The divisions of Magruder, Huger, and McLaws were still farther over to my right. Those of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were in reserve on the right and were not engaged.

At length we were ordered to advance.

* Half a mile below the upper gate at Curl's Neck. (See Holmes's Report, Vol. XI., Pt. 2, Rebellion Records.)—D. H. H.

The brigade of General Joseph R. Anderson first encountered the enemy, and its commander was wounded and borne from the field. His troops, however, crossed the creek and took position in the woods, commanded by Colonel C. C. Tew, a skillful and gallant man. Rodes being sick, his brigade was commanded by that peerless soldier, Colonel J. B. Gordon. Ripley, Garland, and Colquitt also got over without serious loss. My five brigade commanders and myself now made an examination of the enemy's position.* He was found to be strongly posted on a commanding hill, all the approaches to which could be swept by his artillery and were guarded by swarms of infantry, securely sheltered by fences, ditches, and ravines. We remained a long while awaiting orders, when I received the following:

July 1, 1862.

GENERAL D. H. HILL: Batteries have been established to act upon the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead,† who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same. R. H. CHILTON, A. A. G.

A similar order was sent to each division commander. However, only one battery of our artillery came up at a time, and each successive one, as it took position, had fifty pieces turned upon it, and was crushed in a minute. Not knowing what to do under the circumstances, I wrote to General Jackson that the condition upon which the order was predicated was not fulfilled, and that I wanted instructions. He replied to advance when I heard the shouting. We did advance at the signal, and after an unassisted struggle for an hour and a half, and after meeting with some success, we were compelled to fall back under cover of the woods. Magruder advanced at the same signal, having portions of the divisions of Huger and McLaws, comprising the brigades of Mahone, Wright, Barksdale, Ransom, Cobb, Semmes, Kershaw, Armistead, and G. T. Anderson. But he met with some delay, and did not get in motion till he received a second order from General Lee, and we were then beaten.

The Comte de Paris, who was on McClellan's staff, gives this account of the charge of my most gallant division:

"Hill advanced alone against the Federal positions. . . . He had therefore before him Morell's right, Couch's division, reënforced by Caldwell's brigade . . . and finally the left of Kearny.* The woods skirting the foot of Malvern Hill had hitherto protected the Confederates, but as soon as they passed beyond the edge of the forest, they were received by a fire from all the batteries at once, some posted on the hill, others ranged midway, close to the Federal infantry. The latter joined its musketry fire to the cannonade when Hill's first line had come within range, and threw it back in disorder on the reserves. While it was re-forming, new (Federal) battalions marched up to the assault in their turn. The remembrance of Cold Harbor doubles the energy of Hill's soldiers. They try to pierce the line, sometimes at one point, sometimes at another, charging Kearny's left first, and Couch's right, . . . and afterwards throwing themselves upon the left of Couch's division. But here also, after nearly reaching the Federal positions, they are repulsed. The conflict is carried on with great fierceness on both sides, and, for a moment, it seems as if the Confederates are at last about to penetrate the very center of their adversaries and of the formidable artillery, which but now was dealing destruction in their ranks. But Sumner, who commands on the right, detaches Sickles's and Meagher's brigades successively to Couch's assistance. During this time, Whiting on the left, and Huger on the right, suffer Hill's soldiers to become exhausted without supporting them. Neither Lee nor Jackson has sent the slightest order, and the din of the battle which is going on in their immediate vicinity has not sufficed to make them march against the enemy. . . . At seven o'clock Hill reorganized the *débris* of his troops in the woods; . . . his tenacity and the courage of his soldiers have only had the effect of causing him to sustain heavy losses." (Pp. 141-142, Vol. II.)

Truly, the courage of the soldiers was sublime! Battery after battery was in their hands for a few moments, only to be wrested away by fresh troops of the enemy. If one division could effect this much, what might have been done had the other nine coöperated with it!

General Lee says:

"D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and the numerous batteries of the enemy. Jackson sent to his support his own division, and that part of Ewell's which was in reserve; but owing to the increasing darkness, and the intricacy of the forest and swamp, they did not arrive in time to render the desired assistance. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon part of the ground that he had gained, after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy."

I never saw anything more grandly heroic than the advance after sunset of the nine brigades under Magruder's orders.§ Unfortunately, they did not move together, and were beaten in detail. As each brigade emerged from the woods, from fifty to one hundred guns opened upon it, tearing great gaps in its ranks; but the heroes reeled on and were shot down by the reserves at the guns, which a few squads reached. Most of them had an open field half a mile wide to cross, and this under the terrible fire of field artillery in front, and the

* See map on page 477.

† Immediately on my right.—D. H. H.

§ Toombs's brigade belonged to this command, but had been moved up to the assistance of my division by my order when we were hard pressed. It was not, therefore, in the final attack made by Magruder.—D. H. H.

fire of the heavy ordnance of the gun-boats in their rear. It was not war — it was murder.

Our loss was double that of the Federals at Malvern Hill. Not only did the fourteen brigades which were engaged suffer, but also the inactive troops and those brought up as reserves too late to be of any use met many casualties from the fearful artillery fire which reached all parts of the woods for miles around. Hence, more than half the casualties were from the Federal field-pieces — an unprecedented thing in warfare. The artillery practice was kept up till nine o'clock at night. The darkness of the night added to the glory of the pyrotechnics, and though we were on the wrong side of the belching flames, we could not help looking at the gorgeous display with admiration, and even with enthusiasm. It was quite late when I had posted for the night the last of the reënforcements that had come up when the battle was over. A half hour before the last disposition was made, an incident occurred which is thus related by General Trimble:

"I proposed to General D. H. Hill to ride forward and reconnoiter the enemy's position. We approached within one hundred steps of the enemy's batteries, and could hear plainly the ordinary tone of conversation. The guns were then firing on the woods to our left, where the last attack had been made, at right angles to that part of the field we were then in. I suggested to General Hill the advantage of making an attack on this battery, and that it must be successful, as the enemy would not expect one from our position, and under cover of the darkness we could approach them undiscovered. General Hill did not seem inclined to make the movement."

The chivalrous Trimble proposed to make the attack with his own brigade, but there were many troops now in the woods, and I thought that the attack would but expose them to a more intense artillery fire. We saw men going about with lanterns, looking up and carrying off dead and wounded. There were no pickets out, and the rumbling of wheels in the distance seemed to indicate that the retreat had begun. The morning revealed the bare plateau stripped of its terrible batteries.

The battle of Malvern Hill was a disaster to the Confederates, and the fourteen brigades that had been so badly repulsed were much demoralized. But there were six divisions intact, and they could have made a formidable fight on the 2d.

Possibly owing to the belief that Longstreet and A. P. Hill were making a march between Malvern and Harrison's Landing, the retreat was the most disorderly that took place. Wagons and ambulances were abandoned, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, clothing, and rifles by the thousand were thrown away by the Federals. Colonel Nance, of the Third South Carolina regiment, gathered nine hundred and twenty-five rifles in fine condition that had been thrown away in the wheat-field at Shirley, a farm between Malvern and Haxall's.

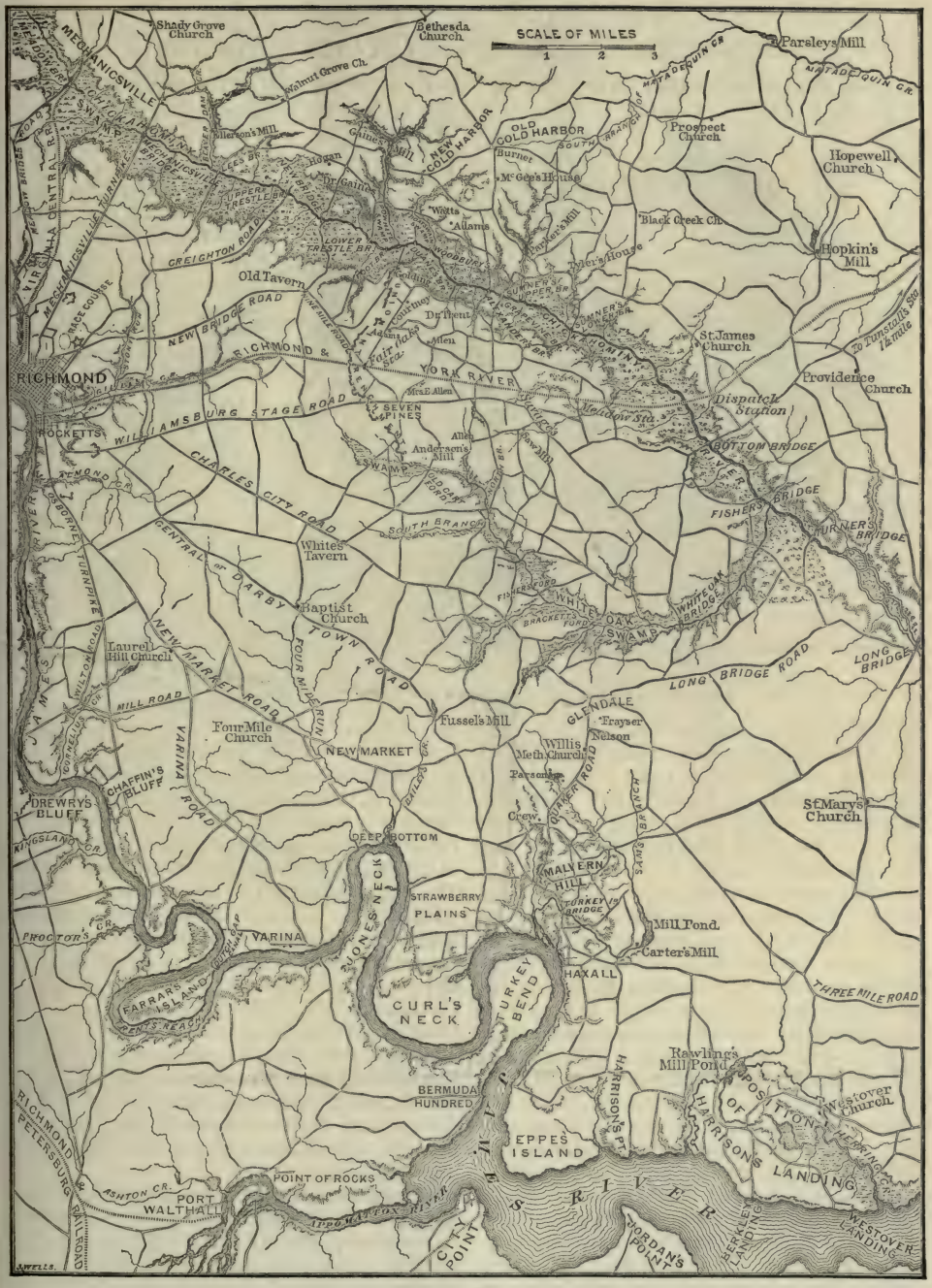
The fruits of the Seven Days' Fighting were the relief of Richmond, the capture of ten thousand prisoners, fifty-two pieces of artillery, and thirty-five thousand stands of arms, and the destruction or capture of many military stores.

I have not the means of ascertaining the relative losses. I crossed the Chickahominy with 10,000 effective men. Of these, 3907 were killed or wounded, and forty-eight were reported missing, either captured or fugitives from the field. With the infantry and artillery detached, and the losses before Malvern Hill, I estimate that my division in that battle was 6500 strong, and that the loss was 2000. Magruder puts his force at between 26,000 and 28,000 (I think a very high estimate), and states his loss as 2900.

Throughout this campaign we attacked just when and where the enemy wished us to attack. This was owing to our ignorance of the country and lack of reconnaissance of the successive battle-fields. Porter's weak point at Gaines's Mill was his right flank. A thorough examination of the ground would have disclosed that; and had Jackson's command gone in on the left of the road running by the McGee house, Porter's whole position would have been turned, and the line of retreat cut off. An armed reconnaissance at Malvern would have shown the immense preponderance of the Federal artillery, and that a contest with it must be hopeless. The battle, with all its melancholy results, proved, however, that the Confederate infantry and Federal artillery, side by side on the same field, need fear no foe on earth.

Both commanders had shown great ability. McClellan, if not always great in the advance, was most masterly in retreat, and is unquestionably the greatest of Americans as an organizer of an army. Lee's plans were perfect; and had not his dispositions for a decisive battle at Frayser's Farm miscarried, through no fault of his own, he would have won a most complete victory. It was not the least part of his greatness that he did not complain of his disappointment, and that he at no time sought a scape-goat upon which to lay a failure. As reunited Americans, we have reason to be proud of both commanders.

D. H. Hill.



REGION OF THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING.

REAR-GUARD FIGHTING AT SAVAGE'S STATION,

AND THE ENGAGEMENT, THE FOLLOWING DAY (JUNE 30), AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE.

WOODBURY'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

THE positions of the troops holding the Union line on the south side of the Chickahominy on the 26th of June, 1862 (the day before the battle of Gaines's Mill), were the following: General W. F. Smith's division of my corps, the Sixth, held the right of the line, its right resting on the hill overlooking the Chickahominy, and my other division, General Slocum's, was next on the left. Going towards the left, General Sumner's corps came next, then General Heintzelman's, and then, on the extreme left reaching to White Oak Swamp, General Keyes's corps. On the 26th an epaulement was thrown up by the troops of the Sixth Corps in a wheat-field in front of our lines, which was ready for guns on the morning of the 27th. During the night of the 26th five batteries of the reserve artillery, under the command of Colonel (now General) Getty, were collected in rear of the epaulement, ready to take position in it and commence a heavy artillery fire on the enemy's line in front of Golding's Farm. (See map, page 453. Golding's is near the Chickahominy on the extreme right of the Union intrenched line.) Five days' rations, cold tea in the canteens, etc., etc., had been issued, so that everything was ready to follow up the projected bombardment, which it was presumed would commence on the morning of the 27th. But on the evening of the 26th the fight at Beaver Dam Creek occurred, and General McClellan called at my headquarters on his way to confer with General Porter as to his operations of the next day. I was then absent at General Slocum's headquarters, conferring with him in regard to the attack we were expecting to make, and therefore missed General McClellan, so that I received no word from him until the next morning.

About daylight on the 27th I received orders to send General Slocum's division across the Chickahominy to report to General Porter. This order was countermanded a short time after the division had started by way of Woodbury's Bridge, and it returned to its station. About 10:30 o'clock in the morning the enemy opened on our artillery with theirs, doubtless unaware of the presence of the five batteries of reserve artillery mentioned above. The fire was kept up for an hour, and as theirs slackened, so did ours, until both sides ceased firing. Two hours before the bombardment began I received orders not to do anything to bring on a general engagement, and after the cessation of the artillery fire everything was quiet in our front for several hours. At two o'clock I was ordered again to send General Slocum's division to report to General Porter. It went accordingly, became engaged at once in the battle of Gaines's Mill, lost very heavily, and did not return to its station until after nightfall.

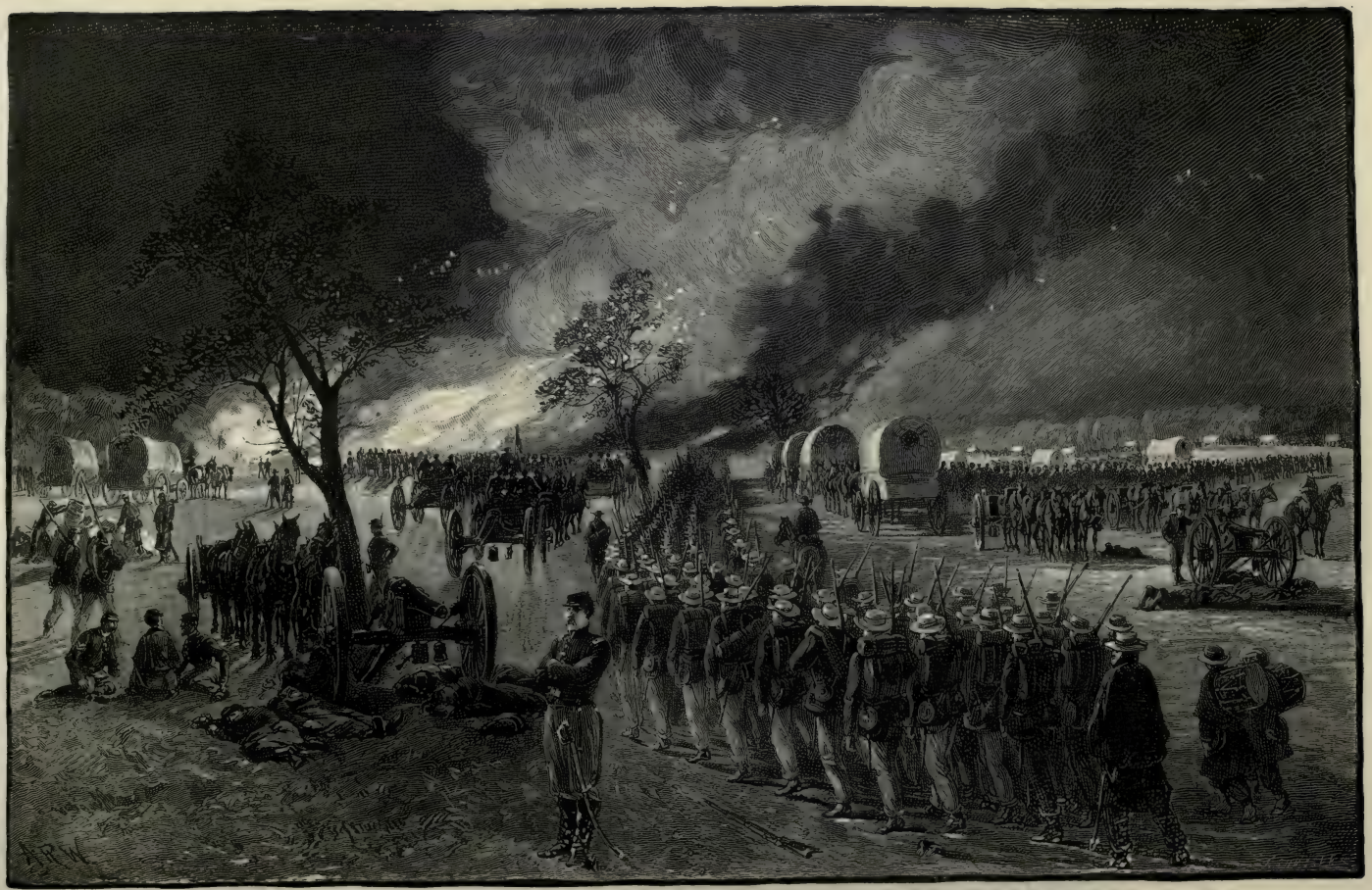
During the afternoon several of the heavy guns with us were used with effect on columns of the enemy on the north side of the Chickahominy moving against General Porter, causing them to fall back and seek some other route of attack. The range was about two and one-half miles. About sundown General Hancock's brigade, which held the extreme right of Gen-

A SAMPLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

eral Smith's line, was attacked furiously by the enemy. It was nearly dark when the fight began, and the combatants were not fifty yards apart; but General Hancock was, as usual, equal to the occasion, and the enemy was driven back. This fight was preceded by a severe artillery fire from the enemy, which, however, was soon silenced. This day's operations of Smith's division were known as "the action at Golding's Farm."

The position held by General Smith's division was about one and one-half miles from the Gaines's Mill field; and possibly because the interval was filled with dense timber, not a gun of the Gaines's Mill battle was heard by the troops in our vicinity.

The next morning, the 28th of June, General Smith's division was moved to the rear and left of the clearing of Golding's Farm; General Slocum's division remaining to the rear and right of Smith, where it had taken position the night before. During this retrograde movement the enemy kept up a lively cannonade from the left, front, and right, doing wonderfully little harm. That evening the corps commanders were assembled at McClellan's headquarters at the Trent house. The commanding general announced to us his purpose to begin a movement to the James River on the next day, and each corps commander was furnished with a map on which were laid



THE RETREAT FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY. (FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE FIELD AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

[The scene is near McClellan's headquarters at Dr. Trent's farm, before daylight on Sunday, June 29; the Sixth Corps (Franklin's) is falling back; the fires are from the burning of commissary stores and forage; the artillery in position covers the approaches from the Chickahominy, the artillerymen resting underneath the guns. The regiment in the middle ground is the 16th New York, who wore straw hats in this campaign, and were, partly in consequence, such conspicuous targets for the enemy that in the Seven Days' fighting they lost 228 men.—EDITOR.]

down the positions that the respective corps were to hold until the next evening, when all the troops remaining near their present positions were to move across the White Oak Swamp *en route* for the James. The assembly broke up about two o'clock in the morning, and each corps commander had all the information necessary to determine his action for the 29th, should nothing unforeseen occur.

The relative position of the Sixth Corps was not changed. General Smith's division was still to have its right on the Chickahominy, extending down the river, where it was to touch the left of General McCall's division, which, however, played no part in holding the line on June 29th, as it crossed White Oak Swamp early in the day.

General Slocum's division was to be at Savage's Station, in reserve. Then came General Sumner's corps and General Heintzelman's. General Keyes's was to cross the White Oak Swamp at once. General Porter's corps had already crossed the swamp, and was under orders to press forward to a position on the James River.

This new line was about two miles nearer the White Oak bridge than the intrenched line in front of Fair Oaks and Golding's Farm (described above), and was nearly parallel. It was much shorter than the old line, its left reaching nearly to the swamp, and its right to the brink of the Chickahominy hills. This second line was about three-quarters of a mile in front of Savage's Station on the York River Railroad, which had been the depot for unloading and storing supplies for the troops that held the old line, and where had been gathered in tents two thousand five hundred sick and wounded, most of the latter from Gaines's Mill.

UNION TROOPS BUILDING THE CORDUROY APPROACHES TO GRAPEVINE BRIDGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)
[It was mainly by this bridge that the Union troops were withdrawn the night after the battle of Gaines's Mill.]

General Slocum's and General Smith's divisions both moved to their new positions before daylight of Sunday, the 29th of June — the day of the fighting at Savage's Station. As General Slocum's division had suffered so severely in the battle of Gaines's Mill, and had not yet recovered from its exhaustion, General McClellan ordered it to cross White Oak Swamp at once, and it accordingly left its position. Through some inadvertence I was not informed of this change of plan; so when I joined General Smith early in the morning, I found him in his proper position,

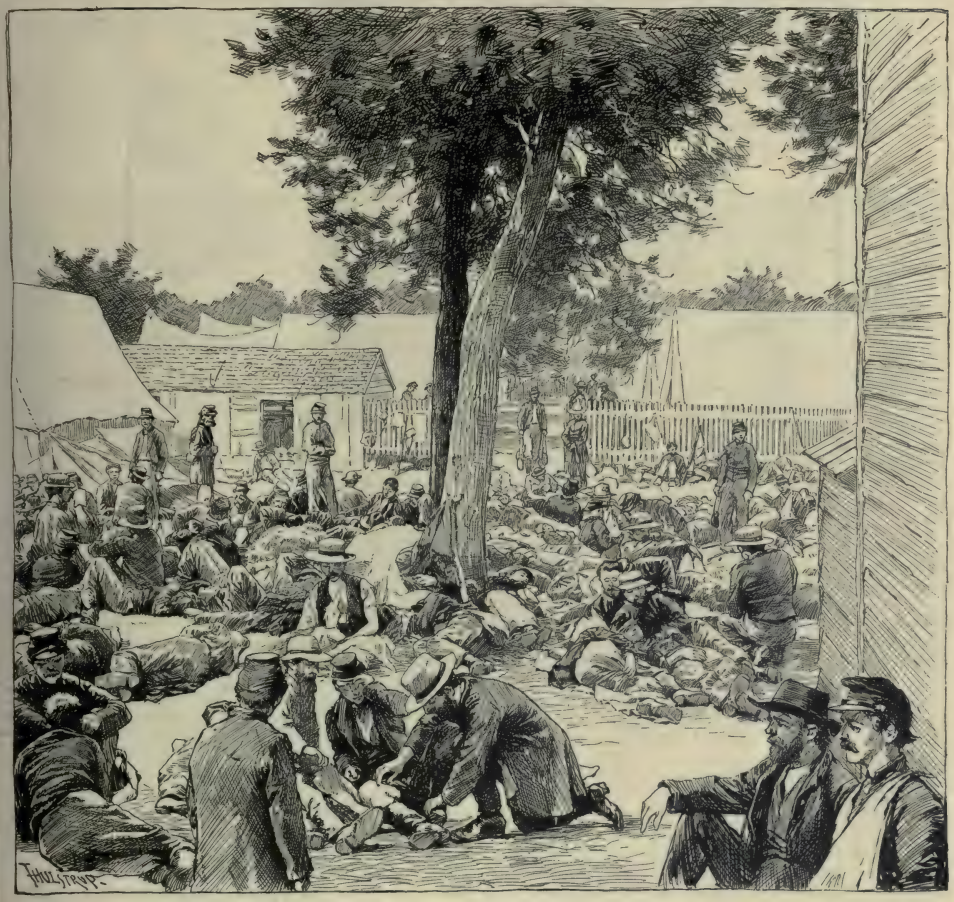
THE SECOND LINE OF UNION WORKS AT FAIR OAKS STATION, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM SKETCH MADE ON THE FIELD BY A. R. WAUD.)

[On the day of the battle of Gaines's Mill the Confederates made demonstrations along the front of McClellan's left wing, of which Fair Oaks Station was the center. After the battle of Seven Pines this position had been greatly strengthened, as may be seen by comparing the above picture with the sketches of the same position in the May CENTURY.—EDITOR.]

but with an interval of more than a mile between him and the troops on the left. It was soon learned, by sending out cavalry, that General Sumner had not moved from the position that he held the day before, and was, at the very time we learned this fact, engaged with the enemy at Allen's Farm. It was also apparent that straggling parties of the enemy were in front of the interval already mentioned. These circumstances

DR. TRENT'S FARM-HOUSE. (PRESENT ASPECT.)

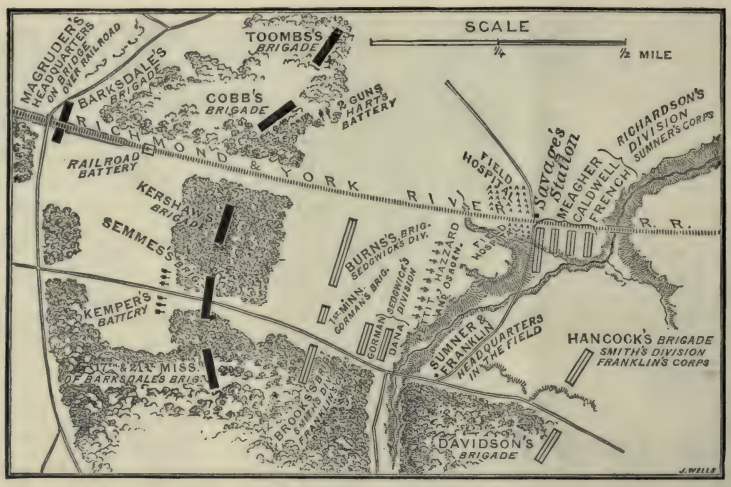
[General McClellan's headquarters were in a tent under the two trees at the right. The Chickahominy lies to the left behind the house, and is a little more than half a mile distant.—EDITOR.]



FIELD HOSPITAL AT SAVAGE'S STATION, AFTER THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

showed an alarming state of things, and General Smith and I rode over to Savage's Station to learn something of the positions of other troops. We found no troops in the vicinity except General Meagher's brigade and the Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry, which had been sent to the station to destroy the stores that had to be abandoned. I at once wrote General Sumner, describing the situation, and informing him that I should move General Smith's division to Savage's Station, the vicinity of which offered a good fighting position, and advising him to bring his corps to that place. He answered the note at once, telling me that he was then engaged with the enemy, and that as soon as things were quiet he would join me with his corps. Soon after I had sent to General Sumner General Heintzelman rode up, and I told him what I had done. He approved, and said that he would also join us at the station with his corps. He afterwards changed his mind, however, and instead of halting in the wood in front of the station, as we naturally supposed he would, he marched off towards White Oak bridge, hidden from us by the woods, and crossed the swamp, so that we saw him no more that day, supposing, nevertheless, until we were attacked by the enemy, that his troops were in position on a part of our front.* General

* General Heintzelman in his report says: "The whole open space near Savage's was crowded with troops — more than I supposed could be brought into action judiciously." He then states that an aide of the commanding general was with him to point out the road for his crossing. "I ordered the whole of my corps to take this road, with the exception of Osborn's and Bramhall's batteries." These were turned over to General Smith's division.— W. B. F.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE AT SAVAGE'S STATION.

[The order in which the Union troops entered the fight has by request been described for THE CENTURY by General William W. Burns, in a letter dated Governor's Island, May 10, 1885, in which he says:

"The enemy appearing in the woods west of Savage's Station, General Sumner sent me forward to occupy the space between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. Thinking that two regiments of my brigade would suffice, I led them forward to the fences, at the edge of the woods on the west side of the clearing, about five hundred yards distant from the ravine on the east side of the clearing. General Sumner had his headquarters east of this wooded ravine and could not observe what was occurring on the west side of the open field.

"When I reached the fences I sent skirmishers through the belt of trees, and found the enemy advancing on the Williamsburg road and on the railroad, where General Lee's famous railroad monitor was slowly approaching. I had to throw back the right company of the right regiment, the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, to rake the monitor. Then I found my two regiments not enough to extend across between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. I sent an aide in haste after my other two regiments, informing General Sumner of the situation. The First Minnesota, of Gorman's brigade, being most handy, was first sent, my two reserve regiments following. While placing the First Minnesota on the left to extend across the Williamsburg road, the battle began. My right flank swept the railroad monitor, which had advanced to the edge of the woods, and it ran back. The battle moved to my left and I discovered that our works east of Seven Pines had been evacuated by Heintzelman. I threw back the left flank of the First Minnesota across the Williamsburg road and sent the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania of my brigade to prolong the left, to prevent the turning movement of the enemy; at the same time informing General Sumner of the conditions in front. He would not believe that Heintzelman had withdrawn until I sent my last mounted man, urging and demanding reënforcements. The Seventy-first Pennsylvania (also called the First California), of my brigade, arriving, I placed it behind the center of my line where a gap had been made by extending the First Minnesota to the left. General Franklin sent General Brooks's brigade to the left of my line to check the turning movement of the enemy, and Sumner, when he realized that Heintzelman had withdrawn, sent Gorman's and Dana's brigades to my support in front.

"General Sumner formed the Eighty-eighth New York, of Meagher's brigade, and the Fifth New Hampshire, of Caldwell's brigade, for a charge. A mass of men came up in my rear in full yell. I halted the crowd and asked for their commander. 'I am Captain Quinlan of the Eighty-eighth New York, sir,' exclaimed an officer. I got them into line (about two hundred and fifty men), facing up the Williamsburg road, which was raked by the grape and canister of the enemy's batteries. I gave the command, Double quick — charge! They went in with a hurrah, and the enemy's battery fell back. General McClellan mistakenly gave the credit of that gallant charge to the Sixty-ninth New York. It seems that the Fifth New Hampshire halted before the charge which General Sumner had put in motion reached me.

"I was shot in the face with a minie-ball at the time the enemy broke through the gap in the center. There we had a hand-to-hand encounter, which determined the day in our favor. At nightfall I relieved the first line, its ammunition being exhausted, with the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and the Eighty-second New York. My report of the Seven Days' fighting was made at Harrison's Bar in hot July. I was prostrated with my wound, malaria, and twenty-eight days of constant strain, and was unable to write or to collect my thoughts. The battle at Glendale on the 30th of June, the next day after that of Savage's Station, was saved by my brigade, which kept the enemy from piercing the center of the Army of the Potomac; but, like the instance above, history has given the credit to 'General Misunderstanding,' who, in history, fights most battles.— William W. Burns."

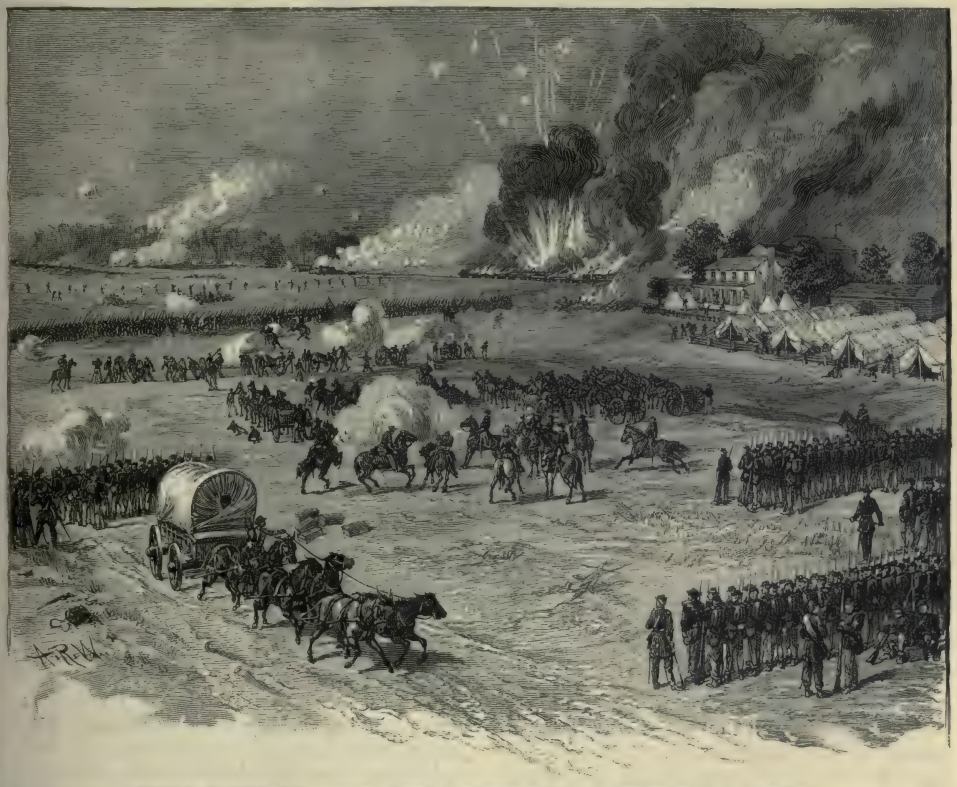
Parts of Hazzard's, Pettit's, and Osborn's batteries were engaged on the Union side.

The Confederate infantry north of the railroad (Cobb's, Toombs's, and Anderson's brigades) did not take an active part in the battle. Anderson's brigade is not shown, its position being outside the northern bounds of the map.

The Confederate artillery engaged comprised Kemper's battery, two guns of Hart's battery, and Lieutenant Barry's "32-pounder rifled gun mounted on a rail-car, and protected from cannon-shot by a sloping roof, in front, covered with plates of iron, through which a port-hole had been pierced."—EDITOR.]

Smith's division arrived at the station about noon or shortly after, and took position on the left in a wood. General Sumner's corps, consisting of General Sedgwick's and General Richardson's divisions, arrived about 2 P. M.

There was a cleared field of several acres on the north side of the railroad which was occupied by a camp hospital, containing about twenty-five hundred sick and wounded men. The field was filled with hospital tents laid out in rows, each tent containing fifteen or twenty men on comfortable, clean beds, with the necessary surgeons and attendants. South of the railroad, and between it and the Williamsburg road, was another clearing, east of which was a ravine running obliquely across the railroad, its edges skirted by trees, and the ravine itself filled with undergrowth. This clearing was nearly square, and was about one-third or one-half mile in length and breadth. In front of the ravine were some small hills which made good shelter for the troops; and west of the clearing was timber, where we supposed General Heintzelman's troops to be; on the left of the Williamsburg road was timber also, and General Smith's division was in position therein. Sumner's corps took position in the clearing between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. It consisted of two divisions of infantry, Sedgwick's and Richardson's. Burns's brigade of Sedgwick's division was in front, Sedgwick's other two brigades being just behind. The three brigades of Richardson's division, Meagher having joined him, were farther to the rear, but more to the right. Three batteries of field artillery, Hazzard's, Pettit's, and Osborn's, were posted towards the left, near the front of the ravine.



BATTLE OF SAVAGE'S STATION. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

[The 2500 sick and wounded in the field hospitals, and attendants were left behind when the army fell back from Savage's Station, during the night following the engagement. The explosion on the railway is of an ordnance train. Other ordnance trains were set on fire and were run back to Bottom's bridge where they plunged into the Chickahominy.—EDITOR.]

The day was hot and sultry and wore away slowly as we waited either to be attacked or at nightfall to start for White Oak bridge. Large quantities of all kinds of quartermasters' and other stores, partly in cars, were burning at the station, and at intervals shells would burst as the fire reached them, jarring the nerves of the tired and expectant men.

THE ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER A SKETCH MADE BY HIM AT THE TIME.)

[Ascending the north slope the road bends to the left, the upper side being skirted by woods along the edge of which the Confederate artillery took position.—EDITOR.]

Shortly before 4 o'clock General Sedgwick and I rode over to the hospital to visit some of our wounded friends, whose condition was found to be as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. From the hospital we started to make a call upon General Heintzelman, whose supposed position has already been described. As we rode over the open field we saw a group of men come out of a wood on the north of the railroad, but some distance from the place where we expected to find Heintzelman. I thought they were our men, but General Sedgwick looked at them more closely, stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, those men are rebels!" We then turned back in as dignified a manner as the circumstances would permit. But we had hardly started when they opened on us with a field-piece, keeping up a lively and uncomfortable fire. A second piece soon joined the first and they kept up the fire until they were silenced by our batteries. This ludicrous incident prevented what might have been a disastrous surprise for our whole force. A few minutes afterwards, before we had reached our troops, the signal-officers reported the approach of a force of infantry and a railroad car upon which was a rifled cannon, from the direction of Richmond. This artillery car halted in a cut of the railroad a little distance in front of the station, and at once began to shell the troops in the open field, and so about five o'clock the fight was begun. I immediately sought General Sumner, to inform him of the situation and get instructions. He had been fighting at the head of his corps during the morning, and being much exhausted, was asleep when I reached his headquarters. I awoke him, and in a short time he had ordered two regiments of General Burns's brigade to attack at a point in the timber in front near the Williamsburg road, where the enemy's infantry had by this time appeared. These regiments entered the wood, and before they became engaged were joined by the First Minnesota Regiment. General Burns extended his line to the vicinity of the railroad, so that its center was necessarily weak. During this movement the enemy's artillery played with effect upon our troops, but was answered and finally silenced by the three batteries on our side already mentioned.

The enemy made the infantry attack with great fury, and pierced the center of General Burns's line. General Burns was wounded but remained on the field. At this time General Sumner placed himself in front of two regiments and waved his hat. With a cheer they moved forward at double time to the endangered place in General Burns's line, enabling him to rectify it and drive the enemy from his front. Several other regiments joined General Burns's line at about the same time, but the fight was over not long after the charge, and the enemy was driven from the wood. A Confederate battery placed near the Williamsburg road was compelled to withdraw in haste. On

the left General Brooks's brigade of General Smith's division, Sixth Corps, moved forward, with its right on the Williamsburg road, against a force of the enemy that was moving south of that road in the wood skirting the open field. It steadily drove back the enemy, meeting with heavy loss, particularly in the Fifth Vermont Regiment, and darkness ended the fight. General Brooks was wounded in the leg, but did not leave the field. Hancock's and Davidson's brigades were posted some distance to the rear to repel an anticipated attack from the right and rear, but were not engaged. When the fight was over, our troops held the contested ground, and their behavior throughout the fight had been admirable.

The Confederate force engaged in this fight was commanded by General J. B. Magruder, and consisted of Semmes's and Kershaw's brigades, Kemper's battery; and two regiments of Barksdale's brigade opposite our left. Cobb's division and two guns of Hart's battery were north of the railroad to the right of our line. Cobb's infantry was not engaged.

About a half hour after the fight was ended, I suggested to General Sumner that if he had no objection I would carry out the commanding general's orders, so far as I was concerned, and cross the White Oak Swamp with General Smith's division. We were then on the field. His answer was, "No, General, you shall not go, nor will I go — I never leave a victorious field. Why! if I had twenty thousand more men, I would crush this rebellion." I then told him that I would show him a dispatch from General McClellan directing that all of the troops should cross during that night. With some difficulty a candle was found and lighted, and the general read the dispatch. After reading it he exclaimed, with some excitement, "General McClellan did not know the circumstances when he wrote that note. He did not know that we would fight a battle and gain a victory." I was at my wit's end. I knew that General McClellan's arrangements did anticipate a fight exactly like that just over, and that unless the whole force was on the other side of the swamp by the next morning, his movement might be seriously delayed. Moreover, I believed that if we staid where we were, the enemy would be upon us in force enough to defeat us utterly on the next morning, endangering the remainder of the army. Yet, by all military usage I was under General Sumner's orders. At this juncture General Smith asked me to introduce Lieutenant Berry, his aide-de-camp, to General Sumner. After the introduction, Lieutenant Berry told General Sumner that he had seen General McClellan only a short time before, that he knew there had been a fight, and fully expected that all of the troops would cross the swamp that night. General Sumner was convinced by this statement, and with great reluctance permitted me to continue the movement towards the swamp, he following immediately after.

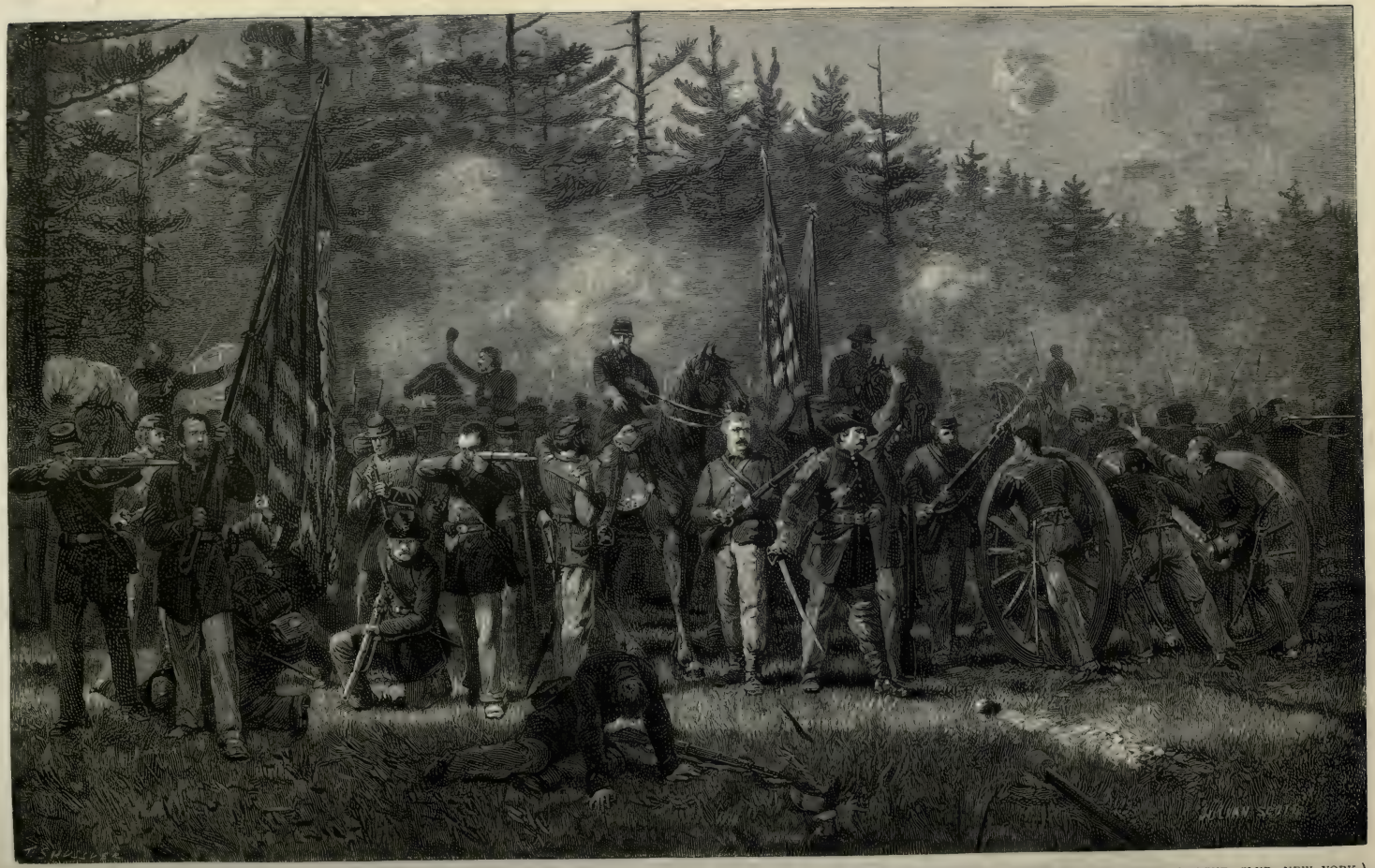
General Smith's division crossed the White Oak bridge about three o'clock on the morning of June 30th, and went into position on the left of the road leading from the bridge

MAJOR-GENERAL W. F. SMITH.

towards the James River. The batteries of the division were already there in position. It faced about so that its left rested upon the road, the division bearing southward from the road. At the same time I reported to McClellan at his headquarters, which were in a clearing not far from the crossing.

The rear of Sumner's corps, Richardson's division, crossed the bridge at ten o'clock in the morning, destroyed it, and took position some distance on Smith's left, nearly in line with him. Both divisions guarded the crossing.

After the fight at Savage's Station was over, Hazzard's battery of Richardson's division was unhitched, its captain not supposing there was to be any further movement that night, and the men and horses went to sleep, as usual when there was opportunity, which was not often in those days. The division, as has been told, moved off, and by accident no notice of the movement was sent to Captain Hazzard. On the next morning he heard reveillé sounded by drums and trumpets from positions that he knew our troops did not hold the evening before. Everything in his vicinity was quiet. He took in the situation at once. He had been left behind, and the enemy might be upon him at any moment. He had the battery quietly hitched up, sent the caissons off in



THE REAR GUARD AT WHITE OAK SWAMP — SHOWING GENERAL W. F. SMITH'S DIVISION. (DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT AFTER HIS PAINTING OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK.)

advance, and bringing up the rear with two guns ready to open on a pursuing force, started off at a walk. When he was clear of the field he ordered the battery to trot; and without harm arrived at the White Oak bridge at that pace just as General Richardson was destroying it. He crossed in safety. He found on the road many stragglers who were coolly wandering along with no suspicion that they were behind everybody, and he, by his warning, was the means of saving many soldiers from a Richmond prison. The pluck and coolness shown in this exploit of Captain Hazzard were admirable. He was killed the next day while doing excellent work with his battery.

As the result of the dispositions made by the commanding general of the troops (a part of whose operations has just been described) a whole day was gained in getting a large part of the army to the James River without serious opposition, and into a proper defensive position; the enormous trains and heavy artillery had been given a start of twenty-four hours, insuring their safe arrival at the river. The rear of the army also had crossed the White Oak Swamp, leaving the way clear to the James River, while at the same time a strong force was ready to protect the movement during its completion.

On the enemy's side, the slowness of Jackson in getting his force to the south side of the Chickahominy (he only arrived at Savage's Station at three o'clock on the morning of June 30th) prevented us from being defeated in the fight of June 29. The 28th and 29th were occupied by Jackson in disposing of the dead and wounded at Gaines's Mill, and in repairing Grapevine bridge.

On the north (the enemy's) side of White Oak Swamp, the road for more than a quarter of a mile approaches the White Oak bridge through low ground, open to artillery fire from the south (our) side. On the right of the enemy looking to the rear, there were hills covered with thick woods approaching the road, forming good cover for artillery, and making it possible for a large force to gather in the wood unseen from our side. The same range of hills continues up the stream, and approaches quite near it at Brackett's Ford about one mile above White Oak bridge. Both of these crossings were passable for artillery, but the bridges had been destroyed by our troops in the morning, after everything had crossed and before the appearance of the enemy.

On our side of the swamp, the ground rises from the bridge, and the road passes along the right, or east, of a ravine and joins the Long Bridge road about one and a quarter miles from the swamp. On the left of the ravine was a cleared space about a half mile long in the direction of the swamp and running back about the same distance. At the swamp the clearing was fringed with trees and underbrush, and about half-way up the clearing to the left of the ravine was a small farm-house and some slight out-buildings. On the right of the ravine was a similar clearing, extending from the swamp about a furlong back. All other ground in the vicinity was covered with timber and underbrush. (The troops were disposed as shown on the map, page 470.)

The cleared space at this time had in it many wagons of the train, and Colonel R. O. Tyler's First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, which I ordered to the rear at once. Glad enough would I have been to keep this accomplished officer, with his gallant regiment and heavy guns, but we both knew that he was needed at the James River. At about 10:30 in the morning, as near as I can now recollect, I accompanied General McClellan to the intersection of the Charles City and Quaker roads, about two miles from the White Oak bridge. I found General Slocum's division posted somewhat in rear of the intersection of those roads, and in front of the road leading from Brackett's Ford. A small portion of his infantry and one gun were posted near Brackett's Ford. His division formed the right of the force which later in the day fought the battle of Glendale or Frayser's Farm. The small force at Brackett's Ford defeated an attack at that point, some time during the day.

At the junction of the Charles City and Quaker roads General McClellan had a conference with the corps commanders (Sumner, Heintzelman, and Franklin), and when it was ended he went towards the James River. A short time afterwards I received an order directing me to take charge of the force guarding the White Oak bridge, and I immediately started back. I had gone but a short distance when a bombardment commenced in the direction of the bridge, the severity of which I had never heard equaled in the field. The wood through which I was riding seemed torn to pieces with round shot and exploding shells. But the danger was really greater from falling branches than from the shot, which did small damage.

It appears that Jackson, having left Savage's Station early in the morning, arrived at the vicinity of White Oak bridge about noon, without exciting suspicion of his presence on our part, the whole movement being hidden by the woods. Here, masked by the trees, he massed about thirty guns, which opened simultaneously on the troops in the clearings, and on the rear part of the wagon train, which had not yet started from the clearing where it

had passed the night. The troops immediately got under cover of the wood, except Caldwell's brigade, which was guarding Richardson's batteries. It remained in the open ground, and lost many men, but the effect of the firing was otherwise small, except on the wagon train, which was thrown into some confusion, many of the wagons not being hitched up. These were at first abandoned by the drivers, but nearly all got away during the day. One field-piece was dismounted. The batteries were, however, soon in position to return the enemy's fire, which they did with such effect that many of his guns were silenced. It was here that Captain Hazzard, already mentioned, was mortally wounded, ending a brilliant career with a glorious death. Captain, now General, Ayres, who commanded the artillery of Smith's division, used his guns with excellent effect. One of the enemy's batteries came into view near the bridge, but was forced to retire almost immediately. The bombardment lasted with great severity for about a half hour, when it slackened and gradually fell off, opening again at intervals during the day, but never with its original vigor. A cavalry force which was sent over by the enemy just after the height of the bombardment was forced to retire much faster than it advanced.

The development of our defense of the crossing convinced General Jackson that it would be impossible for him to force it. At any rate, he made no attempt during the day to cross his infantry, unless sending sharp-shooters across to pick off our pickets may be so considered. The fight at White Oak bridge was entirely with artillery, there being little musketry firing.

About four o'clock the enemy made a movement to our left, threatening Brackett's Ford, where I knew we were very weak. This was met by Dana's and Sully's brigades of Sedgwick's division, sent by General Sumner when he learned of the danger. There was no further movement in that direction after these troops appeared, and they were returned to General Sumner about five o'clock, in time to do good service at Glendale. Towards sundown, at the request of General Sumner, Caldwell's and Meagher's brigades of Richardson's division were also sent to reënforce him.

No other movement was made by General Jackson's force during the day. Our artillery fired at whatever could be seen on the other side, and was answered by theirs, in what seemed a reluctant manner. When the bombardment began, the mules belonging to an engineer ponton train were being watered at the swamp. The noise stampeded them, and they rushed to the rear, going through one of the regiments of Meagher's brigade, and disabling more men than were hurt in the brigade during the remainder of the day. The mules were seen no more, and the ponton train was deserted. Captain M. T. (now General) McMahon, of my staff, volunteered to burn the train about five o'clock. It was a plucky thing to do, for the train was under the guns of the enemy, who knew its value as well as we did, and the presumption was that he would open his guns on it. But Captain McMahon got ten volunteers, and the train was soon in flames. He found four mules already harnessed, and brought off in triumph the most valuable wagon with this team.

In the house which has been described as about the middle of the left clearing lived an old man with a young wife and a child about two years old. He came to me about ten o'clock and asked if I thought there would be a fight there that day. I told him that there certainly would be. He then asked when I thought it would begin. I thought in about half an hour. "Then," said he, "I will have time to take my wife and child to my brother, who lives about half a mile down the swamp, and get back before it begins."

"Yes," said I, "but why come back at all?"

"Why," said he, "if I don't come back your men will take all my chickens and ducks." So he departed with his wife and child and in a little while returned. General Smith's headquarters were near this house, so it was a fair target for the enemy. Several shots went through it, and one of them took off the leg of the poor old man, who bled to death in a few minutes. He had sacrificed himself for his poultry.

One of the brigadier-generals of the command during a lull in the firing came to my headquarters, leaving his brigade to take care of itself. Finding his stay too long, I had him sent back to his post, and a short time afterwards I was informed that he had been carried off the field on a stretcher, wounded. I thought it my duty to go to the brigade, and find how things were going with it, and asked General Smith to accompany me. We started out, and almost at once the enemy opened on us with great vigor. I looked back, and found to my horror that all my own and General Smith's staff were following us, and that a large cavalry escort belonging to headquarters was also in the procession. The enemy had evidently taken us for a cavalry regiment. Getting rid of them all, we finally arrived at the right of the brigade unharmed. Making inquiry of a staff-officer about the general, he replied, "Oh, no, sir, he is not wounded, he felt unwell and has gone to the wood to lie down and will soon be back." I turned off in great disgust to return, when another officer, looking as neat and clean as if he had just joined the army, stepped up

with the air of a private secretary of some grand official, and touching his hat, said—"Who shall I say called, sir?" General Smith and I did not hear the last of that expedition for a long time.

During the day a staff-officer of General Smith had explored a road towards James River about two miles in rear of that which the troops at Glendale were to take, and found it practicable. About ten in the evening, considering that my instructions to hold the crossing until nightfall had been obeyed, I sent word to General Heintzelman and General Sumner that I should move to the James River by that road. General Richardson, with French's brigade, was instructed to remain, to deceive the enemy as to our movements by firing field-pieces in the direction of the bridge, and then, after an hour, to march. General Naglee was to follow Smith's division. These instructions were carried out, and the command arrived at the James about daylight. The discovery of this road made the concentration of the troops at Malvern Hill a completed manœuvre by noon of the 1st of July, and was due to the fertile brain of General Smith, who ordered the exploration.

The military results of the defense of White Oak bridge and the battle of Glendale were: 1, The enemy was repulsed at all points, except in the single case of McCall's division at Glendale, which was overpowered by numbers, after it had captured three of the enemy's colors; 2, The trains and heavy artillery arrived in safety at the James River (except those wagons which were destroyed by the bombardment at White Oak bridge, not exceeding fifty out of more than four thousand), the road along which they passed not having been molested by the enemy; 3, The troops arrived in good time at the river, so that they were all in the positions desired by the commanding general, to await the attack at Malvern Hill, long before that attack was made.

General Jackson in his report intimates that his whole command, consisting of three divisions and D. H. Hill's division of five brigades, were all at White Oak bridge on the 30th of June. He says: "It was soon seen that the enemy occupied such a position beyond a thick intervening wood on the right of the road as enabled him to command the crossing. Captain Wooding's battery was consequently recalled." General Lee says: "Jackson having been unable to force the passage of White Oak Swamp, Longstreet and A. P. Hill were without the expected support" at the battle of Glendale. It must be evident to any military reader that Jackson ought to have known of the existence of Brackett's Ford, only one mile above White Oak bridge, and ought to have discovered the weakness of our defense at that point. He had troops enough to have attacked the ford and the bridge with forces at both points exceeding ours at the bridge, and the two attacks, to say the least, would have embarrassed us exceedingly. Had he made two attacks simultaneously, the result of the day at Glendale and White Oak bridge might have been different. There may be reasons for his inaction in this matter that I do not understand, but as the record now shows, he seems to have been ignorant of what General Lee expected of him, and badly informed about Brackett's Ford. When he found how strenuous was our defense at the bridge, he should have turned his attention to Brackett's Ford also. A force could have been as quietly gathered there as at the bridge; a strong infantry movement at the ford would have easily overrun our small force there, placing our right at Glendale, held by Slocum's division, in great jeopardy, and turning our force at the bridge by getting between it and Glendale. In fact, it is likely that we would have been defeated on that day had General Jackson done what his great reputation seems to make it imperative that he should have done.

A short time after I separated from General McClellan (as mentioned above) at the junction of the Charles City and Quaker roads, I bade farewell to the Prince de Joinville, who told me that he and his nephews were about to leave us and return to Europe. He had always been very friendly, and now expressed many good wishes for my future. Holding my hand in his, he said, with great earnestness, "General, advise General McClellan to concentrate his army at this point, and fight a battle to-day; if he does, he will be in Richmond to-morrow." I was much impressed by his manner and by what he said, and from the purely military point of view the advice may have been good. But it was impracticable for me to adopt the suggestion. General McClellan was then well on his way to the James River, and I had no right to leave my command. It was impossible to concentrate the army there that day early enough to give battle, and had it been possible to risk a general engagement there, it would have been contrary to General McClellan's views as to his responsibility connected with the safety of the army, views which were actuating him in the very movement then taking place. It is likely from what we know now, that had it been possible to follow the Prince's advice, his military forecast might have proved correct. But no one at that hour could have predicted the paralysis of Jackson's large force in our rear for the whole of that day, nor General Lee's ignorance of McClellan's in-

tentions. Had a general engagement taken place, and had we been defeated, the army would have reached the James River, it is true, but instead of getting there as it did, with its *morale* unharmed, and with slight damage to its men and material, it would have been a disorganized mob, and as an army would have perished miserably. General McClellan believed that the destruction of the Army of the Potomac at that time would have been ruin to our cause, and his actions, for which he alone is responsible, were guided by that belief and by the conviction that at any sacrifice, the preservation of that army, *at that time*, was paramount to every other consideration.

I cannot finish without a word as to the conduct of the men. My experience during the period generally known as "the seven days" was with the Sixth and Second corps. During the whole time between June 26th and July 2d, there was not a night in which the men did not march almost continually, nor a day on which there was not a fight. I never saw a skulker during the whole time, nor heard one insubordinate word. Some men fell by the wayside, exhausted, and were captured; but their misfortune was due to physical inability to go on. They had no food but that which was carried in their haversacks, and the hot weather soon rendered that uneatable. Sleep was out of the question, and the only rest obtained was while lying down awaiting an attack, or sheltering themselves from shot and shell. No murmur was heard; everything was accepted as the work for which they had enlisted. They had been soldiers less than a year, yet their conduct could not have been more soldierly had they seen ten years of service. No such material for soldiers was ever in the field before, and their behavior in this movement foreshadowed that of the successful veterans of Appomattox.

W. B. Franklin.

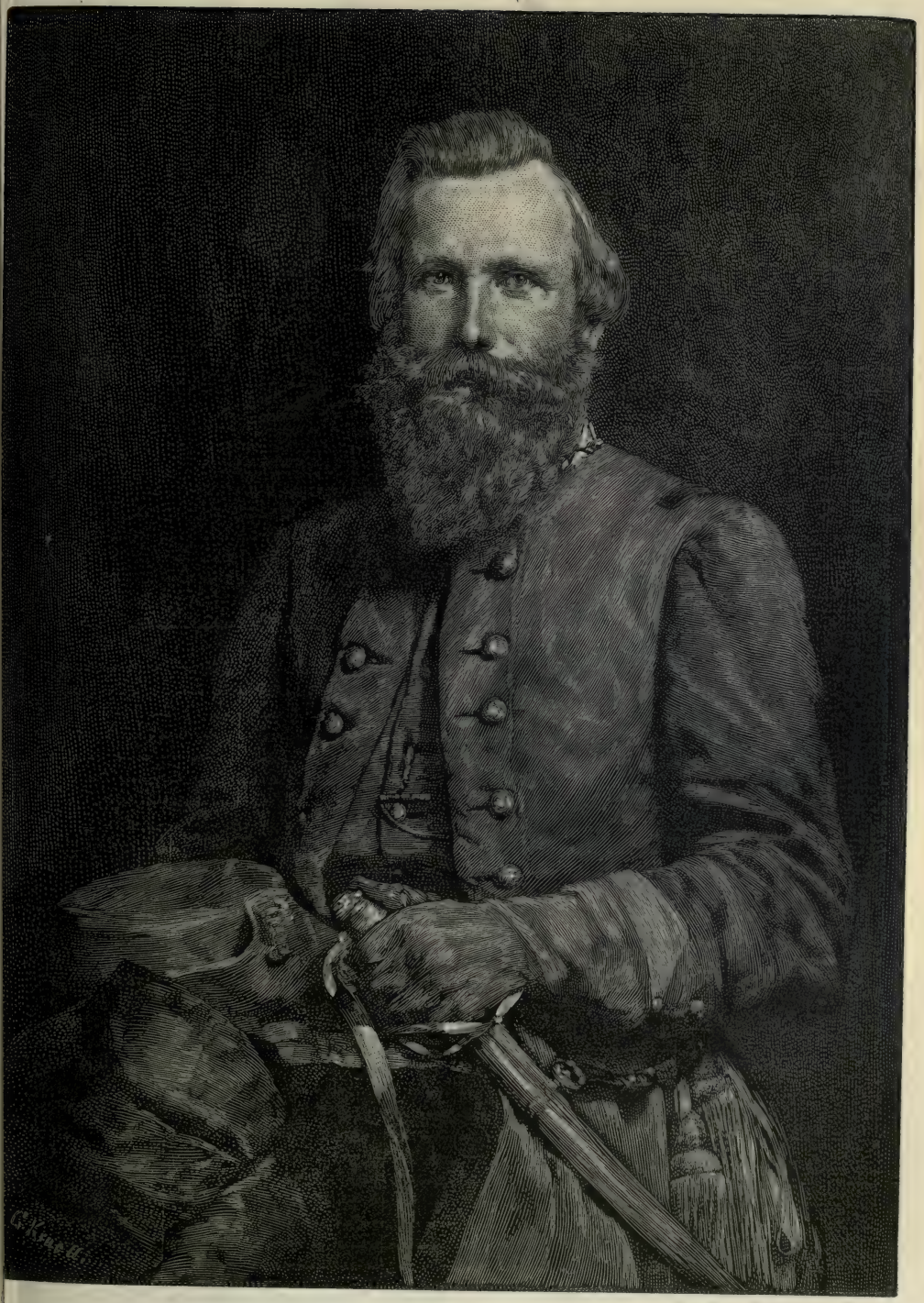
THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING ABOUT RICHMOND:

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM (JUNE 30, 1862).*

"GIN'L LONGSTREET'S BODY-SARVANT, SAH, ENDU'IN' DE WAH!"

WHEN General Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, and General Lee assumed his new duties as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Stonewall Jackson was in the Virginia Valley, and the rest of the Confederate troops were east and north of Richmond in front of General George B. McClellan's army, then encamped about the Chickahominy River, one hundred and fifteen thousand strong, and preparing for a regular siege of the Confederate capital. The situation required prompt and successful action by General Lee. Very early in June he called about him, on the noted Nine-mile road near Richmond, all his commanders, and asked each in turn his opinion of the military situation. I had my own views, but did not express them, believing that if they were important it was equally important they should be unfolded privately to the commanding general. The next day I called on General Lee, and suggested my plan for driving the Federal forces away from the Chickahominy. McClellan had a small force at Mechanicsville, and farther back, at Beaver Dam Creek, a considerable portion of his army in a stronghold that was simply unassailable from the front. The banks of Beaver Dam Creek were so steep as to be impassable except on bridges. I proposed an echelon movement, and suggested that Jackson be called down from the Valley, and passed to the rear of the Federal right, in order to turn the position behind Beaver Dam, while the rest of the Confederate forces who were to engage in the attack could cross the Chickahominy at points suitable for the succession in the move, and be ready to attack the Federals as soon as they were thrown from their position. After hearing me, General Lee sent General J. E. B. Stuart on his famous ride around McClellan. The dashing horseman with a strong reconnoitering force of cavalry

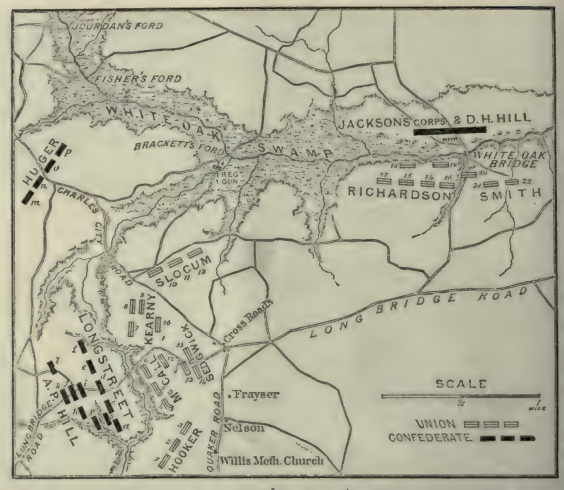
* The usual spelling is Frazier or Frazer. The authority for the form here adopted is Captain R. E. Frayser, of Richmond.— ED.



GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

made a forced reconnaissance, passing above and around the Federal forces, recrossing the Chickahominy below them, and returning safe to Confederate headquarters. He made a favorable report of the situation and the practicability of the proposed plan. On the 23d of June General Jackson was summoned to General Lee's headquarters, and was there met by General A. P. Hill, General D. H. Hill, and myself. A conference resulted in the selection of the 26th as the day on which we would move against the Federal position at Beaver Dam. General Jackson was ordered down from the valley. General A. P. Hill was to pass the Chickahominy with part of his division, and hold the rest in readiness to cross at Meadow bridge, following Jackson's swoop along the dividing ridge between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy. D. H. Hill and I were ordered to be in position on the Mechanicsville pike early on the 26th ready to cross the river at Mechanicsville bridge as soon as it was cleared by the advance of Jackson and A. P. Hill.

Thus matters stood when the morning of the 26th arrived. The weather was clear and the roads were in fine condition. Everything seemed favorable to the move. But the morning passed and we received no tidings from Jackson. As noon approached, General Hill, who was to move behind Jackson, grew impatient at the delay and begged permission to hurry him up by a fusillade. General Lee consented, and General Hill opened his batteries on Mechanicsville, driving the Federals off. When D. H. Hill and I crossed at the Mechanicsville bridge we found A. P. Hill severely engaged trying to drive the Federals from their strong position behind Beaver Dam Creek. Without Jackson to turn the Federal right, the battle could not be ours. Although the contest lasted until some time after night, the Confederates made no progress. The next day the fight was renewed, and the position was hotly contested by the Federals until seven o'clock in the morning, when Jackson reached the position intended for him, and, opening a battery on their rear, speedily caused the Federals to abandon their position, thus ending the battle.* It is easy to see that the battle of the previous day would have been a quick and bloodless Confederate victory if Jackson could have reached his position at the time appointed. In my judgment the evacuation of Beaver Dam Creek was very unwise on the part of the Federal commanders. We had attacked at Beaver Dam, and had failed to make an impression at that point, losing several thousand men and officers. This demonstrated that the position was safe. If the Federal commanders knew of Jackson's approach on the 26th, they had ample time to reënforce Porter's right before Friday morning (27th) with men and field defenses, to such extent as to make the remainder of the line to the right secure against assault. So that the Federals in withdrawing not only abandoned a strong position, but gave up the *morale* of their success, and transferred it



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM (CHARLES CITY CROSS ROADS OR GLENDALE), JUNE 30, 1862, SHOWING APPROXIMATE POSITIONS OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS. ALSO DISPOSITION OF TROOPS DURING THE ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE.

Union brigades: 1, Sickles; 2, Carr; 3, Grover; 4, Seymour; 5, Reynolds (Simmons); 6, Meade (this brigade should be represented as north of the road); 7, Robinson; 8, Birney; 9, Berry; 10, Newton; 11, Bartlett; 12, 12, Taylor; 13, Burns; 14, 14, Dana; 15, 15, Sully; 16, 16, Caldwell; 17, French; 18, Meagher; 19, Naglee (of Keyes's corps); 20, Davidson; 21, Brooks; 22, Hancock. Randol's battery was on the right of the road, Kerns's and Cooper's on the left, and Diederichs's and Knieriem's yet farther to the left. Thompson's battery of Kearny's division was with General Robinson's brigade (7).

Confederate brigades: *a*, Kemper; *b*, Pickett (Hunton); *c*, R. H. Anderson (Jenkins); *d*, Wilcox; *e*, Featherston; *f*, Pryor; *g*, Branch; *h*, Archer; *i*, Field; *j*, J. R. Anderson; *k*, Pender; *l*, Gregg; *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, Armistead, Wright, Mahone, and Ransom. Of the Confederate batteries: Rogers's, Dearing's, the Thomas artillery, Pegram's, Davidson's, and others were engaged.

The action at White Oak Bridge, beginning about 11 A. M., and that between Huger and Slocum, beginning about 3 P. M., were of artillery only, and were successful from the Union point of view, in that they prevented the Confederate forces at these points from reënforcing Longstreet, while they enabled four Union brigades (12, 14, 15 and 16), to reënforce his opponents. The battle of Frayser's Farm, beginning about 4 P. M., resulted in the accomplishment of General McClellan's object, the protection of his trains from rear and flank attack as they were passing down the Long Bridge and Quaker Roads to the James River. General Kearny's report characterized this battle as "one of the most desperate of the war, the one the most fatal if lost." The fighting began in force on the left of Seymour's brigade (4), and the brunt of the attack fell upon McCall and the left of Kearny. "Of the four divisions that day engaged," says General McCall's report, "each manœuvred and fought independently." McCall's division, being flanked on the left by Longstreet's right, was driven from its position after a stubborn resistance; its place was taken by Burns's brigade, reënforced by Dana's and Sully's, and these troops recovered part of the ground lost by McCall. The fury of the battle now shifted to the front of Kearny, who was reënforced by Taylor's and Caldwell's brigades. The Confederates gained some ground but no substantial advantage, and the Union troops withdrew during the night to Malvern Hill.—EDITOR.

* According to General Fitz John Porter, it was not Jackson's approach, but information of that event, that caused the withdrawal of the Union troops, who, with the exception of "some batteries and infantry skirmishers," were withdrawn before sunrise on the 27th. See CENTURY for June, p. 315.—ED.

to our somewhat disheartened forces; for, next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer.

From Beaver Dam we followed the Federals closely, encountering them again under Porter beyond Powhite Creek, where the battle of Gaines's Mill occurred. General A. P. Hill, being in advance, deployed his men with trees and slashed timber and hastily made rifle-trenches. General Whiting came to me with two brigades of Jackson's men and asked me to put him in. I told him I was just organizing an attack and would give him position. My column of attack then was R. H. Anderson's and Pickett's brigades, with Law's and Hood's of Whiting's division. We attacked and defeated the Federals on their left,

OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM: SLOCUM'S ARTILLERY ENGAGED WITH THAT OF HUGER ON THE CHARLES CITY ROAD. (FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

and opened the attack without consulting me. A very severe battle followed. I came up with my reserve forces and was preparing to support Hill, who was suffering very severely, when I received an order from General Lee to make a demonstration against the Federal left, as the battle was not progressing to suit him. I threw in three brigades opposite the Federal left and engaged them in a severe skirmish with infantry and artillery. The battle then raged with great fierceness. General Jackson was again missing, and General Lee grew fearful of the result. Soon I received another message from General Lee, saying that unless I could do something the day seemed to be lost. I then determined to make the heaviest attack I could. The position in front of me was very strong. An open field led down to a difficult ravine a short distance beyond the Powhite Creek. From there the ground made a steep ascent, and was covered capturing many thousand stand of arms, fifty-two pieces of artillery, a large quantity of supplies, and many prisoners, among them General Reynolds, who afterward fell at Gettysburg. The Federals made some effort to reënforce and recover their lost ground, but failed, and during the afternoon and night withdrew their entire forces from that side of the Chickahominy, going in the direction of James River. On the 29th General Lee ascertained that McClellan was marching toward the James. He determined to make a vigorous move and strike the enemy a severe blow. He decided to intercept them in the neighborhood of Charles City Cross-roads, and with that end in view planned a pursuit as follows: I was to march to a point below Frayser's Farm with General A. P. Hill. General Holmes was to take up position below me on the New Market or River road to be in readiness to coöperate with me and to attack such

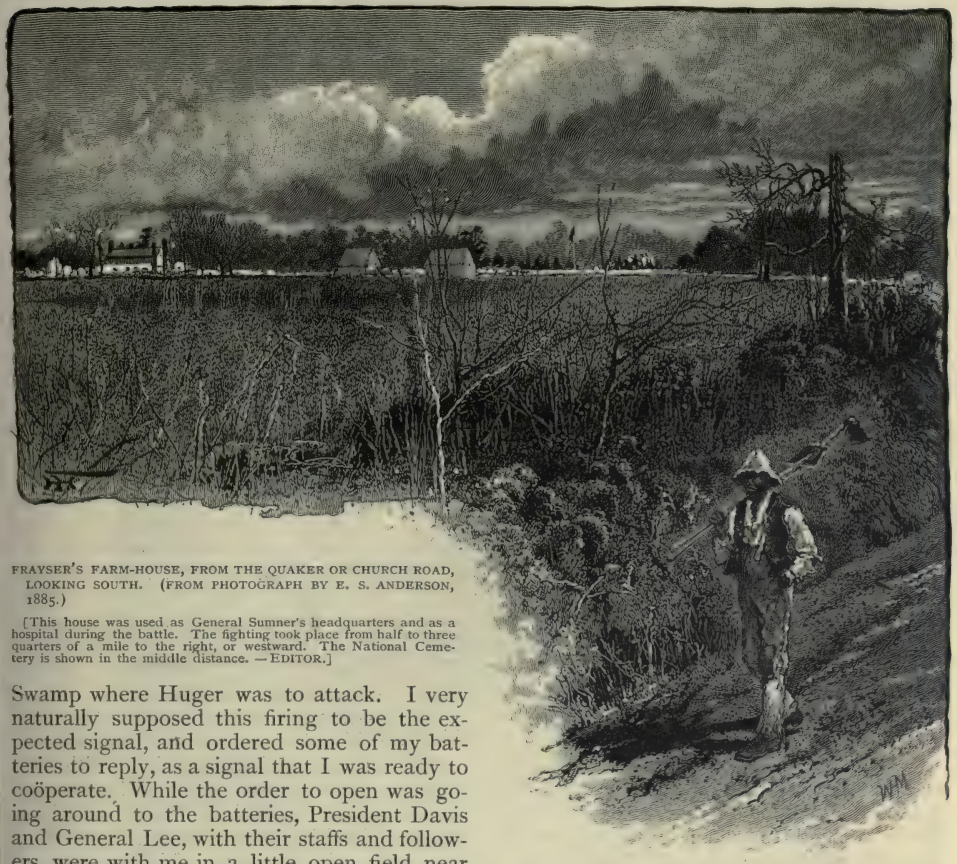
Federals as would come in his reach. Jackson was to closely pursue the Federal rear, crossing at the Grapevine bridge, and coming in on the north of the Cross-roads. Huger was to attend to the Federal right flank, and take position on the Charles City road west of the Cross-roads. Thus we were to envelop the Federal rear and make the destruction of that part of McClellan's army sure. To reach my position when I was ready. After getting my troops in position I called upon General A. P. Hill to throw one of his brigades to cover my right and to hold the rest of his troops in readiness to give pursuit when the enemy had been dislodged. My line extended from near the Quaker road across the New Market road to the Federal right. The ground upon which I approached was much lower than that occu-

CHARGE OF CONFEDERATES UPON RANDOL'S BATTERY AT FRAYSER'S FARM. (DRAWN BY A. C. REDWOOD.)

[The contest for this battery was one of the most severe encounters of the day. The Confederates (the 55th and 60th Virginia Regiments) advanced out of formation, in wedge shape, and with trailing arms, and began a hand-to-hand conflict over the guns, which were finally yielded to them.— EDITOR.]

position south of the Cross-roads, I had about sixteen miles to march. I marched fourteen miles on the 29th, crossing over into the Darbytown road and moving down to its intersection with the New Market road, where I camped for the night about three miles southwest of Frayser's Farm. On the morning of the 30th I moved two miles nearer up and made preparation to intercept the Federals as they retreated toward James River. General McCall, with a division of ten thousand Federals, was at the Cross-roads and about Frayser's Farm. My division, being in advance, was deployed in front of the enemy. I placed such of my batteries as I could find position for, and kept Hill's troops in my rear. As I had twice as far to march as the other commanders, I considered it certain that Jackson and Huger would be in pied by General McCall, and was greatly cut up by ravines and covered with heavy timber and tangled undergrowth. On account of these obstructions we were not disturbed while getting into position, except by the firing of a few shots that did no damage. Holmes got into position below me on the New Market road, and was afterward joined by Magruder, who had previously made an unsuccessful attack on the Federal rear-guard at Savage's Station.

By eleven o'clock our troops were in position, and we waited for the signal from Jackson and Huger. Everything was quiet on my part of the line, except occasional firing between my pickets and McCall's. I was in momentary expectation of the signal. About half-past two o'clock artillery firing was heard on my left, evidently at the point near White Oak

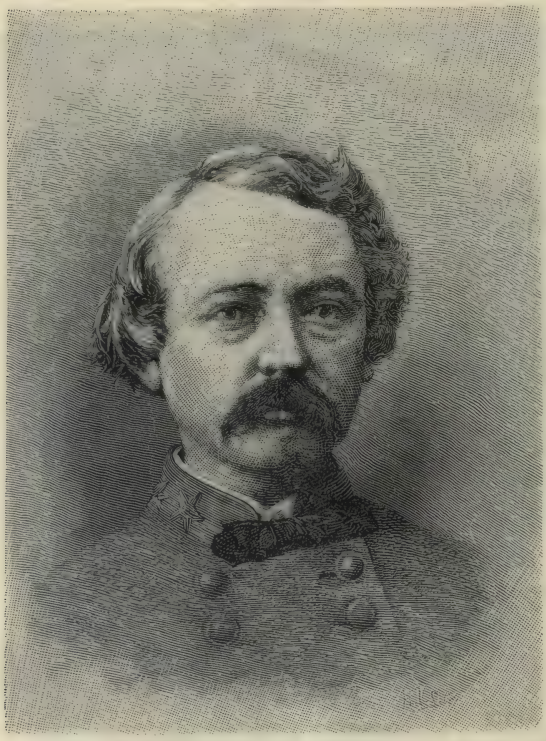


FRAYSER'S FARM-HOUSE, FROM THE QUAKER OR CHURCH ROAD, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON, 1885.)

[This house was used as General Sumner's headquarters and as a hospital during the battle. The fighting took place from half to three quarters of a mile to the right, or westward. The National Cemetery is shown in the middle distance. — EDITOR.]

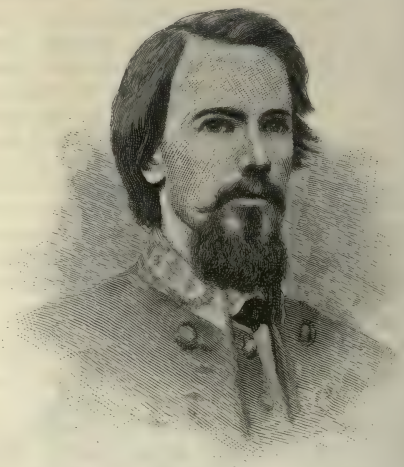
Swamp where Huger was to attack. I very naturally supposed this firing to be the expected signal, and ordered some of my batteries to reply, as a signal that I was ready to coöperate. While the order to open was going around to the batteries, President Davis and General Lee, with their staffs and followers, were with me in a little open field near the rear of my right. We were in pleasant conversation, anticipating fruitful results from the fight, when our batteries opened. Instantly the Federal batteries responded most spitefully. It was impossible for the enemy to see us as we sat on our horses in the little field, surrounded by tall, heavy timber and thick undergrowth; yet a battery by chance had our range and exact distance, and poured upon us a terrific fire. The second or third shell burst in our midst, killing two or three horses and wounding one or two men. Our little party speedily retired to safer quarters. The Federals doubtless had no idea the Confederate President, commanding general, and division commanders were receiving point-blank shot from their batteries. Colonel Jenkins was in front of us, and I sent him an order to silence the Federal battery, supposing he could do so with his long-range rifles. He became engaged, and finally determined to charge the battery. That brought on a general fight between my division and the troops in front of us. Kemper on my right advanced his brigade over difficult ground and captured a battery. Jenkins moved his brigade forward and made a bold fight. He was followed by the other four brigades successively.

The enemy's line was broken, and he was partly dislodged from his position. The batteries were taken, but our line was very much broken up by the rough ground we had to move over, and we were hardly enough in solid form to maintain a proper battle. The battle was continued, however, until we encountered succor from the corps of Generals Sumner and Heintzelman, when we were obliged to halt and hold the position the enemy had left. This line was held throughout the day, though at times, when vigorous combinations were made against me, McCall regained points along his line. Our counter-movements, however, finally pushed him back again, and more formidable efforts from our adversary were required. Other advances were made, and reenforcements came to the support of the Federals, who contested the line with varying fortune, sometimes recovering batteries



GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN ORSDELL.)

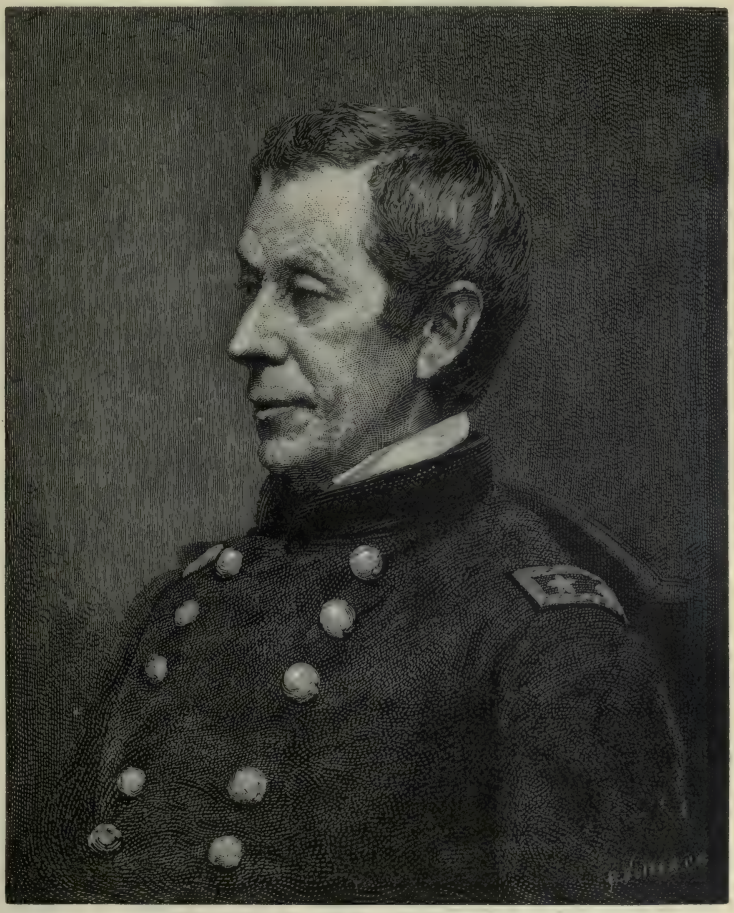
we had taken, and again losing them. Finally McCall's division was driven off, and fresh troops seemed to come in to their relief. Ten thousand men of A. P. Hill's division had been held in reserve, hoping Jackson and Huger would come up on our left, enabling us to dislodge the Federals, after which Hill's troops could be put in fresh to give pursuit, and follow them down to Harrison's Landing. Jackson found Grapevine bridge destroyed and could not reach his position; while for some unaccountable reason Huger failed to take part, though near enough to do so.* As neither Jackson nor Huger came up, and as night drew on, I put Hill in to relieve my troops. When he came into the fight the Federal line had been broken at every point except one. He formed his line and followed up in the position occupied by my troops. By night we succeeded in getting the entire field, though all of it was not actually occupied until we advanced in pursuit next day. As the enemy moved off they continued the fire of their artillery upon us from various points, and it was after nine o'clock when the shells ceased to fall. Just before dark General McCall, while looking up a fragment of his division, found us where he supposed his troops were, and was taken prisoner. At the time he was brought in General Lee happened to be with us. As I had known General McCall pleasantly in our service together in the Fourth Infantry, I moved to offer my hand as he dismounted. At the first motion, however, I saw he did not regard the occasion as one for renewing the old friendship, and I merely offered him some of my staff as an escort to Richmond. But for his succoring forces, which should have been engaged by Jackson, Huger, Holmes, and Magruder, McCall would have been entirely dislodged by the first attack. All of our other forces were within a radius of three miles, and in easy hearing of the battle, yet of the fifty thousand none came in to coöperate. (Jackson should have done more for me than he did. When he wanted me at Second Manassas, I marched two columns by night to clear the way at Thoroughfare Gap, and joined him in due season.) Hooker claimed at Glendale to have rolled me up and hurriedly thrown me over on Kearny, —tennis-like, I suppose; but McCall said in his supplementary report that Hooker could as well claim, with a little tension of the hyperbole, that he had thrown me over the moon. On leaving Frayser's Farm the Federals withdrew to Malvern Hill, and Lee concentrated his forces and followed them.



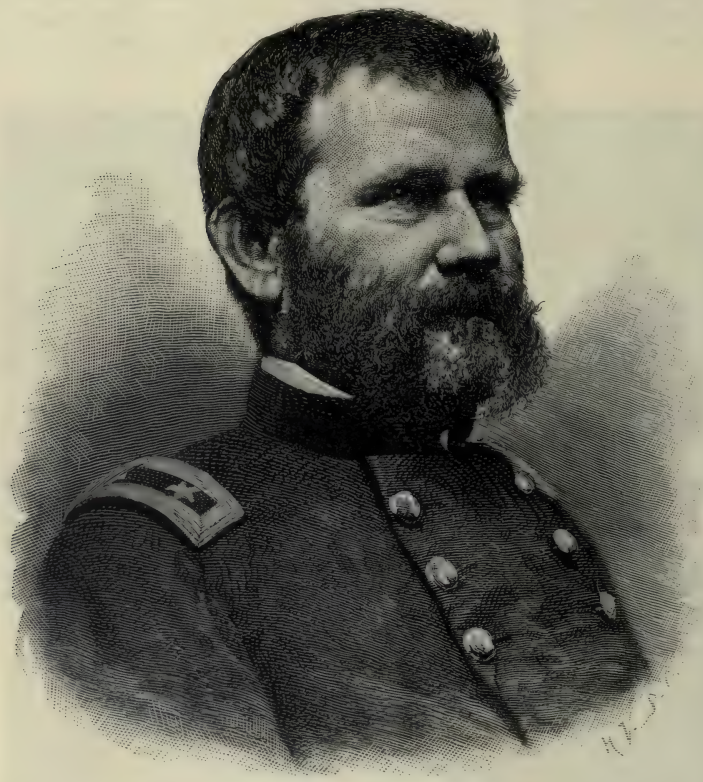
COLONEL E. M. LAW, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE.)

* General Huger says, in his official report, that the road was very effectively obstructed.—ED.

On the morning of July 1st, the day after the battle at Frayser's Farm, we encountered the enemy, and General Lee asked me to make a reconnaissance and see if I could find a good position for the artillery. I found position offering good play for batteries across the Federal left over to the right, and suggested that sixty pieces should be put in while Jackson was to engage the Federal front. I suggested that a heavy play of this cross-fire on the Federals would so discomfit them as to warrant an assault by infantry. General Lee issued his orders accordingly, and designated the advance of Armistead's brigade as the signal for the grand assault. Later it was found that the ground over which our batteries were to pass into position on our right was so rough and obstructed that the artillery ordered into position there could go in only one or two batteries at a time. As the batteries in front did not engage, the result was the enemy concentrated the fire of fifty or sixty guns upon our isolated batteries, and tore them into fragments in a few minutes after they would open, piling horses upon each other and guns upon horses. Before night, the fire from our batteries failing of execution, General Lee seemed to abandon the idea of an attack on Malvern Hill, and proposed to me to move around it with my own and A. P. Hill's division turning the Federal right. I issued my orders accordingly for the two divisions to go around and turn the Federal right, when in some way unknown to me the battle was drawn on. We were repulsed at all points with fearful slaughter, losing six thousand men and accomplishing nothing.



GENERAL GEORGE A. McCALL. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



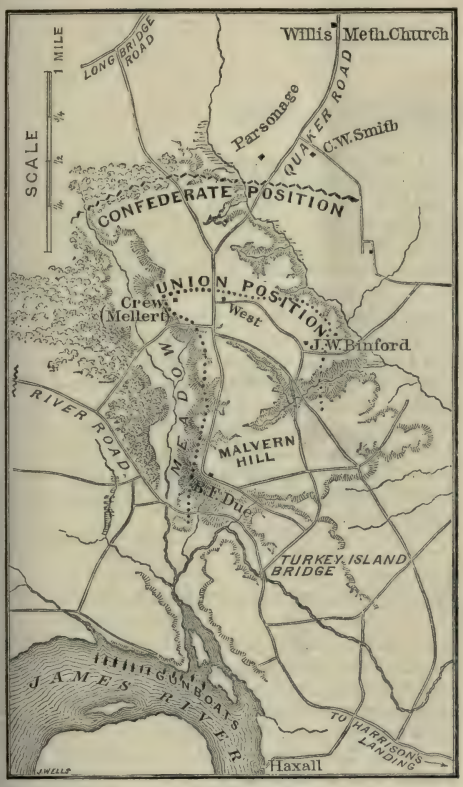
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN.

[From a photograph taken in August, 1862, when General Franklin was temporarily at home on sick leave.—ED.]

The Federals withdrew after the battle, and the next day I moved on around by the route which it was proposed we should take the day before. I followed the enemy to Harrison's Landing, and Jackson went down by another route in advance of Lee. As soon as we reached the front of the Federal position we put out our skirmish-lines, and I ordered an advance, intending to make another attack, but revoked it on Jackson urging me to wait until the arrival of General Lee. Very soon General Lee came, and, after carefully considering the position of the enemy and of their gun-boats on the James, decided it would be better to forego any further operations. Our skirmish-lines were withdrawn, we ordered our troops back to their old lines around Richmond, and a month later McClellan's army was withdrawn to the North.

The Seven Days' Fighting, although a decided Confederate victory, was a succession of mishaps. If Jackson had arrived on the 26th,—the day of his own selection,—the Federals would have been driven back from Mechanicsville without a battle. His delay there, caused by obstructions placed in his road by the enemy, was the first mishap. He was too late in entering the fight at Gaines's Mill, and the destruction of Grapevine bridge kept him from reaching Frayser's Farm until the day after that battle. If he had been there, we might have destroyed or captured McClellan's army. Huger was in position for the battle of Frayser's Farm, and after his batteries had misled me into opening the fight he subsided. Holmes and Magruder, who were on the New Market road to attack the Federals as they passed that way, failed to do so.

General McClellan's retreat was successfully managed; therefore we must give it credit for being well managed. He had 115,000 men, and insisted to the authorities at Washington that Lee had 200,000. In fact, Lee had only



SKETCH MAP OF THE VICINITY OF MALVERN HILL (JULY 1, 1862).

The Union troops reached the field by the so-called Quaker Road (more properly the Church Road); the Confederates by this and the Long Bridge Road, taking up the general lines as approximately indicated above. The Confederates on the River Road are the troops of General Holmes, who had been repulsed at Turkey Island Bridge the day before by Warren's brigade, with the aid of the gunboats. The Confederate line on the left (east) of the Quaker Road was (from left to right) Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Whiting and two brigades of Ewell, the rest of Ewell's and all of Jackson's old division being in the rear. None of these troops were engaged. On the Confederate right, beginning at the Quaker Road, the disposition was: D. H. Hill, Magruder, Huger and McLaws, the last three divisions much mingled. The main fighting was in the space between the words "Confederate" and "Union," together with one or two assaults upon the west side of the Crew Hill from the meadow. Morell's and Couch's divisions formed the first Union line, and General Porter's batteries extended from the Crew House to the West House.

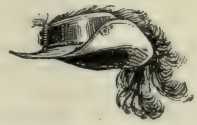
A full map, giving in detail the disposition of troops, will be given in the August number, with General Fitz John Porter's article on the battle.—EDITOR.

90,000. General McClellan's plan to take Richmond by a siege was wise enough, and it would have been a success if the Confederates had consented to such a programme. In spite of McClellan's excellent plans, General Lee, with a force inferior in numbers, completely routed him, and while suffering less than McClellan, captured over ten thousand of his men.* General Lee's plans in the Seven Days' Fight were excellent, but were poorly executed. General McClellan was a very accomplished soldier and a very able engineer, but hardly equal to the position of field-marshal as a military chieftain. He organized the Army of the Potomac cleverly, but did not handle it skillfully when in actual battle. Still I doubt if his retreat could have been better handled, though the rear of his army should have been more positively either in his own hands or in the hands of Sumner. Heintzelman crossed the White Oak Swamp prematurely and left the rear of McClellan's army exposed, which would have been fatal had Jackson come up and taken part in Magruder's affair of the 29th near Savage's Station.

I cannot close this sketch without referring to the Confederate commander when he came upon the scene for the first time. General Lee was an unusually handsome man, even in his advanced life. He seemed fresh from West Point, so trim was his figure and so elastic his step. Out of battle he was as gentle as a woman, but when the clash of arms came he loved fight and urged his battle with wonderful determination. As a usual thing he was remarkably well-balanced — always so, except on one or two occasions of severe trial when he failed to maintain his exact equipoise. Lee's orders were always well considered and well chosen. He depended almost too much on his officers for their execution. Jackson was a very skillful man against such men as Shields, Banks, and Frémont, but when pitted against the best of the Federal commanders he did not appear so well. Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln.

James Longstreet.

* In this estimate General Longstreet follows General Lee's report. The Union returns state the "Captured or missing" of McClellan's army at 6053, and the total loss at 15,849. The Confederate loss is given by General McClellan as 19,749,— a recapitulation of the published Confederate returns. (See THE CENTURY for June, page 149.)— EDITOR.



"JEB" STUART'S HAT.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Beauregard's Courier at Bull Run.

AT the first battle of Manassas General Beauregard's order to General Ewell to advance on the right did not reach him promptly. An accident to the courier who bore the order was stated at the time to be the reason of the delay. He was thrown from his horse, his head striking a tree with such force as to render him unconscious. I saw him myself lying helpless just in rear of the line at Mitchell's Ford, badly used up and bleeding. When he was able to move on General Ewell must have been on his way to the left.

I was a private in the 7th S. C. V., but detached as orderly for General M. L. Bonham, whose brigade held Mitchell's Ford on that day.

Robert R. Hemphill.

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

The Death of Theodore Winthrop.

I NOTICE in "The Recollections of a Private," in your March number, a statement regarding the death of Major Theodore Winthrop, which is incorrect. The facts are these:

Major Winthrop headed a force at the battle of Bethel, intending to turn our left flank. His course lay through a heavily wooded swamp. On our left was a slight earth-work or rifle-pit, in which lay a small infantry force. About seventy-five yards in front of this was a rail fence; just beyond, the ground dipped suddenly about four feet, the woods running almost up to the fence. Our attention was called by cheering to the advance of Major Winthrop's troops. Looking up, we saw the Major and two privates on the fence. His sword was drawn, and he was calling on his troops to follow him. Our first volley killed these three; those following, being protected by the peculiar formation of the ground, were not injured, but upon the fall of their leader, they beat a precipitate retreat. I was among the first to reach these men. All were dead, having been instantly killed. Major Winthrop was shot in the breast, the others in the head. All were buried in the same grave. About ten days afterward, a flag of truce came up asking for Major Winthrop's body. Having assisted in burying him and being confident of my ability to recognize his body, I was sent with a party to disinter and turn it over to his friends. Among the numberless incidents that followed this skirmish, none are more indelibly impressed on my mind than the gallant bearing of this unfortunate young man, when I first saw him, calling his men to follow, and confident that he had accomplished his object, and the immediately succeeding rattle of our muskets and his fall.

RICHMOND, VA. *J. B. Moore.*

"Fortress" Monroe.

IN THE CENTURY for March, 1885, Colonel John T. Wood and Mr. W. L. Goss speak of "Fortress Monroe." Except that these contributions to the history of the War are widely read and quoted, I should refrain from calling your attention to this error. The proper designation is "Fort Monroe," in honor of President Monroe, who was in office when its construction was commenced. The first appropriation bill in which it is specifically designated as "Fort Monroe" is dated March 3, 1821. By General Orders, No. 11, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant-General's Office, February 8, 1832, it was called, by order of the Secretary of War, "Fort Monroe." There is a tradition in the Engineer Department, U. S. A., that the plan of the fort was designed by General Simon Bernard, an ex-officer of the French Army under Napoleon, and appointed Assistant-Engineer, U. S. A., with the rank of Brigadier-General, November 16, 1816. The drawings were made by Captain W. T. Poussin, Topographical Engineer, acting aide to General Bernard.

John P. Nicholson.

PHILADELPHIA.

Positions of Union Troops at the Battle of Seven Pines.

THE map printed on page 118 of the May CENTURY, with General Joseph E. Johnston's description of the battle of Seven Pines (a map for which General Johnston is not responsible), was misleading in an important particular. The line described as the "position of the Union troops on the evening of May 31" should have been entitled "position of the Union troops on the morning of June 1." At the close of the first day's fighting, May 31, the Union forces at Fair Oaks Station were separated from the left, which suffered so severely at Seven Pines, and which retreated to a third line of entrenchments midway between Seven Pines and Savage's Station. During the night connection was made between the two wings, and in the morning the army presented front on the line indicated in the map as the second position.

EDITOR.

The "Mississippi" at the Passage of the Forts.

IN a letter to the Editor, Rear-Admiral Melancton Smith, who commanded the *Mississippi*, during the passage of the forts at New Orleans, quotes from page 949 of Admiral Porter's article in the April CENTURY: "Meantime Farragut was steering up the river with all his fleet except the *Mississippi*," etc., and adds: "The *Mississippi* proceeded with the fleet up the river and was present at the engagement with the Chalmette batteries. At 3 P. M. the same day, when at anchor off New Orleans, I was ordered to return to the quarantine station (just above Fort St. Philip) to look after the *Louisiana* and to cover the landing of the troops under General Butler. Admiral Porter, seeing the *Mississippi* the morning after the fleet passed up, doubtless supposed it had remained at anchor below."

EDITOR.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY was of the sanguineous temperament. "His nature," as he said of himself, "was warm, his temper ardent, his disposition enthusiastic." He was of a light complexion with light hair. His eyes were blue, and when he was excited were singularly brilliant and attractive. His forehead was high and full of promise of intelligence. In stature he was over six feet. Spare and long-limbed, he stood erect as if full of vigor and vitality, and ever ready to command. His countenance expressed perpetual wakefulness and activity. His voice was music itself, and yet penetrating and far-reaching, enchanting the listener; his words flowed rapidly, without sing-song or mannerism, in a clear and steady stream. Neither in public nor in private did he know how to be dull. His nature was quickly sensitive; his emotions, like his thoughts, moved swiftly, and were not always under his control. He was sometimes like a sportsman who takes pleasure in pursuing his game; and sometimes could chide with petulance. I was present once when in the Senate he was provoked by what he thought the tedious opposition of a Senator of advanced old age, and in his anger he applied to him the two lines of Pope:

> "Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
> And totter on in business to the last."

But if he was not master of the art of self-restraint and self-government, he never took home with him a feeling of resentment; never stored up in memory grievances or enmities; never harbored an approach to malice or a hidden discontent or dislike.

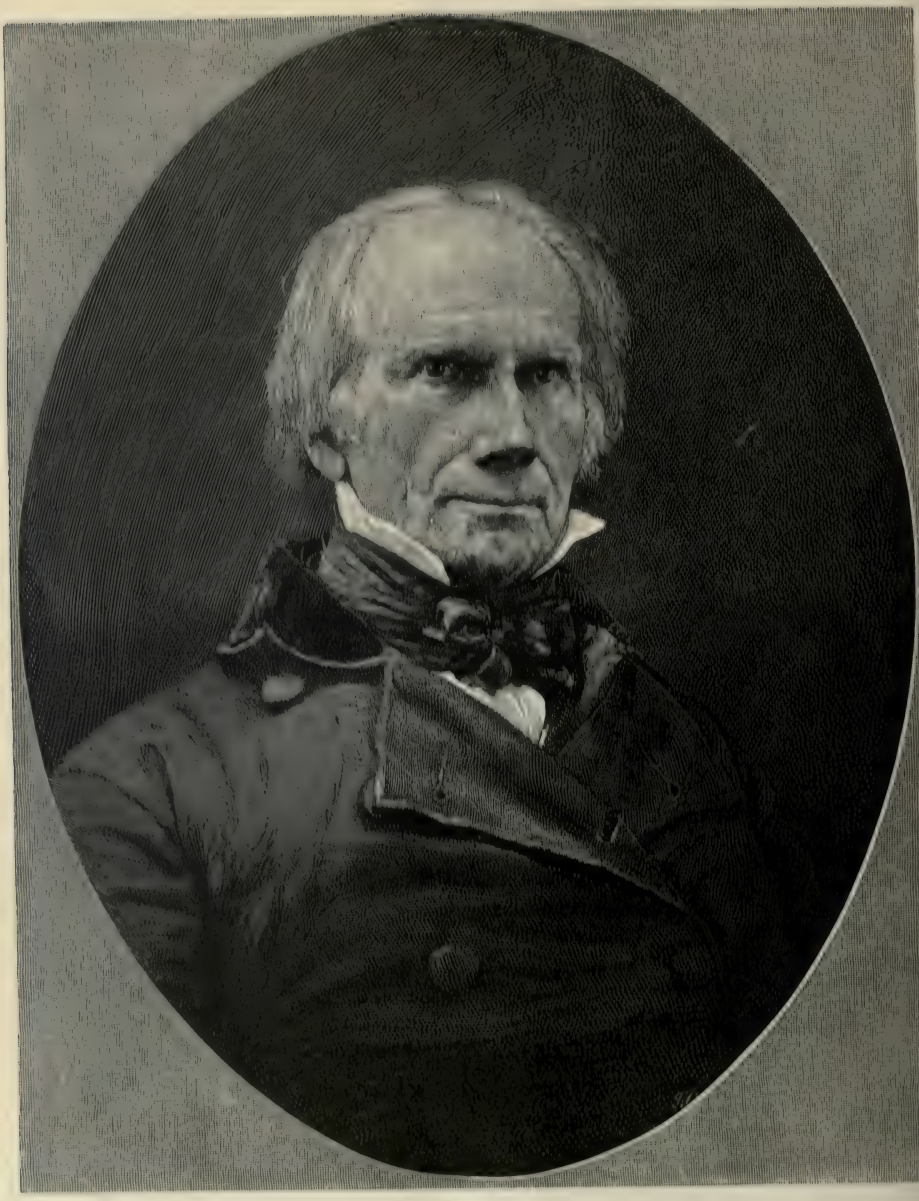
As a party leader he was impatient of reserve or resistance, and ever ready to crack the whip over any one that should show a disposition to hang back, sparing not even men of as much ability as himself.

When he first became distinguished before the nation, he astonished by his seemingly inexhaustible physical strength; and the public mind made up its opinion, half fabulous, and yet in substance true, that he knew nothing of fatigue; that after a long day's service as Speaker of the House of Representatives, or as the leading debater when the House was in committee and the session continued into the night, he would at the adjournment come forth, as if watching and long and close attention to business had refreshed him and left him only more eager for the gay society of his friends. But years flew over him, and this man of an heroic mold, of mental activity that could not be worn out, of physical forces that defied fatigue, in his seventy-fifth year could not hide from himself the symptoms of decline.

Philadelphia, seemingly by some divine right of succession, has always a constellation of men, adepts in the science of life, and alike skillful and successful in practice. At that time Samuel Jackson, one of the great physicians of his day, was in the zenith of his fame, and was well known for his genial kindliness of nature as well as for consummate skill in his profession.

When Henry Clay was debating in his mind the nature of his disease, and as yet had not quite renounced the hope of a renewal of his days of action, he sought counsel of Samuel Jackson. He was greatly in earnest and wanted to know the truth, the exact and whole truth. His question was, if the evident decline in his strength was so far beyond relief that he must surely die soon. He required an explicit answer, without color or reserve, however unpleasant it might be for the physician to announce an unfavorable result. Dr. Jackson made a careful examination of his condition, found the case to be a clear one, and had the courage to make to the hero of a hundred parliamentary battles a faithful report. The great statesman received the communication that for him life was near its close, not without concern, but yet with the fortitude of resignation. He declared that he had no dread of death, but he was still troubled by one fear, which was probably suggested to him by the recollection of the magnificent constitution with which he had started in life. That fear was not of death, but of the mode of dying; he had a terrible apprehension that his last hours would be hours of anguish in a long agonizing struggle between life and death; this and this only, he said, was the thought that now lay heavily on his mind. Dr. Jackson explained to him the nature of his malady and the smooth and tranquil channel in which it was to run, and assured him with a sagacity which did not admit of question, that in his last hour he would die as quietly as an infant falls asleep in its cradle. "You give me infinite relief," answered Clay. The chief terror which death had for him vanished.

Clay left not an enemy behind him. John Caldwell Calhoun began his national career as a member of the twelfth House of Repre-



HENRY CLAY.

[ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, FROM THE DAGUERREOTYPE OWNED BY ALFRED HASSACK.]

sentatives. He took his seat in Congress in November, 1811, just two days too late to give his vote for Henry Clay as Speaker.

Calhoun was immediately drawn into the closest relations with Clay, alike from admiration of his talents and agreement with his mode of treating the great questions of that day.

He always remembered this earliest part of his public service with perfect satisfaction. It was from him I learned that he and Clay were of one mind on our foreign relations, and that for their zeal in support of the honor of the country against the long-continued aggressions of Britain, they two and others of the House, of whom he named only Bibb, were known at the time by the name of "the war mess."

Twelve years later, the two became estranged from each other, and the parts which they severally took corresponded to the differences in their character. Clay was a man by the character of his mind inclined to compromises; Calhoun was in his logic unyielding, and ever ready to push the principle which he supported to its extreme results. In 1823 each of them was put forward as a candidate for the Presidency at the ensuing election. In vain did the friends of Calhoun strive to restrain his ambition. Seaton, of the "National Intelligencer," taking a morning walk with him near the banks of the Potomac, struggled to induce him to abide his time, saying: "If you succeed now, you will be through with your two terms while you are still too young for retirement; and what occupation will you find when the eight years are over?" He answered: "I will retire and write my memoirs." Yet Calhoun, moved by very different notions from those which dictated the restraining advice of Seaton, assented to being the candidate for the second place; Andrew Jackson and many competitors being candidates for the first. It seemed that all parties were courting Calhoun, that he was the favorite of the nation; while Andrew Jackson for the moment signally failed, Calhoun was borne into the chair of the Vice-President by the vote of more than two-thirds of the electors.

The political antagonism between Clay and Calhoun never ceased; their relations of personal amity were broken off, and remained so for about a quarter of a century. But not very long before the death of Calhoun, Clay took pains to let his own strong desire for an interview of reconciliation be made known to his old friend and hearty associate in the time of our second war for independence. The invitation was readily accepted. In the interview between the two statesmen, at which Andrew Pickens Butler, senator from South Carolina, was present, Clay showed genial self-possession and charm of manner that was remarked upon at the time and remembered; while the manner of Calhoun bore something of embarrassment and constraint.

Party records, biographies, and histories might lead to a supposition that the suspension of personal relations between Clay and Andrew Jackson raged more fiercely than in truth was the case. Jackson did full justice to Clay as a man of warm affections, which extended not to his family and friends only, but to his country.

Of our great statesmen, Madison is the one who held Henry Clay in the highest esteem; and in conversation freely applauded him, because on all occasions he manifested a fixed purpose to prevent a conflict between the States.

In the character of Clay, that which will commend him most to posterity is his love of the Union; or, to take a more comprehensive form of expression, his patriotism, his love for his country, his love for his whole country. He repeatedly declares in his letters that on crossing the ocean to serve in a foreign land, every tie of party was forgotten, and that he knew himself only as an American. At home he could be impetuous, swift in decision, unflinching, of an imperative will; and yet in his action as a guiding statesman, whenever measures came up that threatened to rend the continent in twain, he was inflexible in his resolve to uphold the Constitution and the Union.

George Bancroft.

THE DISCOURAGER OF HESITANCY.

A CONTINUATION OF "THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?"

IT was nearly a year after the occurrence of that event in the arena of the semi-barbaric King known as the incident of the lady or the tiger* that there came to the palace of this monarch a deputation of five strangers from a far country. These men, of venerable and dignified aspect and demeanor, were received by a high officer of the court, and to him they made known their errand.

"Most noble officer," said the speaker of the deputation, "it so happened that one of our countrymen was present here, in your capital city, on that momentous occasion when a young man who had dared to aspire to the hand of your King's daughter had been placed in the arena, in the midst of the assembled multitude, and ordered to open one of two doors, not knowing whether a ferocious tiger would spring out upon him, or a beauteous lady would advance, ready to become his bride. Our fellow-citizen who was then present was a man of super-sensitive feelings, and at the moment when the youth was about to open the door he was so fearful lest he should behold a horrible spectacle, that his nerves failed him, and he fled precipitately from the arena, and mounting his camel rode homeward as fast as he could go.

"We were all very much interested in the story which our countryman told us, and we were extremely sorry that he did not wait to see the end of the affair. We hoped, however, that in a few weeks some traveler from your city would come among us and bring us further news; but up to the day when we left our country, no such traveler had arrived. At last it was determined that the only thing to be done was to send a deputation to this country, and to ask the question: 'Which came out of the open door, the lady, or the tiger?'"

When the high officer had heard the mission of this most respectable deputation, he led the five strangers into an inner room, where they were seated upon soft cushions, and where he ordered coffee, pipes, sherbet, and other semi-barbaric refreshments to be served to them. Then, taking his seat before them, he thus addressed the visitors:

"Most noble strangers, before answering the question you have come so far to ask, I will relate to you an incident which occurred not very long after that to which you have referred. It is well known in all regions hereabouts that our great King is very fond of the presence of beautiful women about his court. All the ladies-in-waiting upon the Queen and Royal Family are most lovely maidens, brought here from every part of the kingdom. The fame of this concourse of beauty, unequaled in any other royal court, has spread far and wide; and had it not been for the equally wide-spread fame of the systems of impetuous justice adopted by our King, many foreigners would doubtless have visited our court.

"But not very long ago there arrived here from a distant land a prince of distinguished appearance and undoubted rank. To such an one, of course, a royal audience was granted, and our King met him very graciously, and begged him to make known the object of his visit. Thereupon the Prince informed his Royal Highness that, having heard of the superior beauty of the ladies of his court, he had come to ask permission to make one of them his wife.

"When our King heard this bold announcement, his face reddened, he turned uneasily on his throne, and we were all in dread lest some quick words of furious condemnation should leap from out his quivering lips. But by a mighty effort he controlled himself; and after a moment's silence he turned to the Prince, and said: 'Your request is granted. To-morrow at noon you shall wed one of the fairest damsels of our court.' Then turning to his officers, he said: 'Give orders that everything be prepared for a wedding in this palace at high noon to-morrow. Convey this royal Prince to suitable apartments. Send to him tailors, boot-makers, hatters, jewelers, armorers; men of every craft, whose services he may need. Whatever he asks, provide. And let all be ready for the ceremony to-morrow.'

"'But, your Majesty,' exclaimed the Prince, 'before we make these preparations, I would like ——'

"'Say no more!' roared the King. 'My royal orders have been given, and nothing more is needed to be said. You asked a boon; I granted it; and I will hear no more on the subject. Farewell, my Prince, until to-morrow noon.'

"At this the King arose, and left the audience chamber, while the Prince was hurried away to the apartments selected for him. And here came to him tailors, hatters, jewelers, and every one who was needed to fit

* See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1882.

him out in grand attire for the wedding. But the mind of the Prince was much troubled and perplexed.

"'I do not understand,' he said to his attendants, 'this precipitancy of action. When am I to see the ladies, that I may choose among them? I wish opportunity, not only to gaze upon their forms and faces, but to become acquainted with their relative intellectual development.'

"'We can tell you nothing,' was the answer. 'What our King thinks right, that will he do. And more than this we know not.'

"'His Majesty's notions seem to be very peculiar,' said the Prince, 'and, so far as I can see, they do not at all agree with mine.'

"At that moment an attendant whom the Prince had not noticed before came and stood beside him. This was a broad-shouldered man of cheery aspect, who carried, its hilt in his right hand, and its broad back resting on his broad arm, an enormous scimeter, the upturned edge of which was keen and bright as any razor. Holding this formidable weapon as tenderly as though it had been a sleeping infant, this man drew closer to the Prince and bowed.

"'Who are you?' exclaimed his Highness, starting back at the sight of the frightful weapon.

"'I,' said the other, with a courteous smile, 'am the Discourager of Hesitancy. When our King makes known his wishes to any one, a subject or visitor, whose disposition in some little points may be supposed not to wholly coincide with that of his Majesty, I am appointed to attend him closely, that, should he think of pausing in the path of obedience to the royal will, he may look at me, and proceed.'

"The Prince looked at him, and proceeded to be measured for a coat.

"The tailors and shoemakers and hatters worked all night; and the next morning, when everything was ready, and the hour of noon was drawing nigh, the Prince again anxiously inquired of his attendants when he might expect to be introduced to the ladies.

"'The King will attend to that,' they said. 'We know nothing of the matter.'

"'Your Highness,' said the Discourager of Hesitancy, approaching with a courtly bow, 'will observe the excellent quality of this edge.' And drawing a hair from his head, he dropped it upon the upturned edge of his scimeter, upon which it was cut in two at the moment of touching.

"The Prince glanced and turned upon his heel.

"Now came officers to conduct him to the grand hall of the palace, in which the ceremony was to be performed. Here the Prince found the King seated on the throne, with his nobles, his courtiers, and his officers standing about him in magnificent array. The Prince was led to a position in front of the King, to whom he made obeisance, and then said:

"'Your Majesty, before I proceed further——'

"At this moment an attendant, who had approached with a long scarf of delicate silk, wound it about the lower part of the Prince's face so quickly and adroitly that he was obliged to cease speaking. Then, with wonderful dexterity, the rest of the scarf was wound around the Prince's head, so that he was completely blindfolded. Thereupon the attendant quickly made openings in the scarf over the mouth and ears, so that the Prince might breathe and hear; and fastening the ends of the scarf securely, he retired.

"The first impulse of the Prince was to snatch the silken folds from his head and face; but as he raised his hands to do so, he heard beside him the voice of the Discourager of Hesitancy, who gently whispered: 'I am here, your Highness.' And, with a shudder, the arms of the Prince fell down by his side.

"Now before him he heard the voice of a priest, who had begun the marriage service in use in that semi-barbaric country. At his side he could hear a delicate rustle, which seemed to proceed from fabrics of soft silk. Gently putting forth his hand, he felt folds of such silk close beside him. Then came the voice of the priest requesting him to take the hand of the lady by his side; and reaching forth his right hand, the Prince received within it another hand so small, so soft, so delicately fashioned, and so delightful to the touch, that a thrill went through his being. Then, as was the custom of the country, the priest first asked the lady would she have this man to be her husband. To which the answer gently came in the sweetest voice he ever heard: 'I will.'

"Then ran raptures rampant through the Prince's blood. The touch, the tone, enchanted him. All the ladies of that court were beautiful; the Discourager was behind him; and through his parted scarf he boldly answered: 'Yes, I will.'

"Whereupon the priest pronounced them man and wife.

"Now the Prince heard a little bustle about him; the long scarf was rapidly unrolled from his head; and he turned, with a start, to gaze upon his bride. To his utter amazement, there was no one there. He stood alone. Unable on the instant to ask a question or say a word, he gazed blankly about him.

"Then the King arose from his throne, and came down, and took him by the hand.

"'Where is my wife?' gasped the Prince.

"'She is here,' said the King, leading him to a curtained doorway at the side of the hall.

"The curtains were drawn aside, and the Prince, entering, found himself in a long apartment, near the opposite wall of which stood a line of forty ladies, all dressed in rich attire, and each one apparently more beautiful than the rest.

"Waving his hand towards the line, the King said to the Prince: 'There is your bride! Approach, and lead her forth! But, remember this: that if you attempt to take away one of the unmarried damsels of our court, your execution shall be instantaneous. Now, delay no longer. Step up and take your bride.'

"The Prince, as in a dream, walked slowly along the line of ladies, and then walked slowly back again. Nothing could he see about any one of them to indicate that she was more of a bride than the others. Their dresses were all similar; they all blushed; they all looked up, and then looked down. They all had charming little hands. Not one spoke a word. Not one lifted a finger to make a sign. It was evident that the orders given them had been very strict.

"'Why this delay?' roared the King. 'If I had been married this day to one so fair as the lady who wedded you, I should not wait one second to claim her.'

"The bewildered Prince walked again up and down the line. And this time there was a slight change in the countenances of two of the ladies. One of them among the fairest gently smiled as he passed her. Another, just as beautiful, slightly frowned.

"'Now,' said the Prince to himself, 'I am sure that it is one of those two ladies whom I have married. But which? One smiled. And would not any woman smile when she saw, in such a case, her husband coming towards her? But, then, were she not his bride, would she not smile with satisfaction to think he had not selected her, and that she had not led him to an untimely doom? But then, on the other hand, would not any woman frown when she saw her husband come towards her and fail to claim her? Would she not knit her lovely brows? And would she not inwardly say, "It is I! Don't you know it? Don't you feel it? Come!" But if this woman had not been married, would she not frown when she saw the man looking at her? Would she not say to herself, "Don't stop at me! It is the next but one. It is two ladies above. Go on!" And then again, the one who married me did not see my face. Would she not smile if she thought me comely? While if I wedded the one who frowned, could she restrain her disapprobation if she did not like me? Smiles invite the approach of true love. A frown is a reproach to a tardy advance. A smile——'

"'Now, hear me!' loud cried the King. 'In ten seconds, if you do not take the lady we have given you, she, who has just been made your bride, shall be your widow.'

"And, as the last word was uttered, the Discourager of Hesitancy stepped close behind the Prince, and whispered: 'I am here!'

"Now the Prince could not hesitate an instant; and he stepped forward and took one of the two ladies by the hand.

"Loud rang the bells; loud cheered the people; and the King came forward to congratulate the Prince. He had taken his lawful bride.

"Now, then," said the high officer to the deputation of five strangers from a far country, "when you can decide among yourselves which lady the Prince chose, the one who smiled or the one who frowned, then will I tell you which came out of the opened door, the lady or the tiger!"

At the latest accounts the five strangers had not yet decided.

Frank R. Stockton.

SONG.

LONELY art thou in thy sorrow — lonely art thou;
Yet, lone as thou art, at least it is left thee to sing:
Thy heart-blood staining the thorn on the secret bough,
Make the deep woodland ring!

Well-friended art thou in thy joy — well-friended art thou;
No longer, Love-kept as thou art, it is left thee to sing:
Thou, in thy down-soft nest on the summer bough,
Foldest both song and wing.

Edith M. Thomas.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Twenty Years after the War.

IT was anticipated that besides its other probable accomplishments the New Orleans Exposition would have an excellent effect in bringing citizens of different parts of the country together, and especially in affording occasion for a visit to the Far South to many in the North who had not recently enjoyed the opportunity of travel and observation there. In this direction, at least, the latest of the world's fairs has certainly been of value to the whole country.

Among the things that must have first struck the unused observer in the South was the fact that, notwithstanding all the agony and sorrow and loss of the North growing out of the Civil War, that war was brought home to the people of the insurgent States with much greater force. One of the still-lingering mistakes with regard to the North among our Southern brethren is the supposition that so much of the Northern armies consisted of virtual aliens, or "hirelings," and there were so many non-combatants on the Northern side that the people of that section knew little of the sufferings of the war. This, of course, is untrue; though it is true, doubtless, that the proportion of non-combatants among the whites was smaller in the South than in the North. But besides this, the traveler in the South is forever passing through cities and States that have been crushed beneath the iron wheels of war. The very railroad maps that he finds it necessary to consult are maps of famous battles and campaigns. The churches where they worship, the houses where they gathered together the little that was left to them for a new start in life, have been riddled by Union shells, and the gardens and fields still yield a plentiful crop of iron and of lead. The Northern visitor finds his hospitable hosts living on the very battle-fields where they lost, not only the "Cause" once passionately dear to them, but their fathers, their brothers, their husbands, their dearest friends.

So, while in all directions there are rebuilt cities, and harvests are growing prosperously on fields strangely marked by fading lines of intrenchment, still everywhere in the South there is an inextinguishable atmosphere of pathos. Those who stood by the Union in the days when the slave-power lifted up its hand against the government of the country may hold morally, intellectually, and politically to the view that the rebellious districts suffered nothing that they did not deserve; yet he must have a mean heart who does not sympathize with a brave, sincere, and conquered foe.

But what will the traveler learn as to the sentiment of the Southern people with regard to the great questions which were involved in the war that was brought to a close just a score of years ago? What of the old belief in the institution of slavery and in the doctrine of secession? We believe it will be found that on these questions there is not only a general acceptance of the situation, but also in many cases a change of view, which involve a political revolution such as within the same length of time has never before been accomplished in the history of mankind. When one recalls the enthusiasm and devotion with which the South contended for its so-called rights during a four years' war, when one contemplates the humiliation and loss of the period of negro and carpet-bag domination, and when one realizes all the causes for bitterness and opposition from a Southern point of view, the wide extent of the anti-slavery and of the Union sentiment in the South to-day is a matter not only of surprise, but also one for the deepest gratification to the lover of his country.

The visitor in the South will soon learn that a natural loyalty to the dead soldiers of the Confederate army, along with the desire to defend the character and motives both of the dead and the living, and an insistence upon that sincerity of purpose which Abraham Lincoln recognized,— he will learn that these do not imply either an admiration of or desire for the institution of slavery, or the slightest wish for a revival of "the lost cause." In fact, the vagueness and unreasonableness of that "cause" is being borne in upon the minds of the people with growing force and conviction. It is coming more and more to be felt that slavery was not a thing to fight for, and that the Confederacy had in its origin and basis elements of disintegration which would have worked its own speedy downfall. It is probably felt also that there is little more of difficulty in carrying out national legislation in a manner acceptable to all sections of the country than there is in bringing different sections of many of the individual States themselves into harmony of view and action.

Many in the South will be apt to resent the statement that they were fighting for slavery, but a discussion of the origin of the secession movement would only reveal its inherent weakness, and the lack of unity of sentiment from the beginning.

That would be a hardy philosopher, indeed, who before the event should seek to draw consolation for the bloodshed and loss of war from any source save the desired general result,— one way or the other, according to the side with which he sympathized. But after the conflict is over, it is not so difficult to recognize the good that is ever being mysteriously evolved from evil, and at least partially to offset against the carnage and suffering not merely the main, obvious political and moral results, but other sequences scarcely less important. Suppose, then, that Lincoln at Washington and Anderson at Sumter had shown the white feather, and that the North had refused to fight, as many in the South had believed it would,— or suppose that either side had fought feebly or failed ignominiously,— would mutual respect and understanding have been advanced? Without war,— a war which those who sustained the Government must yet regard as, on the Southern side, morally and politically inexcusable and never to be commended,— could the North and the South have grown in twenty years to know and respect each other to the degree that the soldiers at least of both sections do now know and respect each other?

The Blindness of Legislators.

It has been remarked as a triumphant test of the strength of republican government, that the reins of executive power could pass without a ripple of excitement from the hands of a party bearing a name identified with the perpetuity of the Union itself, to that of a party new to office and, to say the least, by no means established in the confidence of the entire country. But it may be regarded as a more signal triumph of popular government, that it has stood and is standing the strain of an era of distrust: — on the part of the people, a well-founded distrust of their so-called servants; on the part of our public men, an ill-founded but not unnatural distrust of the people. We are by no means likely to escape from this condition of things in one administration, or by the example of any one or two or half dozen men doing bravely the service of the people and looking to them for approval; in the faithfulness of such lies the salvation of the body politic from present evils. But it is a more profound source of hope (and an offset to the mutual distrust of which we speak) to know, as recent events have shown, that the people believe in themselves, and in principles of national honor. In the latter respect they are a generation ahead of the politicians, and even of some very honest but rather technical statesmen, who are afraid to trust their own instincts until they have heard from the noisiest and least representative of their constituents.

No one can come in contact with our legislators at Washington or Albany or elsewhere without realizing how deaf they sometimes are to the opinions of the intelligent class, the applause of whom should outweigh that of a whole continent of others. So deep a hold have vested and corporate interests upon, we will not say the sympathy, but the attention, of Congress, that no question of honor or sentiment has a ghost of a chance for attention while the material interests of somebody are clamoring for help. Ask for an honest currency, and you meet the silver lobby. Ask for an equitable international copyright law in order to abolish a national disgrace, the theft of brains,— comparable only to slavery, the theft of brawn,— and you are confronted with the awful fact that somebody's pocket is likely to suffer thereby. Ask for a consideration of works of art on a higher plane than the frames which contain them, and you are met with false ideas of the purposes of tariffs, and a blind indifference to our obligations to the art of other countries. In all questions concerning life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the public body, whether aldermen or Congress, has to be pushed and driven by the people into a recognition of their most evident desires. A conspicuous and lamentable example of this blindness of the "public servant" is the tardiness with which Congress responded to the unanimous feeling of gratitude in which the whole country holds its first soldier. How long would an "effete monarchy" have hesitated over so manifest a duty?

These are questions of too great moment to the progress and honor of the country to be met by the response of the average Congressman: "Oh, your bill is good enough, but there is no demand for it." "Yielding to pressure" in a bad direction is deplorable enough, and we had its prospective evils sufficiently set forth on both sides of the late campaign; but *not yielding* in a good direction *except to pressure* is a danger that will bear presenting. For on the heels of the habit which a Congressman acquires of waiting for the expression of public opinion, comes the habit of indifference to public opinion when it is expressed. If a man will not listen to conscience within him, how soon will he fail to hear the thunders of its echoes from other breasts! The easy willingness of Congressmen to defer their approval of good measures reminds us, by contrast, of the Abolitionist to whom after a heated discussion an opponent said, "I believe, Mr. ——, if you had your way you would free every slave in the country to-morrow." "To-morrow!" was the indignant response; "to-morrow! Do you think me such a scoundrel as to wait until to-morrow?"

The chief difficulty, we say, in getting attention for apparently non-material interests seems to be in the indifference of legislators to the best public opinion. Men who have influence in public meetings, in the press, in society, seem to have but little weight with Congress, unless it be with the representative from their own district. Legislation thus becomes a sort of multiplied local option. Both parties compete for the title of "national," but as a rule the Congressman refers the settlement of questions of national interest and honor to his own constituency — not to the best of it, but to the opinion he thinks to be held by the average voter of his district. This timidity and lack of faith in the people is continually coming to the surface. Occasionally it meets with merited rebuke. During the recent session of the New York Legislature, a large number of petitions were received for the passage of the Niagara Reservation Bill — a most important measure, which has since been passed. Among these was one from the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, to which were added the following comments:

"I believe and teach that legislators ought not to be looking down for instructions. A man under oath is degraded if he act or vote through love of praise or fear of blame from his fellow-man. I do not wish to influence your vote. This Niagara Park enterprise is or is not in your judgment a wise and salutary enterprise. I decline to bring popular pressure to bear on you. You know that I can get one hundred names to the above. You know as well as I about what names I should get. But if every voter in the country should ask you to vote aye, and you in your chair should feel it unwise or wrong to so vote, it would be your duty to disregard us and vote according to your best wisdom as a legislator. Then come home and teach us — not we, you."

It is time we had more of this sort of protest against the abdication of responsibility by public men. The reverence for the right of petition which is affected by legislators is often only a pretext for gauging the effect of a vote upon their reëlection. In local contests the wishes of the majority are entitled to superior consideration, but on national questions they should have, as a rule, no weight against the clearly apprehended needs of the country. Americans are in the broad a moral people, and the qualities they admire most of all in their servants are bravery and loyalty; and if the self-seeking legislator were of keener vision, he would note the popular response that comes to every manifestation of these qualities. Whether in a mayor, an assemblyman, a governor, or a President, the country forgives

much to much devotion. Men who are devoted to the public interest are too few to let minor mistakes of policy mar their usefulness. To such, if they be in the party now intrusted with power, the legacy of unsettled public questions from their opponents, which was expected to be a stumbling-block, is but a legacy of opportunities; for every question has its right and its wrong side, and offers a new chance to serve the people. Nor are opportunities fewer to members of the party now in opposition; the times were never so propitious for devotion to the country by the minority, whether individually or as a body. The people have found that their servants, as such, are of no party, and, seeing possibilities of higher honor and progress, are in no mood to lose the end and aim of popular government in a factious struggle for mean partisan advantages. In spite of the spoilsmen of both parties, a better era is at hand, with rewards for an honest and brave devotion to public interests.

Dr. Edward Eggleston's Historical Papers.

In a leisurely way Dr. Eggleston's serial history of life in the American colonies has been brought down to the tenth paper,— "Social Life in the Colonies," — which appears in this number of The Century. Since each article of the series is complete in itself, desultory publication has harmonized with the aim to make the contents of the magazine as varied as possible, and with the author's purpose to leave no source of information and illustration unexamined. Dr. Eggleston's first visit on this errand to the British Museum resulted in the discovery of facts and pictorial materials of the highest value, including the John White drawings of Indian life. Now that his work, as it will appear in the magazine, is a little more than half finished, it may interest our readers to know that Dr. Eggleston sailed for England early in May, with the purpose of making further investigations in the large collections relating to American life at the British Museum, and in other libraries and depositories in the mother country.

In writing this history, which is perhaps unique for the telling of heretofore ungarnered facts in a popular as well as an exact style, the author, while availing himself of all the important results reached by special students and local historians, has found it indispensably necessary to go back to the original authorities, where possible, in order to get behind the superstitions and illusions that have been so long and faithfully cherished, and to catch the very tone and complexion of the old life. More than five years have already been spent in the careful study of that complex mass of printed and manuscript authorities which must be searched and winnowed in order to attain a thorough knowledge of the life of the colonists; and it will take nearly as many years more to complete the history. No such exhaustive study of the social, domestic, industrial, religious, and intellectual life of the colonists in general has ever before been made, and it will probably be long before such a comprehensive investigation will be undertaken again.

Perhaps the most important advantage the author has had for this work has been derived from an early personal acquaintance with many diverse forms of social life still existing in this country. The geologist must know the corresponding living animals in order to understand his fossils, and the social historian will find his records an enigma unless he is acquainted with the new life that has been evolved from the old. There came to Dr. Eggleston early opportunity to know life in the North, the South, and the middle country, and to live at the East and at the West — some of the fruits of which are "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," and other stories. In southern Indiana he saw eighteenth-century life still preserved around the wide fire-places; in Minnesota he saw the preserves of colonization, the Indians, the white men in contact with savages, and an Indian massacre — that of 1862; he saw the antique Virginia life before the war, and knew rural New England at a later period. From boyhood he has noted diversities of speech and manners, and this history of life in the United States before the Revolution is in some sense the mature outgrowth of a lifetime of observation and study. And since the series was begun he has made a number of journeys between Boston and Charleston for the purpose of special study and observation of the land and the people as they exist now.

It has been the custom to write colonial history by narrating the public events, such as the appointment of a new governor, or a quarrel between a governor and an assembly. In this way the whole current of the history is destroyed by the necessity for telling thirteen different and contemporaneous stories! A squabble between a colonial governor and his assembly is an event hardly greater in dimensions than a disagreement between the mayor and common council of some third-rate city of to-day. While the public events are mostly trivial, the social history is of the greatest consequence. To tell how and why our ancestors came here, what were the aborigines, and what were the settlers' relations with them in trade, in efforts to civilize them, and in war; to relate what were the notions and methods of field and garden culture which they brought with them, and what changes and evolutions their agriculture passed through here; to describe the curious forms of their commerce by sea and along the waterways of the provinces, as well as by pack-horse with the interior; to analyze mediæval notions of land tenure introduced here, and to trace the gradual change to modern American forms; and to tell the strange story of white and black slavery in the plantations, are among the important and neglected portions of American history that are being set forth comprehensively in this work. Dr. Eggleston has written also of domestic life and manners; of houses, furniture, costume, and equipages, as well as of social life — that is, of the weddings, the funerals, the sports, and the theater in colonial days. There remain yet to be written in order to fill up the scheme the story of the multiform Religious Life — the story of churchmen, Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, and other sects; the story of persecution and of witches, and that of the Whitefield revival and its results. There will be also some account of the Curiosities of Colonial Law and Government, of strange legislation and absolute punishments, of stocks, pillories, cages, brands, ducking-stools, and gibbets; and under the head of "Intellectual Life," education and the lack of it, the rise of schools and colleges — the strange sub-

jects of intellectual inquiry, the curiosities and absurdities of colonial medical theory and practice, and the efforts at literature and art. A chapter will be devoted to the French war and its influence on colonial life. And the underlying causes which tended to produce a separation from the mother country will be traced with more fullness than ever before.

The illustrations prepared for this series of papers are among the most valuable that have ever been made for an American historical work. Though many of them are picturesque, none of them are works of fancy, but every one represents a fact of historic interest. A great amount of pains has been expended to insure the authenticity and veracity of these cuts; it is, indeed, intended to make them as valuable for historic purposes as the text itself.

OPEN LETTERS.

Dr. Holmes on International Copyright.

ON the 28th and 29th of April an interesting and successful series of readings was given by American authors at the Madison Square Theater, New York, in aid of the fund of the American Copyright League. George William Curtis, Esq., presided on the first afternoon, and the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, Assistant Bishop of New York, on the second. Both gentlemen made striking and eloquent appeals in favor of the establishment of an International Copyright. Among those who took part were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Messrs. W. D. Howells, Edward Eggleston, S. L. Clemens, R. H. Stoddard, Julian Hawthorne, Will Carleton, H. H. Boyesen, H. C. Bunner, G. P. Lathrop, and others. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and Mr. Frank R. Stockton were represented by proxy, the latter by a new story. Two of Dr. Holmes's poems were read, prefaced by the following letter, which we are permitted to print for the first time. — EDITOR.

BOSTON, April 27, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret deeply that I cannot be present at the meeting, where so many of my friends will be gathered. It will be a grand rally in the cause of one of the hardest worked of the laboring classes,— a meeting of the soft-handed sons of toil, whose tasks are more trying than those of the roughest day-laborer, though his palms might shame the hide of a rhinoceros. How complex, how difficult is the work of the brain-operative! He employs the noblest implement which God has given to mortals. He handles the most precious material that is modeled by the art of man: the imperishable embodiment of human thought in language.

Is not the product of the author's industry an addition to the wealth of his country and of civilization as much as if it were a ponderable or a measurable substance? It cannot be weighed in the grocer's scales, or measured by the shop-keeper's yard-stick. But nothing is so real, nothing so permanent, nothing of human origin so prized. Better lose the Parthenon than the Iliad; better level St. Peter's than blot out the Divina Commedia; better blow up Saint Paul's than strike Paradise Lost from the treasures of the English language.

How much a great work costs! What fortunate strains of blood have gone to the formation of that delicate yet potent brain-tissue! What happy influences have met for the development of its marvelous capacities! What travail, what throbbing temples, what tension of every mental fiber, what conflicts, what hopes, what illusions, what disappointments, what triumphs, lie recorded between the covers of that volume on the bookseller's counter! And shall the work which has drained its author's life-blood be the prey of the first vampire that chooses to flap his penny-edition wings over his unprotected and hapless victim?

This is the wrong we would put an end to. The British author, whose stolen works are in the hands of the vast American reading public, may possibly receive a small pension if he come to want in his old age. But the bread of even public charity is apt to have a bitter taste, and the slice is at best but a small one. Shall not our English-writing brother have his fair day's wage for his fair day's work in furnishing us with instruction and entertainment?

As to the poor American author, no pension will ever keep him from dying in the poorhouse. His books may be on every stall in Europe, in their own or in foreign tongues, but his only compensation is the free-will offering of some liberal-minded publisher.

This should not be so. We all know it, and some among us have felt it, and still feel it as a great wrong. I think especially of those who are in the flower of their productive period, and those who are just coming into their time of inflorescence. To us who are too far advanced to profit by any provision for justice likely to be made in our day, it would still be a great satisfaction to know that the writers who come after us will be fairly treated, and that genius will no longer be an outlaw as soon as it crosses the Atlantic.

Believe me, dear Mr. Lathrop,

Very truly yours,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GEORGE P. LATHROP, ESQ., *Secretary, etc.*

Another Side of the Copyright Question.

THE struggle to secure the protection of our laws for literary property produced by citizens of foreign countries has been long and wearisome. To some it may seem fruitless. An ocean of ink has been spilt and a myriad of speeches have been made; and as yet there are no positive results set down in black and white in the Revised Statutes of the United States. But the best cure for pessimism is to look back along the past, and to take exact account of the progress already made. This examination reveals solid grounds

for encouragement in the future. The labor spent, although often misdirected, has not been in vain. Something has been gained. Public opinion is slowly crystallizing. By judicial decision, it is true, and not by legislative enactment, it is now possible for the foreign dramatist to protect his stage-right in the United States, and for the American dramatist to protect his stage-right in Great Britain. The means whereby this protection can be attained are troublesome and expensive; but that they exist at all indicates an increasing enlightenment of the public mind. Far more important than this judicial victory is the formation of the American Copyright League, and the massing together in a solid phalanx of nearly all American authors. This organization is ready to move on the enemy's works at once, and it is prepared to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. It is devoting its utmost efforts to the urging of a bill which shall establish in the simplest manner the rights of the author. As soon as the people of the United States are aroused to see the justice of this bill and its necessity, it will become a law, and the question of International Copyright will be settled once for all. The Anti-slavery Society awakened the conscience of the people, and when the time was ripe slavery was abolished. The Civil Service Reform Associations cried aloud in the wilderness for months and years, until at last the hour came and the man, and the Spoils System received its death-blow. So the American Copyright League has settled down to its task, which it will stick to, without haste and without rest, until the good work is done.

The argument most generally used in favor of this great moral reform is that it will put an end to an atrocious and systematic robbery of foreign authors. That this is a strong argument no one can deny. As the law stands now we are willing to avail ourselves of the literary labors of the great English writers on science and on history, but we do not think the laborer worthy of his hire; we are willing to get pleasure and to take refreshment from the great English novelists and poets, without money and without price. The Englishman, the Frenchman, or the German may send to this country his goods for sale, his trade-marks to be registered, his inventions to be patented; but we deny his right of property in his writings, and his books are free stealing for whoso will. We are wont to consider this a moral country, and we are proud to call ourselves a progressive people; but in the evolution of morality in regard to intellectual property we are at a lower stage than nations which we are glad to look on as less moral and more backward. All things considered, intellectual property is now most carefully protected in France. Not long ago Belgium maintained the right of pirating books; and the business of book-piracy was then as respectable a trade in Brussels as it is now in New York. But in time the Belgians felt the disgrace of their position, and they experienced a change of heart. Not long ago the French novelist and the French dramatist were at the mercy of the English translator and the English adapter; but the English came to see the error of their ways. The Frenchman is now no longer pirated in Belgium or pillaged in Great Britain. The world moves—and the country which lags farthest behind is the United States of America. It is for the people of the United States to say how much longer we can afford to steal from the stranger.

A stronger argument, however, than that drawn from our robbing the foreigner is to be taken from our ill-treatment of our own authors. So long as we prey on the authors of other countries, just so long may we expect other countries to prey on our authors. While the writers of Great Britain are without protection in the United States, the writers of the United States will be without protection in Great Britain. In the present state of the case a double wrong is inflicted on the American author: (1) at home he is forced to an unfair competition with stolen goods, and (2) abroad he has no redress when his goods are stolen. In his "English Note-books" Hawthorne records a visit in 1856 to the office of an important English publishing house — he gives the name in full — where he met one of the firm, who "expressed great pleasure at seeing me, as indeed he might, having published and sold, without any profit on my part, uncounted thousands of my books." Cooper and Irving have fared as ill at the hands of the English pirate as Hawthorne did. The number of American books republished in England is increasing every year. In proportion there is as much piracy in Great Britain as in the United States. Time was when there was no sarcasm in the query, Who reads an American book? Time is when that question may be answered by saying that the English now read American books — and by the hundred thousand. A glance at a railway bookstall in England will show that a very heavy proportion of the books which cover it are of American authorship — just as a glance at an American news-stand will reveal a very heavy proportion of books of British origin. In both countries the most of these literary wares are stolen goods. Half a dozen English publishers have series or libraries in which a good half of the books are of American authorship. It would not be easy to make out a list of the rival British editions of "Little Women," of "Helen's Babies," of "Democracy," of "Uncle Remus," of Artemus Ward's books, of the "Wide, Wide World," of the "Biglow Papers," of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," of many American semi-religious novels, or of many books of so-called American humor. The editions of Longfellow and of Poe are numberless. Poe is perhaps more highly esteemed in England than in America; and Longfellow's popularity was greater in Great Britain than in the United States — as Tennyson's, so it is asserted, is greater in the United States than in Great Britain. Now, nearly all these editions are unauthorized by the American author, and it is very rare indeed for him to derive any benefit from them. While the American publisher has a pleasant habit of sending an *honorarium* to the writer whose books he has captured, the British publisher generally scorns to exhibit any such evidence of delicacy.

One popular American author agreed with a London publisher that the latter should have a certain new book of the former's for a fixed sum. A rival London publisher reprinted the book in a rival edition at a lower price, and the publisher with whom the American author had dealt seized this as a pretext to break his bargain; he published his edition, and he advertised it as the authorized edition, but he never paid one penny of the sum he had promised. The

English publisher, even when he is honest and means well, is prevented from offering a fair price by the fear of a rival edition. A certain American humorist wrote a book which he believed would be popular, and an English publisher offered him a hundred pounds for it. If the American could have protected his rights in England, he would have refused this offer, and he would have insisted on a royalty. As it was, he had, perforce, to accept it. It so happened that the book made a greater hit in England than in America; in the United States twelve thousand copies were sold, while in Great Britain the sale exceeded one hundred and eighty thousand copies.

The island of Manhattan has no monopoly of book-pirates. Captain Kidd was a native of the British Isles. Hawthorne, in his "American Note-books," recorded in 1850 that he had just found two of his stories published as original in the last London "Metropolitan," and he added, "The English are much more unscrupulous and dishonest pirates than ourselves." It is true that the British literary freebooter sometimes cruelly and barbarously mutilates his American victim. An American publisher, if he takes an English book, reprints it *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, with the author's name in full. But the British publisher sometimes, as we have seen, drops out the author's name; sometimes he hires an English notability as editor; sometimes he revises and amends the heretical views of the American author in religion or in politics; sometimes he adapts throughout. One of Dr. Holland's earlier novels was published in England with a multitude of changes, such as the substitution of the Queen for the President, and of the Thames for the Connecticut. One of his later novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle," appeared in England with a new ending, or, as the title-page announced in the finest of type,— "The last chapter by another hand."

Writing on the subject of International Copyright fifteen years ago, Mr. James Parton began his essay with a striking statement, as is his custom: "There is an American lady living at Hartford, in Connecticut, whom the United States has permitted to be robbed by foreigners of two hundred thousand dollars. Her name is Harriet Beecher Stowe. By no disloyal act has she or her family forfeited their right to the protection of the government of the United States. She pays her taxes, keeps the peace, and earns her livelihood by honest industry; she has reared children for the service of the Commonwealth; she was warm and active for her country when many around her were cold or hostile; in a word, she is a good citizen. More than that: she is an illustrious citizen. The United States stands higher to-day in the regard of every civilized being in Christendom because she lives in the United States. . . . To that American woman every person on earth who read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' incurred a personal obligation. Every individual who became possessed of a copy of the book, and every one who saw the story played in a theater, was bound in natural justice to pay money to her for service rendered, unless she expressly and formally relinquished her right,— which she never has done." Mr. Parton's statement of the case is vehement, but his estimate of the loss to Mrs. Stowe, owing to the absence of any way by which she could protect her rights in foreign parts, is none too high. Because the people of the United States have not chosen to give protection here to the works of foreign authors, Mrs. Stowe has been robbed by foreigners, and the extent of her loss is quite two hundred thousand dollars. The extent of the loss of Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and of the many living Americans whose writings are read eagerly on the far side of the Atlantic, is many times two hundred thousand dollars, and it increases every day.

B. M.

The Calling of a Christian Minister.

THERE is loud complaint of a famine in the ministry. The bread of life is plenty, men say, but there are few to break it. The scarcity is somewhat exaggerated, but the catalogues of the theological seminaries show that it exists. The number of men in preparation for the ministry does not increase so fast as the number of the churches increases.

Part of this disparity is due, as was recently shown by an Open Letter in these pages, to the needless multiplication of churches, under the stress of a fierce and greedy sectarianism. Not only is the demand for ministers in many of the smaller communities in excess of the real need, but the petty competitions into which the churches are thus plunged prevent many high-minded young men from entering the ministry. It is probable, also, that the theological disputations which have been rife during the last few years have discouraged some who might otherwise have chosen this work. They have seen devout and faithful pastors bearing the stigma of heresy, and even cast out of the synagogues; they have seen earnest and brave young men stopped and turned back on the threshold of the ministry; and they have shrunk from entering upon a work which appeared to be beset with so many snares and suspicions. This action may have been ill-advised, but there can be no doubt that it has been taken for such reasons in a great many cases. To doubts within, as well as to disputations without, the reluctance of some to enter the ministry must be attributed. In this period of theological reconstruction it is not strange that some ingenuous young men have become somewhat uncertain respecting the foundations of the Christian faith. To enter upon the work of preparation for the ministry with such misgivings would, of course, be out of the question.

To obstacles of this nature rather than to any lack of worldly advantages in the ministry is due, we are persuaded, the greater part of the falling off in the number of theological students. The Christian ministry will never suffer from the loss of those who are allured from its labors by the superior prizes of wealth or power which are offered to men in other callings; and, tempting as these prizes are, it is to be hoped that there are still a great many young men in this country to whom other motives more strongly appeal. If young men of this class, whose aims are not mainly sordid, and who entertain a generous ambition to serve their generation, are less strongly attracted than formerly to the work of the ministry, that is certainly to be regretted. And the reasons which lead them to decline so good a work ought to be well weighed.

Even those who turn away from the ministry because of intellectual difficulties might find, if they took counsel with some judicious and intelligent friend, an easy

solution of their difficulties. And although the theological strifes are annoying and the sectarian competitions vexatious, it is quite possible to preserve in the midst of these an even temper, and to carry through them all a heart so brave and a will so firm and a spirit so generous that their worst mischiefs shall be greatly counteracted. Indeed, these evils should serve to furnish earnest young men with reasons for entering the ministry, rather than of turning from it. Doubtless there is a great work to do in overcoming sectarianism with charity, and in conquering theological rancors and prejudices by the inculcation of the simple truths of the Gospel. Is not this a work worth doing? There is really great reason to hope that Christianity can be Christianized. Efforts put forth in this direction are meeting with the most encouraging success. And any young man who finds it in his heart to take the elementary truths of the Christian religion and apply them courageously to the lives of men, may be assured that there is a great field open to him. He will get a most cordial hearing, and, if he have but a fair quantum of pluck and of prudence, it will not be possible for sectaries or heresy-hunters to hinder him in his work.

It is quite true, as has been said, that the work of the ministry offers no such baits to cupidity as are displayed before men in other callings. No minister can hope to heap up a great fortune; and most ministers must be content with a simple and frugal manner of life. Nevertheless, every man has a right to a decent livelihood; and a minister of the Gospel, of fair ability, is tolerably sure of a decent livelihood. There are indigent ministers, but probably no more of them than of indigent lawyers or physicians; and while the income of the most successful legal or medical practitioner is far larger than that of any clergyman, the clergyman's support at the beginning of his professional life is far better assured than that of beginners in the other professions. Ministers generally are able to live as well as the average of their parishioners, and they ought to live no better.

To these prudential considerations may be added the fact that the minister's calling, as shown by the life tables, is conducive to health and longevity, and the other fact that the position occupied by him in the community is still a highly honorable one. There is complaint that the respect yielded to the clergy has diminished somewhat since the days when the congregations rose upon the parson's entrance, and when little boys took off their caps to him as he passed along the road; and there is, no doubt, some lack in these times of such formal civilities. Nevertheless the minister still occupies a high place in the respect of his neighbors. If he be a gentleman, and possess a fair measure of enterprise and judgment, he will always rank with the leaders of opinion and action in the community where he lives; and if the possession of a good fame be a worthy object of desire, it is certain that no other calling offers a better opportunity of becoming widely and honorably known. These are not the reasons for entering the ministry; any man with whom they would be decisive has no call to this service; but, in view of the disparaging estimates frequently put upon this calling in recent times, it is well to keep these facts in mind. There is room enough for self-denial in the ministry, no doubt; but it should not be represented as the road to penury or martyrdom. It is quite possible for the average clergyman of this generation to avoid mendicancy, to eat his own bread, to keep his self-respect, and to live a dignified and honorable life among his neighbors.

These are not the reasons for choosing this calling, but good reasons are not wanting. Those who believe that the issues of eternity depend on the choices of time find in this fact the highest incentives to this service. But, apart from this, the work of the ministry ought to make a strong appeal to men of conscience and good-will. The services which the minister is able to render to society are above all computation, and there never was a time when society was in greater need of such services. In the work of public education, the work of moral reform, the work of charity, he is the natural leader. Here are great problems, demanding the most diligent study, the most patient and self-denying labor. The minister is bound to master them; to make his congregation familiar with them; to stir up the community to intelligent action upon them. The questions now so urgent respecting the relations of labor and capital, and the right distribution of the products of industry, are questions that are not likely to be justly solved without the application of Christian principles. To search out and apply these principles, in this great conflict, is a work that might satisfy the noblest ambition. The conduct of politics often presents ethical questions of great importance; not only the issues presented, but the methods of the politicians, need to be criticised from the point of view of an uncompromising morality, and to this service the clergyman is called. He has no right to be a mere partisan, or to advocate in the pulpit the cause of any party; but it is his duty, as a citizen, to stand up for good order and morality, and to rebuke the corruption and the trickery by which the foundations of the state are undermined.

There are other services, less direct and palpable, but even more important, which the faithful clergyman renders to the community in which he lives. The tendency of our time is strongly toward a gross materialism in philosophy and in life, and toward the substitution of æsthetical for ethical standards of conduct and of character. The greatest dangers to which society is exposed arise from this subtle but powerful tendency. Mr. Walt Whitman has not been ranked among the most spiritual-minded of our teachers, but we find him bearing such testimony as this:

"I say that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of the slough, in materialistic developments, products, and in a certain highly deceptive superficial intellectuality, is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and social results. . . . It is as if we were somehow being endowed with a vast and more and more thoroughly appointed body, and then left with little or no soul."

A state of society which wrings a cry like this from the lips of Mr. Walt Whitman is one in which there must be great need of lifting up a nobler pattern, and of urging, with unwearied and dauntless faith, forgotten obligations. To this work the Christian minister is especially called. It is for him to show the superiority of ideal standards over those which are

simply materialistic or utilitarian; it is for him to make his hearers believe that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and that there is a more august rule of human conduct than the canons of the art whose primal law is pleasure. To save the men and women round about him from the greed and the frivolity and the hardness of heart into which so many of them are sinking would be indeed a great salvation. If a call was ever heard for the lifting up of spiritual standards, that call is heard to-day from the avenues of our cities and the middle aisles of our fashionable churches. If there ever was a time when the minister's vocation was neither superfluous nor a sinecure, that time is now. "An urgent exhortation," says Mr. O. B. Frothingham, in a late essay, "must be spoken to teachers, preachers, authors, guides of public opinion. . . . They must work hard if they would counteract the downward tendencies of democratic ideas as vulgarly expounded. Theirs is no holiday task. They are put upon, their intelligence and their honor." To such heroic enterprise as this the pulpit is especially called. The other classes of public instructors to whom Mr. Frothingham refers may help in this work, but the preacher's opportunity and responsibility are larger than can come to men in any other calling.

It is not too much to hope that this view of the dignity and importance of the ministerial profession will impress itself upon the minds of an increasing number of ingenuous young men. It would be easy to name a goodly number of men yet young in the ministry who have entered it with such high purposes,—men who have gone out from homes of wealth and luxury, renouncing splendid opportunities of self-aggrandizement, and devoting the finest talents to this unselfish service. It is not they who are to be commiserated; let us save our tears for those who look on them with pity for the choice that they have made.

A Minister of the Gospel.

The National Flag at New Orleans.

To the Editor of the Century.

Dear Sir: I called to-day upon Mr. Wilson, the photographer of the Exposition, from Philadelphia, who has superintended the taking of all the views inside the grounds, and inquired of him in regard to the alleged *hissing* of the United States flag on the occasion of the decoration of the Bankers' building, as stated in "In and Out of the New Orleans Exposition" in your June number.

Mr. Wilson was much surprised by my inquiry. Not only had he heard no hissing on that or any other occasion, but he had never before heard it intimated that the flag had been hissed. He was on the platform, and it was he who proposed the cheers, and led off. The response was hearty and unanimous—"what I should call," said Mr. Wilson, "a very enthusiastic salute." Mr. Wilson was indignant as well as surprised at the statement.

The other statement in regard to the flag—that "it is rare to see the stars and stripes in New Orleans, save on the shipping and the government building"—is also untrue. All the public buildings of the city or State, all hotels, club-houses, newspaper offices, warehouses, halls, arsenals, and many of the large business houses, display the flag on holiday occasions. It is universally used for inside decoration at public balls, fairs, concerts, lectures, etc., where any drapery is used. All the benevolent organizations of the city carry it in their processions; even in the funeral processions it appears, appropriately draped with crape. These societies, having banners of their own, could easily dispense with the national flag were they disposed to do so.

The purple, green, and orange banner, which is said to be so perplexing to strangers, is the official banner of Rex. Rex, it must be understood, has his court, his ministers, and all the paraphernalia and insignia of regular government. Purple, green, and orange are his colors; and several weeks before his arrival all good subjects are required by public proclamation to display these colors upon their residences and places of business. The order is very generally complied with, especially along the line of march of the procession. This banner does not, however, entirely usurp the place of the national flag even during Rex's brief reign, and the two may often be seen floating amicably from the same building, either public or private. The Rex banners, being as a rule of inexpensive material and renewed every year, are left hanging long after the occasion for their display has passed, while the national emblems are taken in out of the weather to be preserved for another holiday. This may account for the very queer mistake of the writer who supposes it to have been devised by the citizens for the purpose of gratifying their taste for bright colors. He must have been surprised at the remarkable unanimity with which the citizens adopted this rather singular combination. Why not vary it occasionally if it were a mere unauthorized device?

Very sincerely yours,

Marion A. Baker,
Associate Editor Times-Democrat.

[From what we learn from other sources there seems at least to have been some hissing on the occasion alluded to, but whether meant for the flag or not it would be difficult to say. The incident, at any rate, seems to have been without serious significance.—Editor.]

Our Club.

Five years ago seven or eight married ladies, feeling the need of more culture and a strong desire to improve their minds, met and decided to form a "Literary Club." Very modestly and quietly they talked the subject over, and organized with just enough red tape to enable them to work properly. A president was chosen for three months, that each one might learn to preside, and come to know enough of parliamentary rules to do so correctly. A secretary was chosen to keep what records were needed, and notify absent members, etc. We began by choosing an author, assigning to one the sketch of his life and works, and choosing three others to read selections from the same. The second year we gave to American history and contemporary authors; the third and fourth years we enjoyed English history and literature; the present year we have taken up ancient history; and we are looking forward to German and French, and a year at least for art. Our year of study

begins the first week in October and closes the last of May. We have taken the name of Every Wednesday, and meet from half-past two till half-past four every Wednesday afternoon. Our membership is limited to twenty. The programmes for the year are arranged by a committee chosen the last of the year, who prepare them during the summer vacation.

Unlike the club spoken of in the January number, we are entirely unsectarian; nearly every church is represented. Perfect harmony prevails, and we thoroughly enjoy the interchange of thought, and feel we are greatly benefited. At the close of the year we have an evening devoted to literary and social pleasure. This is in a small town of fifteen thousand inhabitants "out West." We have found it so pleasant and so beneficial, we would like to help other women.

W.

Text-books in Unitarian Sunday-schools.

IN "Topics of the Time," in the November CENTURY, reference was made to a little manual entitled "The Citizen and the Neighbor," published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. The connection in which this reference occurs might lead the reader to think that Unitarians are using in their Sunday-schools text-books on sociology and politics in preference to manuals on religion and lessons on the Bible. The facts are the other way. "The Citizen and the Neighbor" is one of a comprehensive series of graded Sunday-school manuals designed to meet the needs of pupils of all ages, capacities, and aptitudes. It was prepared for those classes of older boys which are found in some Sunday-schools,— boys who have just entered college or are in the preparatory schools, who have gone through the other text-books, and but for some such studies in *applied religion* might follow a too prevalent fashion of leaving the school altogether. But the text-books which are generally used in Unitarian Sunday-schools are those which are directly or indirectly studies of the Bible. For several years our Sunday-school Society issued monthly lessons on special portions of the Old or New Testament, on the general plan of the International Sunday-school lessons. Since the publication of the series of graded manuals was commenced, the books most widely used (often by all the classes in a school above the infant class) have been "First Lessons on the Bible," "History of the Religion of Israel" (by the *Baptist* professor in the Divinity School of Harvard College), and the "Life of Jesus for Young People." In the primary department a manual with accompanying picture-cards on the New Testament Parables is now used. Even the most radical of our Sunday-school workers place the Bible "highest among the helps, subjects of instruction, and written sources of inspiration."

Henry G. Spaulding,
Secretary Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

Notes from Letters Received.

COLERIDGE.— Mr. Charles F. Johnson thinks that Mr. Frothingham (CENTURY for March) "is hardly fair to Coleridge in implying that his criticism of Shakspere was in any way dependent on his German studies."

SOCIAL CLUBS.— D. R. J. writes to suggest the use of social clubs for those young men who, in our various smaller cities, are largely dependent for their amusement on the local billiard saloons and bowling alleys. He takes the ground that billiards, bowls, cards, etc., are only evil when associated with vice, or used as a means of gambling, and speaks of a club having the attraction of games, but with the two following rules among its by-laws, which rules he believes to have made the success of the organization: "The use of intoxicating beverages of any description in the club rooms is prohibited." "Gambling or betting on games of chance to be played, or being played, in the club rooms, is prohibited." The violation of either of these laws means expulsion. Young men seeing the advantages offered by such an association, where the members make the acquaintance of leading citizens of the town, have formed several similar societies, governed by nearly the same rules. Our correspondent finds that these new societies are prospering finely, while an organization formed about two years ago by a number of well-to-do business men, but without any such restrictions, was sold out under the hammer.

RIVAL CITIES OF THE NORTH-WEST.— In the "Open Letters" department for last March, George M. Higginson, in presenting "The Claims of Chicago," stated that "St. Louis and Chicago are almost alone in the division of this great North-western trade, there being in all that immense region only one other city (Milwaukee) that has over one hundred thousand inhabitants." Exception is taken to this statement by Eaton B. Northrop, of St. Paul, who claims for both St. Paul and Minneapolis (whose corporate limits now join) a population, each, of much over one hundred thousand, and a combined population of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand. But he says that Mr. Higginson is excusable for the error "on the grounds that even citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis find it difficult to keep pace with statistics, which prove that the population of either city has increased over two hundred per cent. within four years," the population of the two cities in 1880, taken together, being "less than ninety thousand."

CHICAGO VS. NEW YORK.— A correspondent, referring to the Open Letter on "The Claims of Chicago" in the March CENTURY, says that one of Mr. Higginson's arguments is that in eight months the number of entries and clearances of vessels at Chicago was over 26,000, thus exceeding the number of entries and clearances for the year at New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. "But a great part of such vessels as are entered at Chicago are not so entered at the port of New York. The arrivals at the port of New York from the Hudson River alone, and the clearances by the same route, would undoubtedly fully equal all the claims for Chicago, and those from the East River and Jersey shore would be equal again; but such vessels are not entered at the New York Custom House. Again, he says a line of steamers will doubtless be established between Chicago and Liverpool. This would do very well for the eight months in which navigation is open, but before Chicago can compete with New York as a seaport, the business of the world must be confined to the eight months on which his argument is based."

SCRIPTURAL REMINISCENCES.

Aunt Patty: "Bress me, Uncle Abum, ef yer doesn't call to mind Baalam gwine down ter J'rusalem."
Uncle Abram (with a weakness for Aunt Patty): "Yaas, and does yer 'member dar stood an angel in the way?"

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

AN old man doesn't catch on quite so quick as a young one, but he hangs on enough to make it up.

THE dead are the only true democracy.

GREAT wealth is too often like a great pile of manure: it only enriches one spot.

A HALF-EDUCATED man is as dangerous as a half-broken horse.

THE reason why the world grows no better is because each one is trying to convert his neighbor and neglects himself.

CONVERSATION is often nothing more than giving a wrong the benefit of the doubt.

THE boy whose only ambition is to equal his father will not only fail in doing it, but will drop away below the other boys in his neighborhood.

THANKS are cheap, and yet we can pay more than half our debts with them.

THE man who praises all things, if he happens to fall in the right company will damn all things with equal fervor.

THE moral questions that a man can't prove by his conscience better remain in doubt.

THERE is nothing so rich and so rare as philosophy; but, to make money out of, give mè a ring-tailed monkey with a soldier's suit on.

SUCCESS, like other rare things, is put up in small packages.

IT seems to me that what we call the "virtues" are simply the duties of life, for observing which we are not entitled to any particular credit.

IT matters not what a man's capacity may be; if he has not honesty for a foundation, his superstructure never is safe.

PRECISE people make as many blunders as others, but they are too stubborn to correct them.

THE Devil takes all the chances; he has won more by attacking the saints than he has ever lost by neglecting the sinners.

IT takes half a life-time to do anything better than any one else can do it, if it is only pitching pennies at a hub.

THERE are a thousand different ways to tell a lie, but there is only one way to tell the truth.

Uncle Esek.

Heart and Hand.

SILLY fool, 'tis in vain you pursue,
For she heeds not the words that you say!
Can't you see, as you fruitlessly woo,
That her thoughts are with one far away?

That, though far, he her love can command,
Of which you can have never a part?
You are near — you can touch her white hand;
He is nearer — he touches her heart.

George Birdseye.

Altruism.

(A TALE.)

THE *Lovely Mary*, on her way
From Singapore to Boston Bay,
Had cloudless skies and glorious weather,
With favoring winds for days together;
And everything was going well,
When, near the Cape, it so befell
That, with a most decided shock,
The *Lovely Mary* — struck a rock.

She sank; but as the night was clear,
The ocean calm, an island near,
All who could keep themselves afloat
With cask, spar, life-preserver, boat
(In short, whatever came to hand),
Put off, and safely reached the land;
Leaving the gallant ship to sleep
Beneath the waves nine fathoms deep.

Now, as it chanced, upon that ship,
Returning from an Eastern trip,
Two scholars sailed, of great renown,
Jones, and the yet more famous Brown;
And when 'twas plain that naught could save
The vessel from a watery grave,
As Fate or Chance would have it, each
Espied within convenient reach
Something that both desired to own,—
A life-preserver, which, 'tis known,
Can never be relied upon
To hold up safely more than *one*.
Yet on this life-preserver *both*
Seized in an instant, nothing loath;
And all of it Brown couldn't clasp
Was quickly locked in Jones's grasp;
And Jones's keen, determined eye
In grim resolve was equaled by
The stern, uncompromising frown
Upon the lofty brow of Brown.

But lest you think that selfish thought
In those two noble bosoms wrought,
I will relate, from first to last,
The high, heroic words that passed
From Brown to Jones, and Jones to Brown,
While the good ship was going down.
Dear Reader, bear them well in mind,
And think more nobly of your kind!

Quoth Jones: "Dear Brown, pray do not think
'Tis selfish fear that makes me shrink
From yielding up this wretched breath
To save a fellow-man from death.
I long to cry, 'Dear friend, oh take
This life-preserver, for my sake!'
But this, alas! I cannot do:
I am not free, dear Brown, like you.
You may enjoy the bliss divine
Of giving up your life for mine;
But ah! 'tis different with *me!*
I have a wife and children three;
And, for their sake, I must control
The generous impulse of my soul.
Yet trust me, Brown, most willingly,
Nay, with unfeigned alacrity,
This life-preserver I'd resign,
Were my case yours, or your case mine!"

"Dear Jones, your reasons," Brown replied,
"Are good, and cannot be denied.
All that your words imply is true:
I have no wife nor child, like you.
But, Jones, I have a tie to life
Far stronger (do not start) than wife
Or child, though dear, could ever be:
I mean my great 'Cosmogony,'
Of which, as you have doubtless heard,
One volume is to come — the third.
Oh, were that mighty task complete
Down to the last corrected sheet,
Believe me, Jones, to save your life
To your dear family and wife,
I'd yield to you, unmurmuring,
This frail support to which we cling!
But what are wife and children three
Compared with a Cosmogony?
Or what — confess it, dearest Jones —
Are *many* wives' and children's moans
To that loud cry of grief and woe
With which the learned world shall know
That it can never hope to see
The long-expected Volume Three?"

"Quite true," sighed Jones. "And yet — and yet —
I think, dear Brown, that you forget
The theory of Average
As held in this enlightened age.
Had all the mighty men of old —
Kings, scholars, statesmen, heroes bold —
Suffered untimely taking-off
With measles, croup, or whooping-cough,
Think you that this great earth would then
Have nourished only common men?
Had Homer died a stripling lad,
Should we have lost the Iliad?
Would Shakspere's early, timeless death
Have cost us Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth?
The voice of reason answers, 'No;
Wrong not prolific Nature so!'
Now, if this theory is true,
It must apply, dear Brown, to you;
And, fearless, you may leave behind
This master-product of your mind
(Though all unfinished, as you say),
Assured that, at no distant day,
Another will be found to do
The work so well begun by you.
But I ——"

"Allow me!" struck in Brown.
"The ship is plainly going down;
And, ere she sinks beneath us, I
Would most decidedly deny
The theory of which you speak.
It is ingenious, but weak —
A vain though pleasing fallacy,
That never has deluded me.
Besides, the theory, if true,
Applies with equal force to you;
For, dearest Jones, if you are drowned,
Doubtless *another* will be found
To comfort your dear wife, and be
A father to your children three!"

"Nay, nay!" cried Jones, "you jest, dear Brown
——"

But at this point the ship went down:
The arguments of both, you see,
Balanced to such a nicety,
So fine, so subtile, so profound,
That both held on,— and both were drowned!

Robertson Trowbridge.

The Hobby-Horse.

BRING out, bring out the gallant steed,
The noblest of his wooden breed!
With head erect, and bearing high,
What courage lights his vitreous eye,
As if he kindled at the clank
Of scabbard on his dappled flank!

Thou shalt my hero be, my boy,
Ulysses at the siege of Troy!
Not Dick, unhorsed at Bosworth field,
But Ivanhoe, with lance and shield,
On deeds of lofty valor bent —
The wonder of the tournament!

Then mount, my gallant cavalier!
No rival knight hast thou to fear;
Ride, boldly ride, with boot and spur,
Like Sheridan to Winchester;
Not prouder Alexander, thus,
Bestrode the fierce Bucephalus!

No foam-flakes mark thy furious way;
Thy charger needs nor oats nor hay;
Yet urged amain, for league on league,
His white-oak shanks defy fatigue,
As if he heard the battle-blast
And longed to follow far and fast!

Then haste! to scour, with might and main,
Thy trackless waste of carpet-plain;
On! ere the night-shade settles down
On the dim spires of slumber-town;
And, when at length outwearied quite,
To tented couch, and so good-night!

Henry S. Cornwell.

A Reminiscence.

THERE was a time, fond girl, when you
Were partial to caresses;
Before your graceful figure grew
Too tall for ankle-dresses;
When "Keys and Pillows," and the rest
Of sentimental pastimes,
Were thought to be the very best
Amusement out of class-times.

You wore your nut-brown hair in curls
That reached beyond your bodice,
Quite in the style of other girls,—
But you I thought a goddess!
I wrote you letters, long and short,
How many there's no telling!
Imagination was my forte:—
I can't say that of spelling!

We shared our sticks of chewing-gum,
Our precious bits of candy;
Together solved the knotty sum,
And learned the *ars amandi:*
Whene'er you wept, a woful lump
Stuck in my throat, delayed there!
My sympathetic heart would jump:—
I wondered how it staid there!

We meet to-day,— we meet, alas!
With salutation formal;
I'm in the college senior class,
You study at the Normal;
And as we part I think again,
And sadly wonder whether
You wish, as I, we loved as when
We sat at school together!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Mariette.

TOO RASH is she for cold coquette,—
Love dares not claim her:
I can but say, "'Tis Mariette,"
Nor more than name her!

She mocks the world her arrows reach
With light derision;
Yet who would choose the softer speech,
The graver vision?

An eager glance, and incomplete,
Repays you, after;
A voice to make all satire sweet —
Delicious laughter!

I think no woman's warmth is hers —
How could she use it?
Another's pain no passion stirs,
Nor would you choose it.

Can warning tame the maiden gaze
That dares discover?
Pride, mirth, ambition, thirst for praise —
They're hers — you love her!

No grief should shake the gay disdain
That will not fear it,
Or mar by one subduing pain
So rare a spirit.

Who ever watched that rounded grace,
Born of the minute,
Nor thought the world a prettier place
That she was in it?

You ask no larger gift than this,
No nearer honor,—
It is enough for happiness
To look upon her.

The oval cheek, the rising tread
In careless measure,
The willful, bright, ethereal head,
Alive with pleasure:

On these the old desire is stayed
That long has waited,
For soul and body, rightly made,
Are fitly mated.

But what have I, whom men forget,
To offer to her?
A woman's passion, Mariette
There is no truer!

Dora Read Goodale.

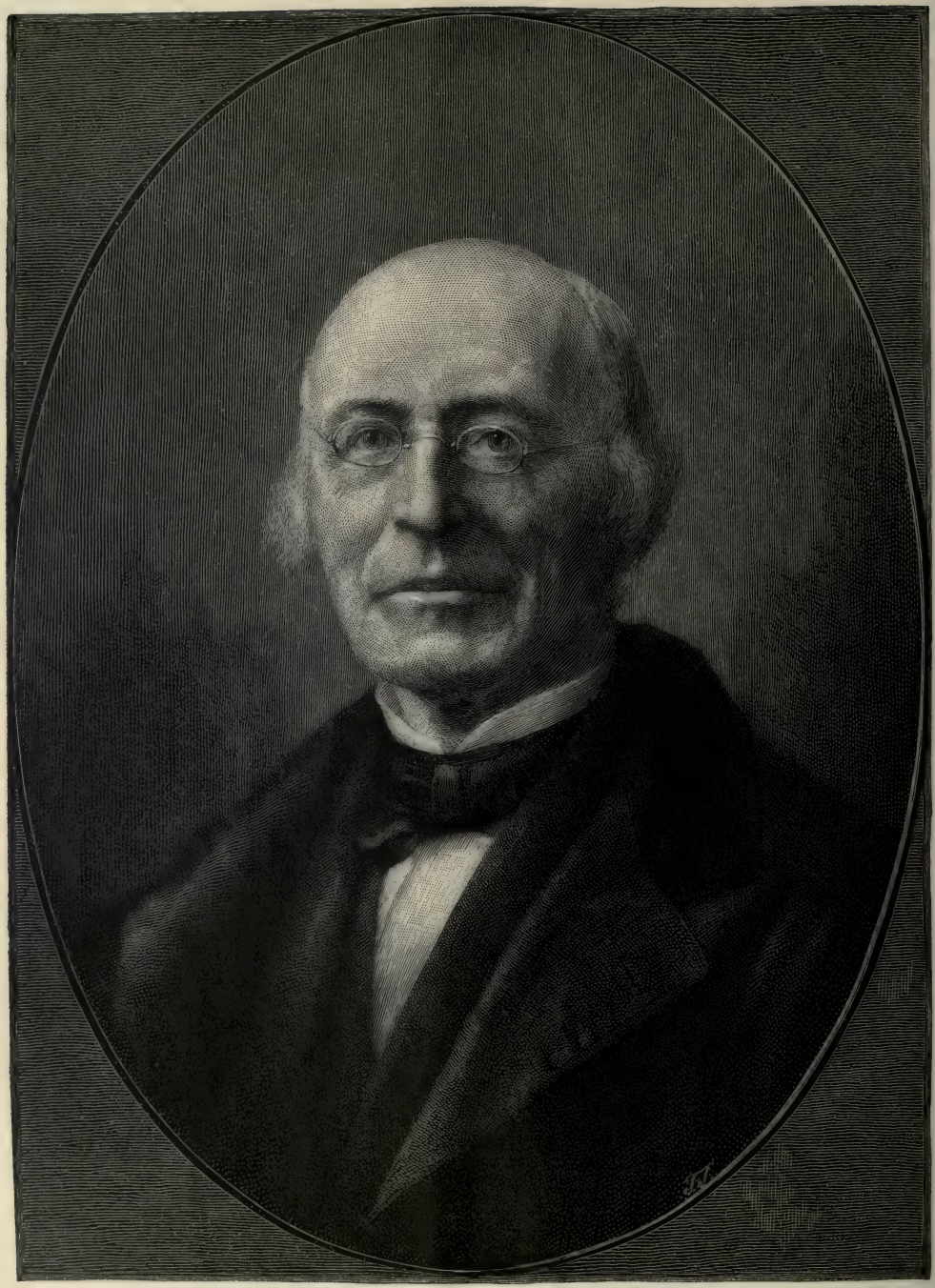
Shakspere's Sonnets.

(TO THE OVER-CURIOUS.)

GOOD frend for Iesus sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare
Bleste be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

These living stones hide most mysterious dust;
The curse and blessing that so guard his grave
Seem flashing, somehow, from their blinding light.
Let what *he* willed lie in the heart of night;
Dig not for deathly things of love or lust
Beneath the deathless beauty that they have.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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CAMP GRINDSTONE.

SIMPLE citizen, who is withal a fisher of muscalonge and pickerel and whose habit is to pass a vacation all too brief among the Thousand Islands, took skiff one evening at Clayton, with intent to spend the night on Grindstone Island and rise as early as the bass and the flies beloved of bass at Eel Bay. Rounding the southerly end of Grindstone some time after dusk, he dropped his oars astonished. There was no moon, the sky was dark and the shore darker, but over the stillness of Eel Bay moved a mysterious body of soft and brilliant lights. It was like a long irregular dragon winding slowly above a mirror. Here and there were luminous crests as if on higher points of its wavy back. Darker parts alternated with spots of great splendor which appeared to stream forth a phosphorescent glow like the rings of fire-flies, red, yellow, and green. The water repeated all the curves as if a comrade of the glistening worm swam lovingly, always the same way, just below the surface. The onlooker knew and in his quiet way loved Eel Bay for a lonesome but most attractive piece of water several miles broad, more like a lake than a part of a great stream, and was aware that no dwellings defiled its shores. Hardly by telescope could Gananoqué, the sleepy little Canadian town to the north-east, see a portion of it, though it was commanded by those who cared to climb the cupola of a barrack-like hotel at Thousand Island Park. Had he come, he asked himself, on the gambols of those two mighty dragons of the waters whose sport among the waves afford the Japanese unending subjects for ivory-work or for bronze, for carved stone and embroidery? Was he about to prove the Jack-in-luck who catches the Soul-Crystal as the two tide-dragons cast it from mouth to mouth, thus winning power over all monsters, demons, and good genii of the sea? Or were these the Puckwudjies afloat on strips of bark, with fire-flies for lamps, the tails of squirrels for sails, and loons' feet for paddles? Meantime the glowing head of the upper dragon, a mass of colors, is nearing him, and he hears a low rushing noise as of little oars, a sound of subdued voices, and — there! surely a call? Then a bugle rings clear and sweet. The head stops before the lonely grove near Squaw Point, where answering lights shine among the trees. Body and tail begin to wrap together, fold on fold, until a broad space of the bay is flecked with light. All becomes quiet; the rushing noise is gone; only a dull report like the striking of wood on wood is heard. Then voices start a song. They are masculine; the song is well known. It is the odd rolling chant of the devil-may-care and yet prudent sailor who refuses to part with his money until a stronger passion overwhelms his avarice. The secret is out, the enchantment gone. Fairylike though it is, the scene is intensely human. Our startled cit, who has been hugging himself with the prospect of the lonely pleasures of the fisherman, and has allowed his Fifth Avenue imagination to revel in the supernatural, has stumbled on a popular encampment. The shore is dimly white; the smooth bay alive with boats. Those lights are Chinese lanterns festooned from the slender spars of canoes; the voices those of canoemen, offering to the ladies who grace the tents at Squaw Point a serenade; the gleaming dragon that now unrolls again its slow length, and with the delicate

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swish of the paddles and low laughter steers away to the camps on the northern shore of the island, is the main body of amateur boatmen who have come to the fifth meet of the American Canoe Association.

The scene, however, is such as to more than repay the crustiest for the loss of a favorite fishing-ground. Save for the absence of her buildings, dimly felt behind the background of the night, Venice in her bewitching festivals of illuminated boats hardly surpasses the effect of a hundred or more canoes, thickly hung with paper lanterns and boat-lights, moving mysteriously between dark water and dark sky. There is something peculiarly fascinating in the modern decked canoe. It is a miniature yacht, compact, finished, ready for smooth weather or rough, portable by one man and yet able to stand, when rightly managed, very severe gales. At night, in a calm like this, it moves with the ease and silence of the birch-bark, leaving on the water scarcely a ripple. Its decks and minion masts offer places for lanterns; its occupant seems to belong to it as a part of the craft itself. The gondola of Venice is clumsy in comparison, and must always lack the charm of the miniature ship, at once freighted and navigated by its owner. The nearest approach to the scene on Eel Bay would be a Venetian night-festival limited to several hundred of the small and slender sandolos used for races. These, well set with lights, would resemble very nearly the magic night-effect, as the moon rose from a bank of clouds and brought into relief on a dark shore the white tents of Camp Grindstone.

The following day, what a change! In the land-locked bay, with its pine-crowned islets, broad vanishing outlets, and narrow curious passage through what seems the center of an island, lies a cluster of canoes about the flag-ship — a little sloop-rigged sailboat carrying the weighty presence of the commodore, the vice-commodore, and the rear-commodore of the Association. What is this ever oncoming line of dark spots broken by glittering high lights? and beyond, the other line with larger gleams of sunlight? The first is the advanced skirmish-line of canoeists, who use no sails, relying on the single-bladed paddle. The second consists of the double-blades. As the two ranks approach the reviewing officers, the first rests and allows the second to shoot through to the front, and on coming abreast of the flag-ship the single-paddlers dash forward in turn. Then the two lines turn by the left flank, follow each other in single file, and, locking paddles, huddle into one compact mass

THE FLEET.

OUR VENETIAN NIGHT-FESTIVAL.

opposite the reviewing group. Now glance down the bay. Was there ever a finer sight at a meet of the New York Yacht Club? These little boats coming up under full sail are the size of large toys; yet they have a "value"— if another painter's term be acceptable and duly stretched — which larger craft often lack. The variety of the sails is charming, and as the whole fleet, now strung out because certain clippers have out-sailed the rest, passes before the commodore, the sight has a wonderful microscopic grandeur, as of scenes viewed through the large end of an opera-glass. A hundred canoes side by side will not take up all the deck of a White Star steamer; but seen under sail all by themselves, a hundred canoes vie in effectiveness with a hundred of any other craft that floats. A cabinet painting, if you will, but not a petty scene.

Canoeing, be it remarked, is a very new sport in its present phase of clubs and regattas. The Association had its origin when Mr. Alden of "The Times" founded the New York club, and began the endless series of modifications of the *Nautilus* canoe by evolving the *Shadow* from that model. So long as cruising remains the attraction of the majority, and paddling and sailing races are merely features of the meets, or confined to a handful of enthusiasts in each local club, canoeing will stay what it has peculiarly been — the game for gentlefolk. It is preëminent among water sports for the amount of pleasure it gives in return for the trouble taken. It is voted slow

by ardent youths who like to blister their hands and run three miles hard before breakfast for several weeks, in order to perform once before admiring crowds; but it encourages self-helpfulness and individuality. It is calculated to give one more occasion to "fool round in a boat" than any other watery sport. It is an excellent school for the yachtsman, and in future it is likely to hold out as no other against the gangrene of professionalism. Professionals can make no money at these regattas, not even in the paddling races. Rough fellows, and those who do not understand the simple joys of outdoor life, are not likely to spend their leisure exploring the head-waters of the Wallkill on the track of Mr. John Burroughs and his dory, or to be moved to poetical emotion with the thought that they are the first white men to break the charmed loneliness of some Canadian lake! Safe from such undesirable members, how large is yet the range of individuality to which canoeing utters its soothing appeal! The worried business man, the lawyer, clergyman, and journalist find just the right amount of physical exercise in the cruising canoe. It is gentle exercise and cumulative. While in winter the city offers the gymnasium, the boxing-floor, or the fencers' club to the townsman, at any one of which an hour's work each day is enough to keep his muscles supple, his skin wholesome, his lungs in good order, in the summer-time there is nothing like a canoe voyage for amassing a large store of health for the whole of the year. And that store is of the true life-giving quality, for it is drawn from the open air. But these are commonplaces. Is it needful to recall the sharper, more eventful pleasures of the canoeist, his risks and delightful half-dangers, when Messrs. Macgregor and Baden-Powell have so recently told their tales of prowess and of derring-do with the paddle? when Messrs. Alden* and Stevenson† have amused and edified the public with their humorous and instructive booklets? And as to the intricacies of hull and rigging, or rules for matches, or advice as to articles for the cruiser, is there not "The Canoeist," a special organ of the Association, not to mention "Forest and Stream," autocrat on all things relating to sports by flood and field?‡

Yet, while on the general subject of exercise, is it not odd that although we sit at the feet of the ancient Greeks in a thousand ways, envy their physical development as it appears in their statuary, and puzzle over their superiority in modeling the human figure, we do not esteem athletics as they? Therefore are we probably as far as ever from equaling them in art. Sleight-of-hand such as we see in base-ball, endurance like the fine play in cricket, cultivate special faculties to the neglect of other things much more important to the rounded gymnast admired in Greece. Professionals spring up in every branch of athletics, and soon destroy all enjoyment for ordinary players. Even in lawn-tennis young women of the best parentage are allowed to become specialists, and perform in public like professionals. Canoeing has this in its favor: It is an "all-round" exercise, developing none of the faculties too much, and securing good health without the danger of excess through competition. Betting men and the sporting reporters avoid canoe meets; there is no "life" at them,—which means that canoeing is not yet vulgarized by a straining for the lead on the part of ambitious members; that the Association gets on all the better without the public or the press; that the enjoyment of canoeing lies in itself, not in the excitement of bets or the clamors of a gaping crowd. Yet the tendency has appeared in canoeing, as it always will. Starting a few years ago with canoes adapted more for paddling than sailing, the spirit of sport has already effected changes. The fleet may be split into sailing-cracks, cruisers, paddling cruisers, and Peterboros, lumping in the latter name all undecked canoes, birchbark or otherwise. In the "crack" sailors we see the tendency toward professionalism. But the tendency is good if kept in bounds, for it sets wits to work on improvements in rigs and hulls. Messrs. Vaux and Whitlock of the New York, Gibson of the Albany, Dickerson of the Springfield, and Jones of the Hartford club are among the foremost sailors, and have perfected their canoes in various ways. But to effectually stop the too great movement toward racing, a movement which in time would be fatal to the Association and the general cause of canoeing, there has been an agreement to give prizes, not for special races won, but for a high average of races. Thus, the winner of three minor races, for instance, takes the prize from the man who is far away the first in the sailing-match only. This is a distinct blow to the ambitious canoeist who is disposed to neglect paddling for sailing, or the opposite, and make either a paddling or sailing machine of his canoe instead of a cruiser. The "all-round" man is thus the hero at the meet.

* "The Canoe and Flying Proa." By W. L. Alden. New York: Harpers, 1878.

† "An Inland Voyage." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Am. Ed. Boston: Roberts, 1883.

‡ "Canoe Handling." By C. Bowyer Vaux ("Dot"). New York: "Forest and Stream" Publishing Company, 1885. See also "Running the Rapids of the Upper Hudson," by Charles Farnham, in this magazine for April, 1881.

To fix the type or class to which a given canoe shall be assigned is now a task for a jury of canoe-builders and veterans. For being once bit by the gentle mania of canoeing, each man must have a boat of his own designing. If he has added a new rope to the reef of the mainsail, snipped an inch off the rudder, or put a cleat in some new place, he claims the right of a patentee, and becomes infected with all the horrible conceit and loss of finer perceptions of the truth which belongs to the inventor's mind. For the outsider to express opinions at a meet of the Canoe Association is about as safe as to venture criticisms on horses at a race-course crowded with the gentry of the turf. You may wander (like the giant specter of Phœbus Apollo among the galleys of the Greeks at Troy) from the canoes of the Deserontos to them of Brockville, scan in turn, among the pretty craft from Hartford, Springfield, Rochester, Albany, Buffalo, and Cincinnati, the various lines of stem, deck, keel, and stern, of garboard streak and floor, pass in review the fleet of the New York club and their fellow-townsmen the Knickerbockers; and you will find no two builds exactly alike. And yet a vast majority now seem alike to the uneducated eye, being decked canoes of almost the same length, fitted with mainsail and "dandy" (this is a sail), with center-board and rudder worked with tiller outside and steering foot-yoke within. The proud veteran of four long summers casts but one fresh-water nautical eye on a canoe, and glibly informs you whether it is a Rob Roy, now an almost extinct type, or a Nautilus, or a Shadow, a Peterboro or a Pearl; and if you are not wise enough to turn the conversation, he will explain to you wherein it differs from the formal type owing to the inventive genius of its owner. So many canoes, so many rigs. The Albany men have introduced the jib in addition to mainsail and dandy, and the new complication of little cords repays the trouble during regatta week, for it enables the canoe to go better to windward and to turn with more speed. In a light wind at a turning-stake the jib has a marvelous fashion of gaining several lengths by turning the boat closely and sharply around the stake. The popular mainsail is now the "balance lug," stretched by the yard, which is hoisted to the masthead and stiffened by sundry strips of wood, or battens, which gives it cousinship with the sails of Chinese junks. It has almost driven out the cruising "lateen" sail. Marvelous and delightful are the whims shown in the wee sail behind the canoeist, the dandy or jigger. Some are like half the wing of a bat or a butterfly, rising up from the after-deck like a fan, and hardly surpassing in size the fans of recent extravaganza in fashion. For cruising, the Lord Rosse lateen, that detaches itself from the short masts when an upset occurs, is still much favored, though it is a difficult sail to strike quickly when running before a freshening breeze.

But the humors of a canoe meet are many. In the whaling villages old captains of whalers stump about, carping and sneering at everybody's ideas of navigation or of rig. At Delmonico's the young gentlemen who own yachts, or are owned by yachting friends, discuss seamanship with a wisdom altogether appalling. In the canoe clubs the same kind of tarry-breeches talk prevails, only with a flavor of knickerbockers and soap, while the size of the craft gives a special zest to the familiar lingo. One canoeist hoists a mainsail only; unable to carry a dandy, he fixes on the deck behind him a rod eighteen inches high, on which he hoists a flag the size of a kerchief secured in ultra-orthodox fashion by halyards of strong cord, which he twines around the staff in a pattern. Another covers his foredeck with beautiful little nickel-plated cleats, which he belays with a bewildering series of fine ropes for hoisting, reefing, and downhauling. Sleeping in the canoe at night has become general, and the aspect of the camp by moonlight is most original. Between the array of tents and the shore, on which vast numbers of empty canoes repose in Lilliputian dignity, are rows of cruisers standing on even keels, the cockpits covered with sleeping canopies, either swung between the masts or held in place by upright sticks. Each is a chrysalis, from which the image of a full-fledged canoeist will emerge when that dread dignitary, the bugler, sends his morning notes over the bay. It is often a pretty problem what a given canoe may bring forth, so alike do they look. Perhaps it will be a modest freshman, who will take an unexpected place at the head (or the bottom) of the novices' race; perhaps an old stager, who will tell you that he likes Canadian whisky because it flavors of smuggling, thereby showing himself a bold bad fellow who would shake hands with a pirate. Speak gently: it may contain a full commodore, or a vice, or a rear,—at any rate, a club commodore! In this odd Association it is remarkable that rank begins with the bugler, continues with the secretary, and then drops to the Association commodores. As to club commodores and captains, they are so ubiquitous that it would be thoughtless to risk offense by not using one of these titles "for luck," when addressing a casual canoeist, whose stern bearing and air of aloofness from the common paddling herd betoken in him the genius born to command.

THE MORNING BUGLE-CALL.

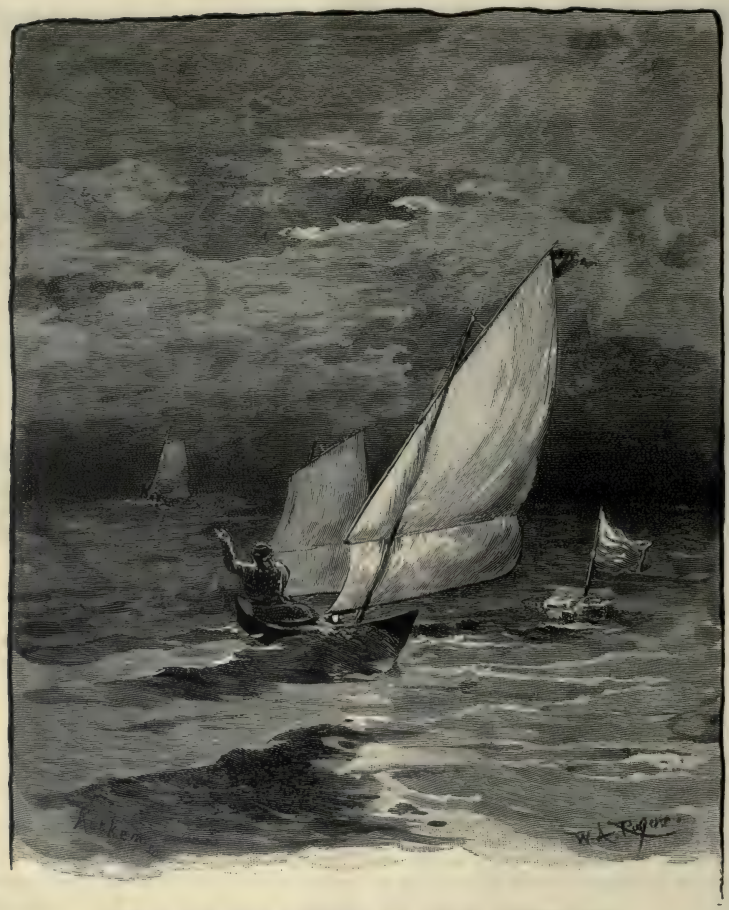
Sundown is a majestic moment. In a timid manner Commodore Nickerson nears the haughty bugler, Mr. Delavan, rouses him from the abstraction of musical composition, and points shyly to the sun. Grasping his bugle, the latter takes his stand where no trees or tents interfere with the full effect of his notes in the distant settlement of Squaw Point, and breathes all his soul into the yearning call. To hide their emotion canoeists bury their heads in blankets, or plunge into the clear cool water off the steamboat dock. Sobby, the little dog of the Mohicans from Albany, so named because of the unquenchable gayety of his disposition, *lucus a non*, becomes thoughtful and seems about to justify his tearful name; Psish, the Hartford cat, named after the vice-commodore's canoe, a kitten with a sympathetic soul, tries to aid the music with her silvery voice; and it is popularly understood that at Squaw Point ladies are often moved to tears. As the call ends, the enormous American flag at the New York tent and that of the Association fall together, and all the other banners, British, Canadian, American, and international, are expected to follow suit. As if released from the strain of too much sentiment, the Hartford kitten, Psish, administers on general principles a mauling to Sob, the puppy, and the latter, to work off his injured feelings, goes to the wood-pile of the New York club and steals firewood. He has been taught by a thrifty master to gather in sticks for the fire, boat-sponges as well; nay, towels, bathing-suits, flannels, clothes-brushes, cans of fruit, and such other trifles lying unguarded in the surrounding tents as in camp are often very welcome to

"SOBBY."

CAMP GRINDSTONE — WELCOMING A VETERAN.

the larder. There are few mornings when he fails to earn his breakfast. Sob has even been known to steal the old gray beaver hat which is worn in the nature of a talisman of success by one canoeist famous for a sweet voice (his legend being, *Vox et prætera multum in parvo)*, a hat which has been to the fore in many well-sailed or well-paddled races. Nay, such is his devilish ingenuity, he has been known to steal the hat and stow it away in the forecastle of a canoe, whence it was withdrawn only after its owner had lost a race by reason of its absence. Sob is generally held capable of assuming to the face of one of his master's rivals the utmost friendliness, and quietly gnawing a hole in that rival's boat while his back is turned. He is a cheery little "yaller" dog, on whose tail a dandy might be rigged, and whose barrel assumes the finest lines for a winning center-board canoe, double-decked and forereaching. Like a good speedy coaster, he is often seen "with a bone in his mouth," and as a pirate the cut of his jib is known wherever on North American soil is found a member of the A. C. A.

At the Thousand Islands there is an indigenous boat for fishing and rowing, remarkable for the methods by which it is managed under sail. Visitors call it a skiff, natives a skift. Holding five or six persons easily, it is of strong yet light build, and in its lines probably the most beautiful rowboat afloat. Birchbark, Peterboro, Rob Roy, Shadow, Nautilus, Pearl — the hulls of all these must yield in gracefulness to the skiff. It is sailed, with the aid of a small center-board, by means of a large sprit-sail, the mast being stepped well forward when in use. The main peculiarity of the skiff under sail is that neither rudder nor oar nor paddle is needed to guide it. Some persons help themselves to come about on a fresh tack with the oars, but this is not at all necessary, and is held in great scorn by a good sailor. The latter walks unconcernedly up and down his boat, pays her off the wind, or brings her up close-hauled as if by magic. The secret lies in distributing the weight of the sailor forward or backward. In order to bring the boat into the wind with the needed swiftness, he moves suddenly forward quite to the



RACE OF THE CANOE "VENTURE" AND THE ST. LAWRENCE SKIFF.

mast. This buries the bow of the boat, and the stern, shaped like the bow, rises up and is swung around by the wind. As soon as the sail shakes well in the wind, the skiff-man runs aft, thus raising the bow, which is helped about by the wind, and depressing at the same time the stern. All this is without steering-oar or rudder, or the help of the oars in the rowlocks. It is curious to see how sensitive such a boat is to the weight of a man. Running free, he sits nearly aft. Should it be necessary to keep directly before the wind, he gets as far astern as possible; while to come up into the wind the reverse movement is made. First lessons in this unique boat deal severely with the shins of the novice and with the paint inside the boat, but a little practice gives mastery. In the skiff it is considered dangerous to make the main-sheet fast to the gunwale, because the boat is so long, narrow, and shallow that it might be easily caught in one of the squalls that come with little warning down from the islands. Many will not use the running-block, caught to the gunwale with a snap-spring, which keeps the sail flat and holds it well. The simple rope is preferred, passed through a ring on the gunwale and held in the hand ready to be loosed at once. The block and tackle might be hampered in an emergency and the boat turn over. Of course the skiff is not the best sailer to windward in the world, and a good regatta canoe under full sail can generally beat her, especially if the wind be light. A race that interested Camp Grindstone hugely was a scratch trial between a native in a skiff and a canoeist in his canoe. It was sailed at twilight in a fair light sailboat breeze. So far as any judgment could be made in view of the informal nature of the race, the canoe had the best of it, though the native was called

SQUAW POINT.

a crack sailor and his boat one of unusual swiftness. It is fair to say, however, that the St. Lawrence man claimed that the wind was too light for his craft. Singular and pleasing it was to see the two small sails flitting mysteriously through the dusk. The success of the canoeist, Mr. L. Q. Jones of Hartford, was hailed with great delight by the assembled camp.

It is probable that in extremes of wind the cruising canoe will beat the St. Lawrence skiff: in light winds, from its larger spread of canvas compared to its hull; in storms, from the ability of the canoe to stand drenching and its power of climbing seas. In a storm the skiff, though admirably modeled for waves, would necessarily ship a good deal of water which the decked canoe would shed, while its great length would expose it to the danger of riding several waves at a time, and having them curl in. But it may be considered without a rival for its purpose, which is to provide a safe and roomy rowboat, easily rowed, and having nothing aft to interfere with fishing-lines. The principle by which it is sailed might be applied to any craft of a whale-boat shape with high stem and stern which is sufficiently light and long to be influenced by the wind in the same way. Of course it is not to be judged as a sailboat; for it is certain that for quick and easy handling there is nothing that can compete with a "cat."

Paddling races are to the outsiders more interesting than sailing races, although they have little of their beauty; the canoes that win are always the open canoes — Peterboros or birchbark. The personal equation is stronger in paddling races, the struggle more definite. One paddler lies in his canoe shoving against the back-board, and works with his arms alone; another, and he is the one that is pretty sure to win, sits very high, with his feet or knees on the bottom, and leans over his paddle, getting the weight of his shoulder into each stroke. Two single-paddlers in the same boat against two double-paddlers make a close race. Here the single-paddlers need not change to the other side, since one keeps the port, the other the starboard side, and between them the prow is held fairly steady to a straight line. The double-paddlers use the two ends of their paddles alternately,

HEADQUARTERS — SECRETARY A. C. A. ENROLLING A RECRUIT FROM SQUAW POINT.

in the usual way, both dipping to starboard together and then to port. But the advantage is still with the double-bladed paddles. There is a strong likeness between the mechanism of the Indian (single-bladed) paddle-stroke and that of the long oar used by the gondolier of Venice.

The canoe (let us be just, even if we are mendacious canoeists in minor matters) has rivals and superiors in several ways, whether considered as a sailing or a paddling craft. But this is true only when the criticism is partial. For Venice, Amsterdam, Stockholm, for the crowded Thames, and perhaps in the future for the Harlem River, the gondola and its junior the sandolo cannot be surpassed. For river and lake fishing, what boat equals the St. Lawrence skiff? For hunting, a Peterboro is the thing. But for cruising in fresh water and salt, especially for the exploration of streams full of shallows and rapids, what civilized or savage craft can approach the canoe? It is quick and obedient to the paddle. Sail can be made in a few moments and reefed or furled at once. It holds bedding, tent, wardrobe, fuel, lights, and stores. Its solid hull withstands shocks that no other boat will. Its weight — from sixty to eighty pounds — permits one man to transfer it from river to river or around a rapid. In it the expert will take risks no Indian can with his birchbark. In rain and high waves it is dry; it rides waves from its shortness, and is a good sea-boat and often a fair sailer in a blow. It is one of the safest boats known when properly provided with air-tight chambers fore and aft, for then it is a little life-boat. Upset, it can be righted at once and paddled while full of water.

"The crew of each canoe shall consist of one man only" is a rule laid down in a little book published yearly by the Association. Nothing is said of women; and as a dozen or more ladies are honorary members, this omission has much significance. For the canoe is not so unsociable a craft as it looks. Owing to the need of stability for ballast, camping equipage, and stores, the ordinary canoe, when the sails are not used, is quite capable of shipping a mate for a short cruise. There are loose bulkheads which can be removed, leaving plenty of room for a passenger who will agree to avoid violent movements, and may often demand to work her passage with a second paddle. There are many canoes of this type among the Thousand

Islands in which ladies wield a paddle with skill and effect. When sailing, however, two persons make most canoes unstable, and the greatest care is needed to avoid upset. Increase the spread of sails, and of course the stability is less; racing-rigs much over one hundred square feet in size generally capsize the canoe in a race where there is much wind, unless the sailor is a marvel of quick-

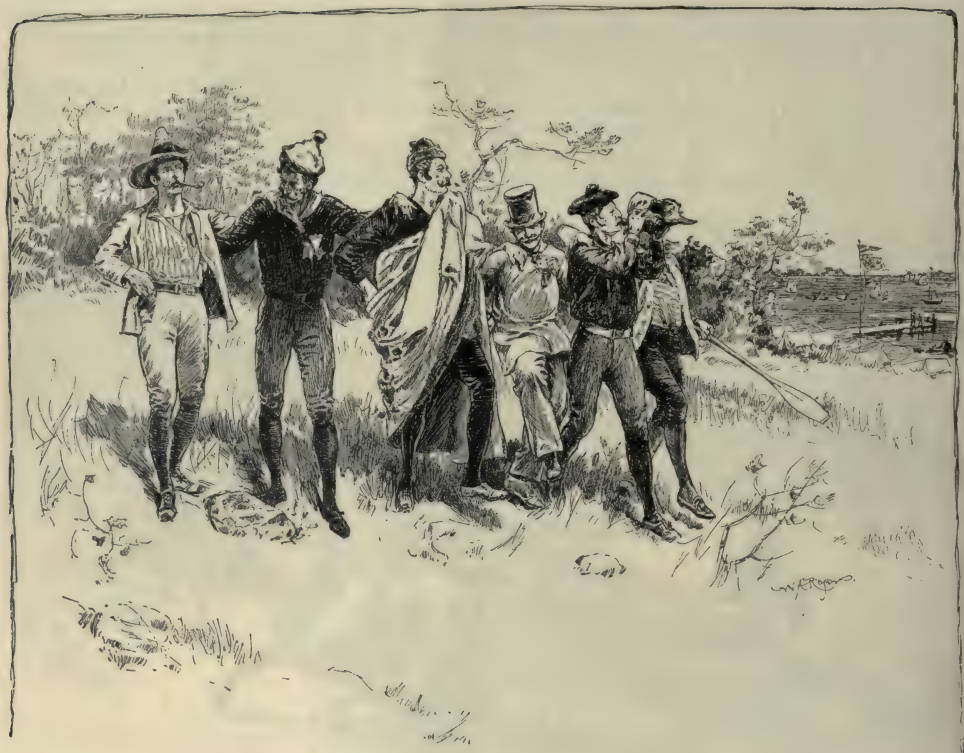
the Toronto canoes are so built that in righting they throw out most of the water, while practice has taught their owners to vault into their canoes as neatly as a naked Huron. Messrs. Miller of Peterboro and Johnston of Toronto have carried off honors in these jolly races.

A meet like that in 1883 at Stony Lake, Canada, and in August, 1884, at the Grind-

THE HURRY-SCURRY RACE.

ness. In some races not a boat comes in under sail. It is amusing to see the expert, as his sail goes over and adheres to the water, scramble over on the bottom of his canoe, wetting his legs only. Presently he detaches the little masts, which float off with the sails. Then righting the canoe, he makes a hand-spring and lands his body over the cockpit. Seating himself, he displaces a certain amount of the water in it. Should the water be calm, he may bale her out; if not, he paddles ashore heavily enough. Special races to develop practice in regaining control of the upset canoe are the most popular of all, since they afford visitors huge enjoyment, and insure much skylarking. At a given point each man upsets, "clings to his paddle," as Mr. Stevenson has it in his funny epitaph, rights his boat, gets in (if he knows how), and paddles on over the line. Some of

stone Camp, is in itself a pretty scene. Paddling-canoes, and those under a cloud of canvas — or shall we say cambric? — are ever putting off or landing at the rough-and-ready ways quickly built of logs and planks. The shore is covered with boats, among which stand animated groups of hearty-looking young men in knee-breeches and flannels, mending sails, rigging "balance" or "settee lugs," "sliding gunters," "dandies," or "jiggers," "shoulder of mutton" or "Lord Rosse lateens," discussing clippers, or making forecasts of the races. Now and then an excursion steamer passes and salutes the camp, receiving from bugle and conch ironical answer. Or the moment is meal-time, and while one band seeks the general mess and another journeys to a distant farm-house, the thorough-goers start their own dinners at fires near their tents. Impromptu races between friends are incessant. The Al-

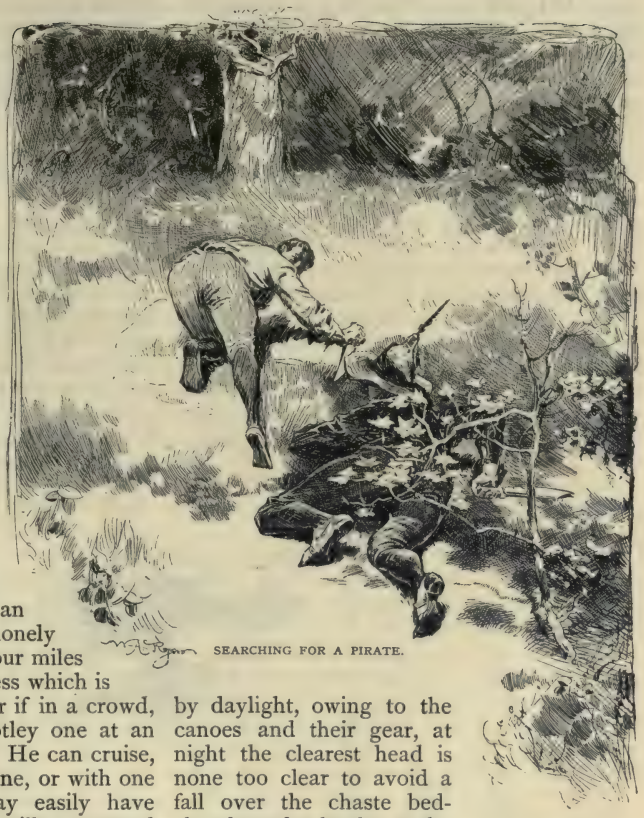


THE CHORUS.

bany club lead in decorative effects, for they paint their sails with large totems whereby afar off the "Muscalonge" may be distinguished from the "Siren," or the "Snake" from the "Devil." A member of the Knickerbocker club has had the good taste to dye his sails Venetian fashion, and pleases the eye very much. The review of the fleet is not beautiful merely; it is impressive, despite, or perhaps because of, the minuteness of the craft. Were the boats a little larger, like the St. Lawrence skiff, or the Barnegat sneak-box, or the catboat that men call "skip-jack," or, on the other hand, were they a little smaller, like the big model boats in which boys delight, this fine effect would be lost. The only way to account for the phenomenon is to remember that the human body is the norm on which everything is measured. The canoe is so closely adapted to the size and weight of a man, that it is on water what the horse is on land. The Esquimau kayak is still more of a unit with its occupant, and never fails to delight those who venture toward the Pole.

It would be wrong not to note the kindly and even jovial spirit that rules the short summer meets. Some of the pleasantest comrades hail from provinces of the Dominion. The Association has between five and six hundred members, by no means confined to Canada, New England, and the Middle and Central States. Texas is here; Florida has several representatives, and so has Kansas. One canoeist comes from Washington Territory and another from Manitoba, while San Francisco and Halifax, at the extremes of the continent, may see the little A. C. A. flag. Soon we may expect to find recorded an application for admittance from the "Yukon Canoe Club of Alaska" and the "Coatzacoatl Boating Society" of Central America. Honorary memberships have been given only to a few "epoch-making" canoeists, while a few ladies who own and use canoes have been added to the honorary list in deference to their sex. Those of the latter who honor the meets with their presence are, with their male relatives, assigned quarters in another camp and enjoined not to visit the main encampment till after eight in the morning, when the laziest canoeist is expected to have had his dip,

made his toilet, and done breakfast. Nothing has ever occurred to make these honored honoraries regret the little taste of camp life. Canoeing is a gentle and harmonious occupation, closely akin to the genial sport that makes Izaak Walton a classic, and sure, like it, to encourage the contemplative and dispassionate side of men and women. Croquet, lawn-tennis, base-ball, cricket, lacrosse, rowing races—what a harvest of heart-burns every summer do not these reap! The beauty of the canoe is, that if you are angry you can paddle off and count more than twenty-five! At the camp, also, each is independent. The solitary man or he who becomes easily bored has a fine choice of resources. He can go to an island within sight and be as lonely as he likes; or sail three or four miles and find the greater loneliness which is said to exist in a crowd; for if in a crowd, where better than in the motley one at an overgrown American hotel? He can cruise, or fish, or sail, or paddle alone, or with one friend or twenty; or he may easily have friends among the pretty little villas scattered over the enchanting shores of the larger islands. Is he sociable? Then let him join the brazen-lunged company of strummers on the banjo, and sing in stentorian chorus the cook's song in *habitant* French,—"Al-ouettay, genti allouettay, al-ouettay, je te ploomeray!" He can talk annexation with the Canadian of the old stock, or admire the superiority of British rule with the loyalist of later arrival. If he is insatiable of the society of ladies and must have many of them of a choice variety, then let him hie to Squaw Point.



SEARCHING FOR A PIRATE.

As night draws on, the moon, as if uncertain what is the correct currency for an island discovered by one nation and claimed by two others, turns from a tin dime to a copper cent and then to a silver sixpence; camp-fires are stirred, and ambitious clubs hang up lanterns in the form of their initial, as R. for Rochester. Banjos, and musical tools of even greater deadliness, are now brought out. The "kazoo" is admired, and a performer on the Jew's-harp is a second David. Healthy appetites support the ditty wailed from the ambush of a comb. Temperance is not only courted, but indispensable; for while it is hard to get about camp by daylight, owing to the canoes and their gear, at night the clearest head is none too clear to avoid a fall over the chaste bed-chamber of a bugler or the tent-ropes of a commodore. One night will never be forgot. The doughty Canoe Chief, his mind inflamed by the reading of Clark Russell's sea-stories, had expelled from the island a bad man who sold rum with ulterior intentions of a cut-purse kind. He had threatened the Canoe Chief's life, and was known to have slipped back to the island in his long, low, piratical-looking skiff. Then was there an assembling of fearless canoeists, dare-devil dicks with a paddle in one hand and a white "cruiskeen," which is Irish for pistol, in the other. There was a solemn patrolling of the camp and its neighborhood, until night and the baffled jail-bird fled together.

A notification on the bulletin is enough to invite all who wish to come that a camp-fire will be held at a certain club headquarters, each club taking turns. Every now and then a great general bonfire is on the order of the day; then roots and trunks of trees are consumed, and the circle closes in as the fierce glare subsides. One of these (to set some bounds to a paper already too long) was more than usually complete. Speeches, songs, music from Arcadian instruments, declamations, and yet more

songs had their turn. The ring of ladies and gentlemen, of youths, boys, and rustics, was brilliant with the strong red glow from four great roots of trees. Thousands of winged creatures from the St. Lawrence fluttered in the big half-sphere of light, with the fantastic bonfire as a center, and among them swooped numberless bats, their fur shining in the glare like silver against the soft black of the sky. The place was a hill-top, and far below were the lights of yachts and excursion steamers at anchor, the glimmering coals in the long camp by the water, and toward the horizon the clusters of colored lamps at some big hotel. All was jollity and comradeship. The Canadians hardly felt on alien soil; it took an effort to remember that American is a word that is ever used in a narrow sense. The line between these two great wings of the Association was as imaginary as the border itself, which, if we must believe the map, runs yonder among the lovely islands along the deepest channel of the St. Lawrence. After all was over and the encampment asleep, how curiously in contrast with the noise of men was the hooting of the loon! It is not a laugh, but more like the cry of the screech-owl. Loons appear to fish apart and call to keep each other distantly company, like canoeists when they cruise. They have two calls, at the very least. One is lower and much like a screech-owl's, but more musical and less plaintive in its quavering; the other is that misnamed a laugh. It startles, but it has a great charm. Delightful to waken at dawn and hear the loon's cry from the water near the sleeping camp! There is a savage relish in the note like the taste of the dark wild raspberry.

Henry Eckford.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THERE is a silence in this summer day,
And in the sweet soft air no faintest sound
But gentle breezes passing on their way,
Just stirring phantom branches on the ground;
While in between the softly moving leaves,
Down to their shadows on the grass below,
The brilliant sunshine finds its way and weaves
A thousand patterns, glancing to and fro.
A peace ineffable, a beauty rare
Holds human hearts with touch we know divine,
When, hush! — a little tumult in the air;
A rush of tiny wings, a something, fine
And frail, darting in fiery haste, all free
In every motion; scarce we've seen or heard
Ere it is gone! How can such swiftness be
Incarnate in an atom of a bird!
To know this mite, one instant poised in space,
Scarce tangible, yet seen, then vanishing
From out our ken, leaving no slightest trace!
Ah, whither gone, you glowing jeweled thing?
Before you came, the very air seemed stilled;
More silent now because with wonder filled.

Laura M. Marquand.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XXVI.

LATER in the forenoon came the dispatch from the West Virginians in New York, saying their brother assented to their agreement; and it now remained for Lapham to fulfill his part of it. He was ludicrously far from able to do this; and unless he could get some extension of time from them, he must lose this chance, his only chance, to retrieve himself. He spent the time in a desperate endeavor to raise the money, but he had not raised the half of it when the banks closed. With shame in his heart he went to Bellingham, from whom he had parted so haughtily, and laid his plan before him. He could not bring himself to ask Bellingham's help, but he told him what he proposed to do. Bellingham pointed out that the whole thing was an experiment, and that the price asked was enormous, unless a great success were morally certain. He advised delay, he advised prudence; he insisted that Lapham ought at least to go out to Kanawha Falls, and see the mines and works, before he put any such sum into the development of the enterprise.

"That's all well enough," cried Lapham; "but if I don't clinch this offer within twenty-four hours, they'll withdraw it, and go into the market; and then where am I?"

"Go on and see them again," said Bellingham. "They can't be so peremptory as that with you. They must give you time to look at what they want to sell. If it turns out what you hope, then — I'll see what can be done. But look into it thoroughly."

"Well!" cried Lapham, helplessly submitting. He took out his watch, and saw that he had forty minutes to catch the four o'clock train. He hurried back to his office, put together some papers preparatory to going, and dispatched a note by his boy to Mrs. Lapham saying that he was starting for New York, and did not know just when he should get back.

The early spring day was raw and cold. As he went out through the office he saw the clerks at work with their street coats and hats on; Miss Dewey had her jacket dragged up on her shoulders and looked particularly comfortless as she operated her machine with her red fingers. "What's up?" asked Lapham, stopping a moment.

"Seems to be something the matter with the steam," she answered, with the air of unmerited wrong habitual with so many pretty women who have to work for a living.

"Well, take your writer into my room; there's a fire in the stove there," said Lapham, passing out.

Half an hour later his wife came into the outer office. She had passed the day in a passion of self-reproach, gradually mounting from the mental numbness in which he had left her, and now she could wait no longer to tell him that she saw how she had forsaken him in his hour of trial and left him to bear it alone. She wondered at herself in shame and dismay; she wondered that she could have been so confused as to the real point by that old wretch of a Rogers, that she could have let him hoodwink her so, even for a moment. It astounded her that such a thing should have happened, for if there was any virtue upon which this good woman prided herself, in which she thought herself superior to her husband, it was her instant and steadfast perception of right and wrong, and the ability to choose the right to her own hurt. But she had now to confess, as each of us has had likewise to confess in his own case, that the very virtue on which she had prided herself was the thing that had played her false; that she had kept her mind so long upon that old wrong which she believed her husband had done this man that she could not detach it, but clung to the thought of reparation for it when she ought to have seen that he was proposing a piece of roguery as the means. The suffering which Lapham must inflict on him if he decided against him had been more to her apprehension than the harm he might do if he decided for him. But now she owned her limitations to herself, and above everything in the world she wished the man whom her conscience had roused and driven on whither her intelligence had not followed, to do right, to do what he felt to be right, and nothing else. She admired and revered him for going beyond her, and she wished to tell him that she did not know what he had determined to do about Rogers, but that she

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knew it was right, and would gladly abide the consequences with him, whatever they were.

She had not been near his place of business for nearly a year, and her heart smote her tenderly as she looked about her there, and thought of the early days when she knew as much about the paint as he did; she wished that those days were back again. She saw Corey at his desk, and she could not bear to speak to him; she dropped her veil that she need not recognize him, and pushed on to Lapham's room, and, opening the door without knocking, shut it behind her.

Then she became aware with intolerable disappointment that her husband was not there. Instead, a very pretty girl sat at his desk, operating a type-writer. She seemed quite at home, and she paid Mrs. Lapham the scant attention which such young women often bestow upon people not personally interesting to them. It vexed the wife that any one else should seem to be helping her husband about business that she had once been so intimate with; and she did not at all like the girl's indifference to her presence. Her hat and sack hung on a nail in one corner, and Lapham's office coat, looking intensely like him to his wife's familiar eye, hung on a nail in the other corner; and Mrs. Lapham liked even less than the girl's good looks this domestication of her garments in her husband's office. She began to ask herself excitedly why he should be away from his office when she happened to come; and she had not the strength at the moment to reason herself out of her unreasonableness.

"When will Colonel Lapham be in, do you suppose?" she sharply asked of the girl.

"I couldn't say exactly," replied the girl, without looking round.

"Has he been out long?"

"I don't know as I noticed," said the girl, looking up at the clock, without looking at Mrs. Lapham. She went on working her machine.

"Well, I can't wait any longer," said the wife abruptly. "When Colonel Lapham comes in, you please tell him Mrs. Lapham wants to see him."

The girl started to her feet and turned toward Mrs. Lapham with a red and startled face, which she did not lift to confront her. "Yes — yes — I will," she faltered.

The wife went home with a sense of defeat mixed with an irritation about this girl which she could not quell or account for. She found her husband's message, and it seemed intolerable that he should have gone to New York without seeing her; she asked herself in vain what the mysterious business could be that took him away so suddenly. She said to herself that he was neglecting her; he was leaving her out a little too much; and in demanding of herself why he had never mentioned that girl there in his office, she forgot how much she had left herself out of his business life. That was another curse of their prosperity. Well, she was glad the prosperity was going; it had never been happiness. After this she was going to know everything as she used.

She tried to dismiss the whole matter till Lapham returned; and if there had been anything for her to do in that miserable house, as she called it in her thought, she might have succeeded. But again the curse was on her; there was nothing to do; and the looks of that girl kept coming back to her vacancy, her disoccupation. She tried to make herself something to do, but that beauty, which she had not liked, followed her amid the work of overhauling the summer clothing, which Irene had seen to putting away in the fall. Who was the thing, anyway? It was very strange, her being there; why did she jump up in that frightened way when Mrs. Lapham had named herself?

After dark that evening, when the question had worn away its poignancy from mere iteration, a note for Mrs. Lapham was left at the door by a messenger who said there was no answer. "A note for me?" she said, staring at the unknown, and somehow artificial-looking, handwriting of the superscription. Then she opened it and read: "Ask your husband about his lady copying-clerk. A Friend and Well-wisher," who signed the note, gave no other name.

Mrs. Lapham sat helpless with it in her hand. Her brain reeled; she tried to fight the madness off; but before Lapham came back the second morning, it had become, with lessening intervals of sanity and release, a demoniacal possession. She passed the night without sleep, without rest, in the frenzy of the cruelest of the passions, which covers with shame the unhappy soul it possesses, and murderously lusts for the misery of its object. If she had known where to find her husband in New York, she would have followed him; she waited his return in an ecstasy of impatience. In the morning he came back, looking spent and haggard. She saw him drive up to the door, and she ran to let him in herself.

"Who is that girl you've got in your office, Silas Lapham?" she demanded, when her husband entered.

"Girl in my office?"

"Yes! Who is she? What is she doing there?"

"Why, what have you heard about her?"

"Never you mind what I've heard. Who

is she? *Is it Mrs. M. that you gave that money to?* I want to know who she is! I want to know what a respectable man, with grown-up girls of his own, is doing with such a looking thing as that in his office! I want to know how long she's been there! I want to know what she's there at all for!"

He had mechanically pushed her before him into the long, darkened parlor, and he shut himself in there with her now, to keep the household from hearing her lifted voice. For a while he stood bewildered, and could not have answered if he would; and then he would not. He merely asked, "Have I ever accused you of anything wrong, Persis?"

"You no need to!" she answered furiously, placing herself against the closed door.

"Did you ever know me to do anything out of the way?"

"That isn't what I asked you."

"Well, I guess you may find out about that girl yourself. Get away from the door."

"I won't get away from the door."

She felt herself set lightly aside, and her husband opened the door and went out. "I *will* find out about her," she screamed after him. "I'll find out, and I'll disgrace you — I'll teach you how to treat me!"

The air blackened round her; she reeled to the sofa; and then she found herself waking from a faint. She did not know how long she had lain there; she did not care. In a moment her madness came whirling back upon her. She rushed up to his room; it was empty; the closet-doors stood ajar and the drawers were open; he must have packed a bag hastily and fled. She went out, and wandered crazily up and down till she found a hack. She gave the driver her husband's business address, and told him to drive there as fast as he could; and three times she lowered the window to put her head out and ask him if he could not hurry. A thousand things thronged into her mind to support her in her evil will. She remembered how glad and proud that man had been to marry her, and how everybody said she was marrying beneath her when she took him. She remembered how good she had always been to him, how perfectly devoted, slaving early and late to advance him, and looking out for his interests in all things, and sparing herself in nothing. If it had not been for her, he might have been driving stage yet; and since their troubles had begun, the troubles which his own folly and imprudence had brought on them, her conduct had been that of a true and faithful wife. Was *he* the sort of man to be allowed to play her false with impunity? She set her teeth and drew her breath sharply through them, when she thought how willingly she had let him befool her and delude her about that memorandum of payments to Mrs. M., because she loved him so much, and pitied him for his cares and anxieties. She recalled his confusion, his guilty looks.

She plunged out of the carriage so hastily when she reached the office that she did not think of paying the driver; and he had to call after her when she had got half-way up the stairs. Then she went straight to Lapham's room, with outrage in her heart. There was again no one there but that type-writer girl; she jumped to her feet in a fright, as Mrs. Lapham dashed the door to behind her and flung up her veil.

The two women confronted each other.

"Why, the good land!" cried Mrs. Lapham, "ain't you Zerrilla Millon?"

"I — I'm married," faltered the girl. "My name's Dewey now."

"You're Jim Millon's daughter, anyway. How long have you been here?"

"I haven't been here regularly; I've been here off and on ever since last May."

"Where's your mother?"

"She's here — in Boston."

Mrs. Lapham kept her eyes on the girl, but she dropped, trembling, into her husband's chair, and a sort of amaze and curiosity were in her voice instead of the fury she had meant to put there.

"The Colonel," continued Zerrilla, "he's been helping us, and he's got me a type-writer, so that I can help myself a little. Mother's doing pretty well now; and when Hen isn't around we can get along."

"That your husband?"

"I never wanted to marry him; but he promised to try to get something to do on shore; and mother was all for it, because he had a little property then, and I thought maybe I'd better. But it's turned out just as I said, and if he don't stay away long enough this time to let me get the divorce,— he's agreed to it, time and again,— I don't know what we're going to do." Zerrilla's voice fell, and the trouble which she could keep out of her face usually, when she was comfortably warmed and fed and prettily dressed, clouded it in the presence of a sympathetic listener. "I saw it was you when you came in the other day," she went on; "but you didn't seem to know me. I suppose the Colonel's told you that there's a gentleman going to marry me — Mr. Wemmel's his name — as soon as I get the divorce; but sometimes I'm completely discouraged; it don't seem as if I ever *could* get it."

Mrs. Lapham would not let her know that she was ignorant of the fact attributed to her knowledge. She remained listening to Zerrilla,

and piecing out the whole history of her presence there from the facts of the past, and the traits of her husband's character. One of the things she had always had to fight him about was that idea of his that he was bound to take care of Jim Millon's worthless wife and her child because Millon had got the bullet that was meant for him. It was a perfect superstition of his; she could not beat it out of him; but she had made him promise the last time he had done anything for that woman that it should *be* the last time. He had then got her a little house in one of the fishing ports, where she could take the sailors to board and wash for, and earn an honest living if she would keep straight. That was five or six years ago, and Mrs. Lapham had heard nothing of Mrs. Millon since; she had heard quite enough of her before, and had known her idle and baddish ever since she was the worst little girl at school in Lumberville, and all through her shameful girlhood, and the married days which she had made so miserable to the poor fellow who had given her his decent name and a chance to behave herself. Mrs. Lapham had no mercy on Moll Millon, and she had quarreled often enough with her husband for befriending her. As for the child, if the mother would put Zerrilla out with some respectable family, that would be *one* thing; but as long as she kept Zerrilla with her, she was against letting her husband do anything for either of them. He had done ten times as much for them now as he had any need to, and she had made him give her his solemn word that he would do no more. She saw now that she was wrong to make him give it, and that he must have broken it again and again for the reason that he had given when she once scolded him for throwing away his money on that hussy:

"When I think of Jim Millon, I've *got* to; that's all."

She recalled now that whenever she had brought up the subject of Mrs. Millon and her daughter, he had seemed shy of it, and had dropped it with some guess that they were getting along now. She wondered that she had not thought at once of Mrs. Millon when she saw that memorandum about Mrs. M.; but the woman had passed so entirely out of her life, that she had never dreamt of her in connection with it. Her husband had deceived her, yet her heart was no longer hot against him, but rather tenderly grateful that his deceit was in this sort, and not in that other. All cruel and shameful doubt of him went out of it. She looked at this beautiful girl, who had blossomed out of her knowledge since she saw her last, and she knew that she was only a blossomed weed, of the same worthless root as her mother, and saved, if saved, from the same evil destiny by the good of her father in her; but so far as the girl and her mother were concerned, Mrs. Lapham knew that her husband was to blame for nothing but his willful, wrong-headed kind-heartedness, which her own exactions had turned into deceit. She remained awhile, questioning the girl quietly about herself and her mother, and then, with a better mind towards Zerrilla, at least, than she had ever had before, she rose up and went out. There must have been some outer hint of the exhaustion in which the subsidence of her excitement had left her within, for before she had reached the head of the stairs, Corey came towards her.

"Can I be of any use to you, Mrs. Lapham? The Colonel was here just before you came in, on his way to the train."

"Yes,—yes. I didn't know—I thought perhaps I could catch him here. But it don't matter. I wish you would let some one go with me to get a carriage," she begged feebly.

"I'll go with you myself," said the young fellow, ignoring the strangeness in her manner. He offered her his arm in the twilight of the staircase, and she was glad to put her trembling hand through it, and keep it there till he helped her into a hack which he found for her. He gave the driver her direction, and stood looking a little anxiously at her.

"I thank you; I am all right now," she said, and he bade the man drive on.

When she reached home she went to bed, spent with the tumult of her emotions and sick with shame and self-reproach. She understood now, as clearly as if he had told her in so many words, that if he had befriended these worthless jades—the Millons characterized themselves so, even to Mrs. Lapham's remorse—secretly and in defiance of her, it was because he dreaded her blame, which was so sharp and bitter, for what he could not help doing. It consoled her that he had defied her; deceived her; when he came back she should tell him that; and then it flashed upon her that she did not know where he was gone, or whether he would ever come again. If he never came, it would be no more than she deserved; but she sent for Penelope, and tried to give herself hopes of escape from this just penalty.

Lapham had not told his daughter where he was going; she had heard him packing his bag, and had offered to help him; but he had said he could do it best, and had gone off, as he usually did, without taking leave of any one.

"What were you talking about so loud, down in the parlor," she asked her mother, "just before he came up? Is there any new trouble?"

"No; it was nothing."

"I couldn't tell. Once I thought you were laughing." She went about, closing the curtains on account of her mother's headache, and doing awkwardly and imperfectly the things that Irene would have done so skillfully for her comfort.

The day wore away to nightfall, and then Mrs. Lapham said she *must* know. Penelope said there was no one to ask; the clerks would all be gone home; and her mother said yes, there was Mr. Corey; they could send and ask him; he would know.

The girl hesitated. "Very well," she said then, scarcely above a whisper, and she presently laughed huskily. "Mr. Corey seems fated to come in somewhere. I guess it's a Providence, mother."

She sent off a note, inquiring whether he could tell her just where her father had expected to be that night; and the answer came quickly back that Corey did not know, but would look up the book-keeper and inquire. This office brought him in person, an hour later, to tell Penelope that the Colonel was to be at Lapham that night and next day.

"He came in from New York in a great hurry, and rushed off as soon as he could pack his bag," Penelope explained, "and we hadn't a chance to ask him where he was to be to-night. And mother wasn't very well, and ——"

"I thought she wasn't looking well when she was at the office to-day; and so I thought I would come rather than send," Corey explained, in his turn.

"Oh, thank you!"

"If there is anything I can do — telegraph Colonel Lapham, or anything?"

"Oh, no, thank you; mother's better now. She merely wanted to be sure where he was."

He did not offer to go upon this conclusion of his business, but hoped he was not keeping her from her mother. She thanked him once again, and said no, that her mother was much better since she had had a cup of tea; and then they looked at each other, and without any apparent exchange of intelligence he remained, and at eleven o'clock he was still there. He was honest in saying he did not know it was so late; but he made no pretense of being sorry, and she took the blame to herself.

"I oughtn't to have let you stay," she said. "But with father gone, and all that trouble hanging over us ——"

She was allowing him to hold her hand a moment at the door, to which she had followed him.

"I'm so glad you could let me!" he said; "and I want to ask you now when I may come again. But if you need me, you'll ——"

A sharp pull at the door-bell outside made them start asunder, and at a sign from Penelope, who knew that the maids were abed by this time, he opened it.

"Why, Irene!" shrieked the girl.

Irene entered, with the hackman, who had driven her unheard to the door, following with her small bags, and kissed her sister with resolute composure. "That's all," she said to the hackman. "I gave my checks to the expressman," she explained to Penelope.

Corey stood helpless. Irene turned upon him, and gave him her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Corey?" she said, with a courage that sent a thrill of admiring gratitude through him. "Where's mamma, Pen? Papa gone to bed?"

Penelope faltered out some reply embodying the facts, and Irene ran up the stairs to her mother's room. Mrs. Lapham started up in bed at her apparition.

"Irene Lapham!"

"Uncle William thought he ought to tell me the trouble papa was in; and did you think I was going to stay off there junketing, while you were going through all this at home, and Pen acting so silly too? You ought to have been ashamed to let me stay so long! I started just as soon as I could pack. Did you get my dispatch? I telegraphed from Springfield. But it don't matter now. Here I am. And I don't think I need have hurried on Pen's account," she added, with an accent prophetic of the sort of old maid she would become if she happened never to marry.

"Did you see him?" asked her mother. "It's the first time he's been here since she told him he mustn't come."

"I guess it isn't the last time, by the looks," said Irene; and before she took off her bonnet she began to undo some of Penelope's mistaken arrangements of the room.

At breakfast, where Corey and his mother met the next morning before his father and sisters came down, he told her, with embarrassment which told much more, that he wished now that she would go and call upon the Laphams.

Mrs. Corey turned a little pale, but shut her lips tight and mourned in silence whatever hopes she had lately permitted herself. She answered with Roman fortitude: "Of course, if there's anything between you and Miss Lapham, your family ought to recognize it."

"Yes," said Corey.

"You were reluctant to have me call at first, but now if the affair is going on ——"

"It is! I hope — yes, it is!"

"Then I ought to go and see her, with your sisters; and she ought to come here and — we ought all to see her and make the matter public. We can't do so too soon. It will seem as if we were ashamed if we don't."

"Yes, you are quite right, mother," said the young man gratefully, "and I feel how kind and good you are. I have tried to consider you in this matter, though I don't seem to have done so; I know what your rights are, and I wish with all my heart that I were meeting even your tastes perfectly. But I know you will like her when you come to know her. It's been very hard for her every way,— about her sister,— and she's made a great sacrifice for me. She's acted nobly."

Mrs Corey, whose thoughts cannot always be reported, said she was sure of it, and that all she desired was her son's happiness.

"She's been very unwilling to consider it an engagement on that account, and on account of Colonel Lapham's difficulties. I should like to have you go, now, for that very reason. I don't know just how serious the trouble is; but it isn't a time when we can seem indifferent."

The logic of this was not perhaps so apparent to the glasses of fifty as to the eyes of twenty-six; but Mrs. Corey, however she viewed it, could not allow herself to blench before the son whom she had taught that to want magnanimity was to be less than gentlemanly. She answered, with what composure she could, "I will take your sisters," and then she made some natural inquiries about Lapham's affairs.

"Oh, I hope it will come out all right," Corey said, with a lover's vague smile, and left her. When his father came down, rubbing his long hands together, and looking aloof from all the cares of the practical world, in an artistic withdrawal, from which his eye ranged over the breakfast-table before he sat down, Mrs. Corey told him what she and their son had been saying.

He laughed, with a delicate impersonal appreciation of the predicament. "Well, Anna, you can't say but if you ever were guilty of supposing yourself porcelain, this is a just punishment of your arrogance. Here you are bound by the very quality on which you've prided yourself to behave well to a bit of earthenware who is apparently in danger of losing the gilding that rendered her tolerable."

"We never cared for the money," said Mrs. Corey. "You know that."

"No; and now we can't seem to care for the loss of it. That would be still worse. Either horn of the dilemma gores us. Well, we still have the comfort we had in the beginning; we can't help ourselves, and we should only make bad worse by trying. Unless we can look to Tom's inamorata herself for help."

Mrs. Corey shook her head so gloomily that her husband broke off with another laugh. But at the continued trouble of her face he said, sympathetically: "My dear, I know it's a very disagreeable affair; and I don't think either of us has failed to see that it was so from the beginning. I have had my way of expressing my sense of it, and you yours, but we have always been of the same mind about it. We would both have preferred to have Tom marry in his own set; the Laphams are about the last set we could have wished him to marry into. They *are* uncultivated people, and, so far as I have seen them, I'm not able to believe that poverty will improve them. Still, it may. Let us hope for the best, and let us behave as well as we know how. I'm sure *you* will behave well, and I shall try. I'm going with you to call on Miss Lapham. This is a thing that can't be done by halves!"

He cut his orange in the Neapolitan manner, and ate it in quarters.

XXVII.

IRENE did not leave her mother in any illusion concerning her cousin Will and herself. She said they had all been as nice to her as they could be, and when Mrs. Lapham hinted at what had been in her thoughts,— or her hopes, rather,— Irene severely snubbed the notion. She said that he was as good as engaged to a girl out there, and that he had never dreamt of her. Her mother wondered at her severity; in these few months the girl had toughened and hardened; she had lost all her babyish dependence and pliability; she was like iron; and here and there she was sharpened to a cutting edge. It had been a life and death struggle with her; she had conquered, but she had also necessarily lost much. Perhaps what she had lost was not worth keeping; but at any rate she had lost it.

She required from her mother a strict and accurate account of her father's affairs, so far as Mrs. Lapham knew them; and she showed a business-like quickness in comprehending them that Penelope had never pretended to. With her sister she ignored the past as completely as it was possible to do; and she treated both Corey and Penelope with the justice which their innocence of voluntary offense deserved. It was a difficult part, and she kept away from them as much as she

could. She had been easily excused, on a plea of fatigue from her journey, when Mr. and Mrs. Corey had called the day after her arrival, and, Mrs. Lapham being still unwell, Penelope received them alone.

The girl had instinctively judged best that they should know the worst at once, and she let them have the full brunt of the drawing-room, while she was screwing her courage up to come down and see them. She was afterwards — months afterwards — able to report to Corey that when she entered the room his father was sitting with his hat on his knees, a little tilted away from the Emancipation group, as if he expected the Lincoln to hit him with that lifted hand of benediction; and that Mrs. Corey looked as if she were not sure but the Eagle pecked. But for the time being Penelope was as nearly crazed as might be by the complications of her position, and received her visitors with a piteous distraction which could not fail of touching Bromfield Corey's Italianized sympatheticism. He was very polite and tender with her at first, and ended by making a joke with her, to which Penelope responded in her sort. He said he hoped they parted friends, if not quite acquaintances; and she said she hoped they would be able to recognize each other if they ever met again.

"That is what I meant by her pertness," said Mrs. Corey, when they were driving away.

"Was it very pert?" he queried. "The child had to answer something."

"I would much rather she had answered nothing, under the circumstances," said Mrs. Corey. "However!" she added hopelessly.

"Oh, she's a merry little grig, you can see that, and there's no harm in her. I can understand a little why a formal fellow like Tom should be taken with her. She hasn't the least reverence, I suppose, and joked with the young man from the beginning. You must remember, Anna, that there was a time when you liked my joking."

"It was a very different thing!"

"But that drawing-room!" pursued Corey; "really, I don't see how Tom stands that. Anna, a terrible thought occurs to me! Fancy Tom being married in front of that group, with a floral horse-shoe in tuberoses coming down on either side of it!"

"Bromfield!" cried his wife, "you are unmerciful."

"No, no, my dear," he argued; "merely imaginative. And I can even imagine that little thing finding Tom just the least bit slow at times, if it were not for his goodness. Tom is so kind that I'm convinced he sometimes feels your joke in his heart when his head isn't quite clear about it. Well, we will not despond, my dear."

"Your father seemed actually to like her," Mrs. Corey reported to her daughters, very much shaken in her own prejudices by the fact. If the girl were not so offensive to his fastidiousness, there might be some hope that she was not so offensive as Mrs. Corey had thought. "I wonder how she will strike *you*," she concluded, looking from one daughter to another, as if trying to decide which of them would like Penelope least.

Irene's return and the visit of the Coreys formed a distraction for the Laphams in which their impending troubles seemed to hang farther aloof; but it was only one of those reliefs which mark the course of adversity, and it was not one of the cheerful reliefs. At any other time, either incident would have been an anxiety and care for Mrs. Lapham which she would have found hard to bear; but now she almost welcomed them. At the end of three days Lapham returned, and his wife met him as if nothing unusual had marked their parting; she reserved her atonement for a fitter time; he would know now from the way she acted that she felt all right towards him. He took very little note of her manner, but met his family with an austere quiet that puzzled her, and a sort of pensive dignity that refined his rudeness to an effect that sometimes comes to such natures after long sickness, when the animal strength has been taxed and lowered. He sat silent with her at the table after their girls had left them alone; and seeing that he did not mean to speak, she began to explain why Irene had come home, and to praise her.

"Yes, she done right," said Lapham. "It was time for her to come," he added gently.

Then he was silent again, and his wife told him of Corey's having been there, and of his father's and mother's calling. "I guess Pen's concluded to make it up," she said.

"Well, we'll see about that," said Lapham; and now she could no longer forbear to ask him about his affairs.

"I don't know as I've got any right to know anything about it," she said humbly, with remote allusion to her treatment of him. "But I can't help wanting to know. How *are* things going, Si?"

"Bad," he said, pushing his plate from him, and tilting himself back in his chair. "Or they ain't going at all. They've stopped."

"What do you mean, Si?" she persisted tenderly.

"I've got to the end of my string. To-morrow I shall call a meeting of my creditors, and put myself in their hands. If there's enough left to satisfy them, I'm satisfied." His

voice dropped in his throat; he swallowed once or twice, and then did not speak.

"Do you mean that it's all over with you?" she asked fearfully.

He bowed his big head, wrinkled and grizzled; and after a while he said, "It's hard to realize it; but I guess there ain't any doubt about it." He drew a long breath, and then he explained to her about the West Virginia people, and how he had got an extension of the first time they had given him, and had got a man to go up to Lapham with him and look at the works,—a man that had turned up in New York, and wanted to put money in the business. His money would have enabled Lapham to close with the West Virginians. "The devil was in it, right straight along," said Lapham. "All I had to do was to keep quiet about that other company. It was Rogers and his property right over again. He liked the look of things, and he wanted to go into the business, and he had the money — plenty; it would have saved me with those West Virginia folks. But I had to tell him how I stood. I had to tell him all about it, and what I wanted to do. He began to back water in a minute, and the next morning I saw that it was up with him. He's gone back to New York. I've lost my last chance. Now all I've got to do is to save the pieces."

"Will — will — everything go?" she asked.

"I can't tell yet. But they shall have a chance at everything — every dollar, every cent. I'm sorry for you, Persis — and the girls."

"Oh, don't talk of *us!*" She was trying to realize that the simple, rude soul to which her heart clove in her youth, but which she had put to such cruel proof with her unsparing conscience and her unsparing tongue, had been equal to its ordeals, and had come out unscathed and unstained. He was able in his talk to make so little of them; he hardly seemed to see what they were; he was apparently not proud of them, and certainly not glad; if they were victories of any sort, he bore them with the patience of defeat. His wife wished to praise him, but she did not know how; so she offered him a little reproach, in which alone she touched the cause of her behavior at parting. "Silas," she asked after a long gaze at him, "why didn't you tell me you had Jim Millon's girl there?"

"I didn't suppose you'd like it, Persis," he answered. "I did intend to tell you at first, but then I put it off. I thought you'd come round some day, and find it out for yourself."

"I'm punished," said his wife, "for not taking enough interest in your business to even come near it. If we're brought back to the day of small things, I guess it's a lesson for me, Silas."

"Oh, I don't know about the lesson," he said wearily.

That night she showed him the anonymous scrawl which had kindled her fury against him. He turned it listlessly over in his hand. "I guess I know who it's from," he said, giving it back to her, "and I guess you do too, Persis."

"But how — how could he ——"

"Mebbe he believed it," said Lapham, with patience that cut her more keenly than any reproach. "*You* did."

Perhaps because the process of his ruin had been so gradual, perhaps because the excitement of preceding events had exhausted their capacity for emotion, the actual consummation of his bankruptcy brought a relief, a repose to Lapham and his family, rather than a fresh sensation of calamity. In the shadow of his disaster they returned to something like their old, united life; they were at least all together again; and it will be intelligible to those whom life has blessed with vicissitude, that Lapham should come home the evening after he had given up everything to his creditors, and should sit down to his supper so cheerful that Penelope could joke him in the old way, and tell him that she thought from his looks they had concluded to pay him a hundred cents on every dollar he owed them.

As James Bellingham had taken so much interest in his troubles from the first, Lapham thought he ought to tell him, before taking the final step, just how things stood with him, and what he meant to do. Bellingham made some futile inquiries about his negotiations with the West Virginians, and Lapham told him they had come to nothing. He spoke of the New York man, and the chance that he might have sold out half his business to him. "But, of course, I had to let him know how it was about those fellows."

"Of course," said Bellingham, not seeing till afterwards the full significance of Lapham's action.

Lapham said nothing about Rogers and the Englishmen. He believed that he had acted right in that matter, and he was satisfied; but he did not care to have Bellingham, or anybody, perhaps think he had been a fool.

All those who were concerned in his affairs said he behaved well, and even more than well, when it came to the worst. The prudence, the good sense, which he had shown in the first years of his success, and of which his great prosperity seemed to have bereft him, came back; and these qualities, used in his own behalf, commended him as much to

his creditors as the anxiety he showed that no one should suffer by him; this even made some of them doubtful of his sincerity. They gave him time, and there would have been no trouble in his resuming on the old basis, if the ground had not been cut from under him by the competition of the West Virginia company. He saw himself that it was useless to try to go on in the old way, and he preferred to go back and begin the world anew where he had first begun it, in the hills at Lapham. He put the house at Nankeen Square, with everything else he had, into the payment of his debts, and Mrs. Lapham found it easier to leave it for the old farmstead in Vermont than it would have been to go from that home of many years to the new house on the water side of Beacon. This thing and that is embittered to us, so that we may be willing to relinquish it; the world, life itself, is embittered to most of us, so that we are glad to have done with them at last; and this home was haunted with such memories to each of those who abandoned it that to go was less exile than escape. Mrs. Lapham could not look into Irene's room without seeing the girl there before her glass, tearing the poor little keepsakes of her hapless fancy from their hiding-places to take them and fling them in passionate renunciation upon her sister; she could not come into the sitting-room, where her little ones had grown up, without starting at the thought of her husband sitting so many weary nights at his desk there, trying to fight his way back to hope out of the ruin into which he was slipping. When she remembered that night when Rogers came, she hated the place. Irene accepted her release from the house eagerly, and was glad to go before and prepare for the family at Lapham. Penelope was always ashamed of her engagement there; it must seem better somewhere else, and she was glad to go too. No one but Lapham, in fact, felt the pang of parting in all its keenness. Whatever regret the others had was softened to them by the likeness of their flitting to many of those removals for the summer which they made in the late spring when they left Nankeen Square; they were going directly into the country instead of to the seaside first; but Lapham, who usually remained in town long after they had gone, knew all the difference. For his nerves there was no mechanical sense of coming back; this was as much the end of his proud, prosperous life as death itself could have been. He was returning to begin life anew, but he knew, as well as he knew that he should not find his vanished youth in his native hills, that it could never again be the triumph that it had been. That was impossible, not only in his stiffened and weakened forces, but in the very nature of things. He was going back, by grace of the man whom he owed money, to make what he could out of the one chance which his successful rivals had left him.

In one phase his paint had held its own against bad times and ruinous competition, and it was with the hope of doing still more with the Persis Brand that he now set himself to work. The West Virginia people confessed that they could not produce those fine grades, and they willingly left the field to him. A strange, not ignoble friendliness existed between Lapham and the three brothers; they had used him fairly; it was their facilities that had conquered him, not their ill-will; and he recognized in them without enmity the necessity to which he had yielded. If he succeeded in his efforts to develop his paint in this direction, it must be for a long time on a small scale compared with his former business, which it could never equal, and he brought to them the flagging energies of an elderly man. He was more broken than he knew by his failure; it did not kill, as it often does, but it weakened the spring once so strong and elastic. He lapsed more and more into acquiescence with his changed condition, and that bragging note of his was rarely sounded. He worked faithfully enough in his enterprise, but sometimes he failed to seize occasions that in his younger days he would have turned to golden account. His wife saw in him a daunted look that made her heart ache for him.

One result of his friendly relations with the West Virginia people was that Corey went in with them, and the fact that he did so solely upon Lapham's advice, and by means of his recommendation, was perhaps the Colonel's proudest consolation. Corey knew the business thoroughly, and after half a year at Kanawha Falls and in the office at New York, he went out to Mexico and Central America, to see what could be done for them upon the ground which he had theoretically studied with Lapham.

Before he went he came up to Vermont, and urged Penelope to go with him. He was to be first in the city of Mexico, and if his mission was successful he was to be kept there and in South America several years, watching the new railroad enterprises and the development of mechanical agriculture and whatever other undertakings offered an opening for the introduction of the paint. They were all young men together, and Corey, who had put his money into the company, had a proprietary interest in the success which they were eager to achieve.

"There's no more reason now and no less than ever there was," mused Penelope, in counsel with her mother, "why I should say Yes, or why I should say No. Everything else changes, but this is just where it was a year ago. It don't go backward, and it don't go forward. Mother, I believe I shall take the bit in my teeth—if anybody will put it there!"

"It isn't the same as it was," suggested her mother. "You can see that Irene's all over it."

"That's no credit to me," said Penelope. "I ought to be just as much ashamed as ever."

"You no need ever to be ashamed."

"That's true, too," said the girl. "And I can sneak off to Mexico with a good conscience if I could make up my mind to it." She laughed. "Well, if I could be *sentenced* to be married, or somebody would up and forbid the banns! *I* don't know what to do about it."

Her mother left her to carry her hesitation back to Corey, and she said now they had better go all over it and try to reason it out. "And I hope that whatever I do, it won't be for my own sake, but for—others!"

Corey said he was sure of that, and looked at her with eyes of patient tenderness.

"I don't say it is wrong," she proceeded, rather aimlessly, "but I can't make it seem right. I don't know whether I can make you understand, but the idea of being happy, when everybody else is so miserable, is more than I can endure. It makes me wretched."

"Then perhaps that's your share of the common suffering," suggested Corey, smiling.

"Oh, you know it isn't! You know it's nothing. Oh! One of the reasons is what I told you once before, that as long as father is in trouble I can't let you think of me. Now that he's lost everything ——" She bent her eyes inquiringly upon him, as if for the effect of this argument.

"I don't think that's a very good reason," he answered seriously, but smiling still. "Do you believe me when I tell you that I love you?"

"Why, I suppose I must," she said, dropping her eyes.

"Then why shouldn't I think all the more of you on account of your father's loss? You didn't suppose I cared for you because he was prosperous?" There was a shade of reproach, ever so delicate and gentle, in his smiling question, which she felt.

"No, I couldn't think such a thing of you. I—I don't know what I meant. I meant that ——" She could not go on and say that she had felt herself more worthy of him because of her father's money; it would not have been true; yet there was no other explanation. She stopped and cast a helpless glance at him.

He came to her aid. "I understand why you shouldn't wish me to suffer by your father's misfortunes."

"Yes, that was it; and there is too great a difference every way. We ought to look at that again. You mustn't pretend that you don't know it, for that wouldn't be true. Your mother will never like me, and perhaps—perhaps I shall not like her."

"Well," said Corey, a little daunted, "you won't have to marry my family."

"Ah, that isn't the point!"

"I know it," he admitted. "I won't pretend that I don't see what you mean; but I'm sure that all the differences would disappear when you came to know my family better. I'm not afraid but you and my mother will like each other—she can't help it!" he exclaimed, less judicially than he had hitherto spoken, and he went on to urge some points of doubtful tenability. "We have our ways, and you have yours; and while I don't say but what you and my mother and sisters would be a little strange together at first, it would soon wear off on both sides. There can't be anything hopelessly different in you all, and if there were it wouldn't be any difference to me."

"Do you think it would be pleasant to have you on my side against your mother?"

"There won't be any sides. Tell me just what it is you're afraid of."

"Afraid?"

"Thinking of, then."

"I don't know. It isn't anything they say or do," she explained, with her eyes intent on his. "It's what they are. I couldn't be natural with them, and if I can't be natural with people, I'm disagreeable."

"Can you be natural with me?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you. I never was. That was the trouble from the beginning."

"Well, then, that's all that's necessary. And it never was the least trouble to me!"

"It made me untrue to Irene."

"You mustn't say that! You were always true to her."

"She cared for you first."

"Well, but I never cared for her at all!" he besought her.

"She thought you did."

"That was nobody's fault, and I can't let you make it yours. My dear ——"

"Wait. We must understand each other," said Penelope, rising from her seat to prevent an advance he was making from his; "I want you to realize the whole affair. Should you want a girl who hadn't a cent in the world, and felt different in your mother's company, and had cheated and betrayed her own sister?"

"I want you!"

"Very well, then, you can't have me. I should always despise myself. I ought to give you up for all these reasons. Yes, I must." She looked at him intently, and there was a tentative quality in her affirmations.

"Is this your answer?" he said. "I must submit. If I asked too much of you, I was wrong. And — good-bye."

He held out his hand, and she put hers in it. "You think I'm capricious and fickle!" she said. "I can't help it — I don't know myself. I can't keep to one thing for half a day at a time. But it's right for us to part — yes, it must be. It must be," she repeated; "and I shall try to remember that. Good-bye! I will try to keep that in my mind, and you will too — you won't care, very soon! I didn't mean *that* — no; I know how true you are; but you will soon look at me differently, and see that even if there hadn't been this about Irene, I was not the one for you. You do think so, don't you?" she pleaded, clinging to his hand. "I am not at all what they would like — your family; I felt that. I am little, and black, and homely, and they don't understand my way of talking, and now that we've lost everything —— No, I'm not fit. Good-bye. You're quite right not to have patience with me any longer. I've tried you enough. I ought to be willing to marry you against their wishes if you want me to, but I can't make the sacrifice — I'm too selfish for that." All at once she flung herself on his breast. "I can't even give you up! I shall never dare look any one in the face again. Go, go! But take me with you! I tried to do without you! I gave it a fair trial, and it was a dead failure. Oh, poor Irene! How could *she* give you up?"

Corey went back to Boston immediately, and left Penelope, as he must, to tell her sister that they were to be married. She was spared from the first advance toward this by an accident or a misunderstanding. Irene came straight to her after Corey was gone, and demanded, "Penelope Lapham, have you been such a ninny as to send that man away on my account?"

Penelope recoiled from this terrible courage; she did not answer directly, and Irene went on, "Because if you did, I'll thank you to bring him back again. I'm not going to have him thinking that I'm dying for a man that never cared for me. It's insulting, and I'm not going to stand it. Now, you just send for him!"

"Oh, I will, 'Rene," gasped Penelope. And then she added, shamed out of her prevarication by Irene's haughty magnanimity, "I have. That is — he's coming back ——"

Irene looked at her a moment, and then, whatever thought was in her mind, said fiercely, "Well!" and left her to her dismay — her dismay and her relief, for they both knew that this was the last time they should ever speak of that again.

The marriage came after so much sorrow and trouble, and the fact was received with so much misgiving for the past and future, that it brought Lapham none of the triumph in which he had once exulted at the thought of an alliance with the Coreys. Adversity had so far been his friend that it had taken from him all hope of the social success for which people crawl and truckle, and restored him, through failure and doubt and heartache, the manhood which his prosperity had so nearly stolen from him. Neither he nor his wife thought now that their daughter was marrying a Corey; they thought only that she was giving herself to the man who loved her, and their acquiescence was sobered still further by the presence of Irene. Their hearts were far more with her.

Again and again Mrs. Lapham said she did not see how she could go through it. "I can't make it seem right," she said.

"It *is* right," steadily answered the Colonel.

"Yes, I know. But it don't *seem* so."

It would be easy to point out traits in Penelope's character which finally reconciled all her husband's family and endeared her to them. These things continually happen in novels; and the Coreys, as they had always promised themselves to do, made the best, and not the worst, of Tom's marriage.

They were people who could value Lapham's behavior as Tom reported it to them. They were proud of him, and Bromfield Corey, who found a delicate, æsthetic pleasure in the heroism with which Lapham had withstood Rogers and his temptations,— something finely dramatic and unconsciously effective,— wrote him a letter which would once have flattered the rough soul almost to ecstasy, though now he affected to slight it in showing it. "It's all right if it makes it more comfortable for Pen," he said to his wife.

But the differences remained uneffaced, if not uneffaceable, between the Coreys and Tom Corey's wife. "If he had only married the Colonel!" subtly suggested Nanny Corey.

There was a brief season of civility and forbearance on both sides, when he brought her home before starting for Mexico, and her father-in-law made a sympathetic feint of liking Penelope's way of talking, but it is questionable if even he found it so delightful as her husband did. Lily Corey made a little, ineffectual sketch of her, which she put by

with other studies to finish up some time, and found her rather picturesque in some ways. Nanny got on with her better than the rest, and saw possibilities for her in the country to which she was going. "As she's quite unformed socially," she explained to her mother, "there is a chance that she will form herself on the Spanish manner, if she stays there long enough, and that when she comes back she will have the charm of not olives, perhaps, but *tortillas*, whatever they are: something strange and foreign, even if it's borrowed. I'm glad she's going to Mexico. At that distance we can — correspond."

Her mother sighed, and said bravely that she was sure they all got on very pleasantly as it was, and that she was perfectly satisfied if Tom was.

There was, in fact, much truth in what she said of their harmony with Penelope. Having resolved, from the beginning, to make the best of the worst, it might almost be said that they were supported and consoled in their good intentions by a higher power. This marriage had not, thanks to an overruling Providence, brought the succession of Lapham teas upon Bromfield Corey which he had dreaded; the Laphams were far off in their native fastnesses, and neither Lily nor Nanny Corey was obliged to sacrifice herself to the conversation of Irene; they were not even called upon to make a social demonstration for Penelope at a time when, most people being still out of town, it would have been so easy; she and Tom had both begged that there might be nothing of that kind; and though none of the Coreys learned to know her very well in the week she spent with them, they did not find it hard to get on with her. There were even moments when Nanny Corey, like her father, had glimpses of what Tom had called her humor, but it was perhaps too unlike their own to be easily recognizable.

Whether Penelope, on her side, found it more difficult to harmonize, I cannot say. She had much more of the harmonizing to do, since they were four to one; but then she had gone through so much greater trials before. When the door of their carriage closed and it drove off with her and her husband to the station, she fetched a long sigh.

"What is it?" asked Corey, who ought to have known better.

"Oh, nothing. I don't think I shall feel strange amongst the Mexicans now."

He looked at her with a puzzled smile, which grew a little graver, and then he put his arm round her and drew her closer to him. This made her cry on his shoulder. "I only meant that I should have you all to myself." There is no proof that she meant more, but it is certain that our manners and customs go for more in life than our qualities. The price that we pay for civilization is the fine yet impassable differentiation of these. Perhaps we pay too much; but it will not be possible to persuade those who have the difference in their favor that this is so. They may be right; and at any rate the blank misgiving, the recurring sense of disappointment to which the young people's departure left the Coreys is to be considered. That was the end of their son and brother for them; they felt that; and they were not mean or unamiable people.

He remained three years away. Some changes took place in that time. One of these was the purchase by the Kanawha Falls Company of the mines and works at Lapham. The transfer relieved Lapham of the load of debt which he was still laboring under, and gave him an interest in the vaster enterprise of the younger men, which he had once vainly hoped to grasp all in his own hand. He began to tell of this coincidence as something very striking; and pushing on more actively the special branch of the business left to him, he bragged, quite in his old way, of its enormous extension. His son-in-law, he said, was pushing it in Mexico and Central America: an idea that they had originally had in common. Well, young blood was what was wanted in a thing of that kind. Now, those fellows out in West Virginia: all young, and a perfect team!

For himself, he owned that he had made mistakes; he could see just where the mistakes were — put his finger right on them. But one thing he could say: he had been no man's enemy but his own; every dollar, every cent had gone to pay his debts; he had come out with clean hands. He said all this, and much more, to Mr. Sewell the summer after he sold out, when the minister and his wife stopped at Lapham on their way across from the White Mountains to Lake Champlain; Lapham had found them on the cars, and pressed them to stop off.

There were times when Mrs. Lapham had as great pride in the clean-handedness with which Lapham had come out as he had himself, but her satisfaction was not so constant. At those times, knowing the temptations he had resisted, she thought him the noblest and grandest of men; but no woman could endure to live in the same house with a perfect hero, and there were other times when she reminded him that if he had kept his word to her about speculating in stocks, and had looked after the insurance of his property half as carefully as he had looked after a couple of worthless women who had no earthly claim on him, they would not be

where they were now. He humbly admitted it all, and left her to think of Rogers herself. She did not fail to do so, and the thought did not fail to restore him to her tenderness again.

I DO not know how it is that clergymen and physicians keep from telling their wives the secrets confided to them; perhaps they can trust their wives to find them out for themselves whenever they wish. Sewell had laid before his wife the case of the Laphams after they came to consult with him about Corey's proposal to Penelope, for he wished to be confirmed in his belief that he had advised them soundly; but he had not given her their names, and he had not known Corey's himself. Now he had no compunctions in talking the affair over with her without the veil of ignorance which she had hitherto assumed, for she declared that as soon as she heard of Corey's engagement to Penelope, the whole thing had flashed upon her. "And that night at dinner, I could have told the child that he was in love with her sister by the way he talked about her; I heard him; and if she had not been so blindly in love with him herself, she would have known it too. I must say, I can't help feeling a sort of contempt for her sister."

"Oh, but you must not!" cried Sewell. "That is wrong, cruelly wrong. I'm sure that's out of your novel-reading, my dear, and not out of your heart. Come! it grieves me to hear you say such a thing as that."

"Oh, I dare say this pretty thing has got over it—how much character she has got!—and I suppose she'll see somebody else."

Sewell had to content himself with this partial concession. As a matter of fact, unless it was the young West Virginian who had come on to arrange the purchase of the Works, Irene had not yet seen any one, and whether there was ever anything between them is a fact that would need a separate inquiry. It is certain that at the end of five years after the disappointment which she met so bravely, she was still unmarried. But she was even then still very young, and her life at Lapham had been varied by visits to the West. It had also been varied by an invitation, made with the politest resolution by Mrs. Corey, to visit in Boston, which the girl was equal to refusing in the same spirit.

Sewell was intensely interested in the moral spectacle which Lapham presented under his changed conditions. The Colonel, who was more the Colonel in those hills than he could ever have been on the Back Bay, kept him and Mrs. Sewell over night at his house; and he showed the minister minutely round the Works and drove him all over his farm. For this expedition he employed a lively colt which had not yet come of age, and an open buggy long past its prime, and was no more ashamed of his turnout than of the finest he had ever driven on the Milldam. He was rather shabby and slovenly in dress, and he had fallen unkempt, after the country fashion, as to his hair and beard and boots. The house was plain, and was furnished with the simpler movables out of the house in Nankeen Square. There were certainly all the necessaries, but no luxuries, unless the statues of Prayer and Faith might be so considered. The Laphams now burned kerosene, of course, and they had no furnace in the winter; these were the only hardships the Colonel complained of; but he said that as soon as the company got to paying dividends again,—he was evidently proud of the outlays that for the present prevented this,—he should put in steam-heat and naphthagas. He spoke freely of his failure, and with a confidence that seemed inspired by his former trust in Sewell, whom, indeed, he treated like an intimate friend, rather than an acquaintance of two or three meetings. He went back to his first connection with Rogers, and he put before Sewell hypothetically his own conclusions in regard to the matter.

"Sometimes," he said, "I get to thinking it all over, and it seems to me I done wrong about Rogers in the first place; that the whole trouble came from that. It was just like starting a row of bricks. I tried to catch up, and stop 'em from going, but they all tumbled, one after another. It wa'n't in the nature of things that they could be stopped till the last brick went. I don't talk much with my wife any more about it; but I should like to know how it strikes you."

"We can trace the operation of evil in the physical world," replied the minister, "but I'm more and more puzzled about it in the moral world. There its course is often so very obscure; and often it seems to involve, so far as we can see, no penalty whatever. And in your own case, as I understand, you don't admit—you don't feel sure—that you ever actually did wrong this man."

"Well, no; I don't. That is to say——"

He did not continue, and after a while Sewell said, with that subtle kindness of his, "I should be inclined to think—nothing can be thrown quite away; and it can't be that our sins only weaken us—that your fear of having possibly behaved selfishly toward this man kept you on your guard, and strengthened you when you were brought face to face with a greater"—he was going to say temptation, but he saved Lapham's pride, and said—"emergency."

"Do you think so?"

"I think that there may be truth in what I suggest."

"Well, I don't know what it was," said Lapham; "all I know is that when it came to the point, although I could see that I'd got to go under unless I did it, that I couldn't sell out to those Englishmen, and I couldn't let that man put his money into my business without I told him just how things stood."

As Sewell afterwards told his wife, he could see that the loss of his fortune had been a terrible trial to Lapham, just because his prosperity had been so gross and palpable; and he had now a burning desire to know exactly how, at the bottom of his heart, Lapham still felt. "And do you ever have any regrets?" he delicately inquired of him.

"About what I done? Well, it don't always seem as if I done it," replied Lapham. "Seems sometimes as if it was a hole opened for me, and I crept out of it. I don't know," he added thoughtfully, biting the corner of his stiff mustache—"I don't know as I should always say it paid; but if I done it, and the thing was to do over again, right in the same way, I guess I should have to do it."

THE END.

W. D. Howells.

TYPICAL DOGS.

THE WATER-SPANIEL.

THIS breed is derived from the now extinct water-dog, a large, curly-coated dog, and the land-spaniel or springer. Although dogs extremely various in size and general appearance have been designated as water-spaniels by old authorities in canine lore, only two distinct types are recognized by sportsmen of the present day as having a claim to the certain fixed characteristics which entitle any family to the specific term of a "breed." These are the "English water-spaniel" and the "Irish water-spaniel." Owing to neglect the former has degenerated so much that very few typical specimens now exist of that once popular and handsome breed of sporting dogs.

The *English water-spaniel* is a strong and thick-set dog, considerably smaller than the average setter, and weighing from thirty to forty pounds. The prevailing color is liver, or liver and white. The coat should be very curly, in texture similar to that of the black curly-coated retriever; the curls should be tight and close, not open or woolly. The ears are very large and long, heavily feathered. The head is long, handsome, wise, and carried lightly and gracefully. The hair clothing the face and head is short and smooth, but immediately behind the "poll" it becomes long and curly like the body-coat. The neck is moderately long, and strongly joined to powerful shoulders. The legs are of medium length, considerably longer than those of the field-spaniel, but shorter and thicker proportionately than a setter's, straight in front, and furnished with abundance of bone and muscle; hind-quarters muscular, with well-turned thighs and hocks. The feet should be of good size, with strong, horny soles, and the tail carried in a gentle curve nearly level with the back. The stern is frequently docked, but it is a great mistake to shorten the tail of a water-spaniel, who requires to use it as a rudder in swimming. It should be covered with a rather bushy and curly flag.

The *Irish water-spaniel* has been much more carefully bred and preserved, and possesses distinguishing points of breeding that mark him unmistakably as an aristocrat amongst dogs. He has an air of dash and vigor that betokens high courage and a lively temperament, and, in his vocation as a water-retriever, exhibits that utter forgetfulness of personal discomfort which renders him invaluable as an aid to the wild-fowl shooter. Hardly any training is necessary to teach him to retrieve, and when a mere puppy he delights in carrying sticks, or even stones, in his mouth, if his master encourages him to "fetch and carry." Extremely solicitous to please, he is transported with delight when he finds he is earning the approval of his owner; and no dog, excepting perhaps the poodle,—which is undoubtedly a cousin-german of his,—can be so readily taught to perform tricks, or make himself useful in the hands of a judicious instructor. He revels in the company of children, and joins in their boisterous sports with great zest.

His thick and closely curled coat enables him to resist the chilling effects of exposure to icy-cold water, and his impetuous courage in jumping into the coldest water, as frequently as he is required to do so, and often from a great height, surpasses that of any other breed. With such attributes it is no wonder he is highly prized by the duck-shooter, who without his aid would lose a large percentage of his game, that fall amongst the almost impenetrable rice-beds or muddy shores of lakes and rivers.

The historical origin of the Irish water-spaniel is not very clear, and to Mr. Justin McCarthy belongs the credit of introducing him to popular notice as a distinct variety, with well-accented marks of good breeding. Since then they have been very much inbred, and perhaps in consequence of this, although showing no signs of deterioration in size from this cause,—indeed, many modern show-bench specimens are much too large for practical use,—the puppies are rather difficult to rear; but once over the trials and ailments of puppyhood, they are a singularly hardy and long-lived race. The writer has known a pure-bred Irish water-spaniel to attain the age of twenty-one years.

The eager impetuosity, which seems an appropriate Irish element in their character, renders them apt to be hard-mouthed and liable to bite the game they are sent to retrieve, especially if the bird is only wounded and struggles to escape; so it is necessary to break them carefully of any tendency in this direction, but their docility is such that in proper hands they readily become tender-mouthed retrievers.

The following detailed description of the "points" of the Irish water-spaniel is based upon personal familiarity with, and a thorough and careful study of, some of the acknowledged best specimens of the present day.

General Appearance.—A smart, strongly built dog, about as big as a medium-sized pointer or setter, hardly so tall at the shoulder, but stouter and more compact in body, which cobbiness of appearance is added to by his heavy curly coat. His most striking characteristics — the absence of any one of which determines, to the eye of a *connoisseur*, the presence of alien blood — are: Long ears, clothed with long twisted ringlets; a profuse "top-knot" of curls, longer and more open in curl than the coat on his body; heavily feathered legs and feet; smooth face, and tail almost as short-coated and tapering as that of a well-bred pointer.

Head.—Skull and muzzle should be of good size, but not heavy in proportion to general bulk; the former showing good brain capacity, long and fairly wide, divided into two lobes by a well-defined furrow or groove running up the skull, which, although not visible to the eye, owing to exuberant top-knot of long, overhanging curls exhibited by a full-grown dog, is distinctly discernible when examined by the hand. The eyebrows are well marked by evenly curved bony ridges, though not heavy or beetling. The eyes have a quaint and very intelligent expression, dark, bold, and merry. The face is very peculiar, being smooth-coated, long, rather wedge-shaped, but not snipy or weak, generally having a comical, half-laughing look that is intensely Irish, especially when with half-open mouth he regards his master out of a corner of his cunning eye, with his head inclined to one side, watching inquisitively all his actions. The jaws should meet evenly in front, and the teeth ought to be large, white, and sound. The lips are not by any means pendulous or pouchy at the corners, but should be sufficiently loose to give the muzzle a square and strong appearance. The nose should be large and moist, of a dark liver color.

Top-knot.—This is seldom full-grown till the dog attains the age of two and one-half years. It is composed of long loose curls on the top of the skull, and grows down to a distinct point between the eyes.

Ears.—Are long and lobe-shaped in the leather, hanging quite flat to the cheeks, and covered with long twisted curls, that are apt to get daggled and matted if not properly cared for. The leather should reach beyond the point of the nose when pulled forward; and in a good specimen the feather, from the tip of one ear to the tip of the other, will measure from twenty-five to thirty inches.

Neck.—Should be fairly long, strong and arching, carrying the head well above the level of the back, and strongly set into the shoulders.

Shoulders and Chest.—The shoulders are very powerful, and are apt to be too straight and cloddy, which gives a cramped, short stride. The chest should be large in girth, with ribs well sprung behind the shoulders, not too wide or round between the fore-legs, a fault frequently met with.

Back and Loins.—The back should be short and very powerfully coupled to the hind-quarters. Ribs carried well back, and loins deep and wide, but not long. The flank should be well filled in, and the whole body should appear round and barrel-shaped.

Hind-quarters.—Very strong. Stifles and hock-joints are often too straight and stilty in appearance, and are thus wanting in "spring" and graceful movement.

Legs and Feet.—The fore-legs should be strong in bone and muscle, straight, with arms well let down, and carrying the fore-arm at elbow and knee in a straight line with point of shoulders. The feet should be of good size and somewhat spreading, but by no means splay-footed or weak in knuckles.

Coat.—Should be dense and very curly. Any woolliness or openness of curl is very bad. The curls should be crisp and tight, and the feather on fore-legs should not be confined to a fringe on the back part, like that of a setter or land-spaniel, but should also be abundant

all round the leg, although shorter in front than at the sides and back. Below the hock the hind-legs may be smooth on the front. Plenty of feather should spring from between the toes, but not to the same extent as in the field-spaniel.

Color.—Should be a very dark brown or liver. Red or rusty and sandy-colored coats are frequently seen, but they are to be greatly condemned. The proper shade has a plum-colored light in it when the coat is fresh, and even when moulting and faded it should remain very dark, although much exposure to the sun and wind while the coat is wet tends to bleach even the darkest coat.

Stern.—The tail is a very marked index to the pure breeding of most dogs, and particularly is this the case in the Irish water-spaniel. It should be strong and thick where it joins the body, and, gradually tapering, should end in a fine point. It must not be long enough to reach the hock-joint, and ought to be carried nearly level with the back almost in a straight line. A very gentle curve is permissible. For three or four inches from the body it has short curls, but almost immediately the coat becomes smooth and nearly as close as that on the stern of a pointer.

Symmetry.—Should be considerable, although strength and endurance are more apparent in his make-up than the lines of elegance or speed. He should have a bold, determined, and dashing eagerness of temperament that saves him from any dull or commonplace look.

J. F. Kirk.

THE COLLIE.

COLLIES, sheep-dogs, or shepherd-dogs, as they are variously termed, are divided into two classes: the rough-coated, in which the outer coat is long and rough, expanding into a frill or ruff about the neck, while a second or under coat is soft and woolly, very warm, and, like seal-skin, impervious to moisture; and the smooth-coated, in which the coat is short, hard, and very compact.

In both classes the coat is weather-resisting; for the collie's duties compel him to be out on the windy moors and bleak hill-sides in all sorts of rough weather.

In color he is black and tan, black, tan, and white, black and white, or, as the fashion now demands, sable, and sable and white. The head is long and sharp, not domed in skull or snipy in muzzle; ears small and semi-erect; chest deep, with plenty of lung room; back broad and muscular; fore-legs well under him, and should be strong and straight, not heavy; hind-legs well bent; tail bushy and carried low; in general form lithe, symmetrical, and graceful, and fairly light, giving one the idea of great pace; altogether a handsome dog—one that poets have celebrated in their verse and artists loved to paint.

His carriage is dainty and natty, as that of a fox; nor does the likeness end there. Take the humanlike intelligence ascribed to the hero of the old romance of "Reynard the Fox," let the craft and duplicity be refined and transmuted into devotion to his master, and you have the characteristics of the collie's nature. Beauty, intelligence, and usefulness are all to be counted in the highest degree to his credit.

In sagacity he excels all others of the dog family. His is not the intelligence of the trick dog; one look into his "gay wyse" eyes will tell you that for antics and pranks like those of the showman's "troupe of canine artists" your collie has the supremest contempt; a dog's life is to him quite too serious to be wasted in such frivolities; his mission is hard work; he has duties to perform, as had generations of his ancestors before him. His one particular task is to care for flocks of sheep, and because he does this and does it so well, he may take rank as the most useful of all dogs. Indeed, certain parts of Scotland and England owe all their value for sheep-raising purposes to the collie. "Without him," writes Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, "the mountainous land of England and Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to market, than the profits of the whole are capable of maintaining." He drives out the sheep to pasture, confines them to their allotted territory (where there are no fences), keeps the flocks separate, picks out from another band and brings back to its own a straying sheep; at command, collects into one place the sheep that may be scattered for miles around; watches his charge faithfully through night and storm; is unyielding with the headstrong rams, and considerate of the tender lambs; displays courage, caution, patience, and tact in handling the flock; and will move the sheep or force them into a fold quicker, more surely, and with less demonstration than a dozen men.

A well-trained and experienced collie appears to rule a flock of sheep by the force of his dominant nature, just as a good horseman controls a horse. He is often equally successful in managing unruly cattle, and sometimes exercises the same supremacy over other dogs. One of my collies, champion "Tweed II.," now retired from active sheep-herding service decorated like a war veteran with medals, and conscious (I fancy) of having performed his allotted share

IRISH WATER-SPANIEL, "CHAMPION BARNEY."

of toil, is a veritable Sir Dignity in fur and frills, haughty, pompous, and important. He never forgets his dignity save when, as self-constituted high sheriff of all the other dogs, he goes in swift and dire pursuit of a canine fugitive. Once, when the dogs were being removed from one town to another, a beagle hound escaped from his box, and, alarmed at finding himself in a strange country, forthwith disappeared in a cloud of dust down the road. Tweed, who was trotting along at the side of the wagon, not a word being said, at once set out after him, overhauled the fugitive, took him into custody, and calmly held him down, with his back to the ground, until the party came up.

I had at one time a large number of pointers in my kennels, and it was a favorite entertainment of visitors to the kennels to dispatch Tweed, to bring in these dogs, which were far away romping in the fields; when the four-footed official appeared among them, they stopped their gambols and came in, and woe to the laggard or straggler among them who had the temerity to evade the summons. The old dog who has driven many a flock of a thousand sheep to market, thirty or forty miles a day, is not at all the customer for a wayward dog to hold in contempt without serious consequences.

Of late years the collie has been brought into public notice by the sheep-dog trials held in various parts of Great Britain. In such competitions the best working dogs have been entered to exhibit their skill in herding and folding sheep, and their wonderful displays of sagacity have been witnessed by many thousands of spectators who would never have the opportunity to see the dog in his native home.

The natural and direct result of this making his merits known is that the collie has been taken up by society as a pet; he has exchanged the pasture for the parlor, and where once he had kicks now finds caresses; his lines have fallen in pleasanter places, and with all his good fortune his coat is growing more glossy, and his disposition sweeter. His amiable traits make him specially fitted to be a companion for ladies and children. The collie is to-day, perhaps, the most fashionable dog in England. Americans are prone to follow their British cousins in such affairs, and the collie is fast becoming fashionable in this country, and is now often to be seen on the lawn or sedately promenading the city avenues.

Several hundred choice specimens have been imported; the collie classes at the bench shows have been creditably filled, and have shown that the breed is rapidly growing in numbers and quality. In some parts of the West and South the collie is extensively employed by cattle and sheep breeders.

If the American farmer had a better understanding of the collie's usefulness as a protector of his property, gentle, affectionate, and faithful guardian and playmate for his children, and assistant in the care of his stock, I am persuaded that many a worthless, sheep-worrying cur of uncertain breed would speedily end his days to give place to the worthier shepherd-dog.

"He was a gash and faithful tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dike;
His honest, sonsie, bawns'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place."

Thomas H. Terry.

ENGLISH WATER-SPANIEL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.)

THE FOX-TERRIER.

THERE seems at last to be a fair prospect of the neat, bright, and companionable fox-terrier receiving his proper share of attention. For several years the Messrs. L. and W. Rutherfurd, of New York, did their utmost to popularize this dog, with but little success; but now the accession of Mr. Edward Kelly, of New York, Mr. Frank Kinney, of Staten Island, Mr. Prescott Lawrence, of Groton, Mass., and Mr. John E. Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., to the ranks of the fox-terrier exhibitors has given the breed the necessary impetus. There is every reason why the fox-terrier should become popular both as a house-dog in the city and as a country companion, for he embodies all the requisites to make him so. His clean jacket, contrasting so admirably with the black-and-tan markings on head and body, enables the fox-terrier to lay claim to more beauty than most of the more favored house-pets. Good looks are, however, only one of his many qualities, for he is clean and neat about the house, always full of life, has a high order of intelligence, is a good watch-dog where one is most valuable, inside the house, and his pluck is undeniable.

Although by no means an old-established breed, the origin of the fox-terrier is not so clearly demonstrated as would seem to be possible. In "Anecdotes of Dogs," by Captain Thomas Brown, author of various works on conchology, ornithology, etc., published in Edinburgh and London in 1829, no reference is made to the fox-terrier. He says, "There are two kinds of terrier, the rough-haired Scotch and the smooth English," and then describes "three distinct varieties of the Scotch terrier." The first is a long, low dog on short stout legs, with half-pricked ears and a large head in proportion to his body, and a hard coat,—a fairly good description of the hard-haired terrier of the present day. Then there is another almost the same size, he says, but with a longer coat, and somewhat flowing, "the prevailing breed of the Western Islands of Scotland." There is no doubt of this being the now well-known Skye terrier. The third variety is described as much larger, with a hard and wiry coat much shorter than that of the others. Captain Brown adds it is from this latter breed that the best bull-terriers have been produced. Of the English terrier, however, the author mentions but one breed, the black-and-tan, and gives a very accurate description of it. "Black on the back, sides, upper part of the head, neck, and tail; the belly and the throat are of a very bright red dish brown, with a spot of the same color over each eye. The hair is short and somewhat glossy, the tail rather truncated and carried slightly upwards; the ears are small, somewhat erect, and reflected at the tips; the

COLLIE-DOG, "LADD." (FROM A PICTURE BY J. M. TRACY, BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER.)

head is little in proportion to the size of the body, and the snout is moderately elongated."

It is evident from the foregoing careful description that Captain Brown was an accurate observer; indeed, the illustrations in the book are his own, and if there had been any such dog as the present fox-terrier then in existence, it is strange no allusion is made thereto. Instead of that, we read in the description of the black-and-tan terrier, "This dog, or the wire-haired Scotch terrier, is indispensably necessary to a pack of fox-hounds for the purpose of unearthing the game." White, according to Captain Brown, was inadmissible in a terrier; indeed, he says of the Scotch terrier, "When white or pied, it is a sure mark of impurity of the breed." Captain Brown was evidently a Scotchman, and although it is certain that he traveled in Ireland, and presumably in England, he was probably not fully conversant with all the different terriers to be met with throughout Britain. His evidence, however, may be accepted, that white and pied rough terriers, which "Stonehenge" speaks of in 1878 as existing up to within the last thirty years, "were not entitled to the name of Scotch."

"Stonehenge" (Mr. J. H. Walsh), with all the opportunity he has had of gaining knowledge of the fox-terrier breed, can give but little history of it. What he says is briefly this: Two or three masters of fox-hounds owned terriers which had gained a reputation some forty years ago—say 1840. In color they were white, with the red ears or patch. In these days, he says, a black-and-tan fox-terrier was never seen, and yet he tells us that these pied terriers were crossed with the Duke of Rutland's black-and-tan terriers, and produced the hound markings. There was actually no class provided for fox-terriers in England until 1863, when Old Jock won at Birmingham, and his father was a black-and-tan dog. Jock had a remarkably successful career, and stamped the black-and-tan markings on his numerous descendants. The first fashion in fox-terriers was for color, an evenly marked black-and-tan head atoning in many people's estimation for many faults. Breeding for color was followed by the inevitable result, weediness; and then the cry was for a cobby dog, until the cobby fashion reached cloddiness. Then there has been a cry for coat and a workmanlike terrier, until finish became almost extinct, and again legs and feet became the cry. The Spice furore, which is somewhat dying out now, was one of legs and feet. For a certainty this branch of the Belgrave Joe family has not improved the dog as a terrier,—short, wedgy heads, indifferently carried ears, poor necks, upright shoulders, narrow quarters, and woolly coats being too characteristic of the Spice strain. Still they have excellent legs and feet, and transmit that meritorious quality to their progeny. In view, therefore, of the many changes of fashion, and each yet having its votary, the new-comers picking up the prevailing fashion, it is not an easy matter to give a description of a fox-terrier that will please all exhibitors; indeed, in the divergence of type the fox-terrier stands alone in the dog world. No dog depends more for his success upon that indescribable something called character than the fox-terrier; and when that exists in a marked degree, the eye of the terrier man glistens as he says, "There is a terrier for you!" To possess this, he should have a cleanly built head, neither so long and narrow as to suggest weakness, nor short and wedgy. The head and neck should spring from the shoulders, suggestive of the gamy appearance of the game-cock, and the small, bright, sparkling eye adds to the let-me-get-at-him look. Neatly placed ears are a great consideration, and they should be V-shaped and carried forward, dropping close to the cheek. A prick or nose ear is a disqualification. The shoulders should be sloping and long, and the chest not too wide to throw the elbows out. To stand like a terrier is a common expression, and means that the elbows should be close to the sides and the dog stand *on* his legs, which should be plumb straight. The hind legs and quarters must be strong and muscular. The feet should show no spreading of the toes, but be round and compact, with the toes arched. The ribs should be well sprung and the back ones deep, to avoid the very common, tucked-up weak loin appearance. As to coat opinions differ, some wanting a half-bred wire-haired-terrier look; but for my part I prefer the strength and density of the coat, to be found out mainly by the fingers while to the eye it is smooth.

Size is also another rock on which fanciers split, but a well-built, symmetrical dog seldom shows his weight; and the continued cry a few years ago, that a dog over sixteen pounds could not go to ground after a fox, was scattered to the winds by a table published in an English paper, showing that the majority of the real working terriers in use by various packs of hounds averaged over eighteen pounds. Color matters very little, so long as there is no brindle. Of course, white predominates, but the old-time cry of "evenly marked black-and-tan head" is no longer heard, and several of the best of the coming dogs in England have heads nearly all black, or black-and-tan.

James Watson.

THE SCOTCH DEER-HOUND OR STAG-HOUND.

THIS species of dog is one of the oldest and purest in existence, and has been used longest for hunting, yet, strangely enough, is the one least known to sportsmen and naturalists to-day.

The breed was at one time nearly extinct, but is now comparatively plentiful in all Highland districts, owing to the care taken by proprietors of preserves to collect and breed these noble dogs.

The deer-hound has great strength, and is a swift runner and graceful jumper. His frame, although covered with a shaggy coat, is as elegant as that of the greyhound, and his speed nearly as great, but, owing to his superior size, he is unable to make such quick turns.

His head is long and lean, widest behind the ears, and is carried particularly high, giving him a noble appearance. He has a long arched neck, short ears somewhat pendulous at the tips, and very bright, penetrating eyes half hidden by hair. He tapers gradually towards the powerfully formed loins; he has exceedingly muscular limbs, round and firmly set feet, and well-developed quarters. His general appearance is strikingly aristocratic.

The height of the dog should be from twenty-nine to thirty-one inches, his girth about thirty-four inches; the forearm below the elbow should measure eight inches and a quarter, and he should weigh from ninety-five to one hundred and ten pounds. The disproportion in size between the sexes is greater than in any other breed of dogs. The female should be twenty-six inches in height, twenty-nine in girth, and should weigh from sixty-five to seventy-five pounds.

The coat should be coarse and thick, and three or four inches long. Some breeders hold that a dog without a rough head and plentiful beard is worthless.

The color varies from nearly black, through dark brindle, blue, light brindle, gray, fawn,

FOX-TERRIER, "RICHMOND OLIVE."

STAG-HOUND "JAHRL." (FROM A PICTURE BY LUCY T. FENNER.)

and cream of all shades, to white. The dark brindle are commonest in this country. It is an almost hopeless undertaking to breed for color. I have bred dark brindle dogs together, hoping to get some brindle puppies; but out of a litter of eight there was only one brindle. I have done this not once, but several times, with but little better success.

The scent is remarkably keen; these dogs have been known to follow a wounded deer for two successive days. When slipped at a wounded deer they pursue it by scent, the nose lowered as they run; and when it is brought to bay they utter low, sharp barks, which are continued till the master appears.

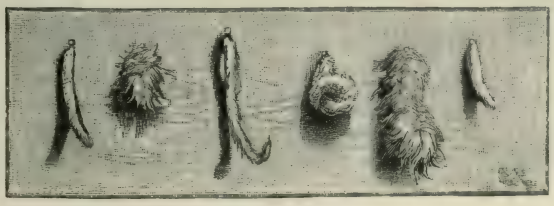
A stag in full possession of his powers is beyond the reach of any dog from the front, and no well-bred deer-hound makes an attempt unless he sees an opening from behind.

A gentleman named Glengarry, finding his breed deteriorating, resorted to several crosses, among them the Cuban blood-hound and Pyrenean wolf-dog. His action was loudly condemned, but he deemed it necessary thus to resuscitate his strain, and from the latter cross he derived great advantages. From this strain came Sir Walter Scott's famous Maida and other celebrated dogs.

Some breeders made a cross with the bull-dog, thus obtaining more courage, but also the peculiarity of the bull-dog, which is to make the attack at the head. So many valuable dogs were killed by rushing at the stag's head, that this cross was abandoned.

There are not many fine deer-hounds in this country; they are mostly under-size, and lack coat and bone. But the intelligence of this noble and faithful dog is fast winning recognition, and it is to be hoped he may soon become a general favorite.

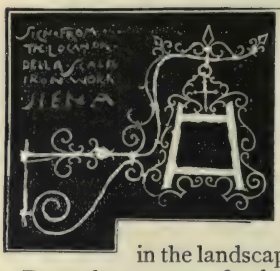
John E. Thayer.



PANFORTE DI SIENA.

FIRST PAPER.

I.



A MONTH out of our winter at Florence we gave to Siena, whither we went early in February. At that time there were no more signs of spring in the landscape than there were in December, except for here and there an almond-tree, which in the pale pink of its thronging blossoms showed delicately as a lady's complexion in the unfriendly air. The fields were in their green arrest, but the trees were bare, and the yellow river that wandered along beside the railroad looked sullen and cold under the dun sky.

After we left the Florentine plain, we ran between lines of reddish hills, sometimes thickly wooded, sometimes showing on their crests only the stems and tops of scattering pines and poplars, such as the Tuscan painters were fond of putting into their Judean backgrounds. There were few tokens of life in the picture; we saw some old women tending sheep and spinning with their distaffs in the pastures; and in the distance there were villages cropping out of the hill-tops and straggling a little way down the slopes. At times we whirled by the ruins of a castle, and nearer Siena we caught sight of two or three walled towers which had come down from the middle ages apparently with every turret in repair. Our course was south-westward, but we were continually mounting into the cold, thin air of the volcanic hill country, at the summit of which the old Ghibelline city still sits capital, proud of her past, beautiful and noble even among Italian towns, and wearing in her mural crown the cathedral second in splendor and surprise only to the jewel-church in the belt of Venice.

A MOUNTAIN TOWN.

It is not my habit to write such fine rhetoric as this, the reader will bear me witness; and I suspect that it is a prophetic tint from an historical sketch of Siena, to which, after ascertaining the monotony of the landscape, I could dedicate the leisure of our journey with a good conscience. It forms part of "La Nuova Guida di Siena," and it grieves me that the title-page of my copy should have been lost, so that I cannot give the name of an author whose eloquence I delight in. He says: "Siena is lifted upon hills that rise alluring and delicious in the center of Tuscany. . . . Its climate is soft, temperate, and wholesome. The summer sojourn is very grateful there on account of the elevated position and the sea breezes that, with an agreeable constancy, prevail in that season. . . . The panorama of the city is something enchanting. . . . Every step reveals startling changes of perspective, now lovely, now stern, but always stamped with a physiognomy of their own, a characteristic originality. From all points is seen the slim, proud tower of the Mangia, that lifts among the clouds its battlemented crest, its arrowy and exquisite shaft. Viewed from the top of this tower, Siena presents the figure of a star — a figure formed by the diverse rays or lines of its streets traced upon the shoulder of the hills. The loveliest blue of the most lovely Italian sky irradiates our city with the purest light, in which horizons magnificent and vast open upon the eye. . . . The hills and the plain are everywhere clothed with rich olive groves, festive orchards, luxuriant vineyards, and delightful bosks of oak, of chestnut, and of walnut, which form the umbrageous breathing-places of the enchanting landscape, and render the air pure and oxygenated." The native inhabitants of this paradise are entirely worthy of it. "No people in Italy, except, perhaps, the Neapolitans, has the wide-awake-mindedness, the liveliness of character, the quickness of spirit, the keen-witted joyousness of the Sienese. . . . The women dress modestly, but with taste. They are gracious, amiable, inclined to amusement, and affectionate in their families. In general their honesty gives no ground for jealousy to their husbands; they are extremely refined in manner, and renowned for their grace and beauty. The comeliness of their figures, the regularity of their lineaments, as well as their vivid coloring, which reveals in them an enviable freshness of fiber and good blood purified by the mountain air, justly awaken the admiration of strangers. . . . In the women and the men alike exist the sweetness of pronunciation, the elegance of phrase, and the soft clearness of the true Tuscan accent. . . . Hospitality and the cordial reception of strangers are the hereditary, the proverbial virtues of the Sienese. . . . The pride of the Sienese character is equal to its hospitality; and this does not spring from roughness of manners and customs, but is a noble pride, magnanimous, worthy of an enlightened people with a self-derived dignity, and intensely attached to its own liberty and independence. The Sienese, whom one historian has called the French of Italy, are ardent spirits, enthusiastic, resolute, energetic, courageous, and prompt beyond any other people to brandish their arms in defense of their country. They have a martial nature, a fervid fancy, a lively imagination; they are born artists; laborious, affable, affectionate, expansive; they are frank and loyal friends, but impressionable, impetuous, fiery to exaltation. Quick to anger, they are ready to forgive, which shows their excellence of heart. They are polite, but unaffected. Another trait of their gay and sympathetic character is their love of song, of the dance, and of all gymnastic exercises. . . . Dante called the Sienese *gente vana* (a vain people). But we must reflect that the *altissimo poeta* was a Florentine, and though a sublime genius, he was not able to emancipate himself from that party hate and municipal rivalry, the great curse of his time."

But for that final touch about Dante, I might have thought I was reading a description of the Americans, and more especially the Bostonians, so exactly did my author's eulogy of the Sienese embody the facts of our own character. But that touch disillusioned me: even Dante would not have called the Bostonians *gente vana*, unless he had proposed to spend the rest of his life in London. As it was, I was impatient to breathe that wondrous air, to bask in that light, to behold that incomparable loveliness, to experience that proverbial hospitality and that frank and loyal friendship, to mingle in the song and dance and the gymnastic exercises; and nothing but the sober-minded deliberation of the omnibus-train, which was four hours in going to Siena, prevented me from throwing myself into the welcoming embrace of the cordial city at once.

II.

I HAD time not only to reflect that perhaps Siena distinguished between strangers arriving at her gates, and did not bestow an indiscriminate hospitality, but to wander back with the "New Guide" quite to the dawn of her history, when Senio, the son of Remus, flying from the wrath of his uncle Romulus, stopped where Siena now stands and built himself a

A STREET IN SIENA.

castle. Whether the city got her name from Senio or not, it is certain that she adopted the family arms; and to this day the she-wolf suckling the twins is as much blazoned about Siena as about Rome, if not more. She was called Urbs Lupata even by the Romans, from the wolf-bearing seal of her chief magistrate; and a noble Roman family sent one of its sons as early as 303 to perish at Siena for the conversion of the city to Christianity. When the empire fell, Siena suffered less than the other Tuscan cities from the barbarian incursions; but she came under the rule of the Longobard kings, and then was one of the "free cities" of Charlemagne, from whose counts and barons, enriched by his gifts of Sienese lands and castles, the Sienese nobility trace their descent. These foreign robbers, whose nests the Florentines went out of their gates to destroy, in their neighborhood, voluntarily left their castles in the Sienese territory, and came into the city, which they united with the bishops in embellishing with beautiful palaces and ruling with an iron hand, till the commons rose and made good their claim to a share in their own government. Immunities and privileges were

granted by Cæsar and Peter, and at the close of the twelfth century a republican government, with an elective magistracy, was fully developed, and the democratized city entered upon a career of great material prosperity. "But in the midst of this potent activity of political and commercial life, Siena more than any other Italian city was afflicted with municipal rivalries, intestine discords. To-day the nobles triumphed and hurled the commons from power; to-morrow the people took a bloody revenge and banished every patrician from the city. Every change of administration was accompanied by ostracism, by violence, by public tumults, by continual upheavals;" and these feuds of families, of parties, and of classes were fostered and perpetuated by the warring ambitions of the popes and emperors. From the first, Siena was Ghibelline and for the emperors, and it is odd that one of her proudest victories should have been won against Henry the son of Barbarossa. When that emperor threatened the free cities with ruin, Siena was the only one in Tuscany that shut her gates against him; and when Henry laid siege to her, her people sallied out of Fontebranda and San Marco, and fell upon his Germans and put them to flight.

The Florentines, as we have seen, were of the pope's politics; or, rather, they were for their own freedom, which they thought his politics favored, and the Sienese were for theirs, which they believed the imperial success would establish. They never could meet upon the common ground of their common love of liberty, but kept battling on through four centuries of miserable wars till both were enslaved. Siena had her shameful triumph when she helped in the great siege that restored the Medici to Florence in 1530, and Florence had her cruel revenge when her tyrant Cosimo I. entered Siena at the head of the imperial forces fifteen years later. The Florentines met their first great defeat at the hands of the Sienese and of their own Ghibelline exiles at Montaperto (twelve miles from Siena) in 1260, when the slaughter was so great, as Dante says, "che fece l'Arbia colorata in rosso"; and in 1269 the Sienese were routed by their own Guelph exiles and the Florentines at Colle di Val d'Elsa.

A story is told of an official of Siena to whom the Florentines sent in 1860 to invite his fellow-citizens to join them in celebrating the union of Tuscany with the kingdom of Italy. He said, Yes, they would be glad to send a deputation of Sienese to Florence, but would the Florentines really like to have them come? "Surely! Why not?" "Oh, that affair of Montaperto, you know,"— as if it were of the year before, and must still, after six hundred years, have been rankling in the Florentine mind. But perhaps in that time it had become confused there with other injuries, or perhaps the Florentines of 1860 felt that they had sufficiently avenged themselves by their victory of 1269. This resulted in the triumph of the Guelphs in Siena, and finally in the substitution of the magistracy of the Nine for that of the Thirty. These Nine, or the Noveschi, ruled the city for two hundred and fifty years with such unscrupulous tyranny and infamous corruption that they "succeeded in destroying every generous sentiment, in sapping the noble pride of character in the Sienese population, and if not in extinguishing, at least in cooling, their ardent love of liberty," and preparing them for the rule of the ever-dreaded one-man power, which appeared in the person of Pandolfo Petrucci in 1487. He misruled Siena for twenty-five years, playing there, with less astuteness and greater ferocity, the part which Lorenzo de' Medici had played a century earlier in earlier rotten Florence. Petrucci, too, like Lorenzo, was called the Magnificent, and he, too, passed his life in sensual debauchery, in political intrigues ending in bloody revenges and reprisals, and in the protection of the arts, letters, and religion. Of course he beautified the city, and built palaces, churches, and convents with the money he stole from the people whom he gave peace to prosper in. He, too, died tranquilly of his sins and excesses, his soul reeking with treasons and murders like the fascinating Lorenzo's; and his sons tried to succeed him like Lorenzo's, but were deposed like Pietro de' Medici and banished. One of his pleasing family was that Achilles Petrucci who, in the massacre of St. Bartholemew at Paris, cut the throat of the great Protestant admiral, Coligny.

After them, the Sienese enjoyed a stormy and intermittent liberty within and varying fortunes of war without, till the Emperor Charles V., having subdued Florence, sent a Spanish garrison to Siena with orders to build him a fort in that city. The Spaniards were under the command of Don Hurtado de Mendoza, who was not only, as my "New Guide" describes him, "ex-monk, astute, subtle, fascinating in address, profound dissimulator," but also the author of the "History of the War of Granada," and of one of the most delightful books in the world, namely, "The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes," Spanish rogue and beggar, for whose sake I freely forgive him on my part all his sins against the Sienese; especially as they presently drove him and his Spaniards out of the city and demolished his fort.

The Sienese had regained their freedom, but they could hope to keep it only by the help of the French and their allies the Florentine exiles, who were plotting under the Strozzi against the Medici. The French friendship came to little or nothing but promises, the exiles were few and feeble, and in 1554 the troops of the Emperor and of Duke Cosimo — him of the terrible face and the blood-stained soul, murderer of his son, and father of a family of adulteresses and assassins — came and laid siege to the doomed city. The siege lasted eighteen months, and until the Sienese were wasted by famine and pestilence, and the women fought beside the men for the city which was their country and the last hope of liberty in Italy. When the famine began they drove out the *useless mouths (bocche inutili)*, the old men and women and the orphan children, hoping that the enemy would have pity on these hapless creatures; the Spaniards massacred most of them before their eyes. Fifteen hundred peasants, who tried to bring food into the city, were hung before the walls on the trees, which a Spanish writer says "seemed to bear dead men." The country round about was laid waste; a hundred thousand of its inhabitants perished, and the fields they had tilled lapsed into pestilential marshes breathing fever and death. The inhabitants of the city were reduced from forty to six thousand; seven hundred families preferred exile to slavery.

Charles V. gave Siena as a fief to his son Philip II., who ceded it to Cosimo I., and he built there the fort which the Spaniards had attempted. It remained under the good Lorrainese dukes till Napoleon made it capital of his Department of the Ombrone, and it returned to them at his fall. In 1860 it was the first Tuscan city to vote for the union of Italy under Victor Emmanuel — the only honest king known to history, says my "New Guide."

III.

It is a "New Guide" full of the new wine of our epoch, and it brags not only of the warriors, the saints, the popes, the artists, the authors, who have illustrated the Sienese name, but of the two great thinkers in religion and politics who have given her truer glory. The bold pontiff Alexander III., who put his foot on the neck of the Emperor at Venice, was a Sienese; the meek, courageous St. Catherine, daughter of a dyer, and the envoy of popes and princes, was a Sienese; Sallustio Bandini, the inventor of the principle of Free Trade in commerce, was a Sienese; and Socinus, the inventor of Free Thought in religion, was a Sienese. There is a statue to Bandini in one of the chief places of Siena, but when my "New Guide" was written there was as yet no memorial of Socinus. "The fame of this glorious apostle," he cries bitterly, "who has been called the father of modern rationalism, is cherished in England, in France, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Poland, in America. Only Siena, who should remember with noble pride her most illustrious son, has no street named for him, no bust, no stone. Rightly do the strangers who visit our city marvel at neglect which denies him even a commemorative tablet in the house where he was born — the Casa Sozzini, now Palazzo Malavolta, 21 Via Ricasoli." The justness of this censure is not impugned by the fact that the tablet has since been placed there; perhaps it was the scorn of my "New Guide" which lashed the Sienese to the act of tardy recognition. This has now found stately utterance in the monumental Italian which is the admiration and despair of other languages:

"In the first Half of the 17th Century
Were born in this House
Lelio and Fausto Sozzini,
Scholars, Philosophers, Philanthropists.
Strenuous Champions of the Liberty of Thought,
Defenders of Human Reason against the Supernatural,
They founded the celebrated Socinian School,
Forecasting by three Centuries
The doctrine of Modern Rationalism.
The Sienese Liberals, Admiring, Reverent,
Placed this Memorial.
1877."

I wandered into the court of the old palace, now involuntarily pea-green with mold and damp, and looked out from the bow-shaped terrace bulging over the garden behind, and across the olive orchards — But I forgot that I was not yet in Siena.

IV.

Before our arrival I had time to read all the "New Guide" had to say about the present condition of this city. What it was socially, morally, and personally I knew already, and what it was industrially and commercially I learned with regret. The prosperity of Siena had reached its height in the thirteenth century, just before the great pest appeared. Her people then numbered a hundred thousand, from which they were reduced by the plague to twenty thousand. Whole districts were depopulated within the walls; the houses fell down, the streets vanished, and the plow passed over the ruins; wide gardens, olive orchards, and vineyards still flourish where traffic was busy and life was abundant. The

"New Guide" does not say so, but it is true that Siena never fully recovered from this terrible stroke. At the time of the great siege, two hundred years after the time of the great pest, she counted only forty thousand souls within her gates, and her silk and woolen industries, which still exist, were vastly shrunken from their old proportions. The most evident industry in Siena now is that of the tanners, which hangs its banners of leather from all the roofs in the famous region of Fontebranda, and envelops the birthplace of St. Catherine in an odor of tan-bark. There is also a prosperous fabric of iron furniture, principally bedsteads, which is noted throughout Italy; this, with some cotton-factories and carpet-looms on a small scale, and some agricultural implement works, is nearly all that the "New Guide" can boast, till he comes to speak of the ancient marchpane of Siena, now called Panforte, whose honored name I have ventured to bestow upon these haphazard sketches of its native city, rather because of their chance and random associations of material and decorative character than because of any rivalry in quality to which they can pretend. I often saw the panforte in shop-windows at Florence, and had the best intention in the world to test its excellence, but to this day I know only of its merits from my "New Guide." "This specialty, wholly Sienese, enjoys, in the article of sweetmeats, the primacy in Italy and beyond, and forms one of the principal branches of our industry. The panforte of Siena fears no competition or comparison, either for the exquisiteness of its flavor or for the beauty of its artistic confection: its brown paste, gemmed with broken almonds, is covered in the *panfortes de luxe* with a frosting of sugar, adorned with broideries, with laces, with flowers, with leaves, with elegant figures in lively colors, and with artistic designs, representing usually some monument of the city."

V.

It was about dark when we reached Siena, looking down over her wall upon the station in the valley; but there was still light enough to give us proof, in the splendid quarrel of two railway porters over our baggage, of that quickness to anger and readiness to forgive which demonstrates the excellence of heart in the Sienese. These admirable types of the local character jumped furiously up and down in front of each other, and then, without striking a blow, instantly exchanged forgiveness and joined in a fraternal conspiracy to get too much money out of me for handling my trunks. I willingly became a party to their plot myself in gratitude for the impassioned spectacle they had afforded me; and I drove up through the steeply winding streets of the town with a sense of nearness to the middle ages not excelled even in my first visit to Quebec. Of Quebec I still think when I think of Siena; and there are many superficial points of likeness in the two cities. Each, as Dante said of one, "torregia e siede" ("sits and towers" is no bad phrase) on a mighty front of rock, round whose precipitous slopes she belts her girdling wall. The streets within wander hither and thither at will; in both they are narrow and hemmed in with the gray façades of the stone houses; without spreads a mighty valley — watered at Quebec with the confluent St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and walled at the horizon with primevally wooded hills; dry at Siena with almost volcanic drought, and shut in at the same far range by arid and sterile tops bare as the skies above them, yet having still the same grandeur and nobility of form. After that there is all the difference you will — the difference of the North and South, the difference of the Old World and the New.

I have always been a friend of the picturesqueness of the Cathedral Place at Quebec, and faithful to it in much scribbling hitherto, but nothing — not even the love of pushing a parallel — shall make me pretend that it is in any manner or degree comparable to the old and deeply memoried Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele at Siena. This was anciently Piazza del Campo, but now they call it Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, because, since the Unification, they want some piazza of that dear name in every Italian city, as I have already noted; and I walked to it through the Via Cavour which they must also have, and how it was I failed to traverse a Via Garibaldi I do not understand. It was in the clearness that follows the twilight when, after the sudden descent of a vaulted passage, I stood in the piazza and saw the Tower of the Mangia leap like a rocket into the starlit air. After all, that does not say it: you must suppose a perfect silence, through which this exquisite shaft forever soars. When once you have seen the Mangia, all other towers, obelisks, and columns are tame and vulgar and earth-rooted; that seems to quit the ground, to be not a monument but a flight. The crescent of the young moon, at half its height, looked sparely over the battlements of the Palazzo Communale, from which the tower sprang, upon the fronts of the beautiful old palaces whose semicircle incloses the grand space before it, and touched with its silver the waters of the loveliest fountain in the world, whose statues and bas-reliefs darkled above and

around a silent pool. There were shops in the basements of some of the palaces, and there were lamps around the piazza, but there seemed no one in it but ourselves, and no figure broke the gentle slope in which the ground shelves from three sides towards the Palazzo Communale, where I left the old republic in full possession when I went home through the thronged and cheerful streets to bed.

I observed in the morning that the present Italian Government had taken occasion over night to displace the ancient Sienese signiory, and had posted a sentry at the palace door. There had also sprung up a picturesque cluster of wooden-roofed market-booths where peasant women sat before heaps of fruit and vegetables, and there was a not very impressive show of butter, eggs, and poultry. Now I saw that the brick-paved slope of the piazza was moss-grown in disuse, and that the noble Gothic and Renaissance palaces seemed half of them uninhabited. But there was nothing dilapidated, nothing ruinous in the place; it had simply a forsaken look, which the feeble stir of buying and selling at the market-booths scarcely affected. The old Palace of the Commonwealth stood serene in the morning light, and its Gothic windows gazed tranquilly upon the shallow cup before it, as empty now of the furious passions, the mediæval hates and rivalries and ambitions, as of the other volcanic fires which are said once to have burned there. These, indeed, still smolder beneath Siena, and every August a tremor of earthquake runs through her aged frame; but the heart of her fierce, free youth is at peace forevermore.

VI.

We waited at the hotel forty-eight hours for the proverbially cordial reception of strangers which the "New Guide" had boasted in his Sienese. Then, as no deputation of citizens came to offer us the hospitality of the city, we set about finding a lodging for ourselves. At this distance of time I am a little at a loss to know how our search, before it ended, had involved the complicity of a *valet de place;* a short, fat, amiable man of no definite occupation; a barber; a dealer in bricabrac; a hunchbackling; a mysterious *facchino;* and a were-wolf. I only know that all these were actually the agents of our domiciliation, and that without their intervention I do not see how we could ever have been settled in Siena. The valet had come to show us the city, and no caricature of him could give a sufficient impression of his forlorn and anxious little face, his livid silk hat, his threadbare coat, his meager body, and his evanescent legs. He was a terribly pathetic figure, and I count it no merit to have employed him at once. The first day I gave him three francs to keep away, and went myself in search of a carriage to drive us about in search of rooms. There were no carriages at the stand, but an old man who kept a book-store let the lady of the party have his chair and his *scaldino* while I went to the stable for one. There my purpose somehow became known, and when the driver mounted the box, and I stepped inside, the were-wolf mounted with him, and all that morning he directed our movements with lupine persistence and ferocity, but with a wolfishly characteristic lack of intelligence. He had an awful face, poor fellow, but I suspect that his ravenous eyes, his gaunt cheeks, his shaggy hair, and his lurking, illusive looks, were the worst of him; and heaven knows what dire need of devouring strangers he may have had. He did us no harm beyond wasting our time upon unfurnished lodgings in spite of our repeated groans and cries for furnished ones. From time to time I stopped the carriage and drove him down from the box; then he ran beside us on the pavement, and when we came to a walk on some uphill street he mounted again beside the driver, whom he at last persuaded to take us to a low tavern darkling in a sunless alley. There we finally threw off his malign spell, and driving back to our hotel, I found the little *valet de place* on the outlook. He hopefully laid hold of me, and walked me off to one impossible apartment after another,— brick-floored, scantily rugged, stoveless, husk-mattressed, mountain-bedsteaded, where we should have to find our own service, and subsist mainly upon the view from the windows. This was always fine; the valet had a cultivated eye for a prospect, and there was one of these lodgings which I should have liked to take for the sake of the boys playing *mora* in the old palace court, and the old lady with a single tooth rising like an obelisk from her lower jaw, who wished to let it.

A boarding-house, or *pension*, whose windows commanded an enchanting panorama of the Sienese hills, was provided with rather too much of the landscape indoors; and at another, which was cleanly and attractive, two obdurate young Englishmen were occupying the sunny rooms we wanted and would not vacate them for several days. The landlord conveyed a vivid impression of the violent character of these young men by whispering to me behind his hand, while he gently tried their door to see whether they were in or not, before he ventured to show me their apartment. We could not wait, and then he tried

to get rooms for us on the floor above, in an apartment belonging to a priest, so that we might at least eat at his table; but he failed in this, and we resumed our search for shelter. It must have been about this time that the short fat man appeared on the scene, and lured us off to see an apartment so exquisitely unsuitable that he saw the despair and reproach in our eyes, and, without giving us time to speak, promised us a perfect apartment for the morrow, and vanished round the first corner when we got into the street. In the very next barber's window, however, was a notice of rooms to let, and the barber left a lathered customer in his chair while he ran across the way to get the keys of a shoemaker. The shoemaker was at dinner, and his shop was shut; and the barber having, with however great regret, to go back to the customer left steeping in his lather, we fell into the hands of the most sympathetic of all bricabrac dealers, who sent us to the apartment of a French lady,—an apartment with a northern exposure as sunless as fireless, from which we retreated with the vague praises and promises of people swearing in their hearts never to be caught in *that* place again. The day went on in this vain quest, but as I returned to the hotel at dusk I was stopped on the stairs by a mysterious *facchino* in a blouse; he had been waiting there for me, and he whispered that the priest, whose rooms the keeper of the pension had tried to get, now had an apartment for me. It proved that he had not quite this, when I went to visit him after dinner, but he had certain rooms, and a lady occupying an apartment on the same floor had certain others; and with these and one more room which we got in the pension below, we really sheltered ourselves at last. It was not quite a realization of the hereditary Sienese hospitality, but we paid almost nothing for very comfortable quarters; and I do not see how a party of five could be better housed and fed for twenty-five francs a day in the world.

We must have been almost the first lodgers whom our good ecclesiastic and his niece had ever had, their enterprise being so new; the rooms were pretty and fresh, and there was a comfortable stove in our little parlor—a *franklinetto* which, three days out of four, did not smoke—and a large kerosene lamp for our table included in the price of two francs a day which we paid for our two rooms. We grieved a good deal that we could not get all our rooms of Don A., and he sorrowed with us, showing us a jewel *(giojello)* of a room which he would have been so glad to give us if it were not already occupied by a young man of fashion and his dog. As we stood looking at it, with its stove in the corner, its carpet, its chest of drawers, and its other splendors, the good Don A. holding his three-beaked classic lamp up for us to see better, and his niece behind him lost in a passion of sympathy, which continually escaped in tender Ohs and Ahs, we sighed again, "Yes, if we could only have this, too!"

Don A. nodded his head and compressed his lips. "It would be a big thing!" *("Sarebbe un' affarone!")* And then we all cast our eyes to heaven, and were about to break into a common sigh, when we heard the key of the young man of fashion in the outer door; upon which, like a party of guilty conspirators, we shrank breathlessly together for a moment, and then fled precipitately into our own rooms. We parted for that night with many whispered vows of esteem, and we returned in the morning to take possession. It was in character with the whole affair that on the way we should be met by the hunchbackling (whom I find described also in my notes as a wry-necked lamb, probably from some forcible contrast which he presented to the were-wolf) with a perfectly superb apartment, full of sun, in the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, looking squarely upon the Palazzo Communale and the Tower of the Mangia. I was forced to confess that I had engaged my rooms.

"A pity for you!" cried the hunchbackling, passionately.

"I have promised," I faltered. "One must keep one's promises, no?"

"Oh, you are right, you are right," said the hunchbackling, and vanished, and I never saw him more. Had he really the apartment to which he pretended?

VII.

NO MORE, probably, than I had the virtue which I affected about keeping my promises. But I have never been sorry that I remained true to the word I had given Don A., and I do not see what harm there can be in saying that he was an ex-monk of the suppressed convent of Monte Olivetto, who was eking out the small stipend he received for his priestly offices in the next parish church by letting these lodgings. All the monks of Monte Olivetto had to be of noble family, and in one of our rooms the blessed candle and crucifix which hung on one side of the bed were balanced by the blazon of our host's arms in a frame on the other. Yet he was not above doing any sort of homely office for our comfort and convenience; I saw him with his priest's gown off, in his shirt-sleeves and knee-breeches, putting up a bedstead; sometimes I met him on the stairs with a load of fire-

wood in his arms, which I suspect he must have been sawing in the cellar. He bowed to me over it with unabashed courtesy, and he and Maddalena were so simply proud and happy at having filled all their rooms for a month, that one could not help sharing their cheerfulness. Don A. was of a mechanical turn, and I heard that he also earned something by repairing the watches of peasants who could not or would not pay for finer surgery. Greater gentleness, sweeter kindliness never surrounded the inmates of hired lodgings than enveloped us in the manners of this good priest and his niece. They did together all the work of the apartment, serving us without shame and without reluctance, yet keeping a soft dignity withal that was extremely pretty. May no word of mine offend them, for every word of theirs was meant to make us feel at home with them; and I believe that they will not mind this public recognition of the grace with which they adorned their gentle poverty. They never intruded, but they were always there, saluting our outgoing and incoming, and watchful of our slightest wish. Often before we could get our key into the outer door Maddalena had run to open it, holding her *lucerna* above her head to light us, and hailing us with a "*Buona sera Loro!*" (Good-evening to them — our lordships, namely) to which only music could do justice.

But the landlord of the pension below, where we took our meals, was no less zealous for the comfort of his guests, and at that table of his, good at any price, and wonderful for the little they gave, he presided with a hospitality which pressed them to eat of this and that, and kept the unstinted wine a-flowing, and communicated itself to Luigi, who, having cooked the dinner, hurled on a dress-coat of impenetrable antiquity and rushed in to help serve it; and to Angiolina, the housekeeper, who affected a sort of Yankee old-maid's grumpiness, but was as sweet of soul as Maddalena herself. More than once has that sympathetic spirit, in passing me a dish, advised me with a fine movement of her clasping thumb which morsel to choose.

We took our rooms in the belief that we were on the sunny side of the house; and so we were; the sun obliquely bathed that whole front of the edifice, and I never can understand why it should not have got indoors. It did not; but it was delightful in the garden which stretched from the rear of our palace across to the city wall. Just under our windows — but far under, for we were in the fourth story — was a wide stone terrace, old, moss-grown, balustraded with marble, from which you descended by two curving flights of marble steps into the garden. There, in the early March weather, which succeeded a wind-storm of three days, the sun fell like a shining silence, amidst which the bent figure of an old gardener stirred, noiselessly turning up the earth. In the utmost distance the snow-covered Apennines glistened against a milky white sky growing pale blue above; the nearer hills were purplish; nearer yet were green fields, gray olive orchards, red plowed land, and black cypress-clumps about the villas with which the whole prospect was thickly sown. Then the city houses outside the wall began, and then came the beautiful red brick city wall, wandering wide over the levels and heights and hollows, and within it that sunny silence of a garden. While I once stood at the open window looking, brimful of content, tingling with it, a bugler came up the road without the wall, and gayly, bravely sounded a gallant *fanfare*, purely, as it seemed, for love of it and pleasure in it.

I call our garden a garden, but it was mostly a succession of fields, planted with vegetables for the market, and closed round next the city wall with ranks of olive-trees. Still, next the palace there were flowers, or must have been in summer; and on another morning, another heavenly morning, a young lady, doubtless of the ancient family to which the palace belonged, came out upon the terrace from the first floor with an elderly companion, and, loitering listlessly there a moment, descended the steps into the garden to a stone basin where some serving-women were washing. Her hair was ashen blonde; she was slimly cased in black silk, and as she slowly walked, she pulled forward the skirt a little with one hand, while she drew together with the other a light shawl, falling from the top of her head, round her throat; her companion followed at a little distance; on the terrace lingered a large white Persian cat, looking after them.

VIII.

These gardens, or fields, of Siena occupy half the space her walls inclose, and the olives everywhere softly embower the borders of the shriveled and shrunken old city, which once must have plumply filled their circuit with life. But it is five hundred years since the great pest reduced her hundred thousand souls to fifteen thousand; generation after generation the plow has gone over the dead streets, and the spade has been busy obliterating the decay, so that now there is no sign of them where the artichokes stretch their sharp lines, and the tops of the olives run tangling in the wind. Except where the streets carry the lines of buildings to the ten gates, the city is

completely surrounded by these gardens within its walls; they drop on all sides from the lofty ledge of rocks to which the edifices cling, with the cathedral preëminent, and cover the slopes with their herbage and foliage; at one point near the Lizza, flanking the fort which Cosimo built where the Spaniards failed, a gaunt ravine — deep, lonely, shadowy — pushes itself up into the heart of the town. Once, and once only, so old is the decay of Siena, I saw the crumbling foundations of a house on a garden slope; but again and again the houses break away, and the street which you have been following ceases in acreages of vegetation. Sometimes the varied and ever-picturesquely irregular ground has the effect of having fallen away from the palaces; the rear of a line of these, at one point, rested on massive arches, and buttresses sprung fifty or seventy-five feet from the lower level; and on the lofty shoulders of the palaces, here and there, was caught a bit of garden, and lifted with its overhanging hedge high into the sun. There are abundant evidences of that lost beauty and magnificence of Siena — she has kept enough of both — not only in the great thirteenth and fourteenth century structures in the Via Cavour, the Via del Capitano, and the neighborhood of the Palazzo Communale, but in many little wandering, darkling streets, where you come upon exquisite Gothic arches walled up in the fronts of now ordinary houses, which before some time of great calamity must have been the portals and windows of noble palaces. These gave their pathos to walks which were bewilderingly opulent in picturesqueness; walks that took us down sharp declivities dropping under successive arches between the house-walls, and flashing out upon sunny prospects of gardens; up steep thoroughfares climbing and crooking up from the gates below, and stopping as if for rest in successive piazzas, till they reach the great avenue which stretches along the high spine of the city from Porta Camollia to Porta Romana. Sharp turns everywhere bring your nose against some incomparable piece of architecture, or your eye upon some view astonishingly vast, and smiling or austere, but always enchanting.

The first night we found the Via Cavour full of people, walking and talking together; and there was always the effect of outdoor liveliness in the ancient town, which is partly to be accounted for by the pungent strength of the good air. This stirs and sustains one like the Swiss air, and when not in too rapid motion it is delicious. In March I will own that its motion was often too rapid. It swept cold from the Apennines, and one night it

A HIGH BREEZE.

sifted the gray depths of the streets full of snow. The next morning the sun blazed out with that ironical smile which we know here as well as in Italy, and Via Cavour was full of people lured forth by his sarcastic glitter, though the wind blew pitilessly. "*Marzo matto!*" (Crazy March!) said the shopman, with a sympathetic smile and impressive shrug, to whom I complained of it; and I had to confess that March was no better in America. The peasants, who took the whole breadth of Via Cavour with their carts laden with wine and drawn by wide-horned dun oxen, had their faces tied up against the blast, which must have been terrible on their hills; and it roared and blustered against our lofty eyrie in Palazzo Bandini-Piccolomini with a force that penetrated it with icy cold. It was quite impossible to keep warm; with his back planted well into the fire-place blazing with the little logs of the country, and fenced about on the windward side with mattresses and sofa-pillows, a suffering novelist was able to complete his then current fiction only at the risk of freezing.

But before this, and after it, we had weather in which the streets were as much a pleasure to us as to the Sienese; and in fact I do not know where I would rather be at this moment than in Via Cavour, unless it were on the Grand Canal at Venice — or the Lungarno at Florence — or the Pincio at Rome — or Piazza Brà at Verona. Any of these places would do, and yet they would all lack the strictly mediæval charm which belongs to Siena, and which perhaps you feel most when you stand before the Tolomei palace, with its gray Gothic façade, on the richly sculptured porch of the Casino dei Nobili. At more than one point the gaunt Roman wolf suckles her adoptive twins on the top of a pillar; and the olden charm of prehistoric fable mingles with the interest of the city's proper life, when her peo-

ple fought each other for their freedom in her streets, and never trusted one another except in some fiery foray against the enemy beyond her gates.

Let the reader not figure to himself any broad, straight level when I speak of Via Cavour as the principal street; it is only not so narrow and steep and curving as the rest, and a little more light gets into it; but there is one level, and one alone, in all Siena, and that is the Lizza, the public promenade, which looks very much like an artificial level. It is planted with pleasant little bosks and trim hedges, beyond which lurk certain cafés and beer-houses, and it has walks and a drive. On a Sunday afternoon of February, when the military band played there, and I was told that the fine world of Siena resorted to the Lizza, we hurried thither to see it; but we must have come too late. The band were blowing the drops of distilled music out of their instruments and shutting them up, and on the drive there was but one equipage worthy of the name. Within this carriage sat a little refined-looking boy,— delicate, pale, the expression of an effete aristocracy; and beside him sat a very stout, gray-mustached, side-whiskered, eagle-nosed, elderly gentleman, who took snuff out of a gold box, and looked like Old Descent in person. I felt, at sight of them, that I had met the Sienese nobility, whom otherwise I did not see; and yet I do not say that they may not have been a prosperous fabricant of panforte and his son. A few young bucks, with fierce trotting-ponies in two-seated sulkies, hammered round the drive; the crowd on foot was mostly a cloaked and slouch-hatted crowd, which in Italy is always a plebeian crowd. There were no ladies, but many women of less degree, pretty enough, well-dressed enough, and radiantly smiling. In the center of the place shone a resplendent group of officers, who kept quite to themselves. We could not feel that we had mingled greatly in the social gayeties of Siena, and we wandered off to climb the bastions of the old Medicean fort — very bold with its shield and *palle* over the gateway — and listened to the bees humming in the oleander hedge beneath.

This was toward the end of February; a few days later I find it recorded that in walking half-way round the city outside the wall I felt the sun very hot, and heard the birds singing over the fields, where the peasants were breaking the clods with their hoes. The almond-trees kept blossoming with delicate courage all through February, like girls who brave the lingering cold with their spring finery; and though the grass was green, with here and there daring dandelions in it, the landscape generally had a pathetic look of winter weariness, when we drove out into the country beyond the wall.

It is this wall with the color of its red brick which everywhere warms up the cold gray tone of Siena. It is like no other city wall that I know, except that of Pisa, and is not supported with glacis on the inside, but rises sheer from the earth there as on the outside. With its towers and noble gates it is beautiful always; and near the railway station it obligingly abounds in repaired spots which look as if they had been holes knocked in it at the great siege. I hope they were.

It is anywhere a study for a painter,— preferably a water-colorist, I should say,— and I do not see how an architect could better use his eyes in Italy than in perusing the excellent brick-work of certain of the smaller houses, as well as certain palaces and churches, both in the city and the suburbs of Siena. Some of the carved brick there is delightful, and the material is treated with peculiar character and feeling.

IX.

The ancient palace of the republic, the Palazzo Communale, is of brick, which allegorizes well enough the multitude of plebeian wills and forces that went to the constitution of the democratic state. No friend of popular rule, I suppose, can boast that these little mediæval commonwealths of Italy were the homes of individual liberty. They were popular tyrannies; but tyrannies as they were, they were always better than the single-handed despotisms, the *governo d'un solo*, which supplanted them, except in the one fact only that they did not give continuous civil peace. The crater of the extinct volcano before the Palazzo Communale in Siena was always boiling with human passions, and for four hundred years it vomited up and ingulfed innumerable governments and forms of government, now aristocratic and now plebeian. From those beautiful Gothic windows many a traitor has dangled head downwards or feet downwards, as the humor took the mob; many a temporizer or usurper has hurtled from that high balcony ruining down to the stones below.

Carlo Folletti-Fossati, a Sienese citizen of our own time, has made a luminous and interesting study of the "Costumi Sienese" of the middle ages, which no reader of Italian should fail to get when he goes to Siena, for the sake of the light which it throws upon that tumultuous and struggling past of one of the bravest and doughtiest little peoples that ever lived. In his chapters on the "Daily Life" of the Sienese of those times, he speaks first of the world-wide difference between the American

UP AND DOWN IN SIENA.

[ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY AFTER THE ETCHING BY JOSEPH PENNELL.]

UNDER THE ARCHES IN SIENA.

democracy and the mediæval democracies. He has read his De Tocqueville, and he understands, as Mr. Matthew Arnold is beginning to understand, that the secret of our political success is in the easy and natural fit of our political government, the looseness of our social organization; and he shows with attractive clearness how, in the Italian republics, there was no conception of the popular initiative, except in the matter of revolution, which was extra-constitutional. The government once established, no matter how democratic, how plebeian its origin, it began at once to interfere with the personal affairs of the people. It regulated their household expenses; said what dishes and how many they might have at dinner; clipped women's gowns, and forbade the braid and laces on their sleeves and stomachers; prescribed the fashion of men's hats and cloaks; determined the length of coats, the size of bricks, and the dimensions of letter-paper; costumed the different classes; established the hours of pleasure and business; limited the number of those who should be of this or that trade or profession; bothered in every way. In Siena, at a characteristic period, the Signiory were chosen every two months, and no man might decline the honor and burden of office except under heavy fine. The government must have been as great a bore to its officers as to its subjects, for, once elected, the Signiory were obliged to remain night and day in the public palace. They could not leave it except for some grave reason of state, or sickness, or marriage, or the death of near kindred, and then they could only go out two at a time, with a third for a spy upon them. Once a week they could converse with the citizens, but solely on public business. Then, on Thursdays, the Signiory — the Nine, or the Twelve, or the Priors, whichever they chanced to

be — descended from their magnificent confinement in the apartments of state to the great hall of the ground floor, and heard the petitions of all comers. Otherwise, their official life was no joke: in the months of March and April, 1364, they consumed in their public labors eleven reams of paper, twenty-one quires of parchment, twelve pounds of red and green sealing-wax, five hundred goose-quills, and twenty bottles of ink.

Besides this confinement at hard labor, they were obliged to suffer from the shrieks of the culprits, who were mutilated or put to death in the rear of the palace; for in those days prison expenses were saved by burning a witch or heretic, tearing out the tongue of a blasphemer, striking off the right hand of a perjurer or bigamist, and the right foot of a highwayman. The Sienese in course of time became so refined that they expelled the mutilated wretches from the city, that they might not offend the eye, after the infliction of their penalties; but in the mean while the Signiory could not bear the noise of their agony, especially while they sat at dinner; and the execution-grounds were finally changed to a remote quarter.

It is well enough for the tourist to give a thought to these facts and conditions of the times that produced the beautiful architecture of the Palazzo Communale and the wonderful frescoes which illumine its dim-vaulted halls and chambers. The masters who wrought either might have mixed the mortar for their bricks, and the colors for their saints and angels, and allegories and warriors, with human blood, it flowed so freely and abundantly in Siena. Poor, splendid, stupid, glorious past! I stood at the windows of the people's palace and looked out on the space in the rear where those culprits used to disturb the Signiory at their meals, and thanked heaven that I was of the nineteenth century. The place is flanked now by an immense modern prison, whose ample casements were crowded with captives pressing to them for the sun; and in the distance there is a beautiful view of an insane asylum, the largest and most populous in Italy.

I suppose the reader will not apprehend a great deal of comment from me upon the frescoes, inexpressibly quaint and rich, from which certain faces and certain looks remain with me yet. The pictures figure the great scenes of Sienese history and fable. There are the battles in which the republic triumphed, to the disadvantage chiefly of the Florentines; there are the victorious encounters of her son Pope Alexander III. with Barbarossa; there are allegories in which her chief citizens appear. In one of these — I think it is that representing "Good and Bad Government," painted by Lorenzetti in 1337 — there is a procession of Sienese figures and faces of the most curious realistic interest, and above their heads some divine and august ideal shapes,— a Wisdom, from whose strange eyes all mystery looks, and a Peace and a Fortitude which, for an unearthly dignity and beauty, I cannot remember the like of. There is also, somewhere in those dusky halls, a most noble "St. Victor" by Sodoma; and I would not have my readers miss that sly rogue of a saint ("We are famous for our saints in Siena," said the sardonic custodian, with a shrug) who is represented in a time of interdict stealing a blessing from the pope for his city by having concealed under his cloak a model of it when he appears before the pontiff! For the rest, there is an impression of cavernous gloom left from many of the rooms of the palace which characterizes the whole to my memory; and as I look back into it, beautiful, mystical, living eyes glance out of it; noble presences, solemn attitudes, forms of grandeur faintly appear; and then all is again a hovering twilight, out of which I am glad to emerge into the laughing sunshine of the piazza.

X.

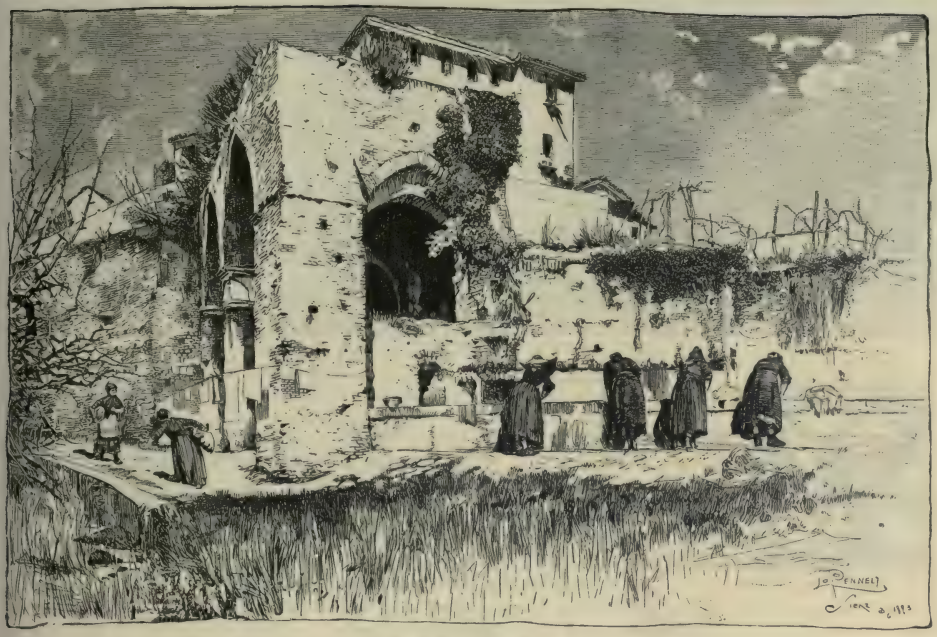
A MONUMENT of the old magnanimity of Siena is that Capella di Piazza in front of the palace, at the foot of the tower, which the tourist goes to see for the sake of Sodoma's fresco in it, but which deserves to be also revered as the memorial of the great pest of 1348; it was built in 1352, and thrice demolished and thrice rebuilt before it met with public approval. This and the beautiful Fonte Gaja — as beautiful in its way as the tower — make the piazza a place to linger in and come back to at every chance. The fountain was designed by Giacomo della Quercia, who was known thereafter as Giacomo della Fonte, and it was called the Gay Fountain in memory of the festivities with which the people celebrated the introduction of good water into their city in 1419. Seven years the artist wrought upon it, and three thousand florins of gold the republic paid for the work, which after four hundred years has been restored in all its first loveliness by Tito Sarocchi, an admirable Sienese sculptor of our day.

There are six fountains in all, in different quarters of the city; and of these, the finest are the two oldest, Fonte Branda of the twelfth century, and Fonte Nuova of the fourteenth. Fonte Branda I will allow to be the more famous, but never so beautiful as Fonte Nuova.

FOUNTAIN OUTSIDE OF THE WALL AT SIENA.

They are both as practicable now as when they were built, and Fonte Nuova has a small house atop of its arches, where people seem to live. The arches are Gothic, and the delicate carved brick-work of Siena decorates their sharp spring. Below, in the bottom of the four-sided structure, is the clear pool from whose affluent pipes the neighborhood comes to draw its water (in buckets hammered from solid copper into antique form), and in which women seem to be always rinsing linen, or beating it with wooden paddles in the Latin fashion.

Fonte Branda derives a world-wide celebrity from being mentioned by Dante and then having its honors disputed by a small stream of its name elsewhere. It, too, is a lovely Gothic shape, and whenever I saw it wash-day was in possession of it. The large pool which the laundresses had whitened with their suds is used as a swimming-vat in summer; and the old fountain may therefore be considered in very active use still, so many years after Dante dedicated the new fountain to disputed immortality with a single word. It was one of those extremely well-ventilated days of March when I last visited Fonte Branda; and not only was the linen of all Siena blowing about from balconies and house-tops, but, from a multitude of galleries and casements, hides of leather were lustily flapping and giving out the pungent aroma of the tan. It is a region of tanneries, and some of them are of almost as august a presence as the Fonte Branda itself. We had not come to see either, but to pay our second visit to the little house of St. Catherine of Siena, who was born and lived a child in this neighborhood, the good Contrada



WASHING-DAY — SIENA.

dell' Oca, or Goose Ward, which took this simple name while other wards of Siena called themselves after the Dragon, the Lion, the Eagle, and other noble beasts and birds. The region has therefore the odor of sanctity as well as of leather, and is consecrated by the memory of one of the best and bravest and meekest woman's lives ever lived. Her house here is much visited by the curious and devout, and across a chasmed and gardened space from the fountain rises high on the bluff the high-shouldered bulk of the church of San Domenico, in which Catherine was first rapt in her beatific visions of Our Lord, conversing with him, and giving him her heart for his in mystical espousals.

W. D. Howells.

FROM THE CATHEDRAL.

THE GLORY OF THE YEAR

CHANT ROYAL

WHEN Spring came softly breathing o'er the land,
With warmer sunshine and sweet April shower;
Bidding the silken willow leaves expand;
Calling to hill and meadow, bee and flower,
Bright with new life and beauty; on light wing
Bringing the birds again to love and sing;
And waking in the heart its joy amain,
With old fond hopes and memories in its train;
Childishly glad mid universal cheer,
How oft we sang the half-forgotten strain:
"*Now* we behold the glory of the year!"

WHEN Summer by her gentle breezes fanned,
With footstep free and proud in restless power,
With plump, round cheek to ruddy beauty tanned,
In blooming loveliness came to her bower,
Her golden tresses loosely wandering
In wild luxuriance,— then pretty Spring
Seemed but a playful sister, pettish, vain.
How well we loved the passionate Summer's reign!
How day by day our empress grew more dear!
"Beyond," we asked, "what fairer can remain?
Now we behold the glory of the year!"

BUT when grave Autumn's ever bounteous hand
Poured round our feet the riches of her dower;
The pulpy fruit, the nut's sweet ripened gland,
The largess free to gleaner and to plower,
And all the Summer sought in vain to bring;
When stood the hills in glorious garmenting,
Shadowed by low-hung skies of sober grain,
No more could our ennobled thoughts sustain
Regretful memory of Summer sere,—
"What of the past!" we cried in quick disdain;
"*Now* we behold the glory of the year!"

THEN before mighty Winter, stern and grand,
We saw defenseless Autumn shivering, cower,
Changed to Duessa by his potent wand,
Shorn of her loveliness, in Fortune's lower
Naked for Winter's scourge to smite and sting.
How godlike came the world's new sceptered King!
He fettered fast her torrents with his chain,
Bound with his manacles the moaning main,
Yea, wrought his will with all things far and near.
"At last," we said, "what more can Time attain?
Now we behold the glory of the year!"

NEGLECTED Spring, despised, insulted, banned!
Poor weakling! came again one April hour.
The tyrant struck his tent at her command;
She laughed,— down tumbling fell his frosty tower;
At one light finger-touch his captives fling
Their shackles off, and make the valleys ring
With praises to the conqueror of pain.
All the lost lives that languishing have lain,
Leaves, grasses, buds, and birds again appear.
"O now!" we cried again and yet again,
"*Now* we behold the glory of the year!"

ENVOY

PRINCE, while Spring sports with sunbeam, flower, and rain,—
While wanton Summer riots on the plain,—
Neath Autumn's calm, or Winter's frown severe,
Change only clearer chants the old refrain,
"Now we behold the glory of the year!"

Ernest Whitney.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXII.

AS he sat with Mrs. Luna, in her little back drawing-room, under the lamp, he felt rather more tolerant than before of the pressure she could not help putting upon him. Several months had elapsed, and he was no nearer to the sort of success he had hoped for. It stole over him gently that there was another sort, pretty visibly open to him, not so elevated nor so manly, it is true, but on which he should after all, perhaps, be able to reconcile it with his honor to fall back. Mrs. Luna had had an inspiration; for once in her life she had held her tongue. She had not made him a scene, there had been no question of an explanation; she had received him as if he had been there the day before, with the addition of a spice of mysterious melancholy. She might have made up her mind that she had lost him as what she had hoped, but that it was better than desolation to try and keep him as a friend. It was as if she wished him to see now how she tried. She was subdued and consolatory, she waited upon him, moved away a screen that intercepted the fire, remarked that he looked very tired, and rang for some tea. She made no inquiry about his affairs, never asked if he had been busy and prosperous; and this reticence struck him as unexpectedly delicate and discreet; it was as if she had guessed, by a subtle feminine faculty, that his professional career was nothing to boast of. There was a simplicity in him which permitted him to wonder whether she had not improved. The lamp-light was soft, the fire crackled pleasantly, everything that surrounded him betrayed a woman's taste and touch; the place was curtained and cushioned in perfection, delightfully private and personal, the picture of a well-appointed home. Mrs. Luna had complained of the difficulties of installing one's self in America, but Ransom remembered that he had received an impression similar to this in her sister's house in Boston, and reflected that these ladies had, as a family trait, the art of making themselves comfortable. It was better for a winter's evening than the German beer-cellar (Mrs. Luna's tea was excellent), and his hostess herself appeared to-night almost as amiable as the variety actress. At the end of an hour he felt, I won't say almost marriageable, but almost married. Images of leisure played before him, leisure in which he saw himself covering foolscap paper with his views on several subjects and with favorable illustrations of Southern eloquence. It became tolerably vivid to him that if editors wouldn't print one's lucubrations, it would be a comfort to feel that one was able to publish them at one's own expense.

He had a moment of almost complete illusion. Mrs. Luna had taken up her bit of crochet; she was sitting opposite to him, on the other side of the fire. Her white hands moved with little jerks as she took her stitches, and her rings flashed and twinkled in the light of the hearth. Her head fell a little to one side, exhibiting the plumpness of her chin and neck, and her dropped eyes (it gave her a little modest air) rested quietly on her work. A silence of a few moments had fallen upon their talk, and Adeline—who decidedly *had* improved—appeared also to feel the charm of it, not to wish to break it. Basil Ransom was conscious of all this, and at the same time he was vaguely engaged in a speculation. If it gave one time, if it gave one leisure, was not that in itself a high motive? Thorough study of the question he cared for most—was not the chance for *that* an infinitely desirable good? He seemed to see himself, to feel himself, in that very chair, in the evenings of the future, reading some indispensable book in the still lamp-light—Mrs. Luna knew where to get such pretty mellowing shades. Should he not be able to act in that way upon the public opinion of his time, to check certain tendencies, to point out certain dangers, to indulge in much salutary criticism? Was it not one's duty to put one's self in the best conditions for such action? And as the silence continued he almost fell to musing on his duty, almost persuaded himself that the moral law commanded him to marry Mrs. Luna. She looked up presently from her work, their eyes met, and she smiled. He might have believed she had guessed what he was thinking of. This idea startled him, alarmed him a little, so that when Mrs. Luna said, with her exceedingly sociable smile, "There is nothing I like so much, of a winter's night, as a cozy *tête-à-tête*

* Copyright, 1884, by Henry James.

by the fire. It's quite like Darby and Joan; what a pity the kettle has ceased singing!"— when she uttered these insinuating words, he gave himself a little imperceptible shake, which was, however, enough to break the spell, and made no response more direct than to ask her, in a moment, in a tone of cold, mild curiosity, whether she had lately heard from her sister, and how long Miss Chancellor intended to remain in Europe.

"Well, you *have* been living in your hole!" Mrs. Luna exclaimed. "Olive came home six weeks ago. How long did you expect her to endure it?"

"I am sure I don't know; I have never been there," Ransom replied.

"Yes, that's what I like you for," Mrs. Luna remarked, sweetly. "If a man is nice without it, it's such a pleasant change."

The young man started, then gave a natural laugh. "Lord, how few reasons there must be!"

"Oh, I mention that one because I can tell it. I shouldn't care to tell the others."

"I am glad you have some to fall back upon, the day I should go," Ransom went on. "I thought you thought so much of Europe."

"So I do; but it isn't everything," said Mrs. Luna, philosophically. "You had better go there with me," she added, with a certain inconsequence.

"One would go to the end of the world with so fair a lady!" Ransom exclaimed, falling into the tone which Mrs. Luna always found so unsatisfactory. It was a part of his Southern gallantry,— his accent always came out strongly when he said anything of that sort,— and it committed him to nothing in particular. She had had occasion to wish, more than once, that he wouldn't be so beastly polite, as she used to hear people say in England. She answered that she didn't care about ends, she cared about beginnings; but he didn't take up the declaration; he returned to the subject of Olive, wanted to know what she had done over there, whether she had worked them up much.

"Oh, of course, she fascinated every one," said Mrs. Luna. "With her grace and beauty, her general style, how could she help that?"

"But did she bring them round, did she swell the host that is prepared to march under her banner?"

"I suppose she saw plenty of the strong-minded, plenty of vicious old maids, and fanatics, and frumps. But I haven't the least idea what she accomplished,— what they call 'wonders,' I suppose."

"Didn't you see her when she returned?" Basil Ransom asked.

"How could I see her? I can see pretty far, but I can't see all the way to Boston." And then, in explaining that it was at this port that her sister had disembarked, Mrs. Luna further inquired whether he could imagine Olive doing anything in a first-rate way, as long as there were inferior ones. "Of course she likes bad ships,— Boston steamers,— just as she likes common people, and red-haired hoydens, and preposterous doctrines."

Ransom was silent a moment. "Do you mean the — a — rather striking young lady whom I met in Boston a year ago last October? What was her name?— Miss Tarrant? Does Miss Chancellor like her as much as ever?"

"Mercy! didn't you know she took her to Europe? It was to form *her* mind she went. Didn't I tell you that last summer? You used to come to see me, then."

"Oh, yes, I remember," Ransom said, rather musingly. "And did she bring her back?"

"Gracious, you don't suppose she would leave her! Olive thinks she's born to regenerate the world."

"I remember you telling me that, too. It comes back to me. Well, is her mind formed?"

"As I haven't seen it, I can't tell you."

"Aren't you going on there to see ——"

"To see whether Miss Tarrant's mind is formed?" Mrs. Luna broke in. "I will go if you would like me to. I remember your being immensely excited about her that time you met her. Don't you recollect that?"

Ransom hesitated an instant. "I can't say I do. It is too long ago."

"Yes, I have no doubt that's the way you change about women! Poor Miss Tarrant, if she thinks she made an impression on you!"

"She won't think about such things as that, if her mind has been formed by your sister," Ransom said. "It does come back to me now, what you told me about the growth of their intimacy. And do they mean to go on living together forever?"

"I suppose so — unless some one should take it into his head to marry Verena."

"Verena — is that her name?" Ransom asked.

Mrs. Luna looked at him with a suspended needle. "Well! have you forgotten that too? You told me yourself you thought it so pretty, that time in Boston, when you walked me up the hill." Ransom declared that he remembered that walk, but didn't remember everything he had said to her; and she suggested, very satirically, that perhaps he would like to marry Verena himself — he seemed so interested in her. Ransom shook his head sadly, and said he was afraid he was not in a position to marry; whereupon Mrs. Luna asked him what he meant — did he mean

(after a moment's hesitation) that he was too poor?

"Never in the world — I am very rich; I make an enormous income!" the young man exclaimed; so that, remarking his tone, and the slight flush of annoyance that rose to his face, Mrs. Luna was quick enough to judge that she had overstepped the mark. She remembered (she ought to have remembered before) that he had never taken her in the least into his confidence about his affairs. That was not the Southern way, and he was at least as proud as he was poor. In this surmise she was just; Basil Ransom would have despised himself if he had been capable of confessing to a woman that he couldn't make a living. Such questions were none of their business (their business was simply to be provided for, practice the domestic virtues, and be charmingly grateful), and there was, to his sense, something almost indecent in talking about them. Mrs. Luna felt doubly sorry for him as she perceived that he denied himself the luxury of sympathy (that is, of hers), and the vague but comprehensive sigh that passed her lips as she took up her crochet again was unusually expressive of helplessness. She said that of course she knew how great his talents were — he could do anything he wanted; and Basil Ransom wondered for a moment whether, if she were to ask him point-blank to marry her, it would be consistent with the high courtesy of a Southern gentleman to refuse. After she should be his wife he might of course confess to her that he was too poor to marry, for in that relation even a Southern gentleman of the highest tone must sometimes unbend. But he didn't in the least long for this arrangement, and was conscious that the most pertinent sequel to her conjecture would be for him to take up his hat and walk away.

Within five minutes, however, he had come to desire to do this almost as little as to marry Mrs. Luna. He wanted to hear more about the girl who lived with Olive Chancellor. Something had revived in him — an old curiosity, an image half effaced — when he learned that she had come back to America. He had taken a wrong impression from what Mrs. Luna said, nearly a year before, about her sister's visit to Europe; he had supposed it was to be a long absence, that Miss Chancellor wanted perhaps to get the little prophetess away from her parents, possibly even away from some amorous entanglement. Then, no doubt, they wanted to study up the woman question with the facilities that Europe would offer; he didn't know much about Europe, but he had an idea that it was a great place for facilities. His knowledge of Miss Chancellor's departure, accompanied by her young companion, had checked at the time, on Ransom's part, a certain habit of idle but none the less entertaining retrospect. His life, on the whole, had not been rich in episode, and that little chapter of his visit to his queer, clever, capricious cousin, with his evening at Miss Birdseye's, and his glimpse, repeated on the morrow, of the strange, beautiful, ridiculous, red-haired young *improvisatrice*, unrolled itself in his memory like a page of interesting fiction. The page seemed to fade, however, when he heard that the two girls had gone, for an indefinite time, to unknown lands; this carried them out of his range, spoiled the perspective, diminished their actuality; so that for several months past, with his increase of anxiety about his own affairs, and the low pitch of his spirits, he had not thought at all about Verena Tarrant. The fact that she was once more in Boston, with a certain contiguity that it seemed to imply between Boston and New York, presented itself now as important and agreeable. He was conscious that this was rather an anomaly, and his consciousness made him, had already made him, dissimulate slightly. He did not pick up his hat to go; he sat in his chair taking his chance of the tax which Mrs. Luna might lay upon his urbanity. He remembered that he had not made, as yet, any very eager inquiry about Newton, who at this late hour had succumbed to the only influence that tames the untamable, and was sleeping the sleep of childhood, if not of innocence. Ransom repaired his neglect in a manner which elicited the most copious response from his hostess. The boy had had a good many tutors since Ransom gave him up, and it could not be said that his education languished. Mrs. Luna spoke with pride of the manner in which he went through them; if he did not master his lessons, he mastered his teachers, and she had the happy conviction that she gave him every advantage. Ransom's delay was diplomatic, but at the end of ten minutes he returned to the young ladies in Boston; he asked why, with their aggressive programme, one hadn't begun to feel their onset, why the echoes of Miss Tarrant's eloquence hadn't reached his ears. Hadn't she come out yet in public? was she not coming to stir them up in New York? He hoped she hadn't broken down.

"She didn't seem to break down last summer, at the Female Convention," Mrs. Luna replied. "Have you forgotten that too? Didn't I tell you of the sensation she produced there, and of what I heard from Boston about it? Do you mean to say I didn't give you that 'Transcript,' with the report of her great

speech? It was just before they sailed for Europe; she went off with flying colors, in a blaze of fireworks." Ransom protested that he had not heard this affair mentioned till that moment, and then, when they compared dates, they found it had taken place just after his last visit to Mrs. Luna. This, of course, gave her a chance to say that he had treated her even worse than she supposed; it had been her impression, at any rate, that they had talked together about Verena's sudden bound into fame. Apparently she confounded him with some one else, that was very possible; he was not to suppose that he occupied such a distinct place in her mind, especially when she might die twenty deaths before he came near her. Ransom demurred to the implication that Miss Tarrant was famous; if she were famous, wouldn't she be in the New York papers? He hadn't seen her there, and he had no recollection of having encountered any mention at the time (last June, was it?) of her exploits at the Female Convention. A local reputation doubtless she had, but that had been the case a year and a half before, and what was expected of her then was to become a first-class national glory. He was willing to believe that she had created some excitement in Boston, but he shouldn't attach much importance to that till one began to see her photograph in the shops. Of course, one must give her time, but he had supposed Miss Chancellor was going to put her through faster.

If he had taken a contradictious tone on purpose to draw Mrs. Luna out, he could not have elicited more of the information he desired. It was perfectly true that he had seen no reference to Verena's performances in the preceding June; there were periods when the newspapers seemed to him so idiotic that for weeks he never looked at one. He learned from Mrs. Luna that it was not Olive who had sent her the "Transcript," and in letters had added some private account of the doings at the convention to the testimony of that amiable sheet; she had been indebted for this service to a "gentleman friend," who wrote her everything that happened in Boston, and what every one had every day for dinner. Not that it was necessary for her happiness to know; but the gentleman she spoke of didn't know what to invent to please her. A Bostonian couldn't imagine that one *didn't* want to know, and that was their idea of ingratiating themselves, or, at any rate, it was his, poor man. Olive would never have gone into particulars about Verena; she regarded her sister as quite too much one of the profane, and knew Adeline couldn't understand why, when she took to herself a bosom friend, she should have been at such pains to select her in just the most dreadful class in the community. Verena was a perfect little adventuress, and quite third-rate into the bargain; but, of course, she was a pretty girl enough, if one cared for hair of the color of cochineal. As for her people, they were too absolutely awful; it was exactly as if she, Mrs. Luna, had struck up an intimacy with the daughter of her chiropodist. It took Olive to invent such monstrosities, and to think she was doing something great for humanity when she did so; though, in spite of her wanting to turn everything over, and put the lowest highest, she could be just as contemptuous and invidious, when it came to really mixing, as if she were some grand old duchess. She must do her the justice to say that she hated the Tarrants, the father and mother; but, all the same, she let Verena run to and fro between Charles street and the horrible hole they lived in, and Adeline knew from that gentleman who wrote so copiously that the girl now and sometimes spent a week at a time at Cambridge. Her mother, who had been ill for some weeks, wanted her to sleep there. Mrs. Luna knew further, by her correspondent, that Verena had — or had had the winter before — a great deal of attention from gentlemen. She didn't know how she worked that into the idea that the female sex was sufficient to itself; but she had grounds for saying that this was one reason why Olive had taken her abroad. She was afraid Verena would give in to some man, and she wanted to make a break. Of course, any such giving in would be very awkward for a young woman who shrieked out on platforms that old maids were the highest type. Adeline guessed Olive had perfect control of her now, unless indeed she used the expeditions to Cambridge as a cover for meeting gentlemen. She was an artful little minx, and cared as much for the rights of women as she did for the Panama Canal; the only right of a woman she wanted was to climb up on top of something, where the men could look at her. She would stay with Olive as long as it served her purpose, because Olive with her great respectability could push her, and counteract the effect of her low relations, to say nothing of paying all her expenses, and taking her the tour of Europe. "But, mark my words," said Mrs. Luna, "she will give Olive the greatest cut she has ever had in her life before! She will run off with some lion-tamer; she will marry a circus man!" And Mrs. Luna added that it would serve Olive Chancellor right. But she would take it hard: look out for tantrums then!

Basil Ransom's emotions were peculiar while his hostess delivered herself, in a manner at once casual and emphatic, of these

rather insidious remarks. He took them all in, for they represented to him certain very interesting facts; but he perceived at the same time that Mrs. Luna didn't know what she was talking about. He had seen Verena Tarrant only twice in his life, but it was no use telling him that she was an adventuress — though, certainly, it *was* very likely she would end by giving Miss Chancellor a cut. He chuckled, with a certain grimness, as this image passed before him; it was not unpleasing, the idea that he should be avenged (for it would avenge him to know it) upon the wanton young woman who had invited him to come and see her, in order simply to slap his face. But he had an odd sense of having lost something in not knowing of the other girl's appearance at the Women's Convention — a vague feeling that he had been cheated and trifled with. The complaint was idle, inasmuch as it was not probable he could have gone to Boston to listen to her; but it represented to him that he had not shared, even dimly and remotely, in an event which concerned her very closely. Why should he share, and what was more natural than that the things which concerned her closely should not concern him at all? This question came to him only as he walked home that evening; for the moment it remained quite in abeyance: therefore he was free to feel also that his imagination had been rather starved by his ignorance of the fact that she was near him again (comparatively), that she was in the dimness of the horizon (no longer beyond the curve of the globe), and yet he had not perceived it. This sense of personal loss, as I have called it, made him feel, further, that he had something to make up, to recover. He could scarcely have told you how he would go about it; but the idea, formless though it was, led him in a direction very different from the one he had been following a quarter of an hour before. As he watched it dance before him, he fell into another silence, in the midst of which Mrs. Luna gave him another mystic smile. The effect of it was to make him rise to his feet; the whole landscape of his mind had suddenly been illuminated. Decidedly, it was *not* his duty to marry Mrs. Luna, in order to have means to pursue his studies; he jerked himself back, as if he had been on the point of it.

"You don't mean to say you are going already? I haven't said half I wanted to!" she exclaimed.

He glanced at the clock, saw it was not yet late, took a turn about the room, then sat down again in a different place, while she followed him with her eyes, wondering what was the matter with him. Ransom took good care not to ask her what it was she had still to say, and perhaps it was to prevent her telling him that he now began to talk, freely, quickly, in quite a new tone. He staid half an hour longer, and made himself very agreeable. It seemed to Mrs. Luna now that he had every distinction: she had known he had most; that he was really a charming man. He abounded in conversation, till at last he took up his hat in earnest; he talked about the state of the South, its social peculiarities, the ruin wrought by the war, the dilapidated gentry, the queer types of superannuated fire-eaters, ragged and unreconciled, all the pathos and all the comedy of it, making her laugh at one moment, almost cry at another, and say to herself throughout that when he took it into his head there was no one who could make a lady's evening pass so pleasantly. It was only afterwards that she asked herself why he had not taken it into his head till the last, so quickly. She delighted in the dilapidated gentry; her taste was completely different from her sister's, who took an interest only in the lower class, as it struggled to rise; what Adeline cared for was the fallen aristocracy (it seemed to be falling everywhere very much; was not Basil Ransom an example of it? was he not like a French *gentilhomme de province* after the Revolution? or an old monarchical émigré from the Languedoc?), the despoiled patriciate, I say, whose attitude was noble and touching, and toward whom one might exercise a charity as discreet as their pride was sensitive. In all Mrs. Luna's visions of herself, her discretion was the leading feature. "Are you going to let ten years elapse again before you come?" she asked, as Basil Ransom bade her good-night. "You must let me know, because between this and your next visit I shall have time to go to Europe and come back. I shall take care to arrive the day before!"

Instead of answering this sally, Ransom said, "Are you not going one of these days to Boston? Are you not going to pay your sister another visit?"

Mrs. Luna stared. "What good will that do *you?* Excuse my stupidity," she added; "of course, it gets me away. Thank you very much!"

"I don't want you to go away; but I want to hear more about Miss Olive."

"Why in the world? You know you loathe her!" Here, before Ransom could reply, Mrs. Luna again overtook herself. "I verily believe that by Miss Olive you mean Miss Verena!" Her eyes charged him a moment with this perverse intention; then she exclaimed, "Basil Ransom, *are* you in love with that creature?"

He gave a perfectly natural laugh, not pleading guilty, in order to practice on Mrs.

Luna, but expressing the simple state of the case. "How should I be? I have seen her but twice in my life."

"If you had seen her more, I shouldn't be afraid! Fancy your wanting to pack me off to Boston!" his hostess went on. "I am in no hurry to stay with Olive again; besides, that girl takes up the whole house. You had better go there yourself."

"I should like nothing better," said Ransom.

"Perhaps you would like me to ask Verena to spend a month with me — it might be a way of attracting you to the house," Adeline went on, in the tone of exuberant provocation.

Ransom was on the point of replying that it would be a better way than any other, but he checked himself in time; he had never yet, even in joke, made so crude, so rude a speech to a lady. You only knew when he was joking with women by his superadded civility. "I beg you to believe there is nothing I would do for any woman in the world that I wouldn't do for you," he said, bending, for the last time, over Mrs. Luna's plump hand.

"I shall remember that and keep you up to it!" she cried after him, as he went. But even with this rather lively exchange of vows he felt that he had got off rather easily. He walked slowly up Fifth Avenue, into which, out of Adeline's cross-street, he had turned, by the light of a fine winter moon; and at every corner he stopped a minute, lingered in meditation, while he exhaled a soft, vague sigh. This was an unconscious, involuntary expression of relief, such as a man might utter who had seen himself on the point of being run over and yet felt that he was whole. He didn't trouble himself much to ask what had saved him; whatever it was, it had produced a reaction, so that he felt rather ashamed of having found his outlook of late so blank. By the time he reached his lodgings, his ambition, his resolution, had rekindled; he had remembered that he formerly supposed he was a man of ability, that nothing particular had occurred to make him doubt it (the evidence was only negative, not positive), and that at any rate he was young enough to have another try. He whistled that night as he went to bed.

XXIII.

THREE weeks afterward he stood in front of Olive Chancellor's house, looking up and down the street and hesitating. He had told Mrs. Luna that he should like nothing better than to make another journey to Boston; and it was not simply because he liked it that he had come. I was on the point of saying that a happy chance had favored him, but it occurs to me that one is under no obligation to call chances by flattering epithets when they have been waited for so long. At any rate, the darkest hour is before the dawn; and a few days after that melancholy evening I have described, which Ransom spent in his German beer-cellar, before a single glass, soon emptied, staring at his future with an unremunerated eye, he found that the world appeared to have need of him yet. The "party," as he would have said (I cannot pretend that his speech was too heroic for that), for whom he had transacted business in Boston so many months before, and who had expressed at the time but a limited appreciation of his services (there had been between the lawyer and his client a divergence of judgment), observing, apparently, that they proved more fruitful than he expected, had reopened the affair and presently requested Ransom to transport himself again to the sister city. His errand demanded more time than before, and for three days he gave it his constant attention. On the fourth he found he was still detained; he should have to wait till the evening — some important papers were to be prepared. He determined to treat the interval as a holiday, and he wondered what one could do in Boston to give one's morning a festive complexion. The weather was brilliant enough to minister to any illusion, and he strolled along the streets, taking it in. In front of the Music Hall and of Tremont Temple he stopped, looking at the posters in the doorway; for was it not possible that Miss Chancellor's little friend might be just then addressing her fellow-citizens? Her name was absent, however, and this resource seemed to mock him. He knew no one in the place but Olive Chancellor, so there was no question of a visit to pay. He was perfectly resolved that he would never go near *her* again; she was doubtless a very superior being, but she had been too rough with him to tempt him further. Politeness, even a largely interpreted "chivalry," required nothing more than he had already done; he had quitted her, the other year, without telling her that she was a vixen, and that reticence was chivalrous enough. There was also Verena Tarrant, of course; he saw no reason to dissemble when he spoke of her to himself, and he allowed himself the entertainment of feeling that he should like very much to see her again. Very likely she wouldn't seem to him the same; the impression she had made upon him was due to some accident of mood or circumstance; and, at any rate, any charm she might have exhibited then had probably been obliterated by the coarsening effect of publicity and the desiccating influence of his kinswoman. It will be

observed that in this reasoning of Basil Ransom's the impression was freely recognized, and recognized as a phenomenon still present. The attraction might have vanished, as he said to himself, but the mental picture of it was yet vivid. The greater the pity that he couldn't call upon Verena (he called her by her name in his thoughts — it was so pretty) without calling upon Olive, and that Olive was so disagreeable as to place that effort beyond his strength. There was another consideration, with Ransom, which eminently belonged to the man: he believed that Miss Chancellor had conceived, in the course of those few hours, and in a manner that formed so absurd a sequel to her having gone out of her way to make his acquaintance, such a dislike to him that it would be odious to her to see him again within her doors; and he would have felt indelicate in taking warrant from her original invitation (before she had seen him) to inflict on her a presence which he had no reason to suppose the lapse of time had made less offensive. She had given him no sign of pardon or penitence in any of the little ways that are familiar to women — by sending him a message through her sister, or even a book, a photograph, a Christmas card, or a newspaper, by the post. He felt, in a word, not at liberty to ring at her door; he didn't know what kind of a fit the sight of his long Mississippian person would give her, and it was characteristic of him that he should wish so to spare the sensibilities of a young lady whom he had not found tender; being ever as willing to let women off easily in the particular case as he was fixed in the belief that the sex in general requires watching.

Nevertheless, he found himself, at the end of half an hour, standing on the only spot in Charles street which had any significance for him. It had occurred to him that if he couldn't call upon Verena without calling upon Olive, he should be exempt from that condition if he called upon Mrs. Tarrant. It was not her mother, truly, who had asked him, it was the girl herself; and he was conscious, as a candid young American, that a mother is always less accessible, more guarded by social prejudice, than a daughter. But he was at a pass in which it was permissible to strain a point, and he took his way in the direction in which he knew that Cambridge lay, remembering that Miss Tarrant's invitation had reference to that quarter, and that Mrs. Luna had given him further evidence. Had she not said that Verena often went back there for visits of several days — that her mother had been ill and she gave her much care? There was nothing inconceivable in her being engaged at that hour (it was getting to be one o'clock) in one of those expeditions — nothing impossible in the chance that he might find her in Cambridge. The chance, at any rate, was worth taking; Cambridge, moreover, was worth seeing, and it was as good a way as another of keeping his holiday. It occurred to him, indeed, that Cambridge was a big place, and that he had no particular address. This reflection overtook him just as he reached Olive's house, which, oddly enough, he was obliged to pass on his way to the mysterious suburb. That is partly why he paused there; he asked himself for a moment why he shouldn't ring the bell and obtain his needed information from the servant, who would be sure to be able to give it to him. He had just dismissed this method, as of questionable taste, when he heard the door of the house open, within the deep embrasure in which, in Charles street, the main portals are set, and which are partly occupied by a flight of steps protected at the bottom by a second door, whose upper half, in either wing, consists of a sheet of glass. It was a minute before he could see who had come out, and in that minute he had time to turn away and then to turn back again, and to wonder which of the two inmates would appear to him, or whether he should behold neither or both.

The person who had issued from the house descended the steps very slowly, as if on purpose to give him time to escape; and when at last the glass doors were divided they disclosed a little old lady. Ransom was disappointed; such an apparition was so scantily to his purpose. But the next minute his spirits rose again, for he was sure that he had seen the little old lady before. She stepped on the sidewalk, and looked vaguely about her, in the manner of a person waiting for an omnibus or a street-car; she had a dingy, loosely-habited air, as if she had worn her clothes for many years, and yet was even now imperfectly acquainted with them; a large, benignant face, caged in by the glass of her spectacles, which seemed to cover it almost equally everywhere, and a fat, rusty satchel, which hung low at her side, as if it wearied her to carry it. This gave Ransom time to recognize her; he knew in Boston no such figure as that save Miss Birdseye. Her party, her person, the exalted account Miss Chancellor gave of her, had kept a very distinct place in his mind; and while she stood there in dim circumspection, she came back to him as a friend of yesterday. His necessity gave a point to the reminiscences she evoked; it took him only a moment to reflect that she would be able to tell him where Verena Tarrant was at that particular time, and where, if need be, her parents lived. Her eyes rested on him, and

as she saw that he was looking at her she didn't go through the ceremony (she had broken so completely with all conventions) of removing them; he evidently represented nothing to her but a sentient fellow-citizen in the enjoyment of his rights, which included that of staring. Miss Birdseye's modesty had never pretended that it was not to be publicly challenged; there were so many bright new motives and ideas in the world that there might even be reasons for looking at her. When Ransom approached her and, raising his hat with a smile, said, "Shall I stop this car for you, Miss Birdseye?" she only looked at him more vaguely, in her complete failure to seize the idea that this might be simply Fame. She had trudged about the streets of Boston for fifty years, and at no period had she received that amount of attention from dark-eyed young men. She glanced, in an unprejudiced way, at the big parti-colored human van which now jingled toward them from out of the Cambridge road. "Well, I should like to get into it, if it will take me home," she answered. "Is this a South End car?"

The vehicle had been stopped by the conductor, on his perceiving Miss Birdseye; he evidently recognized her as a frequent passenger. He went, however, through none of the forms of reassurance beyond remarking, "You want to get right in here — quick," but stood with his hand raised, in a threatening way, to the cord of his signal-bell.

"You must allow me the honor of taking you home, madam; I will tell you who I am," Basil Ransom said, in obedience to a rapid reflection. He helped her into the car, the conductor pressed a fraternal hand upon her back, and in a moment the young man was seated beside her and the jingling had recommenced. At that hour of the day the car was almost empty, and they had it virtually to themselves.

"Well, I know you are some one; I don't think you belong round here," Miss Birdseye declared, as they proceeded.

"I was once at your house — on a very interesting occasion. Do you remember a party you gave, a year ago last October, to which Miss Chancellor came, and another young lady, who made a wonderful speech?"

"Oh, yes! when Verena Tarrant moved us all so! There were a good many there; I don't remember all."

"I was one of them," Basil Ransom said; "I came with Miss Chancellor, who is a kind of relation of mine, and you were very good to me."

"What did I do?" asked Miss Birdseye, candidly. Then, before he could answer her, she recognized him. "I remember you now, and Olive bringing you! You're a Southern gentleman — she told me about you afterwards. You don't approve of our great struggle — you want us to be kept down." The old lady spoke with perfect mildness, as if she had long ago done with passion and resentment. Then she added, "Well, I presume we can't have the sympathy of all."

"Doesn't it look as if you had my sympathy, when I get into a car on purpose to see you home — one of the principal agitators?" Ransom inquired, laughing.

"Did you get in on purpose?"

"Quite on purpose. I am not so bad as Miss Chancellor thinks me."

"Oh, I presume you have your ideas," said Miss Birdseye. "Of course, Southerners have peculiar views. I suppose they retain more than one might think. I hope you won't ride too far — I know my way round Boston."

"Don't object to me, or think me officious," Ransom replied. "I want to ask you something."

Miss Birdseye looked at him again. "Oh, yes, I place you now; you conversed some with Doctor Prance."

"To my great edification!" Ransom exclaimed. "And I hope Doctor Prance is well."

"She looks after every one's health but her own," said Miss Birdseye, smiling. "When I tell her that, she says she hasn't got any to look after. She says she's the only woman in Boston that hasn't got a doctor. She was determined she wouldn't be a patient, and it seemed as if the only way not to be one was to be a doctor. She is trying to make me sleep; that's her principal occupation."

"Is it possible you don't sleep yet?" Ransom asked, almost tenderly.

"Well, just a little. But by the time I get to sleep I have to get up. I can't sleep when I want to live."

"You ought to come down South," the young man suggested. "In that languid air you would doze deliciously!"

"Well, I don't want to be languid," said Miss Birdseye. "Besides, I have been down South, in the old times, and I can't say they let me sleep very much; they were always round after one!"

"Do you mean on account of the negroes?"

"Yes, I couldn't think of anything else then. I carried them the Bible."

Ransom was silent a moment. Then he said, in a tone which evidently was carefully considerate, "I should like to hear all about that!"

"Well, fortunately, we are not required now; we are required for something else."

And Miss Birdseye looked at him with a wandering, tentative humor, as if he would know what she meant.

"You mean for the other slaves!" he exclaimed, with a laugh. "You can carry them all the Bibles you want."

"I want to carry them the Statute-book; that must be our Bible now."

Ransom found himself liking Miss Birdseye very much, and it was quite without hypocrisy or a tinge too much of the local quality in his speech that he said: "Wherever you go, madam, it will matter little what you carry. You will always carry your goodness."

For a minute she made no response. Then she said: "That's the way Olive Chancellor told me you talked."

"I am afraid she has told you little good of me."

"Well, I am sure she thinks she is right."

"Thinks it?" said Ransom. "Why, she knows it with supreme certainty! By the way, I hope she is well."

Miss Birdseye stared again. "Haven't you seen her? Are you not visiting?"

"Oh, no, I am not visiting! I was literally passing her house when I met you."

"Perhaps you live here now," said Miss Birdseye. And when he had corrected this impression, she added, in a tone which showed with what positive confidence he had now inspired her, "Hadn't you better drop in?"

"It would give Miss Chancellor no pleasure," Basil Ransom rejoined. "She regards me as an enemy in the camp."

"Well, she is very brave."

"Precisely. And I am very timid."

"Didn't you fight once?"

"Yes; but it was in such a good cause!"

Ransom meant this allusion to the great Secession, and, by comparison, to the attitude of the resisting male (laudable even as that might be), to be decently jocular; but Miss Birdseye took it very seriously, and sat there for a good while as speechless as if she meant to convey that she had been going on too long now to be able to discuss the propriety of the late rebellion. The young man felt that he had silenced her, and he was very sorry; for, with all deference to the disinterested Southern attitude toward the unprotected female, what he had got into the car with her for was precisely to make her talk. He had wished for general, as well as for particular, news of Verena Tarrant; it was a topic on which he had proposed to draw Miss Birdseye out. He preferred not to broach it himself, and he waited awhile for another opening. At last, when he was on the point of expressing himself by a direct inquiry (he reflected that the exposure would in any case not be long averted), she anticipated him by saying, in a manner which showed that her thoughts had continued in the same train, "I wonder very much that Miss Tarrant didn't affect you that evening!"

"Ah, but she did!" Ransom said, with alacrity. "I thought her very charming!"

"Didn't you think her very reasonable?"

"God forbid, madam! I consider women have no business to be reasonable."

His companion turned upon him, slowly and mildly, and each of her glasses, in her aspect of reproach, had the glitter of an enormous tear. "Do you regard us, then, simply as lovely baubles?"

The effect of this question, as coming from Miss Birdseye, and referring in some degree to her own venerable identity, was such as to move him to irresistible laughter. But he controlled himself quickly enough to say, with genuine expression, "I regard you as the dearest thing in life, the only thing which makes it worth living!"

"Worth living for — you! But for us?" suggested Miss Birdseye.

"It's worth any woman's while to be admired as I admire you. Miss Tarrant, of whom we were speaking, affected me, as you say, in this way, — that I think more highly still, if possible, of the sex which produced such a delightful young lady."

"Well, we think everything of her here," said Miss Birdseye. "It seems as if it were a real gift."

"Does she speak often — is there any chance of my hearing her now?"

"She raises her voice a good deal in the places round — like Framingham and Billerica. It seems as if she were gathering strength, just to break over Boston like a wave. In fact, she did break last summer. She is a growing power since her great success at the convention."

"Ah! her success at the convention was very great?" Ransom inquired, putting discretion into his voice.

Miss Birdseye hesitated a moment, in order to measure her response by the bounds of righteousness. "Well," she said, with the tenderness of a long retrospect, "I have seen nothing like it since I last listened to Eliza P. Moseley."

"What a pity she isn't speaking somewhere to-night!" Ransom exclaimed.

"Oh, to-night she's out in Cambridge. Olive Chancellor mentioned that."

"Is she making a speech there?"

"No; she's visiting her home."

"I thought her home was in Charles street?"

"Well, no; that's her residence — her principal one — since she became so united to

your cousin. Isn't Miss Chancellor your cousin?"

"We don't insist on the relationship," said Ransom, smiling. "Are they very much united, the two young ladies?"

"You would say so if you were to see Miss Chancellor when Verena rises to eloquence. It's as if the chords were strung across her own heart; she seems to vibrate, to echo with every word. It's a very close and very beautiful tie, and we think everything of it here. They will work together for a great good!"

"I hope so," Ransom remarked. "But in spite of it, Miss Tarrant spends a part of her time with her father and mother."

"Yes, she seems to have something for every one. If you were to see her at home, you would think she was all the daughter. She leads a lovely life!" said Miss Birdseye.

"See her at home? That's exactly what I want!" Ransom rejoined, feeling that if he was to come to this he needn't have had scruples at first. "I haven't forgotten that she invited me, when I met her."

"Oh, of course she attracts many visitors," said Miss Birdseye, limiting her encouragement to this statement.

"Yes; she must be used to admirers. And where, in Cambridge, do her family live?"

"Oh, it's on one of those little streets that don't seem to have very much of a name. But they do call it — they do call it ——" she meditated audibly.

This process was interrupted by an abrupt allocution from the conductor. "I guess you change here for *your* place. You want one of them blue cars."

The good lady returned to a sense of the situation, and Ransom helped her out of the vehicle, with the aid, as before, of a certain amount of propulsion from the conductor. Her road branched off to the right, and she had to wait on the corner of a street, there being as yet no blue car within hail. The corner was quiet and the day favorable to patience — a day of relaxed rigor and intense brilliancy. It was as if the touch of the air itself were gloved, and the street-coloring had the richness of a superficial thaw. Ransom, of course, waited with his philanthropic companion, though she now protested more vigorously against the idea that a gentleman from the South should pretend to teach an old abolitionist the mysteries of Boston. He promised to leave her when he should have consigned her to the blue car; and meanwhile they stood in the sun, with their backs against an apothecary's window, and she tried again, at his suggestion, to remember the name of Doctor Tarrant's street. "I guess if you ask for Doctor Tarrant, any one can tell you," she said; and then suddenly the address came to her — the residence of the mesmeric healer was in Monadnoc Place.

"But you'll have to ask for that, so it comes to the same," she went on. After this, she added, with a friendliness more personal, "Ain't you going to see your cousin too?"

"Not if I can help it!"

Miss Birdseye gave a little ineffectual sigh. "Well, I suppose every one must act out their ideal. That's what Olive Chancellor does. She's a very noble character."

"Oh, yes, a grand nature."

"You know their opinions are just the same — hers and Verena's," Miss Birdseye placidly continued. "So why should you make a distinction?"

"My dear madam," said Ransom, "does a woman consist of nothing but her opinions? I like Miss Tarrant's lovely face better, to begin with."

"Well, she *is* pretty-looking." And Miss Birdseye gave another sigh, as if she had had a theory submitted to her — that one about a lady's opinions — which, with all that was unfamiliar and peculiar lying behind it, she was really too old to look into much. It might have been the first time she really felt her age. "There's a blue car," she said, in a tone of mild relief.

"It will be some moments before it gets here. Moreover, I don't believe that at bottom they *are* Miss Tarrant's opinions," Ransom added.

"You mustn't think she hasn't a strong hold of them," his companion exclaimed, more briskly. "If you think she is not sincere, you are very much mistaken. Those views are just her life."

"Well, *she* may bring me round to them," said Ransom, smiling.

Miss Birdseye had been watching her blue car, the advance of which was temporarily obstructed. At this, she transferred her eyes to him, gazing at him solemnly out of the pervasive window of her spectacles. "Well, I shouldn't wonder if she did! Yes, that will be a good thing. I don't see how you can help being a good deal shaken by her. She has acted on so many."

"I see; no doubt she will act on me." Then it occurred to Ransom to add: "By the way, Miss Birdseye, perhaps you will be so kind as not to mention this meeting of ours to my cousin, in case of your seeing her again. I have a perfectly good conscience in not calling upon her, but I shouldn't like her to think that I announced my slighting intention all over the town. I don't want to offend her, and she had better not know that I have been in Boston. If you don't tell her, no one else will."

"Do you wish me to conceal——?" murmured Miss Birdseye, panting a little.

"No, I don't want you to conceal anything. I only want you to let this incident pass—to say nothing."

"Well, I never did anything of that kind."

"Of what kind?" Ransom was half vexed, half touched by her inability to enter into his point of view, and her resistance made him hold to his idea the more. "It is very simple, what I ask of you. You are under no obligation to tell Miss Chancellor everything that happens to you, are you?"

His request seemed still something of a shock to the poor old lady's candor. "Well, I see her very often, and we talk a great deal. And then—won't Verena tell her?"

"I have thought of that—but I hope not."

"She tells her most everything. Their union is so close."

"She won't want her to be wounded," Ransom said, ingeniously.

"Well, you *are* considerate." And Miss Birdseye continued to gaze at him. "It's a pity you can't sympathize."

"As I tell you, perhaps Miss Tarrant will bring me round. You have before you a possible convert," Ransom went on, without, I fear, putting up the least little prayer to heaven that his dishonesty might be forgiven.

"I should be very happy to think that—after I have told you her address in this secret way." A smile of infinite mildness glimmered in Miss Birdseye's face, and she added: "Well, I guess that will be your fate. She *has* affected so many. I would keep very quiet if I thought that. Yes, she will bring you round."

"I will let you know as soon as she does," Basil Ransom said. "Here is your car at last."

"Well, I believe in the victory of the truth. I won't say anything." And she suffered the young man to lead her to the car, which had now stopped at their corner.

"I hope very much I shall see you again," he remarked, as they went.

"Well, I am always round the streets in Boston." And while, lifting and pushing, he was helping again to insert her into the oblong receptacle, she turned a little and repeated, "She *will* affect you! If that's to be your secret, I will keep it," Ransom heard her subjoin. He raised his hat and waved her a farewell, but she didn't see him; she was squeezing further into the car, and making the discovery that this time it was full and there was no seat for her. Surely, however, he said to himself, every man in the place would offer his own to such an innocent old dear.

XXIV.

A LITTLE more than an hour after this he stood in the parlor of Doctor Tarrant's suburban residence, in Monadnoc Place. He had induced a juvenile maid-servant, by an appeal somewhat pathetic, to let the ladies know that he was there; and she had returned, after a long absence, to say that Miss Tarrant would come down to him in a little while. He possessed himself, according to his wont, of the nearest book (it lay on the table, with an old magazine and a little japanned tray containing Tarrant's professional cards—his denomination as a mesmeric healer), and spent ten minutes in turning it over. It was a biography of Mrs. Ada T. P. Foat, the celebrated trance-medium, and was embellished by a portrait representing the lady with a surprised expression and innumerable ringlets. Ransom said to himself, after reading a few pages, that much ridicule had been cast upon Southern literature; but if that was a fair specimen of Northern!—and he threw it back upon the table with almost as contemptuous a gesture as if he had not known perfectly, after so long a residence in the North, that it was not, while he wondered whether this was the sort of thing Miss Tarrant had been brought up on. There was no other book to be seen, and he remembered to have read the magazine; so there was finally nothing for him, as the occupants of the house failed still to appear, but to stare before him, into the bright, bare, common little room, which was so hot that he wished to open a window, and of which an ugly, undraped cross-light seemed to have taken upon itself to reveal the poverty. Ransom, as I have mentioned, had not a high standard of comfort, and noticed little, usually, how people's houses were furnished—it was only when they were very pretty that he observed; but what he saw while he waited at Doctor Tarrant's made him say to himself that it was no wonder Verena liked better to live with Olive Chancellor. He even began to wonder whether it were for the sake of that superior softness she had cultivated Miss Chancellor's favor, and whether Mrs. Luna had been right about her being mercenary and insincere. So many minutes elapsed before she appeared that he had time to remember he really knew nothing to the contrary, as well as to consider the oddity (so great when one did consider it) of his coming out to Cambridge to see her, when he had only a few hours in Boston to spare, a year and a half after she had given him her very casual invitation. She had not refused to receive him, at any rate; she was free to, if it didn't please her. And not only this, but she was apparently making herself

fine in his honor, inasmuch as he heard a rapid footstep move to and fro above his head, and even, through the slightness which in Monadnoc Place did service for an upper floor, the sound of drawers and presses opened and closed. Some one was "flying round," as they said in Mississippi. At last the stairs creaked under a light tread, and the next moment a brilliant person came into the room.

His reminiscence of her had been very pretty; but now that she had developed and matured, the little prophetess was prettier still. Her splendid hair seemed to shine; her cheek and chin had a curve which struck him by its fineness; her eyes and lips were full of smiles and greetings. She had appeared to him before as a creature of brightness, but now she lighted up the place, she irradiated, she made everything that surrounded her of no consequence; dropping upon the shabby sofa with an effect as charming as if she had been a nymph sinking on a leopard-skin, and with the native sweetness of her voice making him listen till she spoke again. It was not long before he perceived that this added luster was simply success; she was young and tender still, but the sound of a great applauding audience had been in her ears — it made an element in which she felt buoyant and floated. Still, however, her glance was as pure as it was direct, and that fantastic fairness hung about her which had made an impression on him of old, and which reminded him of unworldly places — he didn't know where — convent-cloisters or vales of Arcady. At that other time she had been parti-colored and bedizened, and she had always an air of costume, only now her costume was richer and more chastened. It was her line, her condition, part of her expression. If at Miss Birdseye's, and afterwards in Charles street, she might have been a rope-dancer, to-day she made a "scene" of the mean little room in Monadnoc Place, such a scene as a prima donna makes of daubed canvas and dusty boards. She addressed Basil Ransom as if she had seen him the other week, and his merits were fresh to her, though she let him, while she sat smiling at him, explain in his own rather ceremonious way why it was he had presumed to call upon her on so slight an acquaintance — on an invitation which she herself had had more than time to forget. His explanation, as a finished and satisfactory thing, quite broke down; there was no more impressive reason than that he had simply wished to see her. He became aware that this motive loomed large, and that her listening smile, innocent as it was, in the Arcadian manner, of mockery, seemed to accuse him of not having the courage of his inclination. He had alluded especially to their meeting at Miss Chancellor's; there it was that she had told him she should be glad to see him in her home.

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly, and I remember quite as well seeing you at Miss Birdseye's the night before. I made a speech — don't you remember? That was delightful."

"It was delightful, indeed," said Basil Ransom.

"I don't mean my speech; I mean the whole thing. It was then I made Miss Chancellor's acquaintance. I don't know whether you know how we work together. She has done so much for me."

"Do you still make speeches?" Ransom asked, conscious, as soon as he had uttered it, that the question was below the mark.

"Still? Why, I should hope so; it's all I'm good for! It's my life — or it's going to be. And it's Miss Chancellor's too. We are determined to do something."

"And does she make speeches too?"

"Well, she makes mine — or the best part of them. She tells me what to say — the real things, the strong things. It's Miss Chancellor as much as me!" said the singular girl, with a generous complacency which was yet half ludicrous.

"I should like to hear you again," Basil Ransom rejoined.

"Well, you must come some night. You will have plenty of chances. We are going on from triumph to triumph."

Her brightness, her self-possession, her air of being a public character, her mixture of the girlish and the comprehensive, startled and confounded her visitor, who felt that if he had come to gratify his curiosity he should be in danger of going away still more curious than satiated. She added in her gay, friendly, trustful tone, — the tone of facile intercourse, the tone in which happy, flower-crowned maidens may have talked to sunburnt young men in the golden age, — "I am very familiar with your name; Miss Chancellor has told me all about you."

"All about me?" Ransom raised his black eyebrows. "How could she do that? She doesn't know anything about me!"

"Well, she told me you are a great enemy to our movement. Isn't that true? I think you expressed some unfavorable idea that day I met you at her house."

"If you regard me as an enemy, it's very kind of you to receive me."

"Oh, a great many gentlemen call," Verena said, calmly and brightly. "Some call simply to inquire. Some call because they have heard of me, or been present on some occasion when

I have moved them. Every one is so interested."

"And you have been in Europe," Ransom remarked, in a moment.

"Oh, yes, we went over to see if they were in advance. We had a magnificent time—we saw all the leaders."

"The leaders?" Ransom repeated.

"Of the emancipation of our sex. There are gentlemen there, as well as ladies. Olive had splendid introductions in all countries, and we conversed with all the earnest people. We heard much that was suggestive. And as for Europe!"—and the young lady paused, smiling at him and ending in a happy sigh, as if there were more to say on the subject than she could attempt on such short notice.

"I suppose it's very attractive," said Ransom, encouragingly.

"It's just a dream!"

"And did you find that they were in advance?"

"Well, Miss Chancellor thought they were. She was surprised at some things we observed, and concluded that perhaps she hadn't done the Europeans justice; she has got such an open mind, it's as wide as the sea!—while I incline to the opinion that on the whole *we* make the better show. The state of the movement there reflects their general culture, and their general culture is higher than ours (I mean taking the term in its broadest sense). On the other hand, the *special* condition—moral, social, personal—of our sex seems to me to be superior in this country; I mean regarded in relation—in proportion as it were—to the social phase at large. I must add that we did see some noble specimens over there. In England we met some lovely women, highly cultivated, and of immense organizing power. In France we saw some wonderful, contagious types; we passed a delightful evening with the celebrated Marie Verneuil; she was released from prison, you know, only a few weeks before. Our total impression was that it is only a question of time—the future is ours. But everywhere we heard one cry—'How long, O Lord, how long?'"

Basil Ransom listened to this considerable statement with a feeling which, as the current of Miss Tarrant's facile utterance flowed on, took the form of an hilarity charmed into stillness by the fear of losing something. There was indeed a sweet comicality in seeing this pretty girl sit there and, in answer to a casual, civil inquiry, drop into oratory as a natural thing. Had she forgotten where she was, and did she take him for a full house? She had the same turns and cadences, almost the same gestures, as if she had been on the platform; and the great queerness of it was that, with such a manner, she should escape being odious. She was not odious, she was delightful; she was not dogmatic, she was genial. No wonder she was a success, if she speechified as a bird sings! Ransom could see, too, from her easy lapse, how the lecture-tone was the thing in the world with which, by education, by association, she was most familiar. He didn't know what to make of her; she was an astounding young phenomenon. The other time came back to him afresh, and how she had stood up at Miss Birdseye's; it occurred to him that an element, here, had been wanting. Several moments after she had ceased speaking he became conscious that the expression of his face presented a perceptible analogy to a broad grin. He changed his posture, saying the first thing that came into his head. "I presume you do without your father now."

"Without my father?"

"To set you going, as he did that time I heard you."

"Oh, I see; you thought I had begun a lecture!" And she laughed, in perfect good humor. "They tell me I speak as I talk, so I suppose I talk as I speak. But you mustn't put me on what I saw and heard in Europe. That's to be the title of an address I am now preparing, by the way. Yes, I don't depend on father any more," she went on, while Ransom's sense of having said too sarcastic a thing was deepened by her perfect indifference to it. "He finds his patients draw off about enough, any way. But I owe him everything; if it hadn't been for him, no one would ever have known I had a gift—not even myself. He started me so, once for all, that I now go alone."

"You go beautifully," said Ransom, wanting to say something agreeable, and even respectfully tender, to her, but troubled by the fact that there was nothing he could say that didn't sound rather like "chaff." There was no resentment in her, however, for in a moment she said to him, as quickly as it occurred to her, in the manner of a person repairing an accidental omission, "It was very good of you to come so far."

This was a sort of speech it was never safe to make to Ransom; there was no telling what retribution it might entail. "Do you suppose any journey is too great, too wearisome, when it's a question of so great a pleasure?" On this occasion it was not worse than that.

"Well, people *have* come from other cities," Verena answered, not with pretended humility, but with pretended pride. "Do you know Cambridge?"

"This is the first time I have ever been here."

"Well, I suppose you have heard of the college; it's so celebrated."

"Yes — even in Mississippi. I suppose it's very fine."

"I presume it is," said Verena; "but you can't expect me to speak with much admiration of an institution of which the doors are closed to our sex."

"Do you then advocate a system of education in common?"

"I advocate equal rights, equal opportunities, equal privileges. So does Miss Chancellor," Verena added, with just a perceptible air of feeling that her declaration needed support.

"Oh, I thought what she wanted was simply a different inequality — simply to turn out the men altogether," Ransom said.

"Well, she thinks we have great arrears to make up. I do tell her, sometimes, that what she desires is not only justice but vengeance. I think she admits that," Verena continued, with a certain solemnity. The subject, however, held her but an instant, and before Ransom had time to make any comment, she went on, in a different tone: "You don't mean to say you live in Mississippi *now?* Miss Chancellor told me when you were in Boston before, that you had located in New York." She persevered in this reference to himself, for when he had assented to her remark about New York she asked him whether he had quite given up the South.

"Given it up — the poor, dear, desolate old South! Heaven forbid!" Basil Ransom exclaimed.

She looked at him for a moment with an added softness. "I presume it is natural you should love your home. But I am afraid you think I don't love mine much; I have been here — for so long — so little. Miss Chancellor *has* absorbed me — there is no doubt about that. But it's a pity I wasn't with her to-day." Ransom made no answer to this; he was incapable of telling Miss Tarrant that if she had been he would not have called upon her. It was not, indeed, that he was not incapable of hypocrisy, for when she had asked him if he had seen his cousin the night before, and he had replied that he hadn't seen her at all, and she had exclaimed, with a candor which, the next minute, made her blush, "Ah, you don't mean to say you haven't forgiven her!" — after this, I say, he put on a look of innocence sufficient to carry off the inquiry, "Forgiven her for what?"

Verena colored at the sound of her own words. "Well, I could see how much she felt that time at her house."

"What did she feel?" Basil Ransom asked with the natural provokingness of a man.

I know not whether Verena was provoked, but she answered with more spirit than sequence. "Well, you know you *did* pour contempt on us, ever so much; I could see how it worked Olive up. Are you not going to see her at all?"

"Well, I shall think about that; I am here only for three or four days," said Ransom, smiling as men smile when they are perfectly unsatisfactory (through being, perhaps, in the right).

It is very possible that Verena *was* a little provoked, inaccessible as she was, in a general way, to irritation; for she rejoined in a moment, with a little deliberate air: "Well, perhaps it's as well you shouldn't go, if you haven't changed at all."

"I haven't changed at all," said the young man, smiling still, with his elbows on the arms of his chair, his shoulders pushed up a little, and his thin brown hands interlocked in front of him.

"Well, I have had visitors who were quite opposed!" Verena announced, as if such news could not possibly alarm her. Then she added, "How then did you know I was out here?"

"Miss Birdseye told me."

"Oh, I am so glad you went to see *her!*" the girl cried, speaking again with the impetuosity of a moment before.

"I didn't go to see her. I met her in the street, just as she was leaving Miss Chancellor's door. I spoke to her, and accompanied her some distance. I passed that way because I knew it was the direct way to Cambridge — from the Common — and I was coming out to see you any way — on the chance."

"On the chance?" Verena repeated.

"Yes; Mrs. Luna, in New York, told me you were sometimes here, and I wanted, at any rate, to make the attempt to find you."

It may be communicated to the reader that it was very agreeable to Verena to learn that her visitor had made this arduous pilgrimage (for she knew well enough how people in Boston regarded a winter journey to the academic suburb) with only half the prospect of a reward; but her pleasure was mixed with other feelings, or at least with the consciousness that the whole situation was rather less simple than the elements of her life had been hitherto. There was the germ of disorder in this invidious distinction which Mr. Ransom had suddenly made between Olive Chancellor, who was related to him by blood, and herself, who had never been related to him in any way whatever. She knew Olive by this time well enough to wish not to reveal it to her, and yet it would be something quite new for her to undertake to conceal such an incident as her having spent an hour with Mr. Ransom, during a flying visit he had made to Boston. She had spent hours with other gentlemen, whom Olive didn't see; but that was different, because her friend knew about her doing it

and didn't care, in regard to the persons — didn't care, that is, as she would care in this case. It was vivid to Verena's mind that now Olive *would* care. She had talked about Mr. Burrage, and Mr. Pardon, and even about some gentlemen in Europe, and she had not (after the first few days, a year and a half before) talked about Mr. Ransom.

Nevertheless there were reasons, clear to Verena's view, for wishing either that he would go and see Olive or would keep away from *her;* and the responsibility of treating the fact that he had not so kept away as a secret seemed the greater, perhaps, in the light of this other fact, that so far as simply seeing Mr. Ransom went — why, she quite liked it. She had remembered him perfectly after their two former meetings, superficial as their contact then had been; she had thought of him at moments, and wondered whether she should like him if she were to know him better. Now, at the end of twenty minutes, she did know him better, and found that he had a rather curious, but still a pleasant way. There he was, at any rate, and she didn't wish his call to be spoiled by any uncomfortable implication of consequences. So she glanced off, at the touch of Mrs. Luna's name; it seemed to afford relief. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Luna — isn't she fascinating?"

Ransom hesitated a little. "Well, no, I don't think she is."

"You ought to like her — she hates our movement!" And Verena asked, further, numerous questions about the brilliant Adeline; whether he saw her often, whether she went out much, whether she was admired in New York, whether he thought her very handsome. He answered to the best of his ability, but soon made the reflection that he had not come out to Monadnoc Place to talk about Mrs. Luna; in consequence of which, to change the subject (as well as to acquit himself of a social duty), he began to speak of Verena's parents, to express regret that Mrs. Tarrant had been sick and fear that he was not to have the pleasure of seeing her. "She is a great deal better," Verena said; "but she's lying down; she lies down a great deal when she has got nothing else to do. Mother's very peculiar," she added in a moment; "she lies down when she feels well and happy, and when she's sick she walks about — she roams all round the house. If you hear her on the stairs a good deal, you can be pretty sure she's very bad. She'll be very much interested to hear about you after you have left."

Ransom glanced at his watch. "I hope I am not staying too long — that I am not taking you away from her."

"Oh, no; she likes visitors, even when she can't see them. If it didn't take her so long to rise, she would have been down here by this time. I suppose you think she has missed me, since I have been so absorbed. Well, so she has, but she knows it's for my good. She would make any sacrifice for affection."

The fancy suddenly struck Ransom of asking, in response to this, "And you? would you make any?"

Verena gave him a bright natural stare. "Any sacrifice for affection?" She thought a moment, and then she said: "I don't think I have a right to say, because I have never been asked. I don't remember ever to have had to make a sacrifice — not an important one."

"Lord! you must have had a happy life!"

"I have been very fortunate, I know that. I don't know what to do when I think how some women — how most women — suffer. But I must not speak of that," she went on, with her smile coming back to her. "If you oppose our movement, you won't want to hear of the suffering of women!"

"The suffering of women is the suffering of all humanity," Ransom returned. "Do you think any movement is going to stop that — or all the lectures from now to doomsday? We are born to suffer — and to bear it, like decent people."

"Oh, I adore heroism!" Verena interposed.

"And as for women," Ransom went on, "they have one source of happiness that is closed to *us* — the consciousness that their presence here below lifts half the load of our suffering."

Verena thought this very graceful, but she was not sure it was not rather sophistical; she would have liked to have Olive's judgment upon it. As that was not possible for the present, she abandoned the question (since learning that Mr. Ransom had passed over Olive, to come to her, she had become rather fidgety), and inquired of the young man, irrelevantly, whether he knew any one else in Cambridge.

"Not a creature; as I tell you, I have never been here before. Your image alone attracted me; this charming interview will be henceforth my only association with the place."

"It's a pity you couldn't have a few more," said Verena, musingly.

"A few more interviews? I should be unspeakably delighted!"

"A few more associations. Did you see the colleges as you came?"

"I had a glimpse of a large inclosure, with some big buildings. Perhaps I can look at them better as I go back to Boston."

"Oh, yes, you ought to see them — they have improved so much of late. The inner life, of course, is the greatest interest, but there is some fine architecture, if you are not familiar with Europe." She paused a moment,

looking at him with an eye that seemed to brighten, and continued quickly, like a person who had collected herself for a little jump, "If you would like to walk round a little, I shall be very glad to show you."

"To walk round — with you to show me?" Ransom repeated. "My dear Miss Tarrant, it would be the greatest privilege — the greatest happiness — of my life. What a delightful idea — what an ideal guide!"

Verena got up; she would go and put on her hat; he must wait a little. Her offer had a frankness and friendliness which gave him a new sensation, and he could not know that as soon as she had made it (though she had hesitated too, with a moment of intense reflection), she seemed to herself strangely reckless. An impulse pushed her; she obeyed it with her eyes open. She felt as a girl feels when she commits her first conscious indiscretion. She had done many things before which many people would have called indiscreet, but that quality had not even faintly belonged to them in her own mind; she had done them in perfect good faith, and with a remarkable absence of palpitation. This superficially ingenuous proposal to walk around the colleges with Mr. Ransom had really another color: it deepened the ambiguity of her position, by reason of a prevision (in her own heart) which I shall presently mention. If Olive was not to know that she had seen him, this extension of their interview would double her secret. And yet, while she saw it grow — this monstrous little mystery — she couldn't feel sorry that she was going out with Olive's cousin. As I have already said, she had become nervous. She went to put on her hat, but at the door of the room she stopped, turned round, and presented herself to her visitor with a small spot in either cheek, which had appeared there within the instant. "I have suggested this, because it seems to me I ought to do something for you — in return," she said. "It's nothing, simply sitting there with me. And we haven't got anything else. This is our only hospitality. And the day seems so splendid."

The modesty the sweetness, of this little explanation, with a kind of intimated desire, constituting almost an appeal, for rightness, which seemed to pervade it, left a fragrance in the air after she had vanished. Ransom walked up and down the room, with his hands in his pockets, under the influence of it, without taking up even once the book about Mrs. Ada Foat. He occupied the time in asking himself by what perversity of fate or of inclination such a charming creature was ranting upon platforms and living in Olive Chancellor's pocket, or how a ranter and sycophant could possibly be so engaging. And she was so ridiculously beautiful, too. This last fact was not less evident when she came down arranged for their walk. They left the house, and as they proceeded he remembered that he had asked himself earlier how he could do honor to such a combination of leisure and ethereal mildness as he had waked up to that morning — a mildness that seemed the very breath of his own latitude. This question was answered now; to do exactly what he was doing at that moment was an observance sufficiently festive.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

TIDES.

THROUGH the still dusk how sighs the ebb-tide out,
Reluctant for the reed-beds! Down the sands
It washes. Hark! Beyond the wan gray strand's
Low limits how the winding channels grieve,
Aware the evasive waters soon will leave
Them void amid the waste of desolate lands,
Where shadowless to the sky the marsh expands,
And the noon-heats must scar them, and the drought!

Yet soon for them the solacing tide returns
To quench their thirst of longing. Ah, not so
Works the stern law our tides of life obey!
Ebbing in the night-watches swift away,
Scarce known ere fled forever is the flow;
And in parched channel still the shrunk stream mourns.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

A STORY WITH A HERO.

HALE sat in his upper room busily writing. It was late afternoon, and growing dusk in the streets, though light enough up here. The door opened, and he looked up and saw his friend little Bantry coming in.

There was always something ludicrous in Bantry's gait and appearance: his clothes were fine and well made, but his hat was usually pushed back, his coat sagging off one shoulder, one glove half on, with the fingers sticking awry; in brief, he had the air of being a general misfit. But you perceived that one reason for this was that he did not trouble himself much about his clothes, and you quickly discovered that he was no simpleton, but a handy, serviceable, self-contained fellow. Now he looked more awry than ever before.

Bantry's father had been a successful inventor, and had made a fortune, to which Bantry was heir. He inherited also a passion for mechanics, of which he made a regular pursuit. Hale liked to hear him talk about his hobby, went sometimes to see him in his private workshop, and admired his experiments and inventions. And Bantry found so little intelligent appreciation of his work, outside of cut-and-dried machinists, that he valued Hale's interest extremely. Beyond that, he admired Hale's cleverness in other things, and showed a real fondness for him, which Hale returned in his own lighter way. They had been in the navy together toward the end of the war, Hale as assistant surgeon and Bantry as engineer, in the same ship.

Bantry had lately come to care more for one thing than for mechanics, and that was a friend of Hale's named Ethel Starr. He had made her more intimate acquaintance during a long recent absence of Hale's, and since his return Bantry had not found it nearly as pleasant as before and had not grown fonder of Hale. The relation of firmly rooted regard and confidence which he observed between Ethel and Hale stopped the flow of a certain eccentric humor which had pleased Ethel in him, and turned him serious when with her, which naturally did not advance him in her favor; and thereupon he became still more serious. In fact, when he looked back at this time afterward, he seemed to himself to have been a little out of his head.

He had been brooding now over an idea until he had worked himself up to a dangerous pitch of excitement that gave him a drunken look as he came in upon Hale. Hale glanced up at him curiously, but only said:

"Oh, you, Bantry? Sit down a minute."

He went on with his work, and Bantry stood opposite, across the table, till he looked up and met his stare with curious inquiry. Then Bantry broke out with an incoherent tirade, intended to convey the information that he was in very deep water about some one whom it was unnecessary to name; that he had kept his footing very well as long as Hale staid away; that Hale's long-standing friendship gave him an assured position which, in addition to his natural superiority of gifts, put Bantry at an unfair disadvantage; that it was a life-and-death matter with him, and could not possibly be of equal importance to Hale, or he would have long ago decided it, one way or the other; and, in short, that he wanted Hale to stand aside awhile and give him a fair chance.

When Bantry had made an end of his muddled exposition of that modest demand, Hale sat staring a moment, then put down his head and laughed. At that Bantry became thoroughly desperate. He turned ghastly white; his teeth rattled in his head; he supported himself with one hand on the table, drew out a pistol, and said, as well as his violent trembling would let him, that if Hale laughed at him again he would kill him, and that he must have his promise before he went out of there. Hale saw then it was no laughing matter, but he answered, calmly:

"Bantry, you don't know what you're about. What would you do if a man came up to your place and made such a proposition to you?"

And Bantry looked at him fixedly a minute or two, then replied:

"I'd tell him to shoot."

"Well," Hale said, and sat still.

Bantry faced him awhile, leaning sidewise on the table; then he threw down the pistol, dropped into a chair, covered his face, and sat doubled up in a ridiculous attitude, that was so much more than ridiculous that Hale presently rose, locked the revolver in a drawer, came round and sat down near him, and waited without touching or speaking to him. It was a good while before Bantry looked up into Hale's face, as grave if not so disturbed as his own.

"See here, Bantry," Hale said, his dry, even voice betraying his effort at self-control,

"you and I are in the same boat. That seems a singular reason for quarreling when you think of it; and it sounds rather strange to me to hear you talk of my having the advantage. If I had had anything to offer her, I suppose I should have taken my chance long before now, as you say. That's what I'm working for."

Bantry regarded him steadily.

"I'll sign over every dollar I've got to you if you'll go away again for three months," he said.

Hale took no notice of the words. After a silence he continued in his former even, unnatural voice:

"You say it is a matter of life and death with you; with me it is a matter of all eternity. It goes down into the roots of my life, and is one of the principal things that make me believe in immortality; I can't feel that that can ever change or cease. It makes me very patient; I think I could wait a thousand years. But all the same I want no odds and will take no advantage; I will keep my side of the road and you can keep yours. I know she likes you; I have heard her speak of you very pleasantly."

He spoke like one talking in his sleep, as if his eyes were turned inward; and his words expressed rather a habit of determined conscientiousness and remembered thoughts than his real present feeling, which was one of intense distaste. He had not liked those pleasant words of hers about Bantry, and his hot feeling toward them came back now; but at the same time another self had contemned that aversion as a brutish instinct, and now again his pride trod it under foot.

"Let us shake hands on it, Bantry," he said, as he stood up. "You and I have got a rough piece of country to cross together: let's try to do it like gentlemen, and not like jockeys. I know you're an honest fellow, and I believe you've found me well-meaning. Don't let us easily let go of that settled conviction for a momentary and passionate prejudice."

He rested his hand on the little fellow's shoulder as they went down the stairs together, and shook his hand hard at parting, a twinge of pity combating with a sterner feeling in him and adding vigor to his grip.

That night, and more nights and days, Hale spent in an inward battle without result. He had never so longed to be with Ethel, yet he found he could not go. Without thinking it, Bantry had made his point, in spite of himself and his apparent discomfiture. Into the refuge of calm and pure light where Hale had hitherto found recourse from the tumult and obscurity of the world was suddenly thrown an element of darkness and disturbance more vexing than the world's. He had silenced Bantry indeed, and put him to confusion, but in that very fact lay concealed the force of Bantry's argument, of which Bantry had himself lost track. Hale *had* the advantage of him: mentally and physically he was the better man. It was far from vanity with which he acknowledged it; now and again with a flash of rage he wished to heaven that Bantry was big and strong, so that he might defy and disregard him. Paradoxically, in Hale's thought Bantry came thus to have the advantage by being at a disadvantage; and perceiving this, Hale was tempted to give the paradox another turn and take to himself the benefit of being at the disadvantage; but he could not keep his clear brain from seeing that that was only recommencing the original process, and that it would immediately take one more turn of itself, like the loaded toys that always come the same side up again when you take off your hand. Honor, he found, was a bond which the thought of Ethel only riveted more securely.

He had been very well content hitherto with the relation of intimate confidence which had grown up between them, and which was none the less assured for its air of being lightly held; and he had worked away and bided his time, happy in the present and taking little counsel of the future.

He wondered now at his preoccupied blindness, and wished vehemently that he had made sure. He saw too clearly that that stage of the journey was behind for good and all; he knew that this great eagerness to be with her that came over him made an end for the present of all lightness in his relation to her. He felt that the tenderness which set him quivering at the thought of her could not be kept from showing through any pretense he might put on; yet to show her that now, before he had intended, would be to take advantage of Bantry's weakness to be before him with her, and to do that would be an odious meanness not to be entertained. He could neither go forward nor backward; at times a sudden fury overcame him to break through the metaphysical web that held him as sharply as a net-work of wires.

He could come to no other decision than the negative one of staying away, until fate decided for him by making it impossible to stay longer without equal misconstruction; then he went without having arrived at any consistent theory of conduct, and acted inconsistently by logical consequence, in a way that puzzled Ethel and vexed himself. He met Bantry there sometimes and treated him with somewhat excessive cordiality, coming away

laughingly, and leaving him there when he could, and when he could not, foiling Bantry's attempts to reciprocate by insisting on walking home with him, chaffing as they went with a joviality which was not forced on his part, but was not enjoyed by either.

Soon afterward Hale's friend, Lieutenant Lansing, made his appearance in town one day. He was a great, hearty fellow, looking down upon tall Hale, and broad in proportion, which Hale was not. He was under orders for the Arctic in the *Viking*, which was fitting out at this port. Hale found himself extremely glad to see his burly shipmate, and his jovial sea-talk dissipated a morbidness that Hale now saw had crept over him. Lansing was a distant connection of Ethel's, as it happened, and a family party of them made a day of it, near the end of the lieutenant's time, down at Surf Beach. Lansing took Hale with him; and in his hearty friend's and other good company, Hale broke through the vapors that had settled about him and was like his bright self again. But in the afternoon, as he was giving and taking his share of the gay banter, he caught sight suddenly, through the circling throng, of a face that made him feel as if he had found himself laughing at a funeral. He broke away and ran in pursuit, missed him, saw him, lost him again, and came on him unexpectedly face to face.

"Halloo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?" he laughed out, catching him in his arms as he nearly ran over him. "I'm racing all over after you, Bantry; come up here and see Lansing; he was asking about you yesterday."

And he dragged him almost by main force into the midst of the company, and set Lansing to telling how neither he nor Hale would probably have been of this or any other party that day but for Bantry's bravery one perilous time on shipboard. Lansing put the little fellow to confusion by pointing out the marks of the scalding he had got; but Bantry protested, rather ungraciously, that he could not have done less without risk of being disgraced and cashiered, and, in short, did not add to the general hilarity.

That evening Lansing called on Hale in a sober humor, and after some random talk told him about a young lady he expected to marry some day.

"That makes it a little tough to go off up there," he said. "I believe you haven't any anchorage of that kind, Hale." Then he added abruptly, "By Jove, Hale, I wish you were coming with us! Dr. Cass has begged off on account of his wife's sickness, and I can get you his berth if you say the word."

Hale did not answer, but walked down to the river with him and promised to come and bid him good-bye on board. Then, instead of going home, he strolled out into the country, full of troubled thoughts, past the Starr place; and by and by came back by another road and a cross lane which skirted the grounds about the Starr homestead.

It was late, but bright moonlight. The place was very quiet; through the trees he saw a light in an upper room, and stood a little, fancying her there. As he passed along slowly afterward, he suddenly turned his head and saw Ethel standing in a walk a little way off, where the moon shone full upon her, with her hand resting on the head of a large black dog. They stood quite motionless, both looking toward him. All was so still; the white sheen, illumining her face, her light hair and dress, gave her such a spectral look that Hale did not move till she softly spoke his name. Then he crossed the low fence and came and stood beside her.

"It is so beautiful," she said, "that I could not stay indoors. I was thinking just now that the peace and purity of heaven must be something like this."

As she looked up at him gently, he thought her not an unfit type of the denizens of that better country. Her calm, sweet tones were like balm to his sore brain. A strong impulse to tell her then all he thought and felt for her swayed him to the verge of self-control, but a hateful under-current of consciousness restrained him, and he strove to answer lightly.

"I was thinking something like that myself, as I looked in here from without. It was so still and seemed such a very possible paradise — all but Niger here — that I doubted if it was real till you spoke. I hardly suppose you believe good dogs go there?"

He spoke softly, and, though he smiled, his humor was very slight.

"I don't know," she answered thoughtfully, and looked down at the fine creature, that gazed up fondly at her.

"Good boy! good boy!" Hale said.

He patted the dog's head, and his hand touched Ethel's lying there. An overpowering wave of passion flowed over him. He was silent, looking down at her, till she looked up slowly to his face. Entire self-restraint then became an impossible thing. He laid his hand upon hers.

"Ethel," he said, "suppose you had come to heaven's gate and looked in, and yet knew that if you gained entrance there another at your side must be shut out, could you ask admittance?"

She looked at him earnestly; he felt her hand tremble, and she answered unsteadily:

"No, I don't see how I could."

He stood perfectly still, her answer filled him with so much to say; her answer set a seal upon his speech. He could not move lip or foot. He heard across the world the billows break and thunder round some lonely isle of palms; felt the sick-hearted longing of the castaway. Then a whip-poor-will began to call and call among the hills, filling the night with its piercing-sweet complaint. They stood and listened, till it ceased and left them quivering.

Still neither spoke. Slowly they moved along, the great dog pacing noiselessly between them. At a point where the walk diverged toward the gate and the house, they stopped and stood a little while. Hale turned away, turned back, made as if to speak, but only gave a look and twist of the lips, bent down and pressed his face on the dog's head where lay her hand, rose up, and went away. From the gate he looked back, and saw her standing spectral in the moonlight, as at first; then he plunged into the shadow of the trees along the road. Leaning at her window a few minutes afterward, Ethel heard loud and riotous laughter that jarred harshly on her humor and made her wonder at the hardened reveler that could profane the peace and beauty of so sweet a world.

As Hale came down the road he caught sight of some one prowling in the shadows; and thinking no one would be lurking there for any good at that hour, he lay in wait and then confronted the prowler, so suddenly that they laid hold of one another. The stranger was a small man; he struggled violently, called Hale by name, and excitedly bade him let him go.

"Bantry, by Time!" Hale exclaimed.

And Bantry cursed him and commanded him to take his hands off. But Hale held him still a minute by main force, looking down at him fixedly, then broke out into that riotous laughter, flung him off suddenly and ran, laughing loud and harshly, down the road.

He did not go home; afterward he could not remember just where he wandered the rest of the night; but in the early morning he came down to the river, and as soon as he could got himself rowed off to the *Viking* and into the presence of the lieutenant.

"Lansing," he said, "I'll come with you if you'll get me the place."

The *Viking* sailed very soon after, and passed two winters in the ice. Late in the third season she got into open water, lost her masts, and had her engines damaged in a storm. She was driven into a land-locked harbor and got fast in the ice again. Efforts to set her clear were again and again defeated; and when they were at last successful, the patched-up machinery broke down worse than before. The men who could have repaired the damage were dead or disabled. In spite of the greatest exertions, the ship was caught in the ice once more. An attempt was then made to escape southward by the boats, but it quickly became evident that it was too late, and that the only hope lay in returning and standing by the ship. So they turned back with what heart they could muster. The officers put on a brave face, but the shadow of a third arctic night lay heavy upon all their hearts. Their numbers were already reduced and the sick-list was alarmingly large. But they went to work like brave men to make a good fight.

Lieutenant Lansing had set a worthy example all through the cruise. Every man knew that he asked no one to go where he would not go himself; and now he did double duty in the preparations for the ordeal ahead. But one day he took sick and went below. Then Hale felt that the ground was going from under them; if the lieutenant dropped out, he said to himself, he could not feel much assurance for the future. Hale had held an even, steadfast course, friendly with nearly every one, but keeping his own reserves; and he had the confidence of all. He did what was needed for the lieutenant, and before leaving him at night spoke to him very plainly.

"There is nothing in particular the matter with you; you're tired, and that's about all; this little trouble will be all right to-morrow. Lieutenant Lansing, the fate of this ship depends upon you; you can't go from under it. It is a mere matter of will; you can get up in the morning, and you must."

"Oh, that's all very fine, Hale," the lieutenant broke out petulantly. "Don't preach to me to-night; let me be weak once in a way, can't you? Hang it, I *am* tired — I'm tired of carrying this ship on my back and pretending to enjoy it. Hale, it's no joke to die like a rat here in this dashed hole. You don't seem to care; you're a kind of Socrates, I think, and life or death seems all one to you. I don't think you know what it means to us common fellows; may be it's because you haven't the same ties to life. See here, Hale, there is a girl down there in Pennsylvania that I was to marry when I got back." And he turned away his face.

Now, they all had long known about the lieutenant's Pennsylvania affair. Hale sat so still, then, that after a while the lieutenant turned back and eyed him curiously. Hale lifted his head and took a worn, sealed letter from his pocket, and showed the address to his friend, who took it and read:

"Miss Ethel Starr, Care of Lieutenant Henry Lansing."

"I had it ready to give to you," Hale said, "in case of separation, when you thought of trying it in two parties."

Lansing lay and looked at the letter and then at him. Finally he asked:

"Are you engaged?"

"No, I only know how it is on one side."

"You came away without asking? I can't understand that."

"That was why I came; I couldn't help asking if I staid."

He forgot Lansing then for a while, and the horrible waste of ice about their prison-house turned in his thought to a moonlit garden under whispering trees, where all sweetness breathed, and from the hills a whip-poor-will sang piercing-sweet.

But Lansing persisted, "Hale, what do you mean?"

"There was another fellow," Hale replied.

"That was a rather strange reason, wasn't it?" Lansing asked presently.

"He was a little fellow, and my friend."

Lansing lay looking at him, and after a while Hale continued:

"I was out on the ice alone yesterday, and you know it's a pretty miserable look-out there, but it occurred to me that if a certain person were going to spend the winter here, and there wasn't another soul in the arctic zone, I shouldn't care to go south."

"O my God, Hale, you make me ashamed!" Lansing cried out. "I'll get up right away."

But Hale ordered him to go to sleep and lie still till he should see him in the morning. The next day Lieutenant Lansing came on deck quite gayly and put new heart into the whole ship's company, although he was not very steady on his legs for a day or two, as they saw by his taking any opportunity to lean on his friend the doctor, laying his arm across his shoulders as they walked the deck together.

Most of the party found it quite lonely enough at the ship, but Hale had always felt the need of getting away by himself for an hour when he could; and even now, when the solitude took on a new dread that drew them all closer to one another, he would steal away with his gun and take a turn of a mile or so upon the ice. One day he was out, and had gone farther than usual in pursuit of some game. He turned at last, and a moment afterward heard quite distinctly the report of a gun in the opposite direction from the ship. Nothing more startling could have come to him than a shot from that quarter, and it set him trembling as if the cold had suddenly struck through him. Then he began to doubt his hearing and fired himself. In a moment the distant report came again unmistakably. It took away his breath. He fired again, and again came the replying shot. He pushed on toward it, and by and by discovered a dog-team and sledge coming up from the south-west.

He advanced to meet it, and presently made out that there was only one man with the sledge. It came close and then stopped. The driver was a small man, and though his outlandish dress was a pretty thorough disguise, nothing could conceal that peculiar shouldering carriage, the sight of which filled Hale's throat and blinded his eyes. It was Bantry. Hale gave a shout and took him in his arms, and the two men clung to one another and cried, alone there in the midst of that awful desolation. A locked-up store of homesick longing broke out in Hale, and mingled with a great unmixed tenderness toward the little fellow, as a piece of that home for which he so yearned. And when he could speak, Hale cried out:

"O Bantry, what are you doing here?"

And Bantry answered, "I've come to bring you back."

Later it was learned that an expedition had been fitted out, largely at Bantry's instigation and expense, to go in search of the *Viking;* that Bantry had volunteered as engineer in the *Relief;* that they had found no trace of the missing ship until late in the season, when an exploring party came upon a record which described the position of the *Viking* when abandoned and the plans of her people in returning to her. But the officers of the *Relief* concluded from the sudden closing of the season that it was hopeless to pursue the search then, and that it was their duty to get the *Relief* out of her dangerous position while it was yet possible. Then Bantry had taken the risk and started northward alone. He well understood that his solitary journey of a hundred and fifty miles, with the chance of finding the ship gone if he succeeded in reaching the spot, was a desperate venture likely to have a most miserable ending, and he deliberately took the chance.

Hale knew nothing of all this then. He looked searchingly in Bantry's face and continued to question him.

"Where did you come from?"

"From home."

"But how did you get here?"

"I followed the directions you left at Point Kane."

"You came from Point Kane alone?"

"Yes, with the dogs."

"And suppose you had missed us? Don't you know it was a hundred to one that you'd starve or be frozen?"

"That wouldn't have mattered much if I hadn't found you. I couldn't go back without you."

They fell apart a little, and Hale wheeled half round and back. Then he grasped Bantry firmly and commanded:

"Bantry, tell me now; I can't wait."

Bantry's jaw fell and shut again, and he swayed in Hale's strong hold.

"Oh, she is all right," he broke out. "I was a fool; I saw it as soon as I heard you were gone. I went and spoke to her about it, and she asked me if I knew you were going, and I told her no; but she looked through and through me, and I had to tell her the whole truth. Then she turned her back on me, and afterward, though she tried to be kind, I seemed always to see her face turned away." He stopped and coughed hard. "Finally I couldn't bear it any longer, and there was only one thing to do; so I came to bring you back, that's all."

Hale saw that he could not have gone much farther then. He packed him on the sledge and got him to the ship, where his arrival caused naturally no little sensation. When he had done all he could for him and left him asleep, Hale satisfied the curiosity of his wondering comrades in a general way; but Lieutenant Lansing called him aside and asked him what it all meant. And Hale replied simply:

"Bantry's the other fellow."

The lieutenant asked no more questions, but looked down on Hale a minute or two and then commented:

"Well, it's my opinion that we ought to pull out of this yet." And he walked with Hale awhile, with his arm across his shoulders as before, though Hale did not look the stronger fellow then.

Rest and Hale's constant care soon set Bantry on his feet again. Then Hale said to him:

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake, Bantry, and only got yourself into the same trap with the rest of us."

"No, I haven't made any mistake this time," he replied. "If you're in a trap, that's where I belong. But it's about time for me to see after your machinery."

So he went below, found out the trouble, and had all the help they could give him to clear away and get to work on the damaged parts. The first night he reported a fair prospect of success. The following morning a heavy gale was blowing, and by evening Lieutenant Lansing sent for Bantry and asked him how long it would probably take him, saying there were appearances that if the gale held long enough there might be a break-up of the ice. Bantry called for fresh lights below and certain men to be detailed to aid him; and he went to work again after a very brief rest and kept at it nearly all night.

They were in great danger from the grinding of the ice in the days following, and for some time were in constant expectation that the ship would be crushed by the pressure and destroyed, but Bantry paid no heed. There was another bare possibility for which it was his business to prepare; and with the briefest intervals of rest, he worked away at his repairs as best he could.

Sure enough, the contingency for which Bantry was preparing came to pass. One night to their great joy the ice near them broke up and began moving with the wind. And when, with much difficulty, the officers and crew at last succeeded in getting the ship afloat, Bantry had got up steam, and he started the engines. Then with unspeakable thankfulness they saw their dismantled vessel get under motion, answer to her helm, and go thrusting her way slowly among the floes.

They had many delays and disheartenings, were cut off and caught fast more than once, but always succeeded in getting free again. The repaired engines worked steadily under Bantry's watchful supervision; and to be brief, they finally got clear of the ice just in time and pushed southward through open water, with what gratitude to the queer little engineer may be imagined. Every man in the ship felt as if Bantry had brought them out of the very grave, for without steam they knew well that their present escape would have been impossible, and they were ill prepared to face another winter and the chances of a succeeding summer.

The homeward voyage was a long one, the weakened engines being unable to carry much pressure and the coal soon giving out; but as long as it lasted such was Bantry's eagerness that Hale had to ask Lieutenant Lansing to compel him to take necessary rest and have some regard to his health. Hale kept a sharp watch upon him and did everything he could for his welfare, and Bantry manifested more than ever of his old dog-like attachment for Hale, seeming never to like to have him out of his sight. Hale was more than willing to humor him in this and spent as much of his time as he could in Bantry's company, talking with him interminably of all sorts of home subjects except the one of which both thought most. Of that they never spoke.

Finally the voyage came to an end, as the longest voyage must, and the battered *Viking* anchored at last in the nearest home port.

On the morning after their arrival the papers blazoned over the land the return of the Arctic steamer *Viking*, which had almost been given up for lost; displayed her adventures, perils, deaths, discoveries, and scientific results, her disasters and final rescue by the unexampled and romantic self-devotion of Engineer

Bantry of the *Relief*. Every officer in the ship had been interviewed, and all had the same story to tell of admiration and great friendliness toward their deliverer from death, as they all declared Bantry to be in their various ways. Bantry was the name at the beginning, middle, and end of all the staring, head-lined reports. It was added that a perfect ovation had been tendered him on board by the whole ship's company, but that he had with characteristic modesty withdrawn as soon as possible and made haste to hide himself from the gaze of an applauding world, in company with the much-loved comrade for whose sake he had outdone the far-famed deeds of friendship which have come down the ages from the pristine valor of the ancient world. And the only one who neither read nor cared for all this was the hero of it all.

The fact was simply that he had gone ashore with Hale as quickly as he could get him away, and with him had taken an early train going south. Hale said nothing, but let Bantry have his own way with him; and they made only necessary stoppages until they got down together at Ethel's gate.

They had hardly spoken all the journey. Bantry took the lead as by right, went ahead everywhere eager and sharp, attended to the tickets and checks, sat up straight and sleepless in the cars, hurried where they made connections though no time was gained by it, fretted at every delay. Hale lounged in his corner seemingly asleep much of the time, sunk in one long waking dream in which remembrance and vague forecast mingled with a thousand imaginings that shifted and swam into one another unceasingly. And now they were at last arrived at their common goal.

Bantry opened the gate and led the way still; but as he started up the walk he gasped and his feet wandered, and he caught hold of Hale's arm to steady himself, but then went on again. They climbed the steps, rang, and were shown in. Then they stood apart in the familiar room and waited; and then they heard on the stairs the steps which both listened for. Ethel paused at the door an instant, then she came in. She was flushed and tremulous; she glanced from one to the other, and caught her breath in visible agitation.

News had been received from the *Relief* a month before of her failure to rescue the *Viking's* party, and of Bantry's desperate attempt to join them; and upon this girl had fallen the burden of being the only person in the country to understand what the world either lauded as a simple act of sublime courage, or condemned as reckless bravado, but agreed in regarding as almost certainly fatal. So the news of their unexpected return, and now their quickly succeeding appearance before her, affected her almost as if they had been raised from the dead, from a death to which both had consigned themselves on her account.

But after the first quick glance she took no more notice of Hale. Bantry stood forth, haggard and ghastly, wrought up beyond measure. He swung forward and back as if his feet were fast, tried to speak, but only made a spasmodic movement of the head and wave of the arm which held his hat. For months he had been straining toward this meeting; a thousand times he had heard himself saying as he advanced to her, "I have brought him back!" The ship's engines had sounded the refrain in his ears night and day,—"I have brought him, have brought him, have brought him!" The car-wheels had sung it all the journey,—"I have brought him back, brought him back, brought him back!" But now that the time had come at last, it seemed very different, and he could not speak.

And after a moment's pause, Ethel went forward quickly, took his hand in both of hers, and exclaimed:

"Oh, I am very glad — you ought to be very proud; a great many hearts are thankful to you to-night for friends they have mourned as lost, and the whole country honors you as its hero!"

"No," he answered, swaying on his feet and speaking in a corresponding kind of high sing-song,—"no, I'm no hero,— I haven't done anything for anybody's sake but my own. I made a great mistake; I think I must have been crazy. I don't know how I blundered so, but everything got twisted, and I went with my eyes shut till I tripped myself up. There was only one way to get up again, and I had to go that way whether I wanted to or not. All I cared for was to get back the right to stand up before you. And now — and now —"

Often as he had rehearsed his part in this scene, eagerly as he had striven for it, now that he had reached the performance he found little satisfaction in playing it. He broke off abruptly; his head went back and he made that spasmodic movement of the arm again. He fell into a seat and put up his hat before his face.

Ethel looked down upon him, filled with sharp sorrow. She stood a little while, then sat down close to him, remaining quite still and saying nothing, only comforting him by her near presence and her keenly felt regret. Hale came and hovered over them helplessly, but neither noticed him, and he went away softly and turned his back. And after a while, with a sudden impulse of tenderness, Ethel laid her hand on Bantry's forehead and pushed it

back till he looked in her face out of dry, hollow eyes. She pressed her fingers on them an instant pitifully, and spoke low and fervidly:

"Don't grieve so — I am not worth it: indeed I am not. I am not what you think me: I am only a weak, earthy creature, and unworthy of such great honor as you put upon me. I do not deceive you, I am speaking the sober truth. I won't mock you by saying I'm sorry — I am not sorry; I am proud to be so honored by so noble a heart. You must not contradict me; those who have seen your actions are brave, true men themselves, and know of what they speak. Your conduct *has* been most noble, and you ought to be glad and thankful. You have much to be glad of; you will never want for friends anxious to repay some of the kindness which they feel they owe you, and we who know you best will always love you very much."

She stood beside him in her eager protestation. Her words brought salutary moisture to his eyes, but created no illusion in his mind. He stood up, and a great quiet settled upon him.

"You must excuse me," he said; "I am very weak to-night. I did not intend to vex you, but I think I am tired out. You are very good to me. I will go away now. There is nothing more to be done."

"Oh, don't go," she besought, and as he persisted she turned about in distress and saw Hale.

Hale came forward and laid his hand on the knob of the door. Bantry asked him where he was going, and Hale said:

"I'm going home with you, Bantry."

But he answered: "No, I'm not going home."

Then they both remembered that he had no home, that he had put it all into the *Relief*.

"But don't think me crusty," he went on monotonously; "we've stuck by one another pretty close, Hale, but we've come to the switching-off place."

Hale looked at him, troubled, and asked him:

"Where are you going now, Bantry?"

"Oh, not far," he answered. "I must see my cousins in the city, and then I have promised Lansing to go and stay awhile with him. He says he is going to get me a berth in his next ship."

Hale stood over him a minute or two in silence, then laid his hands on the little fellow's shoulders, bent down, and looked long and searchingly into his eyes. He kissed him on the cheek suddenly, stood up, and turned away.

Bantry looked after him forgetfully, then turned slowly to Ethel.

"You will let me go now?"

She looked full in his face.

"Yes," she responded. "It would be unkind of me to keep you now, and I want you to believe I can never be unkind to you, but shall always be deeply concerned in you. You must come back very soon." She paused, but still held him by her look. "But before I can let you go, you must promise me that you will take care of your health and live, for an example of truth and courage to the world — and for my sake."

They looked at one another as spirit to spirit, disguise and dissembling stripped from between them. All awkwardness had fallen away from Bantry; he stood straight, and the furrows of his worn face changed to lines of grace.

"I will," he answered,— "I will, for your sake!"

He bowed a moment over her hand, stood up and looked earnestly in her face once more, turned and went out and shut the door behind him, and left Hale and Ethel there together.

James T. McKay.

THE NIGHT IS STILL.

THE night is still, the moon looks kind,
The dew hangs jewels in the heath,
An ivy climbs across thy blind
And throws a light and misty wreath.

The dew hangs jewels in the heath,
Buds bloom for which the bee has pined;
I haste along, I quicker breathe,
The night is still, the moon looks kind.

Buds bloom for which the bee has pined,
The primrose slips its jealous sheath,
As up the flower-watched path I wind
And come thy window-ledge beneath.

The primrose slips its jealous sheath—
Then open wide that churlish blind,
And kiss me through the ivy wreath!
The night is still, the moon looks kind.

Edith M. Thomas.

HOME, perhaps, means more in England than anywhere else in the world. English literature abounds with praise of it. The homeless lyrist who wrote its best song has recently had his remains brought to his native America amid national and imposing honors. Yet we find also in literature down to the era of railways much hearty commendation of inns. Why this? How can supreme felicity and content be at home, and our warmest welcome at an inn? Has not the warmth of the welcome been heightened by the pleasure derived from agreeable company and new scenes? in good fare provided without foresight or supervision, until the moment of the bill, calling for as little thought or exertion as did the gathering of the manna which of old the heavens rained down plenteously upon a favored people? Or perhaps the laudation of inns comes of the promptness of trained servants, whom we see only long enough to admire their best behavior, leaving their second best all unknown. Whether at the call of duty or in search of health, adventure, or pleasure, your traveler usually puts aside for the time the habits of economy which necessity may impose upon him at home. He wishes to enjoy himself, and looks favorably upon everybody who contributes to that end. Hence the alacrity of landlord, of waiter, and of boots, all three not unmoved by golden or silvery anticipations of the results of their promptness and suavity. Scott, at the beginning of one of his chapters, brings back the old inn to us in a stanza:

"To every guest th' appropriate speech was made,
And every duty with distinction paid;
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite,
Your honor's servant, Mr. Smith, Good-night."

INNS OLD AND NEW.

I WELL remember my first stay in an old English inn: the little dining-room, simple but not mean, its low, dingy ceiling, with the natural grain of its wood coming out through the filmy paint; the fare substantial and wholesome, served by a little miss who seemed steward, waiter, and clerk all in one; the prints on the walls depicting hunting scenes in the style of some remote pre-chromo age, with foxes in improbable yellow panting in the vain endeavor to elude hounds in impossible brown; the little windows of small seamy panes looking forth on the village street, where all was quiet save when a squire's gig or a farmer's wagon for a moment rolled by. Inns such as that dusky little inn at Stratford-on-Avon used to be common in England. A few still linger in such favored hamlets as have escaped the grime of mining and the din of whirring wheels and steam-whistles.

George Stephenson was the magician who almost banished the inn from the face of the civilized world, and gave us in its stead the great modern hotel. Its existence was not warranted until the locomotive, making travel quick and cheap, provided the large number of travelers necessary to fill great hotels. Before railway days the highways, like the narrow way of wisdom, showed here and there a traveler, and for these the inn was ample enough. Here the wayfarer could, if he wished, form pleasant acquaintance with his host and fellow-sojourners. They could even form friendships, a thing which sounds strangely to our modern ears, accustomed as we are to be merged among hundreds of guests in a vast caravanserai, with its strange contrasts of gregariousness and solitude; scarcely aware, perhaps, of the proprietor's name, and often admiring the smooth mechanism of a service which moves with automatic certainty and promptness without overheard command. In olden times the magnates of counties, the judge on circuit, the town solicitor or conveyancer, used to receive a homage at his inn which has become one of the things of past history. The millionaire or local celebrity now goes to an enormous hotel and finds himself reduced to a numeral among numerals: "339 goes south at 6.10"; "512 wants the Boston directory." English lords come to America and are mistered. Dukes receive scarcely more attention than commercial travelers. Sentiment may sigh at the abolition of inns and their jovial Bonifaces, but picturesqueness and individuality in these things at least are doomed. Factory principles must now be applied in the lodging, sustenance, and attendance bestowed on the vast streams of travelers which the locomotive, the steamship, and the steamboat have called forth.

In Great Britain the inn stood on the high-road, where the stage-coach could easily stop. Hence we find in that country the new great hotels near the railway stations. John Bull sensibly holds that if steam-carriage is economical it should be made available to the ful-

lest extent possible. He therefore brings his rails into the heart of a city, and on the spot, or over against it, builds him his large hotel. The principal station in Birmingham, for instance, is beside the Exchange; and in that town, in Glasgow, York, Sheffield, Liverpool, and London, the best hotels are at the railway stations. The architects of these buildings contrive to render them free from the noise of trains; and as British railroads are operated without the whistling and bell-ringing so common in America, one can enjoy some peace and quietness in a British railroad hotel.

AMERICAN HOTELS.— CONSTRUCTION.

HOTELS in America are the best and most splendid in the world. The existence of an immense traveling population willing to pay the tariff of good houses, the cheap land available in many cities, the prevalent love of display, and the exigencies of an extreme and variable climate, have all contributed to this result. Hotel-designing has become a profession apart, and several eminent architects do very little other professional work. This branch of design demands, besides special knowledge growing out of the wants of hotel management, increased care in every direction wherein the good planner of residences exercises thought. As the height and capacity of a hotel exceed those of a dwelling, so do the penalties of its bad design and workmanship entail more grievous results. Hotel architecture has its special difficulties. In large cities land is very costly, so story must be speedily added to story, that much room may be provided, and the investment begin to pay a return at the earliest possible date. Hence the risk in case the land is made land, or the foundation rests upon anything but rock, that the lofty structure may settle unequally, with momentous derangement and loss. A hotel contains a labyrinth of flues, pipes, and wires, any break in which may be deadly to hapless guests and servants. Besides, the cracks and crannies of a huge building settling down invite rats and mice, pests impossible to banish when once in possession. Therefore, after securing a good position for a hotel, the principal thing is to have a thoroughly solid foundation. Next, the basement should be well cemented, and all the courses of the drain, gas, and water pipes made easily accessible for stated and frequent examination. Modern hotels of the best type have solid brick partition walls from ground to roof, dividing room from room. The walls conduce to safety in case of fire, and, with well-deafened floors, help the important cause of quiet. Whoever would see the American hotel, as far as architecture goes, in its utmost development, must cross the continent and visit the Palace at San Francisco. That vast house is built on the continental plan of having a large interior court accessible by carriages. This court is covered with glass, decorated with plants, and enlivened with music. To provide against the risk of earthquake, the structure is a thing of massive iron bolts and bands. Comparative cheapness of land has enabled the architect to make every room spacious, and each has bath, closet, and dressing-room attached. Every external room has a bay-window. Pneumatic tubes connect each floor with the office, for the rapid dispatch of letters and parcels. Yet, with all the vast outlay in construction, no sunlight enters its dining-rooms. The Palace, too, proves to have overpassed in dimensions the limits within which a sense of comfort is possible. Many travelers prefer houses less large, where the obliteration of the individual is less oppressive.

FIRE.

THE risk of fire has engaged the attention of hotel architects very seriously of late years. In truth, many leading houses throughout America, built twenty or thirty years ago, are mere fire-traps. It is better here to expend capital liberally at the first in every possible provision against disaster than to depend on makeshift appliances which, when emergency arises, demand discipline, intelligence, and abundant means of safety ready to hand. An excellent and common plan for safety is to drill the porters and hallmen regularly as a fire company. Thus, when flames have to be fought, the work is done by disciplined men. All the corridors of new hotels are commanded by hose attached to water-pipes on each floor. This safeguard, when steam is kept up day and night, is the most efficient possible. A good plan, adopted in many city hotels, is to make the local fire department thoroughly acquainted with the building. When a hotel is built with unity and clearness of design, much is done to render it safe from fire. With corridors broad and long, so that all or a large part of each floor can be commanded by a watchman, a fire is unlikely to remain long undetected.

The marking out of staircases by red lights is an important aid, too, in case of fire. In construction, the use of brick arches for ceilings, and the division of the wings of a building by wooden doors brightly tinned, are

frequently employed to insure safety. Still, with staircases and elevator-shafts, which must remain open, with finishings and furniture of wood, and, beyond all, the risk of deficient water supply and of panic, I see much wisdom in the choice of travelers who seek rooms near the ground.

Simplicity of design, I may incidentally say, also reduces the liability to theft and other breaches of the moral code. Of two hotels in a certain Northern city, one was built thirty years ago, and enlarged from time to time by annexation of adjoining houses; its corridors are short, tortuous, and on varying levels. The other is new, and was built all at once, on modern principles; its corridors are extensive and ample. Both hotels are, of course, liable to theft and other offenses; the new house, however, although much the larger, has much less trouble from this source than the other. Guests at a large hotel unintentionally form an effective police force. Their presence has an effect like that of the passers-by in a street, when a gas-light is the sole defense of premises stored with valuable goods.

PLUMBING.

As to plumbing, that subject so full of woful interest in this age of diphtheria. Experience has proved that baths and water-closets can be attached to bedrooms without injury. The conditions are careful workmanship on good methods and frequent examination. An immense quantity of water is used in a hotel, and its waste-pipes and drains are better flushed than those of ordinary houses. Physicians tell us that the germs of typhoid and diphtheria may enter the system in food and drink. Therefore, the great distance between sinks or closets and the places where the meals are prepared and served, may explain why hotels enjoy an immunity from the diseases mentioned which is denied to good residences. Water supply is an important point just here, and in lofty city hotels it is well to connect each floor separately with the street main. Thus, taps in the uppermost floor have none below them in unduly favorable competition for supply.

All well-designed hotels have gas, water, and waste pipes so arranged that throughout their whole course they are easy of access. The same channels may contain speaking-tubes and electric wires. Along the margins of the corridors of the newest houses there may be observed continuous board-strips uncarpeted; these cover troughs holding pipes and wires. From floor to floor, upright shafts serve the same purpose. When a leak or break occurs, section after section is opened until, with the minimum of disturbance, the point for repair is discovered. These permanent ways should always be ample in size, that additional pipes or wires may easily be laid. The electric light as introduced requires its special cables, and if gas comes to be used as fuel, it will demand its special series of pipes.

WARMING.

Gas, as burnt in pretty grates of incandescent asbestos, introduced by the gas-companies, does away with the nuisance of coal-ashes, and, except in extremely cold weather, should serve even in the most northern latitudes. The late Doctor Siemens proposed abolishing London fogs by the use of gaseous fuel prepared as illuminating gas is now at large special works. Recent improvements in the production of this so-called water-gas may lead to its introduction as fuel in our hotels. Warming a large hotel in the Northern States or Canada is a difficult matter. It may have say six or seven floors, and since the inexorable tendency of heated air is to rise, it is practically impossible to keep the ground-floor comfortable in winter without overheating the uppermost story. The only remedy is to close off the staircases by partitions provided with doors. This plan, however, is too inelegant ever to be popular. In a hotel of six stories, heated by hot air, the ducts do not usually go above the fourth floor, the fifth and sixth being warmed by convection alone. If the building is loftier, the same proportions are observed. In some of the smaller cities of the Union, an altitude of hotel-building has been perpetrated which only metropolitan land-values can excuse. The risks in case of fire, the darkness of inner rooms, the difficulty of maintaining an even temperature in winter, all decide in favor of a moderate height for hotels. Of the various methods of warming a hotel, experience has shown that direct radiation from steam-pipes is best. Hot water cannot very well be introduced into a large building, and hot air supplied from furnaces or from steam-pipes in a basement is not easily regulated, has an unwholesome dryness, and frequently betrays its origin in a disagreeable way. Stale tobacco-smoke from a stoker's den is not pleasant in a parlor. Every room in modern hotels has its fire-place. No other means of heating affords people the satisfaction derived from an open grate. Economically considered, fire-places are very commonly badly designed and placed. Sometimes we find them built against an outer instead of a partition wall,

as if their mission were to heat the external atmosphere. Their perversion of fuel is exaggerated when they are constructed immediately under their chimneys, yielding the least possible warming effect in a room. In an improved form they come somewhat out from the wall; thus increased efficiency is attained without sacrifice of the charm all find in glowing coals. Since all the chimney-flues of a hotel except those from the working department are used only in cold weather, it appears to me that they should be built wholly or in part of some other material than non-conducting brick. Metallic flues of suitable design and decoration might usefully conduct a noteworthy quantity of heat now wasted into rooms and corridors.

VENTILATION.

THE open fire-place conduces somewhat to ventilation, but in a less degree than is commonly imagined. Above the level of the top of the grate the vitiated air is comparatively warm and light; there it is apt to remain injuriously pocketed. To exchange it for pure air, either a window must be opened, which leads to unpleasant draughts, or under the best methods special ventilation flues near the ceiling and floor are provided to exhaust foul air and admit fresh.

Ventilation is scarcely less important than plumbing; in fact, good systems of both require to be planned together. I have seen gorgeous moquette carpets, splendid mythological frescoes, and furniture of the most elaborate kind, through an atmosphere laden with odors from boiling vegetables. Worse than these odors are the subtle germs of disease which disjoined waste-pipes and untrapped drains may scatter through air breathed by people unwarned of danger by any appeal to their olfactories. The best means of ventilation is that which brings tainted air through ducts directly into a furnace fire. So-called natural draughts are untrustworthy, and, in our North American climate, come down very often when they ought to go up. The pull of a strong fire, with a lofty chimney, may be relied upon at all times. To neutralize poison is much better than to dilute it. Should a hotel be too large for this plan to be feasible, ventilation by steam-power employed to drive fans is the next best resource.

The principal need for ventilation in a hotel arises from the use of gas. No class in the community would have more reason than hotel-keepers to rejoice in such cheapening of the electric light as might make it generally available. It would be a great economizer of fuel in our long winters, and a sturdy foe to the catarrhs and neuralgias which come of draughts unavoidable in admitting fresh air to crowded ball-rooms and banquet-halls. While gas is with us, I wonder some enterprising manufacturer of fixtures does not devise ornamental hoods and tubing to lead away the hot air from the flame, laden as it is with carbon dioxide and other deleterious substances. In two New York hotels the plan is adopted in some measure, and the results are most satisfactory. The most complete example of the kind within my knowledge is the new Infirmary in Edinburgh, where every gas-flame, like every coal-flame, is provided with its chimney.

SECURING QUIET.

ONE of the inevitable annoyances of a hotel is noise, and I do not think that the war against it has been waged seriously enough. The liberal use of rubber on staircases, landings, chair-legs, and truck-wheels has done much, and thickly padded carpets have done yet more, to quell the noise attending late arrivals and early departures. Still the nervous man hears noises that have no excuse for being, and that might be avoided by further improvement. First of all, why not make the doors leading from a corridor to a room much less pervious to sound than at present? This might be done by placing in a thick, hollow door some light deadening material, such as batting or saw-dust. Or a pair of doors could be substituted for a single one. This method is now adopted in our recently built hotels, in the room having a compartment for bath, etc. Parallel with the corridor door is a second one, hinged to the wall of the compartment. This serves two good ends, that of quiet and that of doubly secluding the conveniences; the compartment having a door of its own at right angles to the other two, and opening into the space between them. Pairs of doors are now commonly employed also between the rooms forming a suite. It has appeared to me for some years that an improved method of communicating between the rooms and office of a hotel is feasible, which would besides other advantages help the cause of quiet. By the ordinary system, when it is uncertain whether a guest is in his room or not, a servant must be sent to inquire. Or if, say, No. 419 wishes to know when the trains leave for Albany, the servant must first answer the electric bell, and repeat the long journey to the room, bearing the information desired. In very large hotels, such as the Palace in San Francisco, or the Grand Pacific in Chicago,

there is a local annunciator on each floor, having its attendant. In his care are the things most commonly wanted — stationery, iced water, directories, and time-tables. A speaking-tube connects each local attendant with the office. Instead of the systems now in use, I propose the introduction of a telephone in every room, connected with a special department in the office. The telephones need not be so elaborate and costly as those required for long city circuits. If attached to flexible wires, a sick or lazy user might speak through one of them in bed. A guest, without leaving his room or causing the special clerk to move from his office, might have his questions answered with as perfect economy of time as though the two stood face to face. The electric service might well include a small bell fixed, say, at the head of the bedstead, to give a guest notice that the office wished to speak to him. Its use would also serve to call him up for an early train. In this way none but the desired sleeper would be aroused in the cold, gray dawn, and a very large proportion of messages could pass through the wire instead of, as now, requiring a slow, noisy, and somewhat uncertain human vehicle, who gossips and wears out carpets. From notes taken of the various calls to which a hall-man responded in the course of a day, I estimate the saving of time by the use of this system to be nearly twenty per cent. Surely, with the creating of so large a field as that here indicated for the telephone, not only in hotels, but in other large buildings, those who own it might easily be induced to abate their terms of royalty. The nearest existing approach to the system proposed is that of the speaking-tubes, known as the oral annunciator. Its limitations, however, as to carrying distance, prevent its use in large hotels. It is cumbrous, and more liable to get out of order than a series of wires laid with a little slack, so as to yield in case the containing building settles down unequally. Summoning attendants by ringing bells makes many of the public rooms of hotels very noisy. Electricity might lend itself here to an improvement, by lighting an incandescent lamp. A luminous beam would call clerk, hall-man, or porter on the watch for its appearance, quite as effectively as the alarm-bell, which is heard by so many for whom it has no message.

WORK-ROOMS.

The working department of a hotel comprises boiler-room, engine-room, butcher's shop, store-room, kitchen, wine-room, laundry, and workshops. All but kitchen and laundry must be in the basement, except, perhaps, the store-room. The kitchen and laundry should either be in a separate building with extraordinary means of ventilation or in the attic. It is always washing-day in a hotel, and heated air from wash-tubs and ranges ascends, and bears with it offense and injury. In modern hotel kitchens and laundries, mechanical appliances greatly reduce drudgery. Vegetables and fruit are peeled and grated, peas and corn shelled, cherries pitted, eggs whisked, meat chopped, roasts turned, and ice-cream frozen by steam-power. In our newest hotels powerful engines furnish electric light, and are used to manufacture ice for the table and to chill brine for circulation through refrigerators. In the laundries all washing but that of fine linen-wear is effected by machinery with the aid of soap made from kitchen grease. Powerful centrifugal and rubber wringers press out moisture, and mangling is performed by cylinders heated with steam, so that linen is dried and ironed at one operation. A drying-room for such articles as are not mangled is superheated by exhaust steam from the engine; in this room work is done in a tithe the time required with outdoor exposure. Shirt-fronts, collars, and cuffs are glossed under a mechanical pressure much more severe than the most muscular Bridget could exert.

All large hotels are now provided with their own workshops for prompt execution of repairs and systematic renovation. Keys can be replaced, panes of glass inserted, leaks of gas and water stopped without the delay necessary in sending to a tradesman's shop. Upholsterers are constantly engaged in the renewals of carpets and coverings. At dull times it is usual to renovate, say, an entire floor, with carpets, curtains, and lambrequins. Painters at every opportunity are busy keeping walls, ceilings, and wood-work bright and fresh. Their work is now chiefly done in oil-colors, more wholesome and lasting than kalsomine. The shop staff, as it is called, commonly includes engineers, plumbers, gas and steam fitters, upholsterers, silversmiths, and an electrician, all being under the direct control of the proprietor.

APPOINTMENTS.

As to the furniture and decorations of hotels, great improvement has been made of late years. Time was when gaudiness reigned in hotel-parlors, and bareness made the rooms forbidding. This is fast passing away, and travelers of the best class now find pretty commonly at the best hotels such appointments and decorations as surround them at home. The most enterprising proprietors now place

good pictures and well-selected *bric-à-brac* in their parlors. These, with pleasant writing-desks, what-nots, and book-stands, are finding their way into the newly built houses. As ladies occupy their rooms much more than gentlemen, owners and managers do well to consult their taste when contracting for carpets, curtains, and upholstery. The opinion of a tradesman, even when he is competent, is apt to be unduly influenced by gainful considerations. To maintain the uniformity of a carpet laid on a particular corridor, it is usual to keep an extra piece on hand for repairs. So also when a parlor or reception-room is fitted up expensively in, say, the style of Louis XV., with everything to match, it is customary to keep the future necessity for renewals in view; for gas-globes are very liable to spontaneous fracture, ink will be unaccountably spilled, curtains singed, and other such accidents happen to destroy the completeness of appointments.

MANAGEMENT.

Let us suppose a hotel well placed, well built, and well furnished. We have scanned its walls for evidences of settlement and found none, or the effects have been rectified. We have poured peppermint abundantly down drain-pipes, sniffed at all the connections, and found neither break nor flaw. We have stolen abroad at night, listened for rats, and heard none. We have boiled onions in the kitchen, made soap in the laundry, and, with intervening doors wide open, have found only pure air upstairs. We have sounded the fire-alarm and brought a hose and ladder to the door in satisfactorily few seconds. We have overladen the elevators, worked them swiftly, and found them unaffected by the strain. We have adopted every means of safety and comfort known for the protection and enjoyment of the traveler. Next comes the question of management. The proprietor of a hotel should, first of all, be a gentleman, for many of his guests will be gentlemen, and he must manage his house to meet their approval. For all that the immensity of modern hotels has put landlord and guest asunder in comparison with old inn-keeping days, the popularity of a landlord continues to be a fact, and a pretty valuable fact. A stated circle of customers appreciate his welcome as they arrive at his house travel-worn and weary. He may be called upon to lay out tours, extend invitations, or give information as to the credit and standing of local people in commercial and professional life. At times angry disputes will be referred to him, and he must settle them with judgment and suavity.

A landlord should not only be a gentleman, but also a good man of business. The chief end of a hotel is to pay, and he should never lose sight of that. He has to meet heavy fixed charges, and control large expenditures. He must thoroughly understand his business in all its branches, and know how to observe and check dishonesty, waste, and extravagance. He has to select and supervise servants, and direct the purchase of all supplies, including the new machinery and devices constantly brought out with the alleged intention of saving his money. He should know the art of entertainment and the science whereby his business can be increased through the holding of conventions, the extension of excursion facilities, and the like. Whether his house is in the city, or by the sea, or perched on a mountain-summit, or where waters spout up for the healing of the nations, he should know how to put his guests in the way of enjoying the things of use, beauty, or interest which have attracted them to his door. He should be a good man in emergencies; know exactly what to do, and do it, when fires break out, thefts and outrages on propriety are committed, or any one under his roof develops insanity or infectious disease. Men who combine all these good points of character, ability, and manner are exceedingly rare,— not as rare, perhaps, as good poets, but about as rare as very good public speakers.

STAFF.

In the organization of his service, the hotel-proprietor recognizes only his staff of superintendents. These are the head clerk, steward, head waiter, housekeeper, *chef*, head porter, and head laundress. Each of these officials engages his or her subordinates, and is responsible for their efficiency and good conduct. These superintendents need to have good points, and although not as rare as that very large diamond, the good landlord, they are rare enough to command very liberal salaries. Some people who keep house economically marvel at the cost of living at hotels, losing sight, among other considerations, of the price of efficient supervision, a service which their families receive gratuitously. In large hotels the proportion of salaries to wages is about one to four. The explanation of the cost of hotel-keeping consists, too, in the waste inevitable when a very large number of servants are employed in a vast building, where the close, personal, interested oversight of a private house is impossible. Again, I think it will be admitted that the fare at good hotels is more various and expensive than that at good

homes. In the fluctuating character ot the business, and in the inordinate variety and quantity supplied at table, must also be found the reason why four to five dollars per day is usually charged by American hotels, in the presence frequently of active competition. When a residence is bought or leased for a family, its capacity usually meets the wants of its occupants. A hotel, however, may not, on an average, be more than half full the year round. A fraction much smaller than one-half represents the occupancy of hotels at summer or winter resorts. Even well-placed houses in great cities have their dull season of from two to four months, during which receipts do not meet expenses.

The modern method of numbering hotel-rooms has been well devised. Thus, in new houses, No. 346 is over 246, and under 446. All three rooms are alike in size and outlook. The number of the floor is told in the first number of the room: 246 is on the second floor, 346 on the third. As in numbering the houses in streets, 245 is opposite 246, and so on. A new servant thus is soon able to find a particular room, and a guest is much less likely to lose his way than if the strictly consecutive plan of numbering were in use as of old. The new system lends itself to the management of the great excursion parties, which are becoming more and more popular every year. When a large excursion party arrives at one of our new hotels, the members of it go directly to their rooms as fast as the elevators can take them. Each is provided beforehand with a card stating the number of his or her room; the first figure denotes the floor, and a hall-man, stationed at each landing, points each comer to the room sought, which is found with its door open. The register and other books are written up in advance from lists mailed to the manager. In every hotel-office the room-clerk has spread out before him a diagram of the rooms, all duly numbered, with particulars of their size, their conveniences, and the doors which may connect them together as suites.

THE TABLE.

When I have seen the lengthy bill of fare so commonly furnished at large American hotels and thought of the waste entailed, I have often believed that a reformer might succeed, by establishing, say in New York, a hotel on a new plan, one that would afford the small, good variety that one finds at the smaller London hotels of the best class — a variety well cooked and served, through the cooks' attention not being dissipated among a multitude of dishes. At two restaurants in New York, on Broadway and Fifth Avenue respectively, one gets an excellent *table d'hôte* dinner of this kind at the reasonable charge of one dollar and twenty-five cents, which includes a pint of *vin ordinaire*. The best hotels, it gives me pleasure to state, are fast moving in the direction of simplicity of bill of fare. In New York the leading house on the American plan does not provide its table with much more than one-half the variety of dishes one may have offered at second-rate, pretentious concerns throughout the country. The dietary, too, in America is unquestionably improving. Fruit and vegetables are consumed much more plentifully than before quick trains transported them cheaply and canning became a prodigious business. Baked joints and fowl, so often parboiled and sodden, are giving place to better things in the way of genuine roasts. The gridiron, thank goodness, has well-nigh driven the frying-pan out of the kitchen, and wholesome broiled steaks and chops have taken the place of the hard, greasy meats that spoiled so many digestions in the past. Pie, too, is going, and its exodus has had much to do with the genesis of fat. But hot bread and cakes still hold their own, and the baleful ice-pitcher remains, active for stomachic mischief. Porridge, however, is more easily had at a hotel in New York than in Edinboro', and, with cracked wheat, has gone abroad throughout the Union, crossed the Rockies, and visited the Pacific slope, doing good all the way. Salt fish, salt meat, and pork are now little used. Fresh fish and oysters are consumed very largely, and, exchanged for the game of distant backwoods and prairies, are carried from lake and sea to the most interior cities and towns of the continent — another blessing due to the rugged old Englishman who first put a boiler on wheels and sent it traveling about the country! Under the influence of improved diets and the custom of taking a vacation during the heated term, we are glad to learn from statisticians that the physique of our people is improving, and that they are living longer than their predecessors did. Adipose is being deposited on lanky forms, and although Brother Jonathan can scarcely yet be depicted as a plump person, he bids fair to become such if he keeps on adopting common-sense measures in food and rest.

LARDER AND KITCHEN.

Having frequently wondered at the unvarying excellence of the beef at the leading hotels of New York, I made it my business one day recently to call on the butcher who

supplies the principal houses. He makes two very different kinds of contracts supplement one another nicely. His customers are hotel-keepers and prison-superintendents. Thus the difficulty is overcome which, in the restricted market of a small city, prevents a butcher from supplying a hotel with as many choice cuts as it wants. He may not be able to find sale for the remainder of the carcasses. But the metropolitan purveyor, by cultivating the trade of the criminal classes, is enabled to cater satisfactorily to the best travel in the country. The sleek millionaire at the Astor and the haggard burglar wearing out his days at Blackwell's Island both dine off the same ox,—different portions of it, however, for the contract prices are in the one case twenty-eight cents and in the other eight to twelve cents per pound. In the daily practical working of a hotel, the main point is the seeing that all supplies, from the time they are received until consumed, are properly accounted for. The routine of the commissariat is something like this: The larder being duly stocked, the *chef* is told how many guests there are for breakfast. Experience teaches about at what hours they will come into the dining-room, and just about what proportions of fish, steak, chops, omelettes, etc., will be asked for. These, in the case of a large business, are prepared a little in advance of demand, to provoke the impatience of guests as little as possible. Other meals are arranged for in the same way. At dinner, when the range of time for service exceeds an hour, it is usual to go on preparing the dishes as the repast is in progress. When the first joints are served up, a second batch is being cooked, and so on. To secure the best results with asparagus, spinach, and such like vegetables, it is usual to keep on boiling fresh supplies every few minutes. Good hotel-caterers provide for the extra demand when salmon, spring lamb, or strawberries first appear, and never permit "All out, sir," to be said at their tables.

THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THE *cuisine* of few hotels conducted on the American plan with the *table d'hôte* is as good as that of the best restaurant-hotels managed on what is called the European system. In some of the best of the hotels of this sort, such as the Brunswick, in New York, and Young's in Boston, every dish is cooked to order, and their system assesses waste and extravagance in ordering, as the American plan cannot. Its influence in legitimately curtailing an order is as decided as that of size on courage. It is usual at restaurant-hotels to serve larger quantities of each dish than at hotels on the American plan, so that, should Benjamin travel with his wife, and put up at Parker's or the Buckingham, his double portion may suffice the twain, and his bill may be even less than if he went to the Vendôme or the Fifth Avenue. The most lucrative hotels in America, however, continue to be those having the fixed daily charge which can be popularly paid. Some large houses, like the Palmer in Chicago and the Murray Hill in New York, combine both plans, and find the American preferred. Since the guests of restaurant-hotels do not take all or perhaps any of their meals at their hotels, these houses often become dependent on chance custom for a measure of their support, a kind of patronage having its vicissitudes. Wet, stormy weather will affect the receipts of the Café Brunswick three hundred to four hundred dollars per day. Very costly has been the purchase of the reputations of the best of these concerns. The Brevoort attained its enviable name, among other excellences, by its coffee, which, at great expense, was made freshly every ten minutes during the hours of business.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

AN analysis of the cost of conducting a hotel on the American plan may be of interest. The house whose figures are given will fairly serve as a type of its class, and the expenses are given in ratios for 1883. Interest on the capital invested in land, buildings, and furniture; the assessments and taxes; heating, light, salaries, and wages for the least busy season of the year, together make up a fixed daily charge. Adding to this the cost of provisions, the total expense of the hotel divided by the least number of guests at any time of the year within it is a figure we agree to call one. During the busiest month, the extra outlay consists in buying more provisions, paying more servants, and expending more for fuel and light. Compared with the dullest month, the average guest then costs fifty-eight hundredths as much. We will now easily understand a point already referred to, namely, the great disadvantage in hotel-keeping when the average number of guests falls much below the capacity of a house. Hence the importance of cultivating its business in off seasons, of then organizing excursions, conventions, etc. All this, too, bears on the question of rates, and how they can best be adjusted to yield the largest possible return. Comparing small things with great, there are many considerations operative in railroad tariffs which obtain in those of hotels. In the house which has been

selected for analysis of expenses, the business varies very much during the four seasons of the year. In summer transient travel pays good rates, but there is usually, even then, room available for excursion parties, which can be attracted by a reduction of terms. Like his friend of the railways, Boniface knows a little profit to be better than none, and is glad to take it by the creation of a new department of business. In off seasons a number of families and individuals may make his house their home; and in fixing prices, beginning at the lowest for the least desirable quarters, care is taken not to go below the extra cost which an extra guest entails. Nor is sight lost of the fact that all classes of guests base their computations on the minimum rate, and wish to pay no more than such an advance upon that as may correspond with the difference between the accommodation they desire and the accommodations of the cheapest kind. If the minimum rate be made too low, much income will be lost derivable from the class of patrons who are able and willing to be liberal in payment.

Let us now take a glance at the expense-sheet for the year, which may exhibit some ratios of interest. Provisions cost eighty per cent. more than wages. Of provisions, meats were twenty-six per cent.; poultry and game, eleven per cent.; vegetables, nine per cent.; and fruit, seven per cent. Fuel cost one and nine-tenths as much as gas, and water only one-sixth as much. Ice cost one-fourteenth as much as coals, and the replacing of broken china and glass, worn-out linen and carpets, one-ninth as much as provisions. So far from wholesale buying being always advantageous, I know that this house has raised certain prices on itself. Its demand in a restricted market for the earliest fruits and vegetables, the best meats, butter, and eggs, has told upon cost; and were it to evaporate some fine morning, many competing housekeepers would rejoice. The same thing occurs at summer and winter hotels in country districts; in such cases the main supplies have to be brought from the great cities to which the best provisions go, and where large competitions prevent exorbitant prices being asked.

NEW YORK HOTELS.

WITHOUT doubt, New York has the best hotels in America, one reason being that the metropolis is the greatest labor-market in the country. As the chief port for arriving immigrants, as the most populous and wealthy city of the republic, it naturally attracts the best servants. At the Windsor, even when the house is full, there are more servants than guests, yet the great staff of employees is controlled with ease. New York has trade societies of hotel cooks, bakers, butchers, and waiters, which can readily replace undesirable servants. As a rule, maintaining a high standard of character and efficiency among their members, they are held in much esteem. Hotel-keepers compared with householders have little trouble with servants, chiefly for two reasons. The hotel-servant has a definite duty, or small round of duties, which, once mastered, can be efficiently performed. No combination of cook, laundress, chamber-maid, waitress, and scrubber is required. Again, the servants have definite hours for duty, after which they are free; and freedom is a boon dealt out very sparingly to the ordinary domestic drudge. Besides, too, a large regiment of servants working and living together, provides each with company of his or her own class,—a privilege of value, and one which solves the vexatious question of followers. Contrast this with the ceaseless toil and almost complete isolation of the ordinary domestic, and cease to wonder at the calm manner of a man who may have under his charge three to five hundred servants. The very extent of the staff lends aid to its management, as applicants for employment are constantly enrolling their addresses in a little book on the proprietor's desk. That little book is usually labeled "Next." Whisperings as to its contents have their effect in checking vicious tendencies and caprices, and in controlling impulsive resentments. The elaborateness of modern furniture and appointments, the refined nicety which demands constant painting, scouring, and washing, the increased detail of service and attention, have all combined within recent years to augment the number of servants required for a hotel of given size. In thirteen years, business for business, the pay-roll of the most lucrative house in New York has lengthened out one-third.

TIPS.

A FEW words as to the vexatious question of tipping. Travelers with an abundance of money and a desire for good attention from servants cannot be prevented from feeing them. Hence arises a calculation by the landlord, that as his servants' places are "worth" so much a month to them, their wages may very properly be reduced, or even a premium exacted, as is commonly the case with hotel-porters. This gives the servants, in turn, a *quasi* right to tips, so that at last, as a visitor to a popular watering-place told me last sum-

mer, the five dollars per day becomes simply an initiation fee, no attendance worthy the name being bestowed without extra payment. Competition alone can solve this question. The landlord who amply pays his staff and enforces their efficiency without tips will have an element of attraction to advertise more potent than electric light or nightly music.

SUMMER HOTELS.

More astonishing than any city hotel for management are the huge concerns one sees at Saratoga, in the Catskills, or at the beaches near New York. They have to contend with the difficulty of engaging a new staff of servants every year, and they are usually remote from the markets for labor and provisioning. Their business is spasmodic, and in large part so very transient in character as to be plaintively termed "processional." Yet they are often conducted admirably by a stretch of enterprise truly American. Sometimes a partnership of three or four is required for the work done in the city by a single landlord. Frequently these houses are managed by the proprietor of a city hotel, who transfers a portion of his staff thither during the heated term, when the cities have scant travel. This meets the difficulty of service in some measure. Or a particular landlord may conduct a summer resort in the mountains of the North and a winter hotel amid the orange-groves of Florida. Since 1870 the development of summer hotels in the vicinity of our chief cities has been remarkable. Their rapid multiplication has told on the patronage of resorts at a distance, for men of business like their families to be near enough for a visit on Sundays, or whenever else their engagements may permit. Hotels of this description, which may almost be called suburban, have been largely promoted by steamboat and railway interests. So, also, have hotels in the White Mountains and along the smaller lakes of the North. It is part of the mission of an astute passenger agent of a railroad to get such points included in the long-excursion tickets offered for sale every summer throughout the country.

APARTMENT-HOUSES.

Let us return for a few moments to the large hotel of the cities. We shall find there a number of permanent patrons, who seek the advantages of good fare and attendance without the care of personal supervision. They are usually bachelors, widowers, or married couples with small families or none. Their demands, as a class, have chiefly led to the building of the apartment-houses which are now discovering the sky in our great cities. Hotels designed to accommodate travelers can but imperfectly meet the wants of a class of patrons who desire not only the advantages of an architecture adapted to multiple tenancy and a service organized on a large scale, but also the privacy and quiet of home. Of late years the class who, in New York and Boston, used to live permanently in hotels, are more and more finding their way into apartment-houses of greater or less excellence. It is only habit and prejudice which have so long kept Anglo-Saxons and their American descendants to the perpendicular-wall theory of homes. Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Scotchmen live comfortably in flats, and why may not men of other race? The extremely high value of land in New York, and the preparation many of its citizens have had in hotel and club life, have made that city the pioneer in apartment-building on this continent. Within twenty years hundreds of vast structures have been erected for apartments, doubling and trebling the population accommodated on the land, and affording comforts impossible in the narrow, high residences of ordinary design. Swift elevators replace staircases, and a central boiler warms an immense block. The corridors are kept clean and lit at night by a service common to all. A *concierge* intercepts beggars, peddlers, and thieves. The newest and best of these structures contain apartments two stories in height, securing for the upper floor an increase of privacy and quiet. In some of them each apartment has a kitchen of its own. In others, a single large general kitchen provides for all the residents, either in public or private dining-rooms. Where the private kitchen is retained, I am informed that the number of servants required is one-third fewer than necessary in an ordinary house.

It is curious to note how long the organization of labor has been delayed in its application to domestic life. Time was when flax and wool were spun, linen woven, beer brewed, and men's clothing made at home. Now these employments are carried on under wholesale methods, with all the gain attending the use of machinery and the specialization of labor. I take it that cooking, laundering, and such general service as that which attends to a boiler, to an elevator, and to an office, might with equal advantage be conducted on wholesale principles. Of course the very rich can command, if they wish, elaborate private residences; but people of moderate and small means can find in combining their resources much more comfort than in the

present isolated home, with its retail harassments. As developed in some measure from the hotel, the apartment-house may look for some hints of value to its congener. From a hotel experience of some years, I would say to projectors of such structures, Insure that your house will be fully occupied before you build it. One of the chief losses of a hotel arises from fluctuating and discrepant custom. If meals are to be provided, supply them at an advance on cost, so that the question of loss may not arise. The profits can be divided periodically among the contributors thereto on some easily devised and equitable plan. In construction, in organization of service, the apartment-house cannot do better than embody the plans and methods of good hotels. One suggestion I would make, which might well be adopted in both hotel and apartment-houses, has occurred to me from very painful emergencies in my experience. Sometimes it occurs, when large numbers of people are gathered under one roof, that an individual may develop contagious disease of a malignant type, say small-pox. Now, to isolate the patient is scarcely possible; to remove him may be very dangerous; and hence risks may be run of an alarming kind. My suggestion is to have in every hotel and apartment-house a special room, designed with the supervision of a competent physician, where such a patient as I have described might be safely nursed and treated. Special waste-pipes, ventilating shafts, and walls of glazed tile might form part of the plan, which carried out would do not a little for the recovery of the stricken one. With respect to safety in case of fire, I have observed in the latest-built apartment-houses in New York balconies, in some cases continuous, erected to incidentally serve as means of escape. Highly ornamental, they are in vivid contrast with the hideous skeleton work in iron which one sees around so many lofty buildings in the United States. Both kinds of addenda, however, while diminishing risk in case of fire, serve to invite marauders.

As practically embodying many elements of the coöperative principle, it is instructive to note that the apartment-house has been developed rather from the business motive to adapt hotel methods to home life, than from the speculative tendencies of coöperative philosophers. As improvements go on in the organization and design of apartment-houses, it may be fairly expected that they will loom up more and more on the streets and avenues of our great cities, as the pressure of population makes the single household more laborious and costly to maintain.

George Iles.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the "Garrison mob" of October 21, 1835, will revive the memory of the great reformatory leader who was, on that day, dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck, and was saved only by committing him to jail. This nation has seen mobs far more formidable, in a merely military sense, than that; indeed the antislavery agitation itself saw greater, in one of which Lovejoy lost his life. The peculiarity of the Boston mob, beyond all others that ever took place upon our soil, was that it enlisted the most cultivated and respectable class in a conservative city against a cause now generally admitted to have been that of truth and right; arousing moreover such a burst of unreasoning violence that the mayor thought it necessary to disperse a meeting of women, and to cause the sign of a "Female Anti-Slavery Society" to be taken down and thrown into the streets. Garrison himself, the immediate victim, was a non-combatant, being of the few men who were faithful to the "non-resistant" creed; and it was this contrast — women and non-combatants on the one side, and the classes that wear broadcloth on the other — which gave to the whole affair that element of moral picturesqueness which is one of the very surest guarantees of historic permanence.

The career of Mr. Garrison contributed an important fact to elucidate the very philosophy of all reform; because it showed the controlling force of the moral sentiment, apart from all the other social factors with which it is usually found in combination. Strength of the moral nature was his one great and overwhelming contribution to the enterprise with which his whole life was identified. We can see now, in looking back, that the essential force of the antislavery agitation lay in the extreme simplicity of its propositions. Never was there a reform, perhaps, in which the essential principle was so easy to grasp. It needed no large induction, no difficult chain of inferences. Once concede that man cannot rightfully claim property in man, and the whole logic of the matter was settled. The thing needed was that this doctrine should find living embodiment in a man whose whole nature should be

strong and simple, like itself; who should spin no sophistries, tolerate no evasions, shrink from no consequences; who should use this principle as a sufficient test of all policies and reputations, who should refuse to be led away from it into any questions of casuistry or expediency; who should, in short, have a moral nature as clear and controlling as the doctrine he espoused. This man it found in Garrison.

He was not, of course, the first man in the community who had opposed or denounced slavery. Franklin, Jefferson, Rush, Hopkins, Lundy, and others had preceded him in that. But he was the first man who saw in its naked clearness the ethical axiom by which it was to be met and conquered. "Immediate, unconditional emancipation,"—this was what he wrote on the banner of the movement he headed; and that banner waved until slavery fell. And he stands out in the same distinct relief among his contemporaries as against his predecessors; for while others of his own party equaled or surpassed him in genius, wit, eloquence, personal attractiveness, social position, ingenuity of attack, brilliancy of defense; yet by his clearness and integrity of nature he surpassed them all, and was the natural leader of all. However keen others might be in moral discernment, he was keener; however ably others might deal with a sophist, his exposition was sure to be the most cogent and convincing. To preserve this mastery among his associates he used no manœuvres, exerted no devices, asked no favors. He never attitudinized, and he never evaded; but his power in his own circle was as irresistible as the law of gravitation. He was never hurried or disconcerted or even vexed; indeed, he did not expend himself on special contests or fret about particular measures. Where others fought to win he simply bore his testimony, which in the end proved the path to winning. I well remember how, at the height of some fugitive-slave case, when it seemed to his associates as if the very gate of freedom turned on keeping that particular slave from bondage, he would be found at his compositor's desk — for he always set up his own editorials — as equable as ever, and almost provokingly undisturbed by the excitement of that fleeting hour.

There exists an impression that he held this leadership among his associates through a visibly exacting and domineering disposition. However this may have been in his early life, I should confidently say that it was something that he had outgrown when, about the year 1843, I first came in contact with him. He was just then entering upon the most extreme phase of his political opinions, when he announced the "No Union with Slaveholders" position, and proclaimed the United States Constitution to be, in Scriptural phrase, "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." To this attitude he thenceforth rigidly held until slavery itself fell; nor would any person have expected or even attempted to make him swerve from it. But the test of any man's personal breadth is not to be found in the tenacity of his own convictions; it is to be looked for in his ability to coöperate with those who differ from him. Now there were always speakers on the antislavery platform who stood there without pretending to accept this especial shibboleth of Mr. Garrison's, and who yet were cordially welcome; nor do I think that any one of these proselytes of the outer gate had reason to complain. Charles Sumner always boasted that he subscribed to the "Liberator" before Phillips did; Henry Wilson spoke at the "Garrisonian" meetings again and again without accepting their leader's full doctrine; so did Francis W. Bird; so did I myself. Surely persons so placed were in a position to feel the alleged intolerance and despotic habit of Mr. Garrison, had such things existed. I can only say, for one, that I never was conscious of any such atmosphere for a moment; all that he demanded was that a man should have "the root of the matter in him." If this was the case, that man might vote at every election and not receive a reproof from the great non-voting leader.

This hospitality to all shades of opinion was one reason why the meetings of the elder branch, so to speak, of the antislavery body were so much more eagerly sought by the public and were really so much more stirring than those of the Liberty Party or even of the Free-soil Party in its early days. I myself voted with those two successive political organizations, but it seemed to me that it was not usually at their meetings that the thorough and vital conversions were made. They reaped, after all, what Garrison sowed; and Henry Wilson used not only to admit this, but constantly to urge it, at the "Garrisonian" conventions. It was not that the political Abolitionists were less sincere or faithful than the others, but they were a little less free with their sword-play, because they had not thrown away the scabbard. They were apt to be somewhat constrained and hampered by policy,— by the necessity of making it plain at any given moment that they were orderly and law-abiding citizens. To pass from their meetings to those of the disunion party was like passing from within doors to the mountain air; the gods of Garrison were the gods of the hills, as Ethan Allen claimed for himself in the revolutionary days. After all, it was Garrison with his set, strong face of granite; his temperament,

meek only in the sense in which Moses was meek, and wielding, fearlessly as Moses, the terrors of the Lord; it was he and his immediate followers who made the antislavery voters that presently passed, rather against his will, into the army of political organization, and yet constantly came back to him for stimulus and strength. That army of voters it was which at last, multiplying in numbers, gave Lincoln and freedom to the nation; but it was Garrison, from beginning to end, who kept the most important recruiting-station.

He will, therefore, always stand, like Luther, as the personification of an epoch; and while slavery was doubtless overthrown at last by the carnal weapons that he deprecated, yet the force which guided those weapons will be forever identified with him. The group of remarkable men and women under his leadership — a group in which Wendell Phillips was the most gifted, while George Thompson was the most brilliant foreign ally — was said by the English Earl of Carlisle to be engaged in a contest "without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism." More fortunate than most leaders, Garrison lived to see the final downfall of the wrong against which he fought; and the struggling victim of the mob of half a century ago will soon sit enthroned in monumental bronze, as one of the recognized heroes of Massachusetts.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S ORIGIN AND EARLY LIFE.

HIS ANCESTORS.

THE scenic glories of the River St. John, New Brunswick, are well past on the ascent when, on the right, the obscure outlet of the Jemseg is reached. Along the lowland margin from the Jemseg to the Nashwaak stretched, in the middle of the last century, a feeble line of French Acadian settlers. A couple of hundred souls were still clustered at the trading station of St. Ann's (now Fredericton) when, in the summer of 1761, Israel Perley, of Boxford, Essex County, Massachusetts, and a handful of companions, triumphing over the wilderness between Machias and the St. John, looked from the mouth of the Oromocto down over the gleaming waters and woody plains of this romantic region. Perley had been sent out by the Governor of Massachusetts (Bernard) on an exploring expedition. His report to his neighbors in praise of these alluvial prairies must have produced a sort of "Western fever" among them. Many of his listeners had no doubt served in the Nova Scotia campaigns against the French which culminated in the capture of Louisburg in 1758, followed by that of Quebec in 1759, and the British occupation of the St. John as far as the Nashwaak, and were already aware of the natural advantages of the territory.

The first Essex County migration to Nova Scotia (as New Brunswick was then called) took place in the spring of 1763. The following spring brought a reënforcement of colonists. The settlement now embraced families, more or less connected with each other, from Rowley, Boxford, Byfield, Ipswich, Marblehead, and adjacent towns, among whom the Perleys, Stickneys, Palmers, Burpees, Barkers, Esteys, Hartts, and Peabodys were prominent in numbers or in influence. On October 31, 1765, the district having been officially surveyed by Charles Morris, sixty-five heads of families, resident or represented, were granted Tract No. 109 in Sunbury County. This tract, in the parish of Maugerville and Sheffield, known as the Maugerville Grant, and twelve miles square, extended from the head of Oromocto Island to the foot of Mauger's Island, and had been partially cleared by the Acadians. The twenty-second name on the list of grantees, for five hundred acres, was that of Joseph Garrison; the twenty-fourth that of his father-in-law, Daniel Palmer.

Daniel Palmer was great-grandson of Sergeant John Palmer (who, as a youth of seventeen, is reported to have come to Rowley in 1639) by a second wife, Margaret Northend. On the side of his mother, Mary Stickney, he was great-grandson of William Stickney, founder of that family in this country, and of Captain Samuel Brocklebank, who was slain, with nearly all his command, by the Indians at Sunbury, in King Philip's War. Born at Rowley in 1712, Daniel Palmer married in 1736 Elizabeth Wheeler, of Chebacco. He is yet remembered by close tradition as "a powerful man, of great muscular strength. Before he left for the east the Indians were troublesome, and there were three secreted in a house in Old Town, and no one dared pursue them. But he was fearless, and entered the house, where he opened a chamber window, and one by one he threw them out, regardless of life or limb, as though they were so many straws." Six children survived to him, and the two oldest girls were married, when removal to the St. John was determined on. Leaving

these behind, he took with him his third daughter, Mary (born January 19th, 1741, in Byfield), and his three sons, and joined the company of townsfolk and kinsmen who were to plant a Puritan settlement on the banks of the St. John.

There is no evidence that Joseph Garrison was of this number. All that can now be learned about him warrants the belief that he was an Englishman, who was found upon the spot by the second, if not already by the first, immigrants from Rowley. We know positively that on his thirtieth birthday, August 14th, 1764, he was married to Daniel Palmer's daughter, Mary. Sabine, who, with doubtful propriety, includes Joseph Garrison in his "Loyalists of the American Revolution," styles him "of Massachusetts"; but the name has not been met with in that State before the present century by the most diligent searchers of her archives. His comparatively early death will account for the diversity of traditions in regard to him among his own descendants, the most trustworthy of which is that he was not a native of the colonies, but of the mother country.

Five children had been born to Joseph and Mary Garrison, the youngest, Abijah, being an infant in arms—say in the spring of 1774—when the mother started in a boat down the river to pay her father a visit, taking her babe with her, and a lad who lived in the family.

"The river was clear of ice when she started, and she apprehended no danger. Long before she got to her journey's end, the ice broke further up the river and came down with such force against her boat as to break it badly, and compel her to exchange it for an ice-cake, which was driven ashore by a larger piece of ice. Like a mother, she wrapped her babe in all the clothes she could spare, and threw him into the snow on the shore. By the aid of a willow limb which overhung the river, she and the lad saved themselves. She took up her babe unharmed. As she was wandering in the woods, without guide or path, she saw the smoke from an Indian hut, and on going to it found there an Indian who knew her father. He entertained her with his best words and deeds, and the next morning conducted her safely to her father's."

This babe was the father of William Lloyd Garrison. It was not quite three years old when the progress of revolt in the colonies had infected the New England settlers on the St. John, and impelled them to a manifesto, issued at Maugerville on May 21, 1776, antedating the Declaration of Independence, imbued with the same spirit, "and, considering their insulated locality, and the vicinity to the old and well-fortified towns in possession of an English army and navy, . . . remarkably bold."

The record is silent as to the three or four residents of Maugerville who refused to subscribe to the resolves and the appeal to Massachusetts for relief. It may be conjectured, however, that Joseph Garrison was one of these, having as his first motive his English birth, and the want of those New England connections which might else have made liberty to him also "that dearest of names"; and perhaps, as his second, his better sense of the hopelessness of such an unsupported outpost maintaining itself against the authority of the mother country. Mr. Sabine found Joseph's descendants admitting his loyalty, and we may suppose him to have been temporarily ostracized, according to the terms of the vote, on account of his standing aloof from the almost unanimous action of his neighbors. At all events, it required no little independence of character to incur the popular resentment; and this trait may have been inherited by his grandson as well as the spirit of the declaration of resistance to tyranny which Daniel Palmer subscribed.

His isolation, however, except in public sentiment, lasted hardly more than a year. Despite the good-will and assistance of Massachusetts, before a project of fortifying the mouth of the St. John could be carried out, in May, 1777, the British sloop *Vulture*, fourteen guns, from Halifax (a vessel afterwards famous for having been the refuge of Benedict Arnold on the discovery of his treason), sailed up the river with troops, and, as was reported in Machias on the 29th, compelled the settlers to take the oath of allegiance to his British Majesty. Many were robbed of their all; some were carried away. A vain attempt to reverse this was made by a Massachusetts expedition in the following month. Boston was too far away; Halifax was too near. Submission was unavoidable; but time never reconciled all of the inhabitants to the separation from their kindred in the old Massachusetts home, and their regrets have been handed down to their posterity. Shut off from further increase by immigration from the original hive, they could only perpetuate their numbers by intermarriage; and the tourist on the St. John to-day finds in Sunbury County not only familiar New England names, but perhaps as unmixed a Puritan stock as exists on the continent.

Of Joseph Garrison, except that he died at Jemseg in February, 1783, we know nothing more that is eventful. He passed for a disappointed man. Besides the strong-mindedness already indicated, there is no salient feature to distinguish the founder of the line. His children, in a settlement deprived of every literary and social advantage, proved exceptionally intelligent. They educated themselves with the slenderest facilities — learned the art of navigation, became teachers. "They did not accumulate much," says the local tradition,

"but they always left friends behind them." A fondness for music and natural aptitude for giving instruction in it have also been manifested in Joseph's posterity, among whom it has been handed down that he used to play the fiddle.

Mary Palmer Garrison long survived her husband, dying in 1822. In her later years her home was on the Jemseg with her son Silas, who cultivated the farm now shown as the Garrison homestead. At the time of her death she had been for many years the widow of Robert Angus. She is remembered late in life as a jolly sort of person,— portly, with round face and fair hair, of a sanguine temperament, and a great favorite with children, whom she amused with quaint stories. From her there ran in the veins of her offspring the emigrant Puritan blood of Palmer, Northend, Hunt, Redding, Stickney, Brocklebank, Wheeler, and other (unnamable) stirpes.

By her, Joseph Garrison became the father of nine children. The fifth in order, Abijah, must occupy our attention, to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters. He was born June 18, 1773, on the Jemseg, and named for his uncle Palmer. Except the romantic incident of his babyhood, already related, his early history is a blank. He alone of the family followed the sea. He became eventually a captain, and made many voyages, with his cousin Abijah Palmer as mate. His son, William Lloyd, who had no personal recollection of him, thus summed up the traditions in regard to Abijah Garrison:

"I was probably not more than three years old when he took his final leave of my mother. I remember vaguely to have been told that he had a fine physical development, a sanguine temperament, a bald head and a reddish beard, with a very noticeable scar on his face, a birth-mark; that he was very genial and social in his manners, kind and affectionate in his disposition, and ever ready to assist the suffering and needy; that he had a good theoretical and practical knowledge of navigation, and as a master of a vessel made many voyages coastwise and to the West Indies; and that he had a strong taste for reading, and evinced some literary talent. There is no doubt that his love for my mother was almost romantic; and it is questionable, when he deserted her, if he meant the separation to be final."

Romantic love had a romantic beginning. By some chance of coast navigation, Abijah found himself on Deer Island, N. B., in Passamaquoddy Bay (waters called Quoddy, for short), at a religious evening meeting. Here his eyes fell upon a strikingly beautiful young woman dressed in a blue habit. At the close of the services he followed her to the door, and boldly asked leave to accompany her home, accosting her, for want of her real name, as "Miss Bluejacket." Her reply was a rebuff. Nevertheless, Abijah lost no time in sending her a letter, which, it is safe to say, surpassed in literary graces any she had ever received; and her reply confirmed a correspondence which ended infallibly in matrimony.

Frances Maria Lloyd was the daughter — one of a large family of children — of Andrew Lloyd, a native of Kinsale, County Munster, Ireland (about 1752). He came out to the province of Nova Scotia in 1771, as a 'prentice bound to the captain of the ship which also brought over John Lawless, an Englishman, who had been a sergeant under Wolfe at Quebec; his wife Catherine, said to have been a native of Limerick, Ireland; and their only daughter, Mary, who was certainly born there. The 'prentice is believed to have improved his time so well on the voyage that, young as they both were, he married Mary Lawless the day after they had landed on the island of Campobello. Andrew became a so-called branch (*i. e.*, commissioned) pilot at Quoddy, and died suddenly in the service in the year 1813. His wife, whom he survived, though not long, was reputed the first person buried on Deer Island, and on this unfertile but picturesque and fascinating spot Fanny Lloyd was born in 1776, and became the belle of the family.

"She was of a tall majestic figure, singularly graceful in deportment and carriage; her features were fine, and expressive of a high intellectual character; and her hair so luxuriant and rich that, when she unbound it, like that of Godiva of old, it fell around her like a veil. The outward being, however, was but a faint image of the angelic nature within; she was one of those who inspire at once love and reverence; she took high views of life and its duties; and, consequently, when adversity came upon her as an armed man, she was not overcome. Life had lost its sunshine, but not its worth; and, for her own and her children's sake, she combated nobly with poverty and sorrow. Her influence on her children, more especially on her son William, was very great: he venerated her while yet a child; not a word or a precept of hers was ever lost — his young heart treasured up all, unknowing that these in after life should become his great principles of action.

"To illustrate the conscientious and firm character of this admirable woman, we must be permitted to give an anecdote of her whilst yet young. Her parents were of the Episcopal Church, and among the most bigoted of that body. In those days the Baptists were a despised people, and it was reckoned vulgar to be of their community. One day, however, it was made known through the neighborhood where she lived that one of these despised sectaries would preach in a barn, and a party of gay young people, one of whom was the lovely and gay Fanny Lloyd, agreed for a frolic to go and hear him. Of those who went to scoff one remained to pray; this was Fanny Lloyd. Her soul was deeply touched by the meek and holy spirit of the preacher; she wept much during the sermon, and when it was over, the preacher spake kindly to her. From that day a change came over her mind. She would no longer despise and ridicule the Baptists; and before long announced to her astonished and indignant parents that she found it necessary for the peace of her soul to become publicly one of that de-

spised body. Nothing could equal the exasperation which followed this avowal. They threatened that if she allowed herself to be baptized, they would turn her out of doors. It was not a matter of choice but of stern duty with her; she meekly expostulated — she besought them with tears to hear her reasons, but in vain. She could not, however, resist that which she believed to be her duty to God; she was baptized, and had no longer a home under her parents' roof. She then took refuge with an uncle, with whom she resided several years. This early persecution only strengthened her religious opinions; and she remained through life a zealous advocate of those peculiar views for which she had suffered so much."*

The date of Abijah Garrison's marriage is uncertain, except that it was nearly at the close of the last century, and on the 12th day of December. The place of the ceremony is equally unknown; neither has it been ascertained where was the first home of the young couple. Not improbably it may have been among the husband's relatives on the Jemseg, and here perhaps was born a daughter who died in infancy. In 1801 they were settled in Duke street, St. John, where a son, James Holley, was born to them, and possibly also a second daughter. Subsequently they removed to Granville, Nova Scotia, in the neighborhood of Fanny's sister Nancy (Mrs. Delap).

On April 4, 1805, Abijah announces in these words to his mother and stepfather his intention to return to the old home of the Puritan settlers on the St. John — to Essex County, Massachusetts:

"This perhaps is the last you may Expect from me dated at Granville, as I am about to remove to Newbury Port in the United States, Where I Expect to Spend the remainder of my days. I have been following the Rule of false Position, or rather permutation, these Seven Last years, and have never been able to Solve the Question to my Satisfaction till now. Not that I am disaffected towards Government, but the barrenness of these Eastern Climates rather Obliges me to seek the welfare of my family in a more hospitable Climate, where I shall be less expos'd to the Ravages of war and stagnation of business, which is severely felt in Nova Scotia. The Prohibition of the American trade may in time help this Country, but from want of circulating Cash this Country will long lay bound in Extreme difficulties and Perpetual Lawsuits. [The] last winter was attended with distress among a great number of Poor people in this Place. The scarcity of bread and all kind of vegetables was too well known in this Part of Nova Scotia, the Great Drought Last summer Cut off all the farmers Expectations, and People in general Experienc'd the want of hay Equal to that of Bread; the smiling spring has at last return'd but brings nothing with it as yet substantial for the present support of Man. I speak not this of myself, but of many of my Neighbours; I thank God I have a Competency at present, but the times forbode greater distress ahead. I have in the Conclusion settled my Business here and am now about to remove."

The same Providence by which slavers made their impious voyages in safety attended the ship from Nova Scotia to Newburyport in the spring-time of 1805. On the 10th of December, in a little frame house still standing on School street, between the First Presbyterian church, in which Whitefield's remains are interred, and the house in which the great preacher died,— and so in the very bosom of orthodoxy,— a man-child was born to Abijah and Fanny Garrison, and called, after an uncle who subsequently lost his life in Boston Harbor, William Lloyd Garrison.

Wendell Phillips Garrison.

THE BOYHOOD OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Few men have had a stronger attachment for their birthplace and the home of their youth than William Lloyd Garrison; and the lovely old town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in which he spent the first twenty-one years of his life, was ever dear to him. As a boy, barefoot he rolled his hoop through its streets, played at marbles and at bat and ball, swam in the Merrimac in summer and skated on it in winter, and sometimes led the "South-end boys" against the "North-enders" in the numerous conflicts between the youngsters of the two sections. Every spot in the town had its associations for him: the little school-house on the Mall in which he obtained, in six months, all the grammar-school education he ever had; the wharves on which, with his comrades, he used to "sample" the West India molasses just landed; the modest house on School street in which he was born and spent his earliest years; the many dwellings which he was wont freely to visit, and which looked so unchanged, fifty years afterwards, that it seemed to him as if the familiar faces of their former inmates must greet him if he again entered their doors; Chain Bridge, on the road to Amesbury, which was regarded almost as an eighth wonder of the world when it was built, and was pictured in the geographies of that day, as the Brooklyn Bridge may be in the latest school-books; the suburb of Belleville, where he went to singing-school in company with "lots of boys and pretty girls," and first learned "Wicklow" and other good old hymns; and last, but not least, the "Herald" office on State street, in which he served his long seven years' apprenticeship as a printer. He seldom visited the town without climbing its stairs, and he liked to tell how it was owing

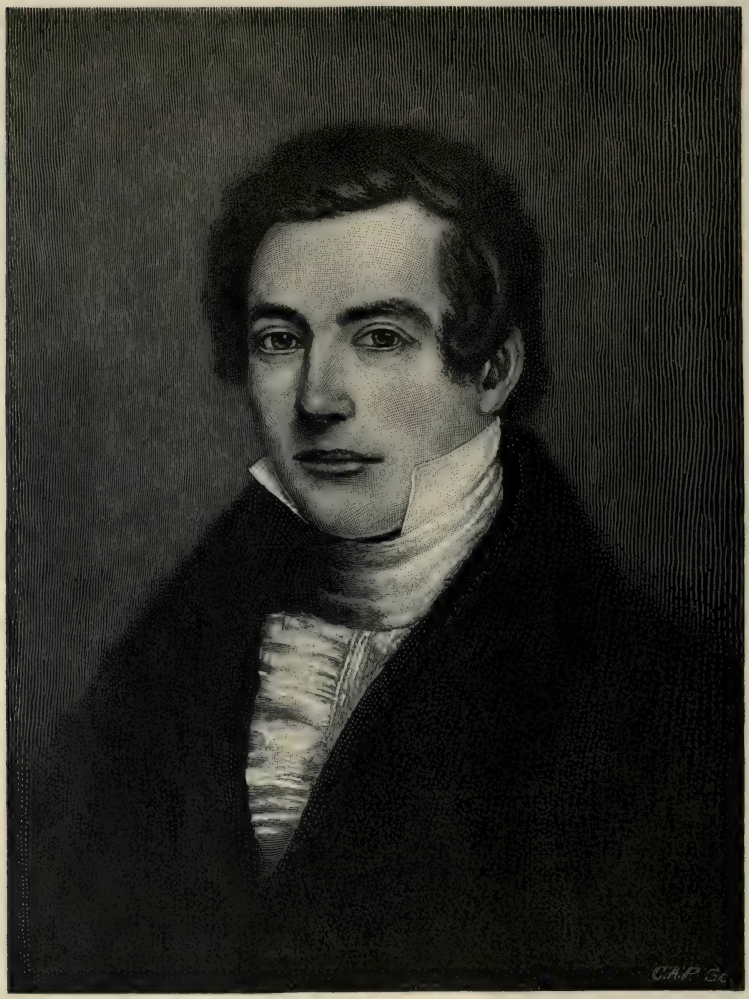
* As Mr. Garrison, on his visit to England in 1846, must have furnished Mary Howitt with these facts in regard to his mother, they are reproduced here (from the "People's Journal" of September 12, 1846) as more authentic than any later recollections could have been.

BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEWBURYPORT.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. C. REED AND H. P. MACINTOSH. DRAWN BY WILLIAM LATHROP.)

to his fondness for Newburyport, and his insupportable homesickness on two or three occasions when he was sent elsewhere to seek a livelihood, that he ever came to learn the printing business, and to master the weapon which enabled him to carry on his thirty years' warfare against American slavery.

He was less than three years old when his mother found herself left, by the desertion of her husband, with three young children to support,— the oldest a boy of seven and the youngest an infant daughter but a few weeks old. Up to that time she had enjoyed such exuberant health that she was wont to say that "only a cannon-ball could kill Fanny Garrison"; but though she resolutely set herself to the task of maintaining herself and her little ones, the blow of this desertion was one from which she never recovered, and it shadowed the remaining years of her life. The struggle for existence became a severe and bitter one. The day of Newburyport's prosperity had passed, and the years of the embargo and of the war of 1812 brought disaster and ruin to its business and commerce. It was no easy matter, therefore, to find the remunerative employment which would feed so many mouths. The little house in School street still afforded them shelter, thanks to the sisterly devotion of its owner and occupant, Martha Farnham, who assured them that while she had a roof to cover her they should share it. When circumstances permitted, Mrs. Garrison took up the calling of a monthly nurse, and during her necessary occasional absences from home the children were under the motherly care of their "Aunt Farnham." When Lloyd (as he was always called) was older, his mother used to send him, on election and training days, to sell the nice sticks of molasses candy which she was an adept in making, and he thus earned a few pennies towards the common support.

With all her sorrow at heart, his mother maintained her cheerful and courageous demeanor. She had a fine voice — "one of the best," her son was wont to say — and was ever singing at her work; and in the Baptist church meetings, at which she and Martha Farnham were constant and devoted attendants (some-



FROM SWAIN'S PORTRAIT OF GARRISON WHEN YOUNG.

times opening their own house for an evening gathering), she sang with fervor the soul-stirring hymns which have been the inspiration and delight of the devout for generations. She was mirthful, too, and possessed a quick sense of the ludicrous.

During the war of 1812 she went to Lynn to pursue her vocation, taking James, her favorite son, a boy of much beauty and promise, with her, that he might learn shoemaking. Little Elizabeth, the daughter, was left in Mrs. Farnham's protecting care, while Lloyd went to live with Deacon Ezekiel Bartlett and family, worthy people and faithful members of the little Baptist church. The good deacon, who was in very humble circumstances, sawed wood, sharpened saws, made lasts, and even sold apples from a little stand at his door, to win a subsistence for his family; and Lloyd, who was an exemplary and conscientious boy, and warmly attached to his kind friends, dutifully tried to earn his board and do all he could to lighten their burden of poverty.

During their mother's absence in Lynn the children heard frequently from her by letter, and Lloyd was able to write to her in reply. Her little notes to him were full of tender affection, and earnest hope that he would be a good and dutiful boy. Already her health and strength were beginning to fail under her arduous struggle to maintain herself and her children, and her inability

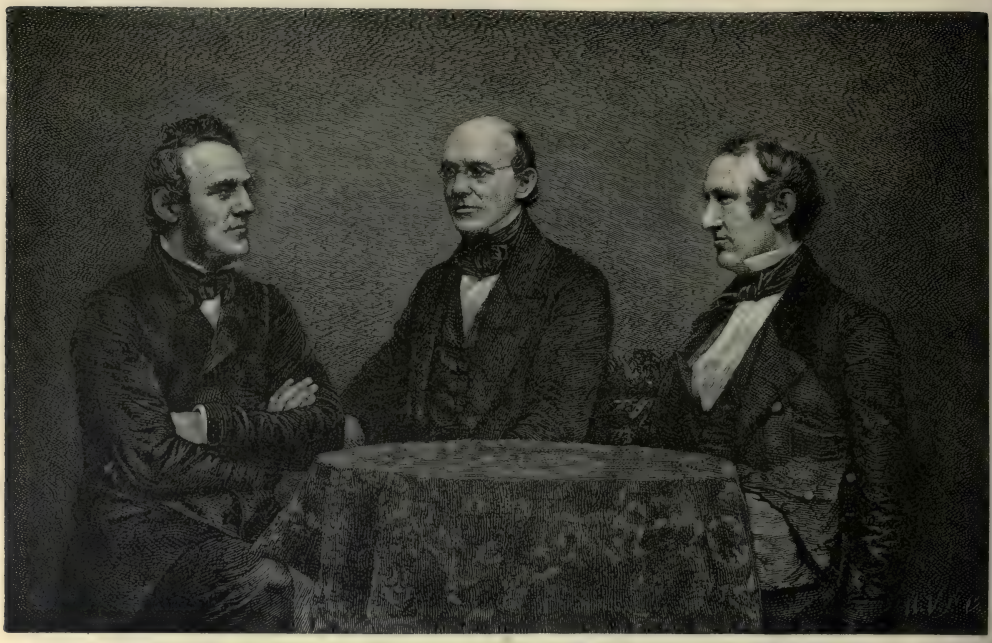
now to do continuous work made it all the more imperative that they should learn trades that would enable them to become self-supporting. So Lloyd was brought to Lynn to learn shoemaking, and was apprenticed to Gamaliel W. Oliver, an excellent man and a member of the Society of Friends, who lived on Market street, and had his work-shop in the yard adjoining his house. There the little boy, who was only nine years old, and so small that his fellow-workmen called him "not much bigger than a last," toiled for several months until he could make a tolerable shoe, to his great pride and delight. He was much too young and small for his task, however, and it soon became evident that he lacked the strength to pursue the work.

In October, 1815, Mrs. Garrison removed to Baltimore, where she spent the remaining years of her life, pursuing her calling as nurse until disabled by a painful disease, which caused her long helplessness and suffering before death brought a merciful release. Her two boys accompanied her; but James, soon tiring of the shoemaker's bench, ran away and took to the sea, and Lloyd became so homesick for Newburyport that his mother, unable to find employment for him in Baltimore, permitted him to return to Deacon Bartlett's care. He again did what a small boy of ten or eleven years could towards earning his board, and obtained a little more (and what proved to be his final) schooling at the South Grammar-school. He was very happy in this, and in returning to the only place that had ever seemed like home to him; but his poor mother missed him sorely, and as no situation could be found for him in Newburyport, she proposed, at the end of a year, that he should return to Baltimore. Her hope of securing a place for him there, however, was disappointed.

After a time Lloyd was apprenticed to Moses Short, a cabinet-maker at Haverhill, Massachusetts, who took the boy into his family and treated him with much kindness. The work was not unpleasant to him, and he soon learned to make a toy bureau and helped at veneering; but his old homesickness for Newburyport seized him, and he became so unhappy that he resolved, at the end of six weeks, to make his escape. Watching his opportunity, one morning when his employer had gone to the shop, he tied his shirt and other worldly possessions in a handkerchief, threw the bundle down among the pumpkin vines from his window, and then going down and recovering it started for home on foot. He had calculated the time it would take him to cross the long bridge, and when the stage-coach came up with him he seized the rack behind, and ran and swung himself by turns to facilitate his progress. When the stage paused at a stopping-place, he trudged on until it again overtook him, when he repeated the operation, and in this way accomplished several miles. The passengers in the coach, meanwhile, were wondering how so small a lad could keep along with it. But the fugitive was missed at Haverhill, and, as he was wont to tell the story in after years, his employer took a "short" cut by which he saved time and distance over the stage-road, and recaptured his apprentice. He bore him no ill-will, however, and, when Lloyd confessed his homesickness, promised to release him if he would only return to Haverhill and take his leave in a regular and proper manner, that neither of them might be compromised. He kept his word, and Lloyd again took up his abode at Deacon Bartlett's.

Repeated efforts were made to find a situation for him, but without success until the autumn of 1818, when Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, editor and proprietor of the Newburyport (semi-weekly) "Herald," wishing a boy to learn the printer's trade, Lloyd was presented as a candidate for the place and accepted, and, having been duly apprenticed for the usual term of seven years, he entered the office of the "Herald" on the 18th of October, 1818.

The boy had not been many days in the printing-office before he was convinced that he had at last found his right place, but his first feeling was one of discouragement as he watched the rapidity with which the compositors set and distributed the types. "My little heart sank like lead within me," he afterwards said. "It seemed to me that I never should be able to do anything of the kind." He was so short at first that when he undertook to work off proofs, he had to stand on a "fifty-six-pound weight" in order to reach the table. He quickly grew expert and accurate as a compositor, and was much liked and trusted by his master, of whose family he now became a member, as was the custom with apprentices in those days. In course of time he became the foreman of the office, made up the pages of the "Herald," and prepared the forms for the press. He was noted for his rapidity and accuracy as a compositor, his clean proofs, and his taste in job-work, and he was also an excellent pressman on the hand-presses of those days. Throughout his life it was a delight and, as he used to express it, "a positive recreation" to him to manipulate the types; and the last time that he ever handled the composing-stick was in that same "Herald" office just sixty years from the day on which he had first entered it as an apprentice.



GEORGE THOMPSON, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE (ABOUT 1851) IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. GARRISON'S FAMILY.)

Lloyd early evinced a taste for poetry, and was fond of works of fiction and romance. His favorite poets at that time were Byron, Moore, Pope, Campbell, and Scott, and, over and above all these, Mrs. Hemans, whose writings he knew by heart; and when he subsequently published a paper of his own, there was scarcely an issue which did not contain one of her poems. It was natural that in such a stronghold of the Federalists as Newburyport still was (though the party had ceased to have a national existence), with party feeling throughout the State running so high at each annual election, he should also take an interest in politics and imbibe the prevailing sentiment of his locality, and he became an ardent Federalist. He studied the writings of Junius and Fisher Ames, and was a fervent admirer of Timothy Pickering and Harrison Gray Otis. While yet in his teens he wielded his pen in defense of the two latter when they were under fire, and their political fortunes under a cloud; but his first attempt at writing for the press was not in a political direction. In May, 1822, he wrote in a disguised hand, and sent through the post-office, his first communication to the "Herald," under the *nom de guerre* of "An Old Bachelor." It was entitled "Breach of Marriage Promise," and professed to be the reflections of a bachelor on reading the recent verdict in a breach-of-promise case in Boston, by which a young man who had "kept company" with a girl for two years, and then refused to marry her, was fined seven hundred and fifty dollars. While freely conceding that any man who had actually broken an express promise should "feel the effects of the law in a heavy degree," he maintained that the very fact of a man's having "kept company with," or paid attention to, one of the opposite sex for a year or two, was not conclusive evidence of a promise or engagement, but rather indicated that he desired to be assured of the wisdom of his choice before taking such a momentous step as matrimony involved; and the "old bachelor" of sixteen then discoursed in this cynical fashion:

> "The truth is, however, women in this country are too much idolized and flattered; therefore they are puffed up and inflated with pride and self-conceit. They make the men to crouch, beseech and supplicate, wait upon and do every menial service for them to gain their favor and approbation: they are, in fact, completely subservient to every whim and caprice of these changeable mortals. Women generally feel their importance, and they use it without mercy. For my part, notwithstanding, I am determined to lead the 'single life' and not trouble myself about the ladies."

Lloyd was at work at the case when his master received and opened this youthful

production, and he awaited anxiously the verdict as to its acceptance. It happened to strike Mr. Allen's fancy, and, after reading it aloud for the edification of others in the office, he unsuspectingly handed it to its author to put in type, and it filled nearly a column of the "Herald." Elated by this first success, the boy wrote a second communication in a similar vein, which appeared three days later; and a week after this he furnished a highly imaginative account of a shipwreck, which was so palpably the work of one innocent of the sea and of ships, that it is rather surprising that it was accepted; but the editor was probably equally innocent, if many of his seafaring patrons and readers were not.

The signature appended to this article was abbreviated to the initials A. O. B.,* over which most of his subsequent articles for the "Herald" were written. He still, and for nearly the whole of the ensuing year, concealed his authorship, although his master was so well pleased with the communications of his unknown correspondent that he wrote him through the post-office, requesting him to continue them, and expressing a desire for an interview with him!

To his mother alone did Lloyd confide his secret, and she received it with mingled pride and misgiving, as appears by the following letter, dated July 1, 1822:

"I have had my mind exercised on your account, and please to let me know the particulars in your next. You write me word that you have written some pieces for the 'Herald.' Anonymous writers generally draw the opinion of the publick on their writing, and frequently are lampoon'd by others. If Mr. Allen approves of it, why, you have nothing to fear, but I hope you consulted him on the publication of them. I am pleased, myself, with the idea, provided that nothing wrong should result from it. You must write me one of your pieces, so that I can read [it] on one side of your letter, and I will give you my opinion whether you are an old bachelor, or whether you are A. O. B., as A may stand for Ass, and O for Oaf, and B for Blockhead. Adieu, my dear. You will think your Mother is quizzing. Your dear Mother until death."

Lloyd continued his anonymous communications to the "Herald," discussing successively South American affairs, Massachusetts politics (supporting Harrison Gray Otis for Governor against Mr. Eustis, the successful Democratic candidate), and the state of Europe,—this last in three articles remarkably well written for a boy of seventeen.

In the previous month of December (1822) Mr. Allen had gone to Mobile for the winter, leaving Lloyd in charge of the office, while Caleb Cushing attended to the editorial conduct of the "Herald," and it was the latter who now first discovered that the author of these and previous articles under the same signature was no other than Mr. Allen's senior apprentice. He instantly commended and encouraged him, lending him books, and calling attention editorially to the papers on Europe. It is probable that the boy's interest in foreign affairs was largely due to Mr. Cushing himself, who had written at the beginning of the year a series of articles for the "Herald," giving a résumé of the political situation and outlook at home and abroad. In a letter written to his mother in May, 1823, Lloyd gives this account of his year's performances as a writer for the press:

"Since I have received your letter, my time has been swallowed up in turning author. I have written in the 'Herald' three long political pieces under the caption of 'Our Next Governor,' and the signature of 'One of the People,'—rather a great signature, to be sure, for such a small man as myself. But vain were the efforts of the friends and disciples of Washington, the true Federal Republicans of Massachusetts; Democracy has finally triumphed over correct principles, and this State may expect to see the scenes of 1811–12 revived in all their blighting influences;—may they be as short-lived as they were at that period. You will undoubtedly smile at my turning politican at the age of *eighteen*, but, 'true 'tis,' and *(perhaps)* 'pity 'tis 'tis true,' and I cannot but help smiling myself at the thought. I have likewise published another political communication under the same signature. Besides these, I have written three other communications under the head of 'A Glance at Europe'—analyzing the present state of political affairs between Spain and the Holy Alliance—and which called forth a very handsome notice of the same from Mr. Cushing, the Editor of the 'Herald.'—But I am at last discovered to be the author, notwithstanding my utmost endeavors to let it remain a secret. It is now but partially known, however, and has created no little sensation in town—so that I have concluded to write no more at present.

"Thus you perceive, my dear mother, that my leisure moments have been usefully and wisely employed;—usefully, because it is beneficial in cultivating the seeds of improvement in my breast, and expanding the intellectual powers and faculties of my mind; wisely, because it has kept me from wasting time in that dull, senseless, insipid manner, which generally characterizes giddy youths. It is now about one year since I commenced writing for the 'Herald,' and in that time I have written about fifteen communications. When I peruse them over, I feel absolutely astonished at the different subjects which I have discussed, and the style in which they are written. Indeed, it is altogether a matter of surprise that I have met with such signal success, seeing I do not understand *one single rule of grammar*, and having a very inferior education.—But enough of my scribblings, in all conscience, for the present, to something that is more important and interesting."

Circumstances now arose to prevent Lloyd's writing further for the press for a considerable period. In September, 1822, his sister Elizabeth had died in Baltimore, leaving the mother

* Experts in the tender passion will readily discern in "A. O. B.'s" pretensions of frigidity a rather susceptible temperament.

bereft and desolate; and as the spring of 1823 advanced, disease had made such inroads upon her that she became conscious that she could not long survive. She accordingly sent an earnest appeal to Mr. Allen to allow her son to make her a farewell visit, and wrote to Lloyd directing him how to find her on his arrival in Baltimore. In the same letter she acknowledged the letter from him just quoted, and endeavored to conceal her pride and interest in his literary efforts by warning him of the dangers and difficulties he was liable to encounter; but her exhortation ended with a blessing, and a request that he would bring his productions for her to read. This letter, which bears date June 3, 1823, was probably the last she ever wrote to him:

"Next, your turning Author. You have no doubt read and heard the fate of such characters, that they generally starve to death in some garret or place that no one inhabits; so you may see what fortune and luck belong to you if you are of that class of people. Secondly, you think your time was wisely spent while you was writing political pieces. I cannot join with you there, for had you been searching the scriptures for truth, and praying for direction of the holy spirit to lead your mind into the path of holiness, your time would have been far more wisely spent, and your advance to the heavenly world more rapid. But instead of that you have taken the Hydra by the head, and now beware of his mouth; but as it is done, I suppose you think you had better go and seek the applause of mortals. But, my dear L., lose not the favour of God; have an eye single to his glory, and you will not lose your reward." . . .

As soon after receiving the above letter as his master would release him, Lloyd embarked for Baltimore, where he landed, after a stormy and boisterous voyage of a fortnight, on the 5th of July. "You must imagine," he wrote to Mr. Allen, "my sensations on beholding a beloved mother after an absence of seven years. I found her in tears, but, O God, so altered, so emaciated, that I should never have recognized her, had I not known that there were none else in the room."

The next two or three weeks, during which Lloyd was able to remain with his mother, were precious to both, for they had many things to talk over before their final separation: Lloyd's prospects for the future; the mystery attending his father's disappearance; the recent death of his sister; and the possible fate of his wayward brother James, from whom nothing had been heard for years, and who was destined, poor waif! to be tossed and driven about the sea, suffering incredible hardships, for a dozen years longer, before he was finally discovered and rescued by his brother. After Lloyd parted from his mother she steadily sank, and finally passed away on the 3d of September, 1823.

With three exceptions, of trifling and unimportant verses, Lloyd wrote nothing for the "Herald" during the next year; but in June, 1824, he was moved by the publication of Timothy Pickering's "Review of John Adams's Letters to William Cunningham," to send two long communications to the Salem "Gazette," under the signature of "Aristides." These were highly eulogistic of Mr. Pickering, whose pamphlet in defense of himself against the attacks of Mr. Adams had caused a wide sensation, and led to an acrimonious war of words between the partisans of those venerable statesmen. Walsh's "National Gazette" of Philadelphia was the mouthpiece of the Adams party, while the Salem "Gazette" was understood to speak by authority for Mr. Pickering; and such was the interest in the discussion that raged for a time, that the letters of the Newburyport apprentice attracted much notice, and were believed to have come from a maturer hand. The controversy had an indirect bearing on the impending Presidential election, in which John Quincy Adams was a candidate, and the Pickering party aimed their darts at the son, therefore, quite as much as at the father. The youthful "Aristides," who four years later ardently advocated his reëlection, now joined in decrying him. His conception of the character of General Andrew Jackson was much more clear and accurate, and his next contribution to the "Gazette" was an open letter to that military chieftain, endeavoring to convince him of his utter unfitness for the office of President, and the hopelessness of his efforts to gain that position. This letter was forcible, dignified, and mature in thought and expression.

His remaining contributions to the "Gazette" were a series of six articles entitled "The Crisis," which appeared at intervals between the beginning of August and end of October, and discussed the political situation. The importance of united action on the part of the Federalists, now so largely in the minority, was emphasized, and their support of William H. Crawford for the Presidency in opposition to John Quincy Adams was strongly urged; but while "Aristides" had much to say in depreciation of the latter, he evidently knew very little of the former, and simply supported him because he was the candidate of the Pickering faction.

Aside from his great sorrow in the loss of his mother and sister, the last three years of Lloyd's apprenticeship were very happy years to him. Trusted by his master with the entire supervision of the printing-office, and with the editorial charge of the "Herald" when the former was absent; devoting his spare hours to reading and study; encouraged by the recognition of merit in his various essays at writing

for the press, and by the ready acceptance and insertion of his articles and communications; fond of social intercourse, and a universal favorite with his friends of both sexes; full of health, vigor, cheerfulness, and ambition; known and respected by all his townspeople as an exemplary and promising young man,— success in life seemed easily within his grasp. An oil portrait taken about this period by Swain, a local artist, represents him with a smooth face, abundant black hair, a standing collar, and ruffled shirt-bosom. His surviving associates, of that period speak with enthusiasm of his manly beauty and his popularity with the fair sex.

At one time Lloyd had a boyish desire to go to Greece and join the forces of the revolutionists against Turkish tyranny, and he also thought of seeking a military education at West Point. He was enthusiastic over Lafayette's visit to Newburyport, at the end of August, 1824, and was among the thousands who awaited his arrival late at night in a drenching rain. He used to narrate how Lafayette, who was deeply moved by the sight, begged the people, with tears in his eyes, not to longer expose themselves so for his sake, but to come and shake him by the hand the next morning; and he was one of the multitude who availed themselves of that privilege.

On the 10th of December, 1825, he completed his apprenticeship of seven years and two months in the "Herald" office, and under the (as it subsequently appeared, mistaken) impression that the year of his birth was 1804, and that he had now attained his majority, he signalized the event by a fervid poem of eight stanzas, entitled "Twenty-one!"

He remained a few weeks longer in the "Herald" office, as a journeyman, and his last contribution to that paper bore, like his first, his bachelor *nom de guerre* (A. O. B.), and was devoted to a similar theme, being an "Essay on Marriage," which he discussed with the same affectation of cynicism as at first, declaring that "of all the conceits that ever entered into the brains of a wise man, that of marriage is the most ridiculous." And with this light and trivial conclusion to his boyish essays, he graduated from the office of the "Herald," and went forth to establish a paper of his own, and to see what place in the world he could now show himself able to fill.

Francis Jackson Garrison.

THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

THE modern idea of an Indian country — a scope of territory set apart for the occupancy of the aboriginal tribes — was first suggested by President Jefferson. As early as 1803, referring to the then recent Louisiana purchase, he wrote: "Above all, the best use we can make of the country for some time to come will be to give establishments in it to the Indians of the east side of the Mississippi in exchange for their present country, and open land-offices in the last, and thus make this acquisition a means of filling up the eastern side instead of drawing off the population. When we shall be full on this side, we can lay off a range of States on the western bank from the head to the mouth, and so range after range, advancing compactly, as we multiply." It will be observed that he did not recommend permanency as a feature of this movement; it was to be "for some time" only, and subject to the possible demands of the march of white population westward. And yet there is room to suspect that his prophecy of "range after range" of States beyond the Mississippi was a bit of rhetorical bombast, and that in reality he believed that if the "perishing" tribes, as they were called, could all be sent wandering into this vast indeterminate waste of "Louisiana," — one million one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of far-away and vague wilderness,— civilization would not be likely to overtake them, and the Indian problem would solve itself by the easy delays of time and circumstance.

It is well to reflect, also, that the public mind of 1803 had no conception of the extent and value, or even the general geographical outlines, of Mr. Jefferson's Louisiana purchase; and the prevailing opinion dismissed it as unavailable and worthless. The price paid for it was at the rate of about a hundred acres for a cent, and out of it have been carved eight strong and opulent States; but Mr. Jefferson himself did not dream what a bargain he had secured, and only a fear of Spain reconciled the people to what they regarded, so far as the land was concerned, a foolish trade. So lightly did they esteem the country that they lacked ordinary curiosity about it. In point of fact, they knew little more of the greater portion of it than we know to-day of the moon, and they manifested no desire to explore it or to be informed of its nature or quality. The Mississippi itself was an unsolved enigma to them north of St. Louis; the Missouri, the Osage, the Platte, the Ar-

kansas were guess-work and trappers' rumors; the Rocky Mountains were but the shapeless talk of a man in his sleep. It was not until 1805 that Lieutenant Pike was sent to search "if haply he might find" the source of the Father of Waters. Not until 1806–7 did the first Americans, under this same intrepid officer, venture into what is now Kansas, which Pike declared mostly unfit for settlement or cultivation, and useful only as "a restriction of our population to certain limits, and thereby a continuation of the Union"; and to-day Kansas contains over a million of happy and prosperous people, and produces enough wheat alone in a single year to exceed the Jeffersonian cost of all Louisiana.

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand that a proposal to utilize this immense and uncomprehended domain, deemed to be desert and extraneous, as an abiding-place for the Indians, met with little opposition. But negotiations to that end with the Indians progressed slowly, and the inauguration of the project was not brought about until 1830, when Congress enacted the law which has served us ever since as an excuse and a precedent in our real-estate transactions with the red man. The story from then until now is a familiar and significantly consistent one. Mr. Jefferson's lucky device can hardly be said to have operated at all times in a way to vindicate the Scriptures; but his prophecy has been amply fulfilled, after a fashion of its own; his far-reaching rhetoric, idly as he may have uttered it, has become history. The original intention of the law of 1830 applied only to the removal of tribes from the east of the Mississippi to a defined and distant portion of the Louisiana purchase; the contingency of having to disturb the occupancy of tribes already west of the Mississippi was thought of, if at all, as too remote and improbable for serious consideration. But the great river did not long check the migratory instinct of the white race. Pike's notion of restriction was soon proved to be a folly and a snare. The prairies enticed instead of repelling the restless argonauts who are forever going westward. Civilization laid claim to more and more room; the "removal" theory of extinguishing aboriginal land-titles, and at the same time smoothing the aboriginal pathway toward the setting sun, was gradually enlarged and quickened; and Mr. Jefferson's "range after range" of new States pushed the Indians on step by step, until at last, after fifty years, we find that almost the only Indian country proper is the corner first set apart in 1830, wherein are now congregated not only the wasting tribes originally sent there, but also most of the tribes, or subdued remnants of tribes, that once held sway over the whole empire of the Louisiana purchase.

This shrunken residue of the old dominion of the native race — known on the maps as the Indian Territory — is three hundred and eighty-two miles long and two hundred and eight miles wide, embracing about seventy thousand square miles. The character of the country is pleasing and diversified, with now and then a touch of the picturesque, the general effect being suggestive of a continuation and blending of Kansas and Texas, which adjoin it on the north and south. It is well supplied with rivers, so called; but, excepting the Arkansas and the Canadian, they are of little consequence beyond their convenience as boundary lines. Timber of good quality — ash, oak, pine, walnut, hickory, and cottonwood — abounds on most of the streams, and deposits of coal, iron, copper, and lead are said to exist in places. Salt is found plentifully, in springs and on the plains, and large quantities of it were obtained by the South during the War of the Rebellion. The best of the lands lie in the "bottoms"; in fact, it is safe to say that the agricultural possibilities of the Territory are chiefly confined to those localities. The soil of the uplands is thin and hard, as a rule, and pinched by drought. A thorough survey would probably divide the country into three nearly equal parts: one of more than average value for farming; one unreliable for cultivation, but admirably adapted to stock-grazing; and one practically worthless for any purpose. The climate is delightful, and suited to the growing of both northern and southern products. Grass remains green in the valleys all winter, there is rarely any snow or severely cold weather, and spring begins in February. Wild fruits, such as plums, grapes, and berries, thrive luxuriantly, and the wild flowers are among the most beautiful known to botany. It should be, from appearances, a very pleasant and healthy region to live in, but it is said that residents not born there are more or less subject to miasmatic and tubercular affections.

The Territorial lands are apportioned to the different tribes in specified districts or reservations, each tribe having a sort of supremacy over its own domain, subject to treaty stipulations with the United States. All lands are held in common, and titles in severalty are not known or authorized. Individuals are permitted to settle and remain upon particular premises, and their heirs may inherit the privilege after them; but it is a privilege only, and confers no vested right, nor does the privilege extend to members of other tribes, nor to intruding white men. The five civilized tribes, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the

Choctaws, the Creeks, and the Seminoles,—the "first settlers" of the country,—hold and control nearly one-half of the lands, or, in round numbers, twenty million acres, including the principal share of those portions most applicable to the uses of agriculture. Other considerable tracts are possessed by the leading wild tribes, the Arapahoes, the Cheyennes, the Comanches, the Kiowas, and the Osages, amounting in all to some nine and a half million acres; and the remainder, exclusive of such as still remains unassigned, is parceled out in diminished measure to the various smaller tribes that have been "removed" to the Territory from time to time.*

For many years after their location here, the five civilized tribes, though embarrassed by internal feuds, waxed powerful and prosperous. When the civil war began, in 1861, they were a notably wealthy people. They had large farms of corn and cotton, hemp and tobacco, with comfortable buildings, and their herds of cattle and horses were incredibly numerous and profitable. It was not uncommon for a single individual to own thousands of cattle; indeed, the man who owned less than five or six hundred cattle, or two or three hundred horses, was considered poor and shiftless. Their trade was principally with New Orleans and other Southern cities, and was eagerly sought after. They owned many slaves, and drove costly carriages, and wore rich clothing and a profusion of jewelry. But the war stripped them of everything movable, and left them only their naked fields and pastures. Their unlucky location, and their divided sympathies between the North and South, exposed them to the ravages of both armies. Worse than all, a majority of them having borne arms for the Confederacy, or otherwise given aid and comfort to the rebellion, their treaties were forfeited. But, promptly upon the close of the war, they signified an anxiety to be restored to their former relations with the Government, and accordingly, at a council held with them only six months after Lee's surrender, new treaties were negotiated by which they resumed their old position; and they at the same time abolished slavery (before any Southern State had accepted emancipation), proclaimed unqualified amnesty, and consented to the settlement of other Indians on portions of their lands. They were humbled in spirit, however, and very poor; and their progress since that time has been relatively slow and precarious. Their crops are lighter and more uncertain than they formerly were, and stock-raising has become more expensive and markets less stable and remunerative. Still, they are all self-supporting, and the thriftier among them are doing as well as average white farmers in the States. They are intelligent, too, and many of them are educated and able; their annual expenditures for school purposes closely approximate two hundred thousand dollars, or about three dollars and thirty-three cents per capita of the total population.

The aggregate membership of the five civilized tribes is, in round numbers, sixty thousand, including six thousand manumitted negro slaves.* Their form of tribal, or "national," government is republican in theory,

* The following table shows the size, in square miles and acres, of the different tribal reservations in the territory:

Tribe.	Sq. miles.	Acres.
Cherokee	7,861	5,031,351
Cheyenne and Arapahoe	6,715	4,297,771
Chickasaw	7,267	4,650,935
Choctaw	10,450	6,688,000
Creek	5,024	3,215,495
Kaw	156½	100,137
Kiowa and Comanche	4,639	2,968,893
Modoc	6	4,040
Osage	2,297	1,470,059
Ottawa	23½	14,860
Pawnee	442	283,026
Peoria and Miami	78½	50,301
Ponca and Nez Percé	317	192,626
Pottawatomie	900	575,877
Quapaw	88½	6,685
Sac and Fox	750	479,667
Seminole	312½	200,000
Seneca	81	51,958
Shawnee	21	13,048
Wichita	1,162	743,610
Wyandotte	33½	21,406
Tribal lands outside of reservations	15,611	9,285,711
Total	64,236	41,100,915

* The total population of the Indian Territory, according to the latest accessible data, is 78,403, distributed by tribes as follows:

Apaches	340	Brought forward	68,505
Arapahoes	2,314	Nez Percés	322
Caddoes	553	Osages	1,950
Cherokees	20,336	Otoes	274
Cheyennes	4,255	Ottawas	115
Chickasaws	6,000	Pawnees	1,251
Choctaws	16,000	Penetethkas	165
Comanches	1,407	Peorias	144
Creeks	15,000	Poncas	542
Delawares	80	Pottawatomies	480
Iowas	86	Quapaws	48
Kaws	285	Sacs and Foxes	90
Keechies	78	Senecas	322
Kiowas	1,176	Seminoles	2,700
Kickapoos	418	Shawnees	793
Kaskaskias	20	Tocawonies	152
Miamis	60	Wacoes	49
Modocs	97	Wichitas	214
		Wyandottes	287
Carried forward	68,505	Total	78,403

There are a few Chippewas married into the Sac and Fox tribe; the Ionias and Omahas have joined the same tribe, and some Sioux are with the Pawnees, and some Utes among the Wichitas.

tempered by native traditions and certain irrelevant provincial tendencies. Each tribe has a chief, or governor, and a vice-chief, elected for a term of four years, and a legislature, composed of senate and council, chosen every two years; the judiciary is modeled after our system of State courts. The legislatures meet annually; and there is also a yearly general council, for consultation merely, and without any legislative power, to which each tribe in the Territory, civilized or otherwise, sends one delegate, and additional delegates according to population. These tribal governments, within the jurisdiction of the United States, and yet in a sense politically distinct,— exercising separate sovereignty and yet dependent upon and subject to treaties, —are anomalous of course, and in some respects ridiculous. They have no inherent and original power to levy war, or repel invasion, or contract diplomatic relations, or acquire or dispose of territory. Their lands belong to them only by sufferance and in equity, and they cannot convey an acre in fee simple; they cannot so much as transfer and exchange rights of occupancy without the approval of the United States. They have authority only over "the persons and property" of their own citizens; and though based fundamentally upon the idea that white men shall not enter their several precincts, they have no right to evict or arrest intruders, but must appeal to the Great Father at Washington. No court of their creating can try a case where an Indian is one party and a white man or corporation is the other. On the other hand, it is due and proper to say, these abnormal, rattle-and-straw governments, so far as they reach, are respectably conducted and effective; and no doubt they have contributed materially to the tribal peace, safety, and happiness.

The Cherokees are regarded as the most apt and advanced of all the Indians, and they are certainly the most adroit and ambitious. They may be said to be the governing tribe. Their leading men are exceptionally capable, and the people in general are remarkable for their vigor and alertness of intellect. They maintain admirable public schools, two seminaries, and an orphan asylum; and they have a well-conducted weekly newspaper, printed mainly in their own language, after an alphabet invented by a Cherokee genius named Sequoyah, who became so frightened at the effects of his contrivance, the Indians say, and felt so apprehensive that the "bad medicine" of reading which he had introduced would break up the old native habits and destroy his people, that he lapsed into a settled melancholy, and, wandering off to Mexico, died there of a broken heart. The Choctaws and Chickasaws are next in the scale of enlightenment to the Cherokees. Both of these tribes support good schools, and the Chickasaws now have more high schools or seminaries, and more students in them, than any other of the five tribes. The Choctaws appear to understand trading and money-making better than any of their brethren, though the Chickasaws are also shrewd business men. The Creeks and Seminoles have not improved as much as the three other tribes, and are not considered so bright and energetic; but they are represented to be gaining every year, and their schools are excellent and well attended, and the Creeks have recently distinguished themselves by subscribing three thousand dollars toward the founding of a seminary for the ex-slaves of the tribes.

The contrast between the five civilized tribes and the numerous wild and uncivilized tribes and fragments of tribes in the Territory is wide and striking. It requires an effort of the imagination to connect them as kindred. The former are the Indians of Cooper and Longfellow, of tradition and sentiment. The latter are the Indians of current frontier experience, of the blanket and the scalping-knife. These wild tribes still cling tenaciously to their savage customs and prejudices, and yield but doggedly to civilization. Their hostility to the white race is pronounced and deadly. The arts of peace and industry seem to them a surrender of all that makes life worth living. They are born nomads. Unlike the pastoral tribes, who are predisposed to homes and soil-tilling, they have always pursued the chase, and their country has been to them only a hunting-ground and a place to pitch the flitting tents of a day. Hence their reclamation involves not simply a change of habits, but almost a reversal of nature. It is probably yet an open question whether a wild Indian of pure blood has ever been thoroughly and permanently civilized. Father Schoenmaker, of the Osage Mission, said it took him fifteen years to get the blanket off of Joseph Pawneopasshe, afterward chief of the Osage tribe, "and it took Joseph just fifteen minutes to get it on him again." The five principal wild tribes,— the Arapahoes, the Cheyennes, the Comanches, the Kiowas, and the Osages,— and several of the smaller tribes, all preserve their old tribal organizations, costumes, and diversions; and their attitude toward their present surroundings is that of haughty and thinly concealed challenge.

The uncivilized tribes are governed by a system of agencies, under charge of United States civil officers, with United States soldiers in the background. That these agencies are doing a good work among the

Indians is not to be disputed; but it is a task that drags and is full of difficulties. The Indians do not care for houses, but prefer their tents and lodges of skins and blankets, and they will work only under spur of necessity and at fitful intervals. They cultivate annually an average of something over half an acre per head, and produce about one-half of the cost of their maintenance; much of the labor is performed, however, by white men, who farm the Indian land for a share of the crops. The wonder is, not that they are doing so little, but that they do so much; and these figures may fairly be called encouraging, since every forward step is a point gained. They cannot be expected to take much interest in education, and it is not surprising that several of the chiefs stoutly denounce and antagonize it; but the agents and missionaries have established schools for most of the tribes, commonly of the manual labor form, and the average annual enrollment of pupils includes about thirty per cent. of the children of school age. The immorality of the wild Indian goes without saying; and this, added to his indolence and improvidence, is a besetting and serious obstacle to any scheme for his civilization. He treats women as beasts of burden, buys and sells wives, and practices indiscriminate polygamy; he is an inveterate gambler, and a drunkard of phenomenal capacity; and his death, nine times out of ten, is the direct penalty of persistent and loathsome personal excesses.

They are not an attractive spectacle, these vanishing contingents of once famous and mighty peoples. It is hard to fit them into the history which they represent. And yet we know, and cannot be unmoved by the thought, that here are the tattered and poverty-stricken handfuls of what were, but a brief lifetime ago, the tribes that mustered their warriors by formidable thousands, and counted their possessions by months of travel beyond the great river. The proudest among them now are pensioners; the vast regions they once held and roamed over have slipped from their grasp like the rolling up of a scroll. Not all the tribes that occupied Missouri and Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska, could to-day put men enough in the field to stand against a regiment of our cavalry. The Senecas, the Delawares, the Miamis, the Sacs and Foxes, and others of heroic memory, of song and story, are now hardly sufficient in numbers to equal the euphonious names they have furnished us for our towns and streams. It is destiny, to be sure; and the nations of which these poor squads are the last lineal types and shadows have retreated before the influences of a better and fitter order of things. But, for all that, there is a certain nameless pathos in it — a sense of rout and ruin, of trampled banners and the peace that is a settled despair — which arrests attention and compels salutation and sympathy.

And what of the future? These people can go no farther; that much is settled. Will they be permitted to retain the strip that is left of the old Indian country, and exercise over it a perpetual tribal sovereignty? It must be said that the signs do not point that way. The Territory is hemmed in on three sides by encroaching States; the eager tide of immigration has touched its borders, and is a swelling menace. One railroad already runs through it from north to south, and others are waiting just over the line to penetrate it in various directions. Several thousands of white speculators and adventurers have obtained a foothold in the Territory by sly evasions of law, and are sedulously fomenting strife and encouraging the intrusion of settlers. Powerful corporations, hungry for land-grants and increased commercial facilities, are manufacturing public opinion against the policy that keeps up this barrier to trade and intercourse. The fact is being pointed to and artfully dwelt upon, that here is an inviting tract of country, larger than all New England, from which homeless white men are excluded, while the Indians occupy nearly seven hundred acres per capita, of which they do not cultivate one acre in five hundred, but draw upon the Government for food and clothing. Finally, the Indians themselves are divided in sentiment about the course they should favor for their own safety and profit; and, altogether, the outlook is thick with complications and perplexities.

The most prolific source of disturbance and apprehension is the frail legal tenure by which the Indians hold their lands. It has been the unvarying practice of our Congress and courts to treat these titles as rights of occupancy, merely, on the part of the tribes as tribes, without privilege of division or alienation, save with the consent and coöperation of the United States. This exposes them to continual question, and invites attempts to annul or contravene them. Already, an organized movement, known as "the Oklahoma boom," has been made to seize and colonize a large body of the territorial lands, on the ground that the Seminoles, having transferred said lands to the United States "in compliance with desire to locate other Indians thereon," they became *ipso facto* public lands, subject to homestead and preëmption entries, in so far as they were not really allotted to "other Indians"; that is to say, the Seminole title of occupancy having been extinguished by this trans-

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

fer, the lands ceased to be "Indian country," and the bulk of them, remaining unoccupied by "other Indians," became open to white settlement. This movement has embraced at one time and another several hundreds of families, encamped on the Kansas border, with stock and tools, arms and provisions, awaiting a favorable chance to elude military surveillance and push over into the Territory. In fact, small parties have several times succeeded in reaching the lands in question,—on the North Fork of the Canadian River, just west of the Sac and Fox reservation,—and have been arrested and ejected therefrom by the troops. The leader of the enterprise was tried at the May term, 1881, of the United States court for the western district of Arkansas, and convicted of having unlawfully entered the Territory, for which he was fined $1000. In rendering this decision, the court held that in purchasing these lands for a specific purpose,—"the location of other Indians thereon," to wit,—the Government thus "set apart" and "reserved" them for such specific purpose, and that they still remain "Indian country," even if not actually allotted to or occupied by Indians. The latest and most formidable attempt to effect an occupancy of this tract was made in the winter of 1884–85, and threatened for a time to result in bloodshed; but prudent counsels prevailed at last, and the adventurous colonists submitted to military removal, as in former cases — with the advantage of a good deal of public sympathy on their side, and the effect of securing action by Congress to authorize negotiations for the adjustment of the controversy and the opening of these particular lands to white settlement.

This series of persistent experiments in the direction of gaining possession of "Oklahoma" by abrupt and irregular means has served both to advertise the Indian country in an exaggerated way, and to weaken respect for the general Indian right of occupancy to more land than is required for ordinary farming purposes. There is, in truth, no lack of room for home-seekers in the West outside of the Indian Territory. An abundance of land of good quality is still vacant in Kansas, Nebraska, and other States. The Oklahoma "boomers," on their way to the Kansas border, passed over desirable thousands of acres, convenient to markets and schools, which they might have had at low rates and on long credits. But the pioneers of the period have a special craving for Indian lands, and lands "kept out of market";

the simple denial of their privilege to enter this Territory is sufficient to make them think it the fairest portion of the universe; the tangled and doubtful state of things there only tends to inflame their zeal, and urge them forward in season to get first choice of "claims." This is the aggressive element that has peopled and developed so much of Mr. Jefferson's Louisiana purchase, and it will not stop or turn aside. It looks with impatience upon the whole business of treating with Indians as sovereign powers, and giving over to them large tracts of land which they leave to grass and weeds; it is not tolerant of the Indians as a people, unfortunately, and believes that they are dealt with too leniently and sentimentally. This element is what we call "the vanguard of civilization," and experience has taught that it encounters obstacles only to overcome them, and marches toward forbidden areas only to grasp and dominate them. It will take the Indian Territory sooner or later, in one way or another: that is inevitable. The only question is, how it can be delayed or regulated, and how the interests of the Indians can best be guarded and promoted.

Unquestionably the first necessity of the situation is to strengthen, perfect, and make uniform the land-titles of the Territory. This can most safely and successfully be accomplished, it is believed, by allotting lands to the Indians in severalty,— at the rate, say, of one hundred and sixty acres per head,— and giving them personal titles thereto, inalienable for a stipulated number of years; and providing for the disposal, at Government prices, of the unallotted and remaining portions of their reservations, for their benefit, to white settlers. In an allotment of this kind, twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand acres would give each Indian, male and female, adult and child, one hundred and sixty acres, leaving over two-thirds of the whole Territory to be sold on their account — enough to bring them, at a low estimate, forty million dollars, or more than five hundred dollars per capita. Such allotment and issuance of individual patents would involve, of course, the dissolution of tribal relations — another desirable step in the adjustment of the general question; and the Indian would thus be put upon an even footing with the white man as to the opportunities and advantages of personal independence. At the same time, the laws common throughout the States for the punishment of crime and the enforcement of contracts should be extended over the Territory, and courts established to administer them. In short, the flimsy theory of tribal sovereignty should be extirpated, the reservation system replaced by fee-simple grants in severalty, the surplus lands opened to white settlement, and the Indians placed under the restraint and protection of ordinary and impartial laws, with a view to making them self-reliant and self-supporting.

The adoption of a policy like that here crudely outlined could not fail, if judiciously pursued, to satisfy all parties concerned. It would insure peace, to begin with, by guaranteeing substantial rights to the Indians, and removing all cause of complaint, or incitement to unlawful land-grabbing, on the part of the whites. The provision made for permanent homes for the Indians would be ample and just; and there would be plenty left to fill any reasonable measure of demand by immigrants. Furthermore, it would redeem the Indian Territory and its inhabitants from their present anomalous and equivocal position, and put them in harmony with their environment. It will not do to contend that the whites and Indians could not live together under equal laws and with common rights and privileges. There is no valid reason why they should not do so; and the policy here advocated would make it their special interest to neighbor amicably. The five civilized tribes are already sufficiently advanced to take care of themselves in every way; and they number nearly two-thirds of all the Indians in the Territory, and would probably be the predominant class there for many years to come. The wild tribes would be at some disadvantage, on obvious accounts; but their situation, at worst, would be an improvement over the existing one, and their civilization — granting that they are capable of such an outcome — would be accelerated rather than retarded. It is fair to presume, also, that the characteristic enmity of the two races would be materially softened by such a radical change in their relations; and it is more than likely that the Territory, once made free to travel and settlement, would cease to excite the pioneer instinct except in a legitimate way and for ends entirely laudable.

This policy would be incomplete, however, unless supplemented by a rigid and vigorous system of education. The instruction of all Indian children in good schools, during a given period in each year, should be made compulsory. In that direction lies the one great hope of modifying and ameliorating the Indian character. It is uncertain, to say the most, whether the adult members of the wild tribes can ever be induced or constrained to raise themselves from their abject savagery to the level of any fixed idea of education. Some impression may be made upon them, doubtless, by patient years of experiment, and the experiment is worth pursuing; but it is manifestly idle to predict any very shining results. If they can be relegated to a pas-

toral form of life, and fitted to earn their daily bread by their own labor, it will be as much as we are justified in expecting for them. But the rising generation is plastic, and can be molded effectually, and to higher uses. The education of the children goes to the core of the problem. We must begin at the cradle if we would conquer barbarism and lift a race to a height beyond itself. It is a slow process, but the only sure one; and the sooner we recognize and apply it, the sooner will the troublesome issue of civilizing the Indians be relieved of its clogs and doubts, and put in the way of ultimate practical settlement.

Henry King.

THE WIND UPON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

NO man comes here with bearded sickle keen,
Amid these shining acres of gray stone,
To reap the harvest which the wind has sown
So many ages; in this air, I ween,
No cornfields ever wave, no maidens glean;
But mightier harvests from this height are blown
Of storm and shower; here with deep organ tone
The tempest sounds,— this is the wind's demesne.
Like some unfettered spirit through the hills
He wanders, shepherding his rocky fold;
Hark, hear his voice, where far beneath he shrills
With airy whisper round some lonesome peak,
A sound that makes the beating heart grow cold,
Ear-piercing, sharp as flayed Marsuas' shriek.

W. P. Foster.

A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

THE only association I have with my old home in Virginia that is not one of unmixed happiness relates to the time immediately succeeding the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Our homestead was in Fairfax, at a considerable distance from the theater of that tragic episode; and, belonging as we did to a family among the first in the State to manumit slaves — our grandfather having set free those which came to him by inheritance, and the people who served us being hired from their owners and remaining in our employ through years of kindliest relations — there seemed to be no especial reason for us to share in the apprehension of an uprising by the blacks. But there was the fear — unspoken, or pooh-poohed at by the men who served as mouth-pieces for our community — dark, boding, oppressive, and altogether hateful. I can remember taking it to bed with me at night, and awaking suddenly oftentimes to confront it through a vigil of nervous terror of which it never occurred to me to speak to any one. The notes of whip-poor-wills in the sweet-gum swamp near the stable, the mutterings of a distant thunder-storm, even the rustle of the night wind in the oaks that shaded my window, filled me with nameless dread. In the day-time it seemed impossible to associate suspicion with those familiar tawny or sable faces that surrounded us. We had seen them for so many years smiling or saddening with the family joys or sorrows; they were so guileless, so patient, so satisfied. What subtle influence was at work that should transform them into tigers thirsting for our blood? The idea was preposterous. But when evening came again, and with it the hour when the colored people (who in summer and autumn weather kept astir half the night) assembled themselves together for dance or prayer-meeting, the ghost that refused to be laid was again at one's elbow. Rusty bolts were drawn and rusty fire-arms loaded. A watch was set where never before had eye or ear been lent to such a service. Peace, in short, had flown from the borders of Virginia.

I cannot remember that, as late as Christmas-time of the year 1860, although the newspapers were full of secession talk and the matter was eagerly discussed at our tables, coming events had cast any positive shadow on our homes. The people in our neighborhood, of one opinion with their dear and honored friend, Colonel Robert E. Lee, of Arlington, were slow to accept the startling suggestion of disruption of the Union. At any rate, we enjoyed the usual holiday gathering of kinsfolk in the usual fash-

ion. The old Vaucluse house, known for many years past as the center of cheerful hospitality in the county, threw wide open its doors to receive all the members who could be gathered there of a large family circle. The woods around were despoiled of holly and spruce, pine and cedar, to deck the walls and wreathe the picture-frames. On Christmas Eve we had a grand rally of youths and boys belonging to the "clan," as they loved to call it, to roll in a yule log, which was deposited upon a glowing bed of coals in the big "red parlor" fire-place, and sit around it afterwards, welcoming the Christmas in with goblets of egg-nog and apple-toddy.

"Where shall we be a year hence?" some one asked at a pause in the merry chat; and, in the brief silence that followed, arose a sudden spectral thought of war. All felt its presence; no one cared to speak first of the grim possibilities it projected on the canvas of the future.

On Christmas Eve of the following year the old house lay in ruins, a sacrifice to military necessity; the forest giants that kept watch around her walls had been cut down and made to serve as breastworks for a fort erected on the Vaucluse property, but afterwards abandoned. Of the young men and boys who took part in that holiday festivity, all were in active service of the South,—one of them, alas! soon to fall under a rain of shot and shell beside his gun at Fredericksburg; the youngest of the number had left his mother's knee to fight in the battles of Manassas, and found himself, before the year was out, a midshipman aboard the Confederate steamer *Nashville*, on her cruise in distant seas!

My first vivid impression of war-days was during a ramble in the woods around our place one Sunday afternoon in spring, when the young people in a happy band set out in search of wild flowers. Pink honeysuckles, blue lupine, beds of fairy flax, anemones, and ferns in abundance sprung under the canopy of young leaves on the forest boughs, and the air was full of the song of birds and the music of running waters. We knew every mossy path far and near in these woods, every tree had been watched and cherished by those who went before us, and dearer than any other spot on earth was our tranquil, sweet Vaucluse. Suddenly the shrill whistle of a locomotive struck the ear, an unwonted sound on Sunday. "Do you know what that means?" said one of the older cousins who accompanied the party. "It is the special train carrying Alexandria volunteers to Manassas, and to-morrow I shall follow with my company." An awe-struck silence fell upon our little band. A cloud seemed to come between us and the sun. It was the beginning of the end too soon to come.

The story of one broken circle is the story of another at the outset of such a war. Before the week was over, the scattering of our household, which no one then believed to be more than temporary, had begun. Living as we did upon ground likely to be in the track of armies gathering to confront each other, it was deemed advisable to send the children and young girls into a place more remote from chances of danger. Some weeks later the heads of the household, two widowed sisters, whose sons were at Manassas, drove in their carriage at early morning, away from their home, having spent the previous night in company with a half-grown lad digging in the cellar hasty graves for the interment of two boxes of old English silver-ware, heir-looms in the family, for which there was no time to provide otherwise. Although troops were long encamped immediately above it after the house was burnt the following year, this silver was found when the war had ended, lying loose in the earth, the boxes having rotted from around it.

The point at which our family reunited within Confederate lines was Bristoe, the station next beyond Manassas, a cheerless railway inn; a part of the premises was used as a country grocery; and there quarters were secured for us with a view to being near the army, a few miles distant. By this time all our kith and kin of fighting age had joined the volunteers. One cannot picture accommodations more forlorn than these eagerly taken for us and for other families attracted to Bristoe by the same powerful magnet. The summer sun poured its burning rays upon whitewashed walls unshaded by a tree. Our bedrooms were almost uninhabitable by day or night, our fare the plainest. From the windows we beheld only a flat, uncultivated country, crossed by red-clay roads, then knee-deep in dust. We learned to look for all excitement to the glittering lines of railway track, along which continually thundered trains bound to and from the front. It was impossible to allow such a train to pass without running out upon the platform to salute it, for in this way we greeted many an old friend or relative buttoned up in the smart gray uniform, speeding with high hope to the scene of coming conflict. Such shouts as went up from sturdy throats when the locomotive moved on after the last stop before Manassas, while we stood waving hands, handkerchiefs, or the rough woolen garments we were at work upon! Then fairly awoke the spirit that made of Southern women the inspiration of South-

ern men for the war. Most of the young fellows we were cheering onward wore the uniform of privates, and for the right to wear it had left homes of ease and luxury. To such we gave our best homage; and from that time forth, during the four years succeeding, the youth who was lukewarm in the cause or unambitious of military glory fared uncomfortably in the presence of the average Confederate maiden.

Thanks to our own carriage, we were able during those rallying days of June to drive frequently to visit our boys in camp, timing the expeditions to include battalion drill and dress parade, and taking tea afterwards in the different tents. Then were the gala days of war, and our proud hosts hastened to produce home dainties dispatched from the far-away plantations—tears and blessings interspersed amid the packing, we were sure; though I have seen a pretty girl persist in declining other fare, to make her meal upon raw biscuit and huckleberry pie compounded by the bright-eyed amateur cook of a well-beloved mess. Feminine heroism could no farther go.

And so the days wore on until the 17th of July, when a rumor from the front sent an electric shock through our circle. The enemy were moving forward! On the morning of the 18th those who had been able to sleep at all awoke early to listen for the first guns of the engagement of Blackburn's Ford. Abandoned as the women at Bristoe were by every masculine creature old enough to gather news, there was, for them, no way of knowing the progress of events during the long, long day of waiting, of watching, of weeping, of praying, of rushing out upon the railway track to walk as far as they dared in the direction whence came that intolerable booming of artillery. The cloud of dun smoke arising over Manassas became heavier in volume as the day progressed. Still, not a word of tidings, till towards afternoon there came limping up a single, very dirty soldier with his arm in a sling. What a heaven-send he was, if only as an escape-valve for our pent-up sympathies! We seized him, we washed him, we cried over him, we glorified him until the man was fairly bewildered. Our best endeavors could only develop a pin-scratch of a wound on his right hand; but when our hero had laid in a substantial meal of bread and meat, we plied him with trembling questions, each asking news of some staff or regiment or company. It has since occurred to me that this first arrival from the field was a humorist in disguise. His invariable reply, as he looked from one to the other of his satellites, was: "The — Virginia, marm? Why, of coase. They warn't no two ways o' thinkin' 'bout that ar rig'ment. They just *kivered* tharselves with glory!"

A little later two wagon-loads of slightly wounded claimed our care, and with them came authentic news of the day. Most of us received notes on paper torn from a soldier's pocket-book and grimed with gunpowder, containing assurance of the safety of our own. At nightfall a train carrying more wounded to the hospitals at Culpeper made a halt at Bristoe; and, preceded by men holding lanterns, we went in among the stretchers with milk, food, and water to the sufferers. One of the first discoveries I made, bending over in that fitful light, was a young officer I knew to be a special object of solicitude with one of my fair comrades in the search; but he was badly hurt, and neither he nor she knew the other was near until the train had moved on. The next day, and the next, were full of burning excitement over the impending general engagement, which people then said would decide the fate of the young Confederacy. Fresh troops came by with every train, and we lived only to turn from one scene to another of welcome and farewell. On Saturday evening arrived a message from General Beauregard, saying that early on Sunday an engine and car would be put at our disposal, to take us to some point more remote from danger. We looked at one another, and, tacitly agreeing that the gallant general had sent not an order, but a suggestion, declined his kind proposal.

Another unspeakably long day, full of the straining anguish of suspense. Dawning bright and fair, it closed under a sky darkened by cannon-smoke. The roar of guns seemed never to cease. First, a long sullen boom; then a sharper rattling fire, painfully distinct; then stragglers from the field, with varying rumors. At last, the news of victory; and, as before, the wounded, to force our numbed faculties into service. One of our group, the mother of an only son barely fifteen years of age, heard that her boy, after being in action all the early part of the day, had through sheer fatigue fallen asleep upon the ground, where his officers had found him, resting peacefully amidst the roar of the guns, and whence they had brought him off, unharmed. A few days later we rode on horseback over the field of the momentous fight. The trampled grass had begun to spring again, and wild flowers were blooming around carelessly made graves. From one of these imperfect mounds of clay I saw a hand extended; and when, years afterwards, I visited the tomb of Rousseau beneath the Panthéon in Paris, where a sculptured hand bearing a torch protrudes from the sarcophagus, I thought of that mourn-

ful spectacle upon the field of Manassas. Fences were everywhere thrown down; the undergrowth of the woods was riddled with shot; here and there we came upon spiked guns, disabled gun-carriages, cannon-balls, blood-stained blankets, and dead horses. We were glad enough to turn away and gallop homeward.

With August heats and lack of water, Bristoe was forsaken for quarters near Culpeper, where my mother went into the soldiers' barracks, sharing soldiers' accommodations, to nurse the wounded. In September quite a party of us, upon invitation, visited the different headquarters. We stopped overnight at Manassas, five ladies, sleeping in a tent guarded by a faithful sentry, upon a couch made of rolls of cartridge-flannel. I remember the comical effect of the five bird-cages (an article without which no self-respecting female of that day would present herself in public) suspended upon a line running across the upper part of our tent, after we had reluctantly removed them in order to adjust ourselves for repose. Our progress during that memorable visit was royal; an ambulance with a picked troop of cavalrymen had been placed at our service, and the convoy was "personally conducted" by a pleasing variety of distinguished officers. It was at this time, after a supper at the headquarters of the "Maryland line" at Fairfax, that the afterwards universal war-song, "My Maryland," was set afloat upon the tide of army favor. We were sitting outside a tent in the warm starlight of an early autumn night, when music was proposed. At once we struck up Randall's verses to the tune of the old college song, "Lauriger Horatius,"— a young lady of the party from Maryland, a cousin of ours, having recently set them to this music before leaving home to share the fortunes of the Confederacy. All joined in the ringing chorus, and when we finished a burst of applause came from some soldiers listening in the darkness behind a belt of trees. Next day the melody was hummed far and near through the camps, and in due time it had gained and held the place of favorite song in the army. No doubt the hand-organs would have gotten hold of it; but, from first to last during the continuance of the Confederacy, those cheerful instruments of torture were missing. (I hesitate to mention this fact, lest it prove an incentive to other nations to go to war.) Other songs sung that evening, which afterwards had a great vogue, were one beginning "By blue Patapsco's billowy dash," arranged by us to an air from "Puritani," and shouted lustily, and "The years glide slowly by, Lorena," a ditty having a queer little quavering triplet in the heroine's name that served as a pitfall to the unwary singer. "Stonewall Jackson's Way" came on the scene afterwards, later in the war. Another incident of note, in personal experience during the autumn of '61, was that to two of my cousins and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle-flags of the Confederacy, directly after Congress had decided upon a design for them. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceding States. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and when they were finished dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn,— the latter afterwards a dashing cavalry leader, but then commanding infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all the enthusiasm we could have hoped for; were toasted, fêted, cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and smoke-stained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Culpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout,— one of the most daring in the army,— with the frame of a Hercules and the face of a child. He was bidden to come there by his general, he said, to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home — something that would prove to me "how much they thought of the maker of that flag!" After some hesitation I acquiesced, although thinking it a jest. A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented bit of finery left "within the lines," a wrap of white and azure, brought to us by Dillon himself, with a beaming face. He had gone through the Union pickets mounted on a load of fire-wood, and while peddling poultry had presented himself at our town house, whence he carried off his prize in triumph, with a letter in its folds telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the Confederacy.

The first winter of the war was spent by our family in Richmond, where we found lodgings in a dismal rookery familiarly dubbed by its new occupants "The Castle of Otranto." It was the old-time Clifton Hotel, honeycombed by subterranean passages, and crowded to its limits by refugees like ourselves from country homes within or near the enemy's lines — or "'fugees," as we were all called. For want of any common sitting-room, we took possession of what had been a doctor's office, a few steps distant down the hilly street, fitting it up to the best of our ability; and there we received

our friends, passing many merry hours. In rainy weather we reached it by an underground passageway from the hotel, an alley through the catacombs; and many a dignitary of camp or state will recall those "Clifton" evenings. Already the pinch of war was felt in the commissariat; and we had recourse occasionally to a contribution supper, or "Dutch treat," when the guests brought brandied peaches, boxes of sardines, French prunes, and bags of biscuit, while the hosts contributed only a roast turkey or a ham, with knives and forks. Democratic feasts those were, where major-generals and "high privates" met on an equal footing. The hospitable old town was crowded with the families of officers and members of the Government. One house was made to do the work of several, many of the wealthy citizens generously giving up their superfluous space to receive the new-comers. The only public event of note was the inauguration of Mr. Davis as President of the "Permanent Government" of the Confederate States, which we viewed, by the courtesy of Mr. John R. Thompson, the State Librarian, from one of the windows of the Capitol, where, while waiting for the exercises to begin, we read "Harper's Weekly" and other Northern papers, the latest per underground express. That 22d of February was a day of pouring rain, and the concourse of umbrellas in the square beneath us had the effect of an immense mushroom-bed. As the bishop and the President-elect came upon the stand, there was an almost painful hush in the crowd. All seemed to feel the gravity of the trust our chosen leader was assuming. When he kissed the Book a shout went up; but there was no elation visible as the people slowly dispersed. And it was thought ominous afterwards, when the story was repeated, that, as Mrs. Davis, who had a Virginia negro for coachman, was driven to the inauguration, she observed the carriage went at a snail's pace and was escorted by four negro men in black clothes, wearing white cotton gloves and walking solemnly, two on either side of the equipage; she asked the coachman what such a spectacle could mean, and was answered, "Well, ma'am, you tole me to arrange everything as it should be; and this is the way we do in Richmon' at funerals and sich-like." Mrs. Davis promptly ordered the outwalkers away, and with them departed all the pomp and circumstance the occasion admitted of. In the mind of a negro, everything of dignified ceremonial is always associated with a funeral!

About March 1st martial law was proclaimed in Richmond, and a fresh influx of refugees from Norfolk claimed shelter there. When the spring opened, as the spring does open in Richmond, with a sudden glory of green leaves, magnolia blooms, and flowers among the grass, our spirits rose after the depression of the latter months. If only to shake off the atmosphere of doubts and fears engendered by the long winter of disaster and uncertainty, the coming activity of arms was welcome! Personally speaking, there was vast improvement in our situation, since we had been fortunate enough to find a real home in a pleasant brown-walled house on Franklin street, divided from the pavement by a garden full of bounteous greenery, where it was easy to forget the discomforts of our previous mode of life. I shall not attempt to describe the rapidity with which thrilling excitements succeeded each other in our experiences in this house. The gathering of many troops around the town filled the streets with a continually moving panorama of war, and we spent our time in greeting, cheering, choking with sudden emotion, and quivering in anticipation of what was yet to follow. We had now finished other battle-flags begun by way of patriotic handiwork, and one of them was bestowed upon the "Washington Artillery" of New Orleans, a body of admirable soldiers who had wakened to enthusiasm the daughters of Virginia in proportion, I dare say, to the woe they had created among the daughters of Louisiana in bidding them good-bye. One morning an orderly arrived to request that the ladies would be out upon the veranda at a given hour; and, punctual to the time fixed, the travel-stained battalion filed past our house. These were no holiday soldiers. Their gold was tarnished and their scarlet faded by sun and wind and gallant service — they were veterans now on their way to the front, where the call of duty never failed to find the flower of Louisiana. As they came in line with us, the officers saluted with their swords, the band struck up "My Maryland," the tired soldiers sitting upon the caissons that dragged heavily through the muddy street set up a rousing cheer. And there in the midst of them, taking the April wind with daring color, was our flag, dipping low until it passed us.

Well! one must grow old and cold indeed before such things are forgotten.

A few days later, on coming out of church — it is a curious fact that most of our exciting news spread over Richmond on Sunday, and just at that hour — we heard of the crushing blow of the fall of New Orleans and the destruction of our ironclads; my brother had just reported aboard one of those splendid ships, as yet unfinished. As the news came directly from our kinsman, General Randolph, the Secretary of War, there was no

doubting it; and while the rest of us broke into lamentation, Mr. Jules de St. Martin, the brother-in-law of Mr. Benjamin, merely shrugged his shoulders, with a thoroughly characteristic gesture, making no remark.

"This must affect your interests," some one said to him inquiringly.

"I am ruined, *voilà tout!*" was the rejoinder —a fact too soon confirmed.

This debonair little gentleman was one of the greatest favorites of our war society in Richmond. His cheerfulness, his wit, his exquisite courtesy, made him friends everywhere; and although his nicety of dress, after the pattern of the *boulevardier fini* of Paris, was the subject of much wonderment to the populace when he first appeared upon the streets, it did not prevent him from going promptly to join the volunteers before Richmond when occasion called, and roughing it in the trenches like a veteran. His cheerful endurance of hardship during a freezing winter of camp life became a proverb in the army later in the siege.

For a time nothing was talked of but the capture of New Orleans. Of the midshipman brother we heard that on the day previous to the taking of the forts, after several days' bombardment, by the United States fleet under Flag-Officer Farragut, he had been sent in charge of ordnance and deserters to a Confederate vessel in the river; that Lieutenant R——, a friend of his, on the way to report at Fort Jackson during the hot shelling, had invited the lad to accompany him by way of a pleasure trip; that while they were crossing the moat around Fort Jackson, in a canoe, and under heavy fire, a thirteen-inch mortar-shell had struck the water near, half filling their craft; and that, after watching the fire from this point for an hour, C—— had pulled back again alone, against the Mississippi current, under fire for a mile and a half of the way — passing an astonished alligator who had been hit on the head by a piece of shell and was dying under protest. Thus ended a trip alluded to by C—— twenty years later as an example of juvenile foolhardiness, soundly deserving punishment.

Aboard the steamship *Star of the West*, next day, he and other midshipmen in charge of millions of gold and silver coin from the mint and banks of New Orleans, and millions more of paper money, over which they were ordered to keep guard with drawn swords, hurried away from the doomed city, where the enemy's arrival was momentarily expected, and where the burning ships and steamers and bales of cotton along the levee made a huge crescent of fire. Keeping just ahead of the enemy's fleet, they reached Vicksburg, and thence went overland to Mobile, where their charge was given up in safety.

And now we come to the 31st of May, 1862, when the eyes of the whole continent turned to Richmond. On that day Johnston assaulted the portion of McClellan's troops which had been advanced to the south side of the Chickahominy, and had there been cut off from the main body of the army by the sudden rise of the river, occasioned by a tremendous thunder-storm. In face of recent reverses, we in Richmond had begun to feel like the prisoner of the Inquisition in Poe's story, cast into a dungeon with slowly contracting walls. With the sound of guns, therefore, in the direction of Seven Pines, every heart leaped as if deliverance were at hand. And yet there was no joy in the wild pulsation, since those to whom we looked for succor were our own flesh and blood, standing shoulder to shoulder to bar the way to a foe of superior numbers, abundantly provided as we were not with all the equipments of modern warfare, and backed by a mighty nation as determined as ourselves to win. Hardly a family in the town whose father, son, or brother was not part and parcel of the defending army.

When on the afternoon of the 31st it became known that the engagement had begun, the women of Richmond were still going about their daily vocations quietly, giving no sign of the inward anguish of apprehension. There was enough to do now in preparation for the wounded; yet, as events proved, all that was done was not enough by half. Night brought a lull in the cannonading. People lay down dressed upon their beds, but not to sleep, while their weary soldiers slept upon their arms. Early next morning the whole town was on the street. Ambulances, litters, carts, every vehicle that the city could produce, went and came with a ghastly burden; those who could walk limped painfully home, in some cases so black with gunpowder they passed unrecognized. Women with pallid faces flitted bareheaded through the streets, searching for their dead or wounded. The churches were thrown open, many people visiting them for a sad communion-service or brief time of prayer; the lecture-rooms of various places of worship were crowded with ladies volunteering to sew, as fast as fingers and machines could fly, the rough beds called for by the surgeons. Men too old or infirm to fight went on horseback or afoot to meet the returning ambulances, and in some cases served as escort to their own dying sons. By afternoon of the day following the battle, the streets were one vast hospital. To find shelter for the sufferers a number of unused buildings were thrown open. I remember, especially,

the St. Charles Hotel, a gloomy place, where two young girls went to look for a member of their family, reported wounded. We had tramped in vain over pavements burning with the intensity of the sun, from one scene of horror to another, until our feet and brains alike seemed about to serve us no further. The cool of those vast dreary rooms of the St. Charles was refreshing; but such a spectacle! Men in every stage of mutilation lying on the bare boards with perhaps a haversack or an army blanket beneath their heads,—some dying, all suffering keenly, while waiting their turn to be attended to. To be there empty-handed and impotent nearly broke our hearts. We passed from one to the other, making such slight additions to their comfort as were possible, while looking in every upturned face in dread to find the object of our search. This sorrow, I may add, was spared, the youth arriving at home later with a slight flesh-wound. The condition of things at this and other improvised hospitals was improved next day by the offerings from many churches of pew-cushions, which, sewn together, served as comfortable beds; and for the remainder of the war their owners thanked God upon bare benches for every "misery missed" that was "mercy gained." To supply food for the hospitals the contents of larders all over town were emptied into baskets; while cellars long sealed and cobwebbed, belonging to the old Virginia gentry who knew good Port and Madeira, were opened by the Ithuriel's spear of universal sympathy. There was not much going to bed that night, either; and I remember spending the greater part of it leaning from my window to seek the cool night air, while wondering as to the fate of those near to me. There was a summons to my mother about midnight. Two soldiers came to tell her of the wounding of one close of kin; but she was already on duty elsewhere, tireless and watchful as ever. Up to that time the younger girls had been regarded as superfluities in hospital service; but on Monday two of us found a couple of rooms where fifteen wounded men lay upon pallets around the floor, and, on offering our services to the surgeons in charge, were proud to have them accepted and to be installed as responsible nurses, under direction of an older and more experienced woman. The constant activity our work entailed was a relief from the strained excitement of life after the battle of Seven Pines. When the first flurry of distress was over, the residents of those pretty houses standing back in gardens full of roses set their cooks to work, or better still, went themselves into the kitchen, to compound delicious messes for the wounded, after the appetizing old Virginia recipes. Flitting about the streets in the direction of the hospitals were smiling white-jacketed negroes, carrying silver trays with dishes of fine porcelain under napkins of thick white damask, containing soups, creams, jellies, thin biscuit, eggs à la crême, broiled chicken, etc., surmounted by clusters of freshly gathered flowers. A year later we had cause to pine after these culinary glories, when it came to measuring out, with sinking hearts, the meager portions of milk and food we could afford to give our charges.

As an instance, however, that quality in food was not always appreciated by the patients, my mother urged upon one of her sufferers (a gaunt and soft-voiced Carolinian from the "piney-woods district") a delicately served trifle from some neighboring kitchen.

"Jes ez you say, old miss," was the weary answer, "I ain't a-contradictin' you. It mout be good for me, but my stomick's kinder sot agin it. There ain't but one thing I'm sorter yarnin' arter, an' that's a dish o' greens en bacon fat, with a few molarses poured onto it."

From our patients, when they could syllable the tale, we had accounts of the fury of the fight, which were made none the less horrible by such assistance as imagination could give to the facts. I remember that they told us of shot thrown from the enemy's batteries into the advancing ranks of the Confederates, that plowed their way through lines of flesh and blood before exploding in showers of musket-balls to do still further havoc. Before these awful missiles, it was said, our men had fallen in swaths, the living closing over them to press forward in the charge.

It was at the end of one of these narrations that a piping voice came from a pallet in the corner: "They fit right smart, them Yanks did, I tell *you!*" and not to laugh was as much of an effort as it had just been not to cry.

From one scene of death and suffering to another we passed during those days of June. Under a withering heat that made the hours preceding dawn the only ones of the twenty-four endurable in point of temperature, and a shower-bath the only form of diversion we had time or thought to indulge in, to go out-of-doors was sometimes worse than remaining in our wards. But one night, after several of us had been walking about town in a state of panting exhaustion, palm-leaf fans in hand, a friend persuaded us to ascend to the small platform on the summit of the Capitol, in search of fresher air. To reach it was like going through a vapor-bath, but an hour amid the cool breezes above the tree-tops of the square was a thing of joy unspeakable.

Day by day we were called to our windows by the wailing dirge of a military band preceding a soldier's funeral. One could not number those sad pageants: the coffin crowned with cap and sword and gloves, the riderless horse following with empty boots fixed in the stirrups of an army saddle; such soldiers as could be spared from the front marching after with arms reversed and crape-enfolded banners; the passers-by standing with bare, bent heads. Funerals less honored outwardly were continually occurring. Then and thereafter the green hillsides of lovely Hollywood were frequently upturned to find resting-places for the heroic dead. So much taxed for time and attendants were the funeral officials, it was not unusual to perform the last rites for the departed at night. A solemn scene was that in the July moonlight, when, with the few who valued him most gathered around the grave, we laid to rest one of my own nearest kinsmen, about whom in the old service of the United States, as in that of the Confederacy, it was said, "He was a spotless knight."

Spite of its melancholy uses, there was no more favorite walk in Richmond than Hollywood, a picturesquely beautiful spot, where high hills sink into velvet undulations, profusely shaded with holly, pine, and cedar, as well as by trees of deciduous foliage. In spring the banks of the stream that runs through the valley were enameled with wild flowers, and the thickets were full of May-blossom and dogwood. Mounting to the summit of the bluff, one may sit under the shade of some ample oak, to view the spires and roofs of the town, with the white colonnade of the distant Capitol. Richmond, thus seen beneath her verdant foliage "upon hills, girdled by hills," confirms what an old writer felt called to exclaim about it, "Verily, this city hath a pleasant seat." On the right, below this point, flows the rushing yellow river, making ceaseless turmoil around islets of rock whose rifts are full of birch and willow, or leaping impetuously over the bowlders of granite that strew its bed. Old-time Richmond folk used to say that the sound of their favorite James (or "Jeems," to be exact) went with them into foreign countries, during no matter how many years of absence, haunting them like a strain of sweetest music; nor would they permit a suggestion of superiority in the flavor of any other fluid to that of a draught of its amber waters. So blent with my own memories of war is the voice of that tireless river, that I seem to hear it yet, over the tramp of rusty battalions, the short imperious stroke of the alarm-bell, the clash of passing bands, the gallop of eager horsemen, the roar of battle or of flames leaping to devour their prey, the moan of hospitals, the stifled note of sorrow!

During all this time President Davis was a familiar and picturesque figure on the streets, walking through the Capitol square from his residence to the executive office in the morning, not to return until late in the afternoon, or riding just before nightfall to visit one or another of the encampments near the city. He was tall, erect, slender, and of a dignified and soldierly bearing, with clear-cut and high-bred features, and of a demeanor of stately courtesy to all. He was clad always in Confederate gray cloth, and wore a soft felt hat with wide brim. Afoot, his step was brisk and firm; in the saddle he rode admirably and with a martial aspect. His early life had been spent in the Military Academy at West Point and upon the then north-western frontier in the Black Hawk War, and he afterwards greatly distinguished himself at Monterey and Buena Vista in Mexico; at the time when we knew him, everything in his appearance and manner was suggestive of such a training. He was reported to feel quite out of place in the office of President, with executive and administrative duties, in the midst of such a war; General Lee always spoke of him as the best of military advisers; his own inclination was to be with the army, and at the first tidings of sound of a gun, anywhere within reach of Richmond, he was in the saddle and off for the spot — to the dismay of his staff-officers, who were expected to act as an escort on such occasions, and who never knew at what hour of the night or of the next day they should get back to a bed or a meal. The stories we were told of his adventures on such excursions were many, and sometimes amusing. For instance, when General Lee had crossed the Chickahominy, to commence the Seven Days' battles, President Davis, with several staff-officers, overtook the column, and, accompanied by the Secretary of War and a few other non-combatants, forded the river just as the battle in the peach orchard at Mechanicsville began. General Lee, surrounded by members of his own staff and other officers, was found a few hundred yards north of the bridge, in the middle of the broad road, mounted and busily engaged in directing the attack then about to be made by a brigade sweeping in line over the fields to the east of the road and towards Ellerson's Mill, where in a few minutes a hot engagement commenced. Shot, from the enemy's guns out of sight, went whizzing overhead in quick succession, striking every moment nearer the group of horsemen in the road, as the gunners improved their range. General Lee observed the President's approach, and was evidently annoyed at what

he considered a fool-hardy expedition of needless exposure of the head of the Government, whose duties were elsewhere. He turned his back for a moment, until Col. Chilton had been dispatched at a gallop with the last direction to the commander of the attacking brigade; then, facing the cavalcade and looking like the god of war indignant, he exchanged with the President a salute, with the most frigid reserve of anything like welcome or cordiality. In an instant, and without allowance of opportunity for a word from the President, the general, looking not at him but at the assemblage at large, asked in a tone of irritation:

"Who are all this army of people, and what are they doing here?"

No one moved or spoke, but all eyes were upon the President — everybody perfectly understanding that this was only an order for him to retire to a place of safety; and the roar of the guns, the rattling fire of musketry, and the bustle of a battle in progress, with troops continually arriving across the bridge to go into action, went on. The President twisted in his saddle, quite taken aback at such a greeting — the general regarding him now with glances of growing severity. After a painful pause the President said, with a voice of deprecation:

"It is not my army, general."

"It certainly is not *my* army, Mr. President," was the prompt reply, "and this is no place for it" — in an accent of command unmistakable. Such a rebuff was a stunner to the recipient of it, who soon regained his own serenity, however, and answered:

"Well, general, if I withdraw, perhaps they will follow," and, raising his hat in another cold salute, he turned his horse's head to ride slowly towards the bridge — seeing, as he turned, a man killed immediately before him by a shot from a gun which at that moment got the range of the road. The President's own staff-officers followed him, as did various others; but he presently drew rein in the stream, where the high bank and the bushes concealed him from General Lee's repelling observation, and there remained while the battle raged. The Secretary of War had also made a show of withdrawing, but improved the opportunity afforded by rather a deep ditch on the roadside to attempt to conceal himself and his horse there for a time from General Lee, who at that moment was more to be dreaded than the enemy's guns.

When on the 27th of June the Seven Days' strife began, there was none of the excitement attending the battle of Seven Pines. People had shaken themselves down, as it were, to the grim reality of a fight that must be fought. "Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall," was the spirit of their cry.

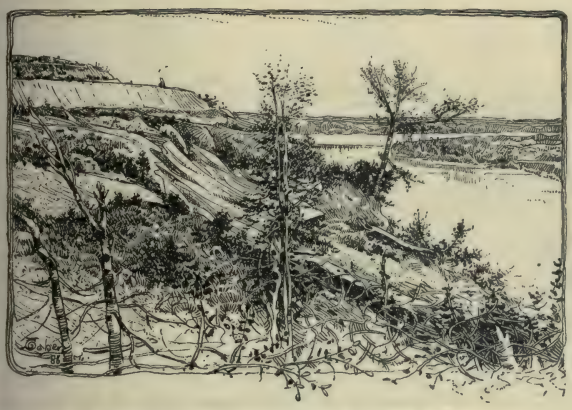
It is not my purpose to deal with the history of those awful Seven Days. Mine only to speak of the rear side of the canvas where heroes of two armies passed and repassed as if upon some huge Homeric frieze, in the manœuvres of a strife that hung our land in mourning. The scars of war are healed when this is written, and the vast "pity of it" fills the heart that wakes the retrospect.

What I have said of Richmond before these battles will suffice for a picture of the summer's experience. When the tide of battle receded, what wrecked hopes it left to tell the tale of the Battle Summer! Victory was ours, but in how many homes was heard the voice of lamentation to drown the shouts of triumph! Many families, rich and poor alike, were bereaved of their dearest; and for many of the dead there was mourning by all the town. No incident of the war, for instance, made a deeper impression than the fall in battle of Colonel Munford's beautiful and brave young son Ellis, whose body, laid across his own caisson, was carried that summer to his father's house at nightfall, where the family, unconscious of their loss, were sitting in cheerful talk around the portal. Another son of Richmond whose death was keenly felt by everybody received his mortal wound while leading the first charge to break the enemy's line at Gaines's Mill. This was Lieutenant-Colonel Bradfute Warwick, a young hero who had won his spurs in service with Garibaldi. Losses like these are irreparable in any community; and so, with lamentations in nearly every household, while the spirit along the lines continued unabated, it was a chastened "Thank God" that went up from among us when Jackson's victory over Pope had raised the siege of Richmond.

C. C. Harrison.

THE LAST OF THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.*

MALVERN HILL, JULY 1ST, 1862.



FORT DARLING, ON THE JAMES, MIDWAY BETWEEN MALVERN HILL AND RICHMOND. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

BEFORE the battle of Gaines's Mill (already described by me in these pages), a change of base from the York to the James River had been anticipated and prepared for by General McClellan. After the battle this change became a necessity, in presence of a strong and aggressive foe, who had already turned our right, cut our connection with the York River, and was also in large force behind the intrenchments between us and Richmond. The transfer was begun the moment our position became perilous. It now involved a series of battles by day, and marches by night, which brought into relief the able talents, active foresight, and tenacity of purpose of our commander, the unity of action on the part of his subordinates, and the great bravery, firmness, and confidence in their superiors on the part of the rank and file.

These conflicts from the beginning of the Seven Days' fighting were the engagement at Fair Oaks farm, the battles of Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines's Mill, the engagements at Golding's and Garnett's farms, and at Allen's farm or Peach Orchard; the battle of Savage's Station; the artillery duel at White Oak Swamp; the battle of Glendale (or Charles City Cross-roads); the action of Turkey Creek, and the battle of Malvern Hill. Each was a success to our army, the engagement of Malvern Hill being the most decisive. The result of the movement was that on the 2d of July our army was safely established at Harrison's Landing, on the James, in accordance with General McClellan's design. The present narrative will be confined to events coming under my own observation, and connected with my command, the Fifth Army Corps.

Saturday, June 28, 1862, the day after the battle of Gaines's Mill, my corps spent in bivouac at the Trent farm on the south bank of the Chickahominy. Artillery and infantry detachments guarded the crossings at the sites of the destroyed bridges. Our antagonists of the 27th were still north of the river, but did not molest us. We rested and recuperated as best we could, amid the noise of battle close by, at Garnett's and Golding's farms, in which part of Franklin's corps was engaged, and the labor and bustle incident to the refilling of empty cartridge-boxes and haversacks, so as to be in readiness for immediate duty.

Our antagonists on the north bank of the river were apparently almost inactive. They seemed puzzled as to our intentions, or paralyzed by the effect of their own labors and losses, and, like ourselves, were recuperating for a renewal of the contest in the early future; though to them, as well as to us, it was difficult to conjecture where that renewal would be made. The only evidence of activity on their part was the dust rising on the road down the river, which we attributed, with the utmost unconcern, to the movements of troops seeking to interrupt our already abandoned communications with York River. The absence of any indication of our intention to maintain those communications, together with the rumble of our artillery, which that night was moving southward, opened the eyes of our opponents to the fact that we had accomplished the desired and perhaps necessary object of withdrawing to the south bank of the Chickahominy, and for the first time aroused their suspicion that we were either intending to attack Richmond or temporarily abandon the siege, during a change of base to the James River. But the active spurts on the 27th and 28th of June made by the defenders of that city against our left, created the false impression that they designed to attack the Second, Third, and

* For an account of the Confederate part of the battle, see article by General D. H. Hill, July CENTURY.—ED.

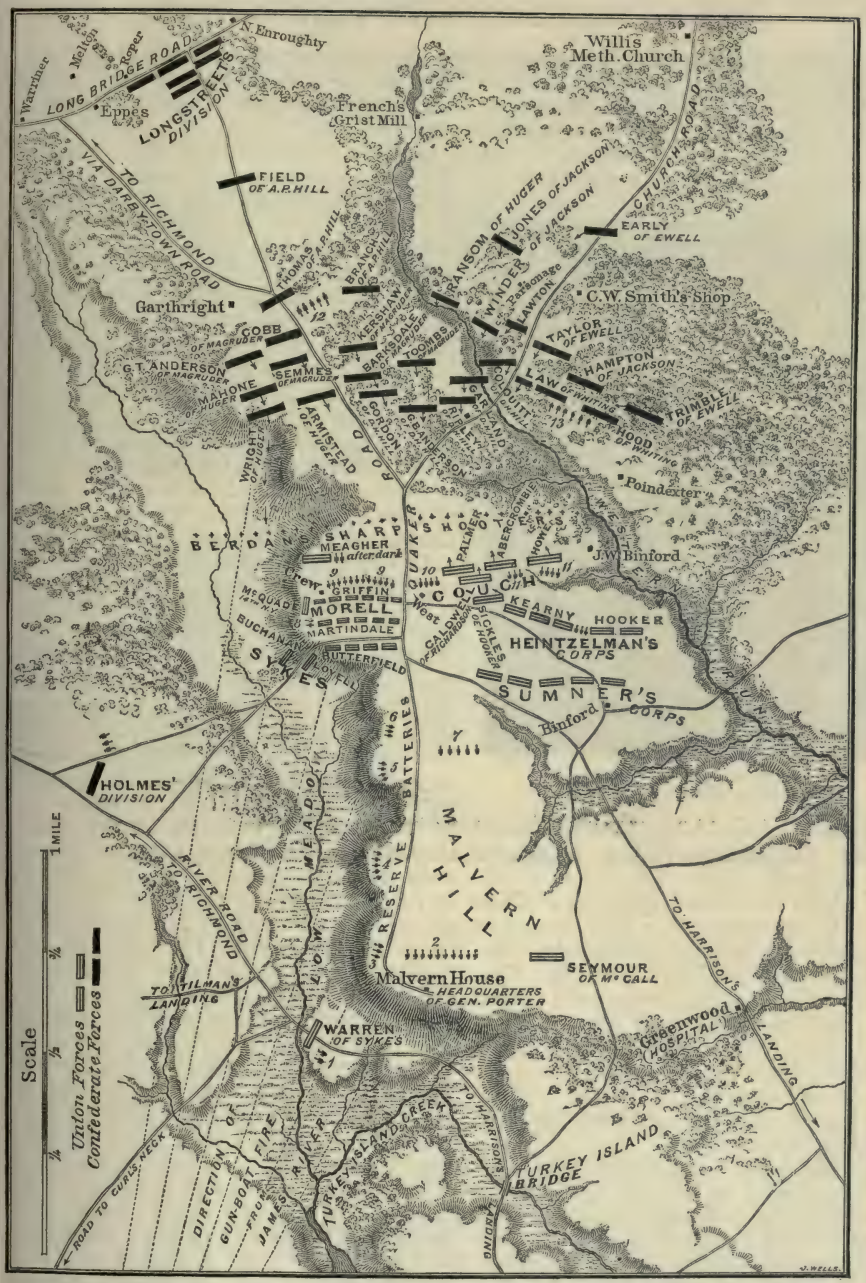
FORT DARLING, LOOKING DOWN THE JAMES.

[In a report to General McClellan of the engagement at Fort Darling, which effectually stopped the advance of the Union gun-boats upon Richmond, Commander William Smith of the *Wachusett* says, in part: "On the 15th instant [May] the *Galena*, *Monitor*, *Naugatuck*, *Port Royal*, and *Aroostook* ascended this river to within about eight miles of Richmond, when they met with obstructions in the river which prevented their farther advance. The obstructions consisted of a row of piles driven across the channel, and three rows of vessels sunk also across the channel, among them the *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*. Just below these obstructions, on the south or west side of the river, were very formidable batteries, mounting fourteen guns, among them 11-inch shell, 100-pounder rifles, and nothing less than 8-inch shell guns. The river there is very narrow, the bank some two hundred feet high, and the guns so situated that they can be pointed directly down on the decks of the vessels. The sharp-shooters can come on the banks and pick off the men on the vessels' decks. The gun-boats were engaged about four hours with the batteries, and then retired, having expended their ammunition. Our loss was twelve killed and thirteen wounded; the vessels not much injured, except the *Galena*, which had eighteen shots through her sides and deck. . . . The river is so narrow and crooked, and the banks so high, that the gun-boats cannot take a position for shelling the batteries except within a very short distance of them and directly under their guns. A gun-boat cannot turn under steam in the river. Commodore Rodgers of the *Galena*, who commanded the expedition, is decidedly of the opinion that the works cannot be reduced without the assistance of land forces."—EDITOR.]

OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER, NEAR FORT DARLING, ON DREWRY'S BLUFF. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

Fourth corps, and thereby succeeded in preventing an attack upon them. So, in order to thwart our plans, whatever they might be, promptly on the 29th, our opponents renewed their activity by advancing from Richmond, and by recrossing to the south bank of the river all their forces, lately employed at Gaines's Mill. But at that time the main body of our army was beyond their immediate reach, taking positions to cover the passage of our trains to the new base and to be ready again to welcome our eager and earnest antagonists.

Between 2 and 9 P. M. on the 28th, my corps was in motion, *via* Savage's Station, to the south side of White Oak Swamp; there, at the junction (Glendale) of the roads from Richmond, to be prepared to repel attacks from the direction of that city. Morell, leading, aided General Woodbury, of the engineer corps, to build the causeways and bridges necessary for the easy passage of the trains and troops over the swamps and streams. Sykes and McCall followed at five and nine o'clock, respectively; McCall being accompanied by Hunt's reserve artillery. We expected to reach



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, SHOWING, APPROXIMATELY, POSITIONS OF BRIGADES AND BATTERIES.

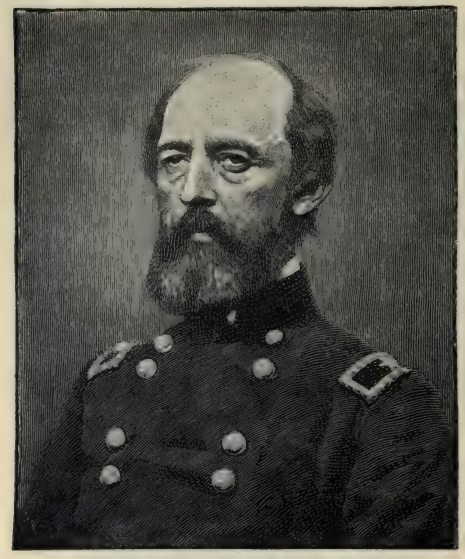
The Quaker road (as understood by the people living there) is the one leaving the Long Bridge road at the position held by Longstreet's division (in reserve), and which receives the Church road (mistakenly called the Quaker road). Thence the Quaker road crosses the Crew farm, turns to the right (between the positions held by Martindale and Butterfield), crosses the meadow to the River road, and at Tilman's gate turns west again to Tilman's Landing, where, sixty years ago, there was a Quaker meeting-house.

[The Union batteries, as indicated on the map, were: 1, Martin's; 2, Tyler's; 3, 4, 5, 6, batteries in reserve; 7, Hunt's reserve artillery; 8 and 11, first and second positions of Waterman's (Weeden's); 9—9, Edwards's, Livingston's, Ames's, Kingsbury's, and Hyde's; 10, Snow's, Frank's, and Allen's; 11, Kingsbury's and Seeley's.

On the Union side the chief variations from these positions were the advance of a part of Butterfield's brigade, between Griffin and Couch, and the transfer of batteries from Morell to Couch. In repulsing Hill's attack, Couch advanced to the line which indicates the position of Berdan's sharp-shooters (in the morning). During the afternoon Sickles's brigade took the place of Caldwell's, which had come up to Couch's aid and had suffered severely. The advance of Meagher was made about five o'clock, and was accompanied by 32-pounders, under General (then Colonel) Henry J. Hunt, which did terrible execution. It is said that the gun-boat fire and that of Tyler's artillery occasionally fell into Morell's lines.

On the Confederate side the brigades are placed on the map in the order of their moving to the attack; those marked with an arrow-head were actually in the charges or in the front line after dark; the arrow-head also indicates in each case the direction taken in going to the front. It is difficult to fix accurately the positions of the Confederate artillery. In general, 12 indicates Moorman's, Grimes's, and Pegram's; and 13 denotes the position of Balthis's, Poague's, and Carpenter's. In other positions, the batteries of Wooding (one section under Lieutenant Jones), Carrington, Hardaway, Boudurant, Hart, McCarthy, and the Baltimore Light Artillery were engaged to some extent — EDITOR.]

our destination, which was only ten miles distant, early on the 29th; but, in consequence of the dark night and of the narrow and muddy roads, cut up and blocked by numerous trains and herds of cattle, either of which is always attended by embarrassing delays, the head of



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. MORELL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

the column arrived at 10 A. M., the rear not until midnight. McCall arrived latest, and all were greatly fatigued.

The enemy not having appeared at Glendale on the afternoon of the 29th, and other troops arriving to take the place of mine, General McClellan ordered me to move that night by the direct road to the elevated and cleared lands (Malvern Hill) on the north bank of Turkey Creek, there to select and hold a position behind which the army and all its trains could be withdrawn with safety. General Keyes was to move by a different road and form to my right and rear.

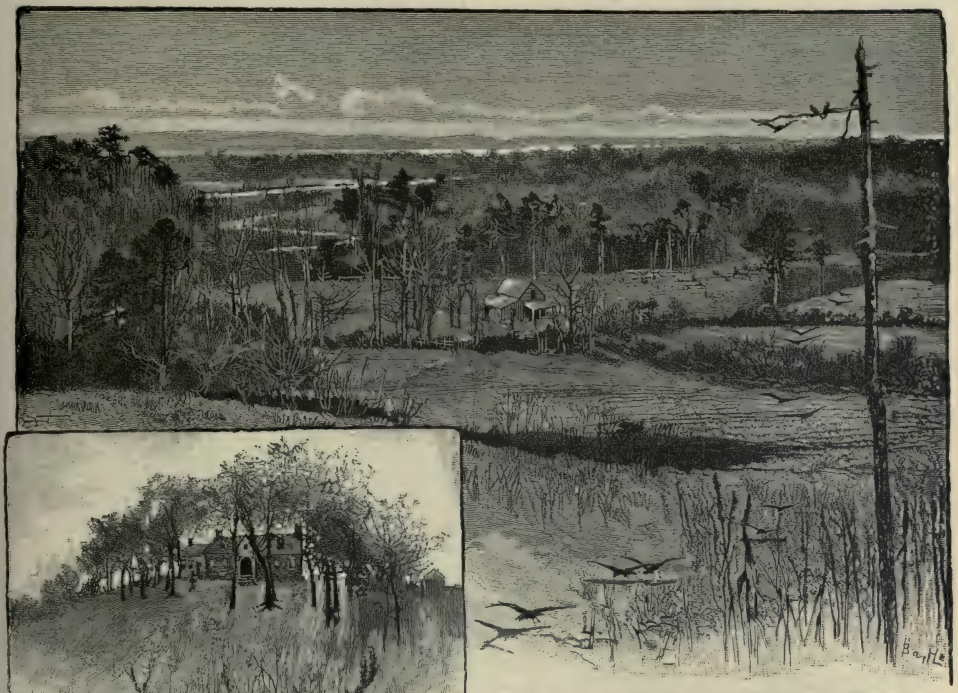
Again the dangers and difficulties of night marches attended us, followed by the consequent delay; which, though fortunately it was counterbalanced by the slowness of our opponents in moving to the same point, endangered the safety of our whole army. Although we started before dark, and were led by an intelligent cavalry officer who had passed over the route and professed to know it, my command was so delayed after dark that we did not reach Turkey Creek, which was only five miles distant, until 9 A. M. on the 30th. In fact, we were misled up the Long Bridge road towards Richmond until we came in contact with the enemy's pickets, when we returned and started anew. Fortunately I was at the head of the column to give the necessary orders, so that no delay occurred in retracing our steps.

Our new field of battle embraced Malvern Hill, just north of Turkey Creek and Crew's Hill, about one mile farther north. Both hills have given name to the interesting and eventful battle which took place on July 1st, and which I shall now attempt to describe.

The forces which on this occasion came under my control, and were engaged in or held ready to enter the contest, were my own corps, consisting of Morell's, Sykes's and McCall's divisions, Hunt's reserve artillery of one hundred pieces, including Tyler's siege Connecticut artillery, Couch's division of Keyes's corps, the brigades of Caldwell and Meagher of Sumner's corps, and the brigade of Sickles of Heintzelman's corps. Though Couch was placed under my command, he was left uncontrolled by me, as will be seen hereafter. The other brigades were sent to me by their respective division commanders, in anticipation of my needs or at my request.

This new position, with its elements of great strength, was better adapted for a defensive battle than any with which we had been favored. It was elevated, and more or less protected on each flank by small streams or swamps, while the portions of woods in front through which the enemy had to pass to attack us were in places marshy, and so thick that artillery could not penetrate and even troops moved with difficulty. Slightly in rear of our line of battle on Crew's Hill, the reserve artillery and infantry were held for immediate service. The Crew Hill concealed them from the view of the enemy and largely sheltered them from fire. These hills both to the east and west were connected with the adjacent valleys by gradually sloping plains except at the Crew house, where for a little distance the slope was quite abrupt, and was easily protected by a small force. The roads from Richmond, along which the enemy would be obliged to approach, except the River road, meet in front of Crew's Hill. This hill was flanked with ravines, enfiladed by our fire. The ground in front was cleared and sloping, but not steep, and over it our artillery and infantry, themselves protected by the crest and ridges, had clear sweep for their fire. In all directions, for several hundred yards, the land over which an attacking force must advance was almost entirely cleared of forest and generally cultivated.

I reached Malvern Hill some two hours before my command on Monday, June 30th; each portion of which, as it came upon the field, was assigned to a position from which,



MALVERN HILL, FROM THE DIRECTION OF TURKEY ISLAND BRIDGE. (FROM SKETCH BY G. L. FRANKENSTEIN.)

VIEW FROM MALVERN HILL, LOOKING TOWARD THE JAMES. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[This view is taken from near the position of Tyler's siege-guns (see map). The engagement of Malvern Cliff, or Turkey Island bridge, on the 30th of June, between Generals Warren and Holmes, took place on a road at the foot of the hill which passes near the house in the middle-ground. The bridge is to the left on this road. The winding stream is Turkey Creek. In the middle distance is the position of the three gun-boats which shelled the woods at the right both on the 30th of June and the 1st of July.—ED.]

in connection with the rest of the command, the approaches from Richmond along the River road and the debouches from the New Market, Charles City and Williamsburg roads, could be thoroughly covered. Warren, with his brigade, now of only about six hundred men, took position on the low lands to the left, to guard against the approach of the enemy along the River road, or over the low, extensive and cultivated plateau beyond and extending north along Crew's Hill. Warren's small brigade was greatly in need of rest from the fatigues of battle and constant motion for several days and nights. It was not expected that it would be called upon to perform much more than picket duty. It was large enough, however, for the purpose designed, as it was not probable that any large force would be so reckless as to advance on that road. Its diminished strength was due to the fact that it had suffered greatly at Gaines's Mill. Warren was supported by the Eleventh Infantry, under Major Floyd-Jones, and late in the afternoon was strengthened by Martin's battery of twelve-pounders and a detachment of cavalry under Lieutenant Frank W. Hess.

On the west side of Malvern Hill, overlooking Warren, were some thirty-six guns, some of long range, having full sweep up the valley and over the cleared lands north of the River road. These batteries comprised Weed's, a New York battery, Edwards's, Carlisle's, Smead's and Voegelee's, with others in reserve. To these, later in the day, were added the siege-guns of the Connecticut Artillery, under Colonel Robert O. Tyler, which were placed on elevated ground immediately to the left of the Malvern House, so as to fire over our front line at any attacking force and to sweep the low meadow on the left.

To General (then Colonel) Henry J. Hunt, the accomplished and energetic chief of artillery, was due the excellent posting of these batteries on June 30th, and the rearrangement of all the artillery along the whole line on Tuesday (July 1st), together with the management of the reserve artillery on that day.

Major Lovell, commanding Chapman's

brigade of Sykes's division, supported some of these batteries, and, with Buchanan on his right, in a clump of pines, extended the line northward, near the Crew (sometimes called the Mellert) house.

teries as located on Tuesday, the day of the battle, were those of Edwards, Livingston, Kingsbury, Ames, part of Weeden's under Waterman, part of Allen's under Hyde, and Bramhall's. Other batteries as they arrived

THE MALVERN HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[During the engagement at Turkey Island bridge and the battle of Malvern Hill, this house was the headquarters of General Porter, and was a signal-station in communication with the gun-boats in the James River, toward which it fronts. It was built of imported English brick, of a dark but vivid red. The main battle-field is in the direction of the trees on the right and Tyler's siege-guns were near the small trees in the left distance.—EDITOR.]

Morell, prolonging Sykes's line on Crew's Hill, with headquarters at Crew's house, occupied the right of the line extending to the Quaker road. To his left front, facing west, was the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, under Colonel McQuade, with a section of Weeden's Rhode Island Battery, both watching the Richmond road and valley and protecting our left. On their right, under cover of a narrow strip of woods, skirting the Quaker road, were the brigades of Martindale and Butterfield, while in front of these, facing north, was Griffin's brigade. All were supporting batteries of Morell's division, commanded by Captain Weeden and others, under the general supervision of General Griffin, a brave and skilled artillery officer; these batwere posted in reserve south of Crew's Hill, and were used to replace batteries whose ammunition was exhausted; or, were thrown forward into action to strengthen the line. The different commands as soon as they were posted prepared to pass the night in securing the rest greatly needed both by man and beast.

Later on Monday Couch's division of Keyes's corps came on the field and took its place extending Morell's line to the right of the Quaker road. The greater part of the supply trains of the army and of the reserve artillery passed safely beyond Turkey Creek through the command thus posted; the movement only ceasing about four o'clock that afternoon.

About three o'clock on Monday the enemy

THE CREW HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN; THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS THE OLD HOUSE, AND IS FROM A COLOR-SKETCH BY G. L. FRANKENSTEIN; THE NEW HOUSE SHOWN IN THE LOWER PICTURE FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[The old building, sometimes called Dr. Mellert's house, was the headquarters of General Morell; and during the firing members of the Signal Corps were at work on the roof. It was burned after the war, and the new structure built on the same foundations. The view in each case is from the east.

The lane, in the lower picture, from the Quaker road was the line of Griffin's guns. McQuade's repulse of the attack on the hill took place behind the cabin on the left of the picture. The Crew farm is said to be one of the most fertile on the Peninsula.— EDITOR.]

was seen approaching along the River road, and Warren and Hunt made all necessary dispositions to receive them. About four o'clock the enemy advanced and opened fire from their artillery upon Warren and Sykes and on the extreme left of Morell, causing a few casualties in Morell's division. In return for this intrusion the concentrated rapid fire of the artillery was opened upon them, soon smashing one battery to pieces, silencing another, and driving back their infantry and cavalry in rapid retreat, much to the satisfaction of thousands of men watching the result. The enemy left behind in possession of Warren a few prisoners, two guns and six caissons, the horses of which had been killed. The battery which had disturbed Morell was also silenced by this fire of our artillery. On this occasion the gun-boats in the James made apparent their welcome presence and gave good support by bringing their heavy guns to bear upon the enemy. Though their fire caused a few casualties among our men, and inflicted but little, if any, injury upon the enemy, their large shells, bursting amid the enemy's troops far beyond the attacking force, carried great moral influence with them, and naturally tended, in addition to the effect of our artillery, to prevent any renewed attempt to cross the open valley on our left. This attacking force formed a small part of Wise's brigade of Holmes's division. They were all raw troops, which accounts for their apparently demoralized retreat. This affair is known as the action of Turkey Island bridge or Turkey Creek.

The gun-boats located near the mouth of Turkey Creek and engaged at this time and the next day were the *Galena*, *Aroostook*, and *Mahaska*, under the special charge of Commodore John Rodgers of the navy. At the request of General McClellan they had been sent up the river by Admiral Goldsborough, to protect the vessels loaded with supplies which had been ordered up in the middle of June. The crews were eager and earnest in their work and their labors gave effective warning to the enemy to keep beyond the reach of their guns at other times and places.

Some idea may be formed from the following incident of how indifferent to noises or unconscious of sudden alarms one may

THE MAIN BATTLE-FIELD — VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATE POSITION FROM THE FEDERAL LINE NEAR THE WEST HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[The Confederate advance was from the woods in the right and center of the background and from the meadow (not visible) on the left. The wooded knoll is supposed to be the point from which Generals Wright and Armistead reconnoitered the Federal position, as described by General Wright in his report. (See next page.) — EDITOR.]

become when asleep, under the sense of perfect security or from the effect of fatigue. For several days I had been able to secure but little sleep, other than such as I could catch on horseback, or while resting for a few minutes. During this heavy artillery firing I was asleep in the Malvern house. Although the guns were within one hundred yards of me, and the windows and doors were wide open, I was greatly surprised some two hours afterwards, when informed that the engagement had taken place. For weeks I had slept with senses awake to the sound of distant cannon, and even of a musket-shot, and would be instantly aroused by either. But on this occasion I had gone to sleep free from care, feeling confident that however strong an attack might be made, the result would be the repulse of the enemy without much damage to us. My staff, as much in need of rest as myself, sympathized with me and let me sleep.

Our forces lay on their arms during the night, in substantially the positions I have described, patiently awaiting the attack expected on the following day.

McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves, under General Truman Seymour, arrived during the night and was posted just in front of the Malvern house, and was held in reserve, to be called upon for service only in case of absolute necessity. This division had reached me at New Market cross-roads, at midnight of the 29th, greatly in need of rest. This fact, and the necessity that a reliable force should hold that point until the whole army had crossed the White Oak Swamp and the trains had passed to the rear, compelled the assignment of McCall to the performance of that duty. During the afternoon of the 30th he was attacked by large forces of the enemy, which he several times repulsed, but failed to enjoy the advantages of his success through the recklessness and irrepressible impetuosity of his men or forgetfulness of orders by infantry subordinates. They were strictly cautioned, unless unusual fortune favored them, not to pass through a battery for the purpose of pursuing a repulsed enemy, and under no circumstances to return in face of one, so as to check its fire. In the excitement of presumed success at repulsing a heavy attack, a brigade pushed after a rapidly fleeing foe, and was impulsively joined by its neighbors who wished not to be excelled in dash or were perhaps encouraged by injudicious orders. Passing through their own batteries as they advanced, they lost the benefit of their fire, as they did also when returning after being repulsed and pursued by the enemy's reserves. Disregard of these principles at this time caused heavy losses of men and led to the demoralization at a critical moment of one good volunteer battery and the capture, through no fault of its captain, of one of the best batteries of the regular army. This battery was commanded by Captain A. M. Randol, a brave and accomplished artillery officer of the regular army. This division had otherwise suffered heavily. At Gaines's Mill it had lost, by capture, one of the ablest generals, John F. Reynolds, with other gallant and efficient officers and men, captured, killed, and wounded. Its misfortunes culminated in the capture at New Market cross-roads of McCall, the wounding of General George G. Meade, his able assistant, and the loss of many excellent subordinates. Fortunately the brave and experienced soldier, General Seymour, with his worthy officers, escaped to lead the survivors of the division to our camp,

THE MAIN BATTLE-FIELD — VIEW OF THE FEDERAL POSITION FROM THE WOODED KNOLL SHOWN IN THE PRECEDING PAGE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[Morell's line extended from the Crew house on the right to the West house in the extreme left of the picture. Couch extended the line a third of a mile to the left of the West house. The ravine to the right of the barn and buildings in the middle-ground, descends to the meadow; it was by this ravine and the shelter of the out-buildings that the Confederates effected a lodgment on the hill, at dusk, compelling Griffin to shift his guns to avoid capture.

Gen. A. R. Wright, who commanded a brigade in Huger's division, in his official report describes as follows the aspect of the Federal position, as seen from the wooded knoll shown on the previous page: "I suggested to General Armistead that we go forward to the edge of the field, and, under protection of a strong force of skirmishers, ascend a high knoll or hill which abruptly sprang from the meadow below and on our right, from the summit of which we would be able to observe the enemy's movements. Having reached this position, we were enabled to get a very complete view of McClellan's army. Immediately in our front, and extending one mile, stretched a field, at the farther extremity of which was situated the dwelling and farm buildings of Mr. Crew (formerly Dr. Mellert). In front and to our left the land rose gently from the edge of the woods up to the farm-yard, when it became high and rolling. Upon the right the field was broken by a series of ridges and valleys, which ran out at right angles to a line drawn from our position to that of the enemy, and all of which terminated upon our extreme right in a precipitous bluff, which dropped suddenly down upon a low, flat meadow, covered with wheat and intersected with a number of ditches, which ran from the bluff across the meadow to a swamp or dense woods about five hundred yards farther to our right. This low, flat meadow stretched up to, and swinging around, Crew's house, extended as far as Turkey Bend, on James River. The enemy had drawn up his artillery (as well as could be ascertained about fifty pieces) in a crescent-shaped line, the convex line being next to our position, with its right (on our left) resting upon a road which passed three hundred yards to the left of Crew's house on to Malvern Hill, the left of their advanced line of batteries resting upon the high bluff which overlooked the meadow to the right (our right) and rear of Crew's house. Their infantry, a little in the rear of the artillery, and protected by the crest of the ridge upon which the batteries were placed, extended from the woods on our left along the crest of the hill and through a lane in the meadow on our right to the dense woods there. In rear of this and beyond a narrow ravine, the sides of which were covered with timber, and which ran parallel to their line of battle and but a few rods in the rear of Crew's house, was another line of infantry, its right resting upon a heavy, dense woods, which covered the Malvern Hill farm on the east. The left of this line rested upon the precipitous bluff which overhung the low meadow on the west of the farm. At this point the high bluff stretched out to the west for two hundred yards in a long ridge or ledge (nearly separating the meadow from the low lands of the river), upon the extreme western terminus of which was planted a battery of heavy guns. This latter battery commanded the whole meadow in front of it, and by a direct fire was able to dispute the manœuvring of troops over any portion of the meadow. Just behind the ravine which ran in rear of Crew's house, and under cover of the timber, was planted a heavy battery in a small redoubt, whose fire swept across the meadow. These two batteries completely controlled the meadow from one extremity of it to the other, and effectually prevented the movement of troops in large masses upon it. The whole number of guns in these several batteries could not have fallen far short of one hundred. The infantry force of the enemy I estimated at least twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand from what I saw. Large numbers, as I ascertained afterward, were posted in the woods on our extreme right and left, and the line of ditches across the meadow were lined with sharp-shooters."— EDITOR.]

where they were welcomed by their sympathizing comrades.

Early on Tuesday our lines were re-formed and slightly advanced to take full advantage of the formation of the ground, the artillery

MAJOR-GEN. GEORGE SYKES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

of the front line being reposted in commanding positions, and placed under General Griffin's command, but under Captain Weeden's* care, just behind the crest of the hill. The infantry was arranged between the artillery to protect and be protected by its neighbors, and prepared to be thrown forward, if at any time advisable, so as not to interfere with the artillery fire.

The corps of Heintzelman and Sumner had arrived during the night, and taken position in the order named to the right and rear of Couch's division, protecting that flank effectively towards Western Run. They did not expect to be seriously engaged, but were ready to resist attack and to give assistance to the center and left, if circumstances should require it. At an early hour in the day Sumner kindly sent me Caldwell's brigade, as he thought I might need help. This brigade I placed near Butterfield, who was directed to send it forward wherever needed or called for. He sent it to Couch at an opportune moment early in the day.

General McClellan, accompanied by his staff, visited our lines at an early hour, and approved my measures and those of General Couch, or changed them where it was deemed advisable. Though he left me in charge of that part of the field occupied by Couch, I at no time undertook to control that general, or even indicated a desire to do so, but with full confidence in his ability, which was justified by the result of his action, left him free to act in accordance with his own judgment. I cooperated with him fully, however, having Morell's batteries, under Weeden, posted so as to protect his front, and sending him help when I saw he needed it. His division, though it suffered severely in the battle of Fair Oaks, had seen less service and met with fewer losses in these "seven days' battles" than any one of my three, and was prepared with full ranks to receive an attack, seeming impatient and eager for the fight. Its conduct soon confirmed this impression. Batteries of Hunt's reserve artillery were sent to him when needed — as well as Caldwell's brigade, voluntarily sent to me early in the day by Sumner, and also Sickles's brigade, borrowed of Heintzelman for the purpose.

About ten A. M. the enemy's skirmishers and artillery began feeling for us along our line; they kept up a desultory fire until about twelve o'clock, with no severe injury to our infantry, who were well masked, and who revealed but little of our strength or position by retaliatory firing or exposure.

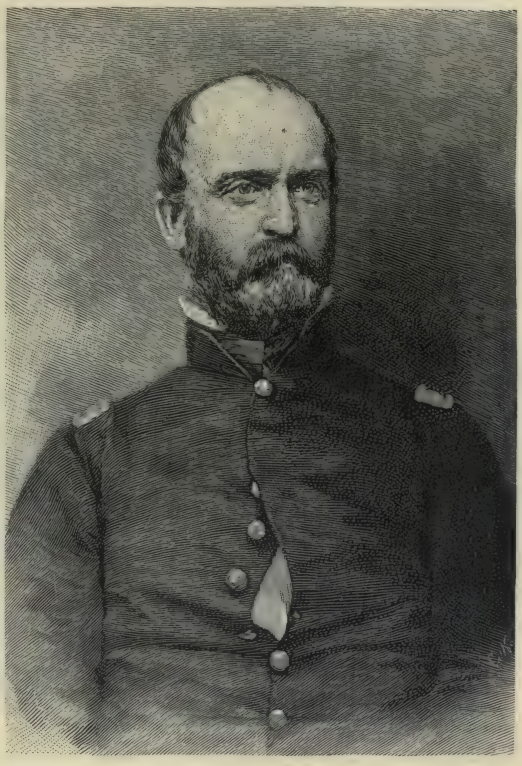
Up to this time and to nearly one o'clock our infantry were resting upon their arms and waiting the moment, certain to come, when the column of the enemy rashly advancing

* Captain William B. Weeden, in a recent letter (May 24, 1885), says of the battle: "It was a fine afternoon, hot but tempered by a cooling breeze. The soldiers waited; patience, not courage, kept them steady. The ranks were full now; each knew that in himself he might be a possible victor or a possible victim at nightfall. Crew's deserted house, more hospitable than its owner, had furnished a luxury seldom enjoyed on the field. Water, not warm in the canteen, but iced, in a delf pitcher, with civilized glasses, was literally 'handed round.' Ganymedes there were none and of Hebes yet fewer, but Olympus never furnished more welcome nectar. Pickets and skirmishers had kept us informed of the opposing formations and of batteries going into position. The sharpshooters' bullets began to thicken. Action might begin at any moment, and between two and three o'clock it did begin. Out of the woods, puffs of smoke from guns and nearer light wreaths from their shells lent new colors to the green of woods and fields and the deep blue sky. The musketry cracked before it loudened into a roar and whizzing bullets mingled with ragged exploding shells. The woods swarmed with butternut coats and gray. These colors were worn by a lively race of men and they stepped forward briskly, firing as they moved. The regimental formations were plainly visible, with the colors flying. It was the onset of battle with the good order of a review. In this first heavy skirmish — the prelude of the main action — Magruder's right made a determined attack by way of the meadow to pierce Griffin's line to turn Ames's Battery and to break the solid advantages of position held by the Union forces.

The brunt of the blow fell upon Colonel McQuade's 14th New York. This was a gallant regiment which had suffered much in the rough work at Gaines's Mill. The Confederate charge was sudden and heavy. The New Yorkers began to give ground, and it looked for a moment as if the disasters of Gaines's Mill might be repeated. But only for a moment. The men stiffened up to the color line, charged forward with a cheer, and drove back the enemy. Weeden's Rhode Island Battery of three-inch rifled ordnance guns had lost three pieces at Gaines's Mill. The remaining guns, under command of Lieutenant Waterman, were stationed south and west of Crew's, fronting left and rearward. It was the angle of our position and so far west that Tyler's heavy guns mistook it for the enemy and fired 4½-inch shells into it. One caused severe casualties. The battery was withdrawn from this dangerous range, and later in the afternoon, when the main action was raging, Waterman's three guns, with two of the same type under Lieutenant Phillips of Massachusetts, relieved Kingsbury and Hazlitt's regular batteries of Parrotts on Couch's right. The service here was admirable. Waterman with only half a battery had a whole company of experienced gunners. When the ammunition gave out they were in turn relieved by a fresh battery."—EDITOR.

would render it necessary to expose themselves. Our desire was to hold the enemy where our artillery would be most destructive, and to reserve our infantry ammunition for close quarters to repel the more determined assaults of our obstinate and untiring foe. Attacks by brigade were made upon Morell, both on his left front and on his right, and also upon Couch; but our artillery, admirably handled, without exception, was generally sufficient to repel all such efforts and to drive back the assailants in confusion, after great losses.

While the enemy's artillery was firing upon us General Sumner withdrew part of his corps to the slope of Malvern Hill to the right of the Malvern house which descended into the valley of Western Run. Then, deeming it advisable to withdraw all our troops to that line, he ordered me to fall back to the Malvern house; but I protested that such a movement would be disastrous, and declined to obey the order until I could confer with General McClellan, who had approved of the disposition of our troops. Fortunately Sumner did not insist upon my complying with the order, and, as we were soon vigorously attacked, he advanced his troops to a point where he was but little disturbed by the enemy, but from which he could quickly render aid in response to calls for help or where need for help was apparent.



BRIG.-GENERAL LEWIS A. ARMISTEAD, C. S. ARMY. KILLED AT GETTYSBURG, FOREMOST IN THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION.

On one occasion, when I sent an urgent request for two brigades, Sumner read my note aloud, and, fearing he could not stand another draft on his forces, was hesitating to respond, when Heintzelman, ever prompt and generous, sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "By Jove! if Porter asks for help, I know he needs it and I will send it." The immediate result was the sending of Meagher by Sumner and Sickles by Heintzelman. This was the second time that Sumner had selected and sent me Meagher's gallant Irish brigade, and each time it rendered invaluable service. I served under General Heintzelman up to the capture of Yorktown, and learned to know him well, as he did me. I ever gratefully appreciated his act as the prompting of a thoughtful, generous, and chivalrous nature.

These spasmodic though sometimes formidable attacks of our antagonists, at different points along our whole front, up to about four o'clock, were presumably demonstrations or feelers, to ascertain our strength, preparatory to their engaging in more serious work. An ominous silence, similar to that which had preceded the attack in force along our whole line at Gaines's Mill, now intervened, until, at about 5:30 o'clock, the enemy opened upon both Morell and Couch with artillery from nearly the whole of his front, and soon afterwards pressed forward his columns of infantry, first on one and then on the other, or on both. As if moved by a reckless disregard of life, equal to that displayed at Gaines's Mill, with a determination to capture our army, or destroy it by driving us into the river, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, rushed at our batteries; but the artillery of both Morell and Couch mowed them down with shrapnel, grape, and canister; while our infantry, withholding their fire until the enemy were within short range, scattered the remnants of their columns, sometimes following them up and capturing prisoners and colors.

As column after column advanced, only to meet the same disastrous repulse, the sight became one of the most interesting imaginable. The fearful havoc of the rapidly bursting shells from guns arranged so as to sweep any position far and near, and in any direction, was terrible to behold. The terrific hail could not be borne,

THE WEST HOUSE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CREW HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[This house was the dividing point between Couch's division and Morell's line, the artillery fronting the fence and being nearly on the line indicated by it. The West house was occupied as headquarters by General Couch.—EDITOR.]

and such as were left of the diminished columns precipitately fled or marched rapidly to the rear, sometimes followed by our infantry, whose shots leveled many more of their brave men. Pressed to the extreme as they were, the courage of our men was fully tried. The safety of our army — the life of the Union — was felt to be at stake.

In one case the brigades of Howe, Abercrombie, and Palmer, of Couch's division, under impulse gallantly pushed after the retreating foe, captured colors, and advantageously advanced the right of the line, but at considerable loss and great risk. The brigades of Morell, cool, well disciplined, and easily controlled, let the enemy return after each repulse, but permitted few to escape their fire. Colonel McQuade, on Morell's left, with the Fourteenth New York, against orders and at the risk of defeat and disaster, yielding to impulse, gallantly dashed forward and repulsed an attacking party. Assisted by Buchanan of Sykes's division, Colonel Rice, with the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, likewise drove a portion of the enemy from the field, taking a flag bearing the motto "Seven Pines." Colonel Hunt, directing the artillery, was twice dismounted by having his horse shot under him, but though constantly exposed continued his labors until after dark. General Couch who was also dismounted, in like manner, took advantage of every opportunity to make his opponents feel his blows.

It is not to be supposed that our men, though concealed by the irregularities of the ground, were not sufferers from the enemy's fire. The fact is that before they exposed themselves by pursuing the enemy, the ground was literally covered with the killed and wounded from dropping bullets and bursting shells and their contents; but they bravely bore the severe trial of having to remain inactive under a damaging fire.

As Morell's ranks became thinned and ammunition was exhausted, other regiments eagerly advanced; all were stimulated by the hope of a brilliant and permanent success, and nerved by the approving shouts of their comrades and the cry of "Revenge, boys!" "Remember McLean!" "Remember Black!"

VIEW FROM THE MEADOW WEST OF THE CREW HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[The Crew house is in the extreme right of the picture. The hill to the left is the high ground shown on page 622. The ravine between the two is the ravine shown in the right of the picture, page 623. At the time of the battle the low ground was in wheat, partly shocked, affording protection for the Union sharp-shooters under Berdan. Farther to the left, up this valley, and in the rear of the hill, was the right of the Confederate line, which late in the evening made several assaults upon the Crew Hill, by way of the ravine and meadow.—EDITOR.]

"Remember Gove!" or "Remember Cass!" The brave and genial Black and McLean and Gove had been killed at Gaines's Mill; Woodbury and Cass (two noble heroes) were then lying before them. Colonel McQuade was the only regimental commander of Griffin's brigade who escaped death during the Seven Days, and he only as by a miracle, for he was constantly exposed.

During that ominous silence of which I have spoken, I determined that our opponents should reap no advantage, even if our lines yielded to attack, and therefore posted batteries, as at Gaines's Mill, to secure against the disaster of a break in our lines, should such a misfortune be ours. For this purpose I sent Weed, Carlisle, and Smead, with their batteries, to the gorge of the roads on Crew's Hill, from which the enemy must emerge in pursuit if he should break our lines; instructing them to join in the fight if necessary, but not to permit the advance of the foe, even if it must be arrested at the risk of firing upon friends. To these Colonel Hunt added three batteries of horse artillery. Though they were all thus posted and their guns loaded with double canister, "they were," as Captain Smead reported, "very happy to find their services not needed on that occasion."

It was at this time, in answer to my call for aid, that Sumner sent me Meagher and Heintzelman sent Sickles; both of whom reached me in the height of battle, when, if ever, fresh troops would renew our confidence and insure our success. While riding rapidly forward to meet Meagher, who was approaching at a "double-quick" step, my horse fell, throwing me over his head, much to my discomfort both of body and mind. On rising and remounting, I was greeted with hearty cheers, which alleviated my chagrin. This incident gave rise to the report, spread through the country, that I was wounded.

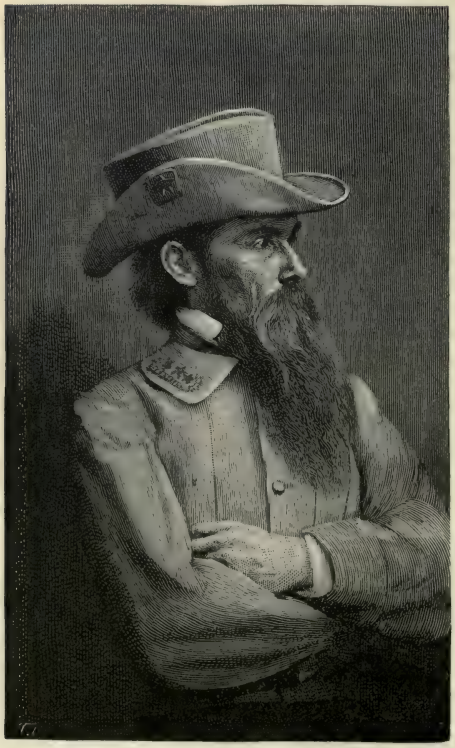
Fearing that I might fall into the hands of the enemy, and if so that my diary and dispatch-book of the campaign, then on my person, would meet with the same fate and reveal information to the injury of our cause, I tore it up, scattering the pieces to the winds, as I rode rapidly forward, leading Meagher into action. I have always regretted my act as destroying interesting and valuable memoranda of our campaign.

Advancing with Meagher's brigade, accom-

panied by my staff, I soon found that our forces had successfully driven back their assailants. Determined, if possible, satisfactorily to finish the contest, regardless of the risk of being fired upon by our artillery in case of defeat, I pushed on beyond our lines into the woods held by the enemy. About fifty yards in front of us, a large force of the enemy suddenly rose and opened with fearful volleys upon our advancing line. I turned to the brigade, which thus far had kept pace with my horse, and found it standing, "like a stone wall," and returning a fire more destructive than it received and from which the enemy fled. The brigade was planted. My presence was no longer needed, and I sought General Sickles, whom I found giving aid to Couch. I had the satisfaction of learning that night that a Confederate detachment, undertaking to turn Meagher's left, was met by a portion of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, which, advancing, repelled the attack and captured many prisoners.

After seeing that General Sickles was in a proper position, I returned to my own corps, where I was joined by Colonel Hunt with some thirty-two-pounder howitzers. Taking

GENERAL JAMES McQUADE, DIED 1885. AT MALVERN HILL, COLONEL OF THE FOURTEENTH N. Y. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



MAJOR-GEN. WILLIAM MAHONE, C. S. ARMY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

those howitzers, we rode forward beyond our lines, and, in parting salutation to our opponents, Colonel Hunt sent a few shells, as a warning of what would be ready to welcome them on the morrow if they undertook to disturb us.

Almost at the crisis of the battle — just before the advance of Meagher and Sickles — the gun-boats on the James River opened their fire with the good intent of aiding us, but either mistook our batteries at the Malvern house for those of the enemy, or were unable to throw their projectiles beyond us. If the former was the case, their range was well estimated, for all their shot landed in or close by Tyler's battery, killing and wounding a few of his men. Fortunately members of our excellent signal-service corps were present as usual on such occasions; and the message signaled to the boats, "For God's sake, stop firing," promptly relieved us from further damage and the demoralization of a "fire in the rear." Reference is occasionally seen in Confederate accounts of this battle to the fearful sounds of the projectiles from those gun-boats. But that afternoon not one of their projectiles passed beyond my headquarters; and I have always believed and said, as has General Hunt, that the enemy mistook the explosions of shells

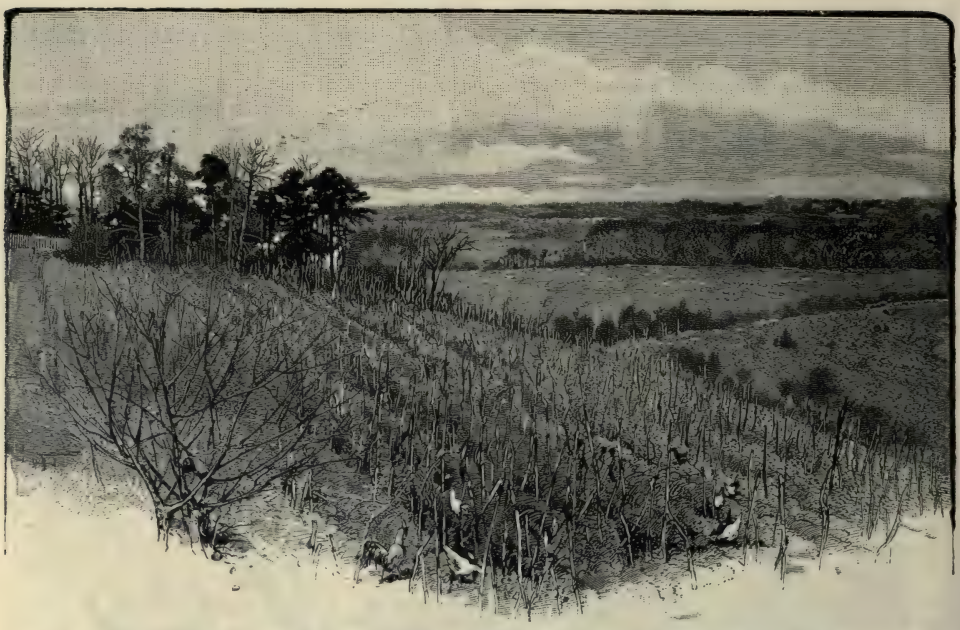
from Tyler's siege-guns and Kusserow's thirty-two-pounder howitzers, which Hunt had carried forward, for shells from the gun-boats.

While Colonel Hunt and I were returning from the front about nine o'clock, we were joined by Colonel Colburn, of McClellan's staff. We all rejoiced over the day's success. By these officers I sent messages to the commanding general, expressing the hope that our withdrawal had ended and that we should hold the ground we now occupied, even if we did not assume the offensive. From my stand-point I thought we could maintain our position, and perhaps in a few days could improve it by advancing. But I knew only the circumstances before me, and these were limited by controlling influences. It was now after nine o'clock at night. Within an hour of the time that Colonels Hunt and Colburn left me, and before they could have reached the commanding general, I received orders from him to withdraw, and to direct Generals Sumner and Heintzelman to move at specified hours to Harrison's Landing, and General Couch to rejoin his corps, which was then under way to the same point.

These orders were immediately sent to the proper officers, and by daybreak July 2d our troops, preceded by their trains, were well on their way to their destination, which they reached that day, greatly wearied after a hard march over muddy roads, in the midst of a heavy rain. That night, freed from care and oblivious of danger, all slept a long sleep; and they woke the next morning with the clear sun, a happier, brighter, and stronger body of men than that which all the day before, depressed and fatigued, had shivered in the rain.

The conduct of the rear-guard was intrusted to Colonel Averell, commander of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, sustained by Colonel Buchanan, with his brigade of regulars, and the Sixty-seventh New York Regiment. No trying trust was ever better bestowed or more satisfactorily fulfilled. At daybreak Colonel Averell found himself accidentally without artillery to protect his command in its difficult task of preventing an attack before our rear was well out of range. He at once arranged his cavalry in bodies to represent horse batteries, and, manœuvring them to create the impression that they were artillery ready for action, he secured himself from attack until the rest of the army and trains had passed sufficiently to the rear to permit him to retire rapidly without molestation. His stratagem was successful, and without loss he rejoined the main body of the army that night. Thus ended the memorable "Seven Days' battles," which, for severity and for stubborn resistance and endurance of hardships by the contestants, were not surpassed during the war. Each antagonist accomplished the results for which he aimed: one insuring the temporary relief of Richmond; the other gaining security on the north bank of the James, where the Union army, if our civil and military authorities were

BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS (OF MORELL'S DIVISION) SKIRMISHING IN THE MEADOW WHEAT-FIELD.



SCENE OF THE CONFEDERATE ATTACK ON WEST SIDE OF CREW'S HILL, LOOKING FROM THE CREW HOUSE SOUTH-WEST TOWARD THE JAMES RIVER. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[The Confederates came down the valley or meadow from the right, and advanced up this slope toward the two guns of Weeden, which were supported by the Fourteenth New York. The road across the meadow leads to Holmes's position on the River road.—EDITOR.]

disposed, could be promptly reënforced, and from whence only, as subsequent events proved, it could renew the contest successfully. Preparations were commenced and dispositions were at once made under every prospect, if not direct promise, of large reënforcements for a renewal of the struggle on the south side of the James, and in the same manner as subsequently brought a successful termination of the war.

In the Fifth Corps, however, mourning was mingled with rejoicing. Greatly injured by the mishap of a cavalry blunder at Gaines's Mill,* it had at Malvern, with the brave and gallant help of Couch and the generous and chivalric assistance of Heintzelman and Sumner, successfully repulsed the foe in every quarter, and was ready to renew the contest at an opportune moment. Our killed and wounded were numbered by thousands; the loss of the Confederates may be imagined.†

While taking Meagher's brigade to the front, I crossed a portion of the ground over which a large column had advanced to attack us, and had a fair opportunity of judging of the effect of our fire upon the ranks of the enemy. It was something fearful and sad to contemplate; few steps could be taken without trampling upon the body of a dead or wounded soldier, or without hearing a piteous cry, begging our party to be careful. In some places the bodies were in continuous lines and in heaps. In Mexico I had seen fields of battle on which our armies had been victorious, and had listened to pitiful appeals; but the pleaders were not of my countrymen then, and did not, as now, cause me to deplore the effects of a fratricidal war.

Sadder still were the trying scenes I met in and around the Malvern house, which at an early hour that day had been given up to the wounded, and was soon filled with our unfortunate men, suffering from all kinds of

* It is proper to say here that General Philip St. George Cooke who commanded this cavalry has written to deny the statement made by General Porter in his paper on the battle of Gaines's Mill, that the loss of that battle was due in part to the charge of this body of cavalry. General Cooke's communication will appear in an early number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

† It is impossible to estimate the casualties of each of these battles, so quickly did one battle follow another. Our total loss in these battles is recorded as 15,849 ("Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Vol. XI., Part 2, page 37), while that of the Confederates sums up to 20,158 (*ibid.*, p. 973 to 984). The loss in the Fifth Corps was 7,601 of the 15,849 loss of the Union army. This does not include the losses of Slocum's division and Cooke's cavalry engaged with us at Gaines's Mill, nor of Couch's division and the brigades of Caldwell, Meagher, and Sickles serving with it at Malvern.— F. J. P.

wounds. At night, after issuing orders for the withdrawal of our troops, I passed through the building and the adjoining hospitals with my senior medical officer, Colonel George H. Lyman. Our object was to inspect the actual condition of the men, to arrange for their care and comfort, and to cheer them as best we could. Here, as usual, were found men mortally wounded by necessity left unattended by the surgeons, so that prompt and proper care might be given to those in whom there was hope of recovery. It seemed as if the physician was cruel to one in doing his duty by being merciful to another whose life might be saved.

While passing through this improvised hospital I heard of many sad cases. One was that of the major of the Twelfth New York Volunteers, a brave and gallant officer, highly esteemed, who was believed to be mortally wounded. While breathing his last, as was supposed, a friend asked him if he had any message to leave. He replied, "Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended herself, my boy, and my flag." Then he asked how the battle had gone, and when told that we had been successful he said, "God bless the old fla——" and fell back apparently dead. For a long time he was mourned as dead, and it was believed that he had expired with the prayer left unfinished on his closing lips. Though still an invalid, suffering from the wound then received, that officer recovered to renew his career in the war, and now, for recreation, engages in lively contests of political warfare.

On the occasion of this visit we frequently met with scenes which would melt the stoutest heart: bearded men piteously begging to be sent home; others requesting that a widowed mother or orphan sisters might be cared for; more sending messages to wife or children, or to others near and dear to them. We saw the amputated limbs and the bodies of the dead hurried out of the room for burial. On every side we heard the appeals of the unattended, the moans of the dying, and the shrieks of those under the knife of the surgeon. We gave what cheer we could, and left with heavy hearts. There was no room then for ambitious hopes of promotion; prayers to God for peace, speedy peace, that our days might be thereafter devoted to efforts to avert another war, and that never again should the country be afflicted with such a scourge, filled our hearts as we passed from those mournful scenes.

At noon on the 4th of July the usual national salute was fired in honor of the day, and the different corps parading in front of their respective camps were reviewed by General McClellan. As he passed from brigade to brigade, the army showed its cheerful spirit and its confidence in its commander by hearty cheers.

REPULSE OF CONFEDERATES ON THE SLOPE OF CREW'S HILL. (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

General McClellan, as opportunity offered, made a few remarks full of hope and encouragement, thanking the men in most feeling terms for their uniform bravery, fortitude, and good conduct, but intimating that this was not the last of the campaign.

THE PARSONAGE, NEAR MALVERN HILL.

[This house was in the rear of the Confederate line, which was formed in the woods shown in the background. It was used as a Confederate hospital after the fight. The road is the Church road, and the view is from near C. W. Smith's, which was for a short time the headquarters of General Lee. The trees of this neighborhood were riddled with bullets and torn with shell, and this spring the corn was growing out of many a soldier's grave.—EDITOR.]

Contrary, however, to his expectations, the Peninsular campaign of the Army of the Potomac for 1862 virtually ended on the 4th of July. From that date to August 14th, when the army took up its march for Fort Monroe, its commander was engaged in the struggle to retain it on the James, as against the determination of the Secretary of War to withdraw it to the line of the Rappahannock, there to act in conjunction with the Army of Virginia.

General McClellan was assured, in writing, that he was to have command of both armies after their junction,* but he preferred, as a speedy and the only practicable mode of taking Richmond, retention on the James, and the renewal of the contest from the south bank, for which he had commenced operations. During this struggle he intelligently labored, omitting nothing which would insure the removal of the army without loss of men and material. This movement commenced at sundown on the 14th of August.

The withdrawal of the army changed the issue from the capture of Richmond to the security of Washington, transferred to the Federals the anxiety of the Confederates for their capital, and sounded an alarm throughout the Northern States.

Fitz John Porter.

* At the time, it was publicly announced that General Halleck would assume command and take the field. General Pope had reason to believe that "he would eventually supersede McClellan," and McDowell had been so satisfied of his future supremacy that he confided to a friend that "he would be at the highest round of the ladder."—F. J. P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—V.*

RETIRING FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY.

THE CAMP KITCHEN. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

ON the 25th of June preparations were made for a general advance from our position at Fair Oaks. Our pickets on the left were moved forward to an open field crossed by the Williamsburg road, and our lines then pushed forward beyond a swampy belt of timber, which for several days had been contested ground. Our troops, going in with a dash, met little serious resistance. The ground was so marshy in places that our men were obliged to cluster round the roots of trees or stand knee-deep in water. On the 27th (the day of the battle of Gaines's Mill) and the 28th the enemy in our front were unusually demonstrative, if not active. Our pickets were often so near the enemy's outposts as to hear them talk. One of my comrades told me of a conversation he overheard one night between two of the "Johnnies."

"Uncle Robert," said one, "is goin' to gobble up the Yankee army and bring 'em to Richmond."

"Well," said his comrade, with a touch of incredulity in his tones, "we uns 'll have a right smart of 'em to feed; and what are we uns goin' to do with 'em when we uns catch 'em?"

"Oh," said the other, with a touch of contempt, "every one of we uns will have a Yank to tote our traps!"

On the 27th one of my comrades, while on picket, heard orders given as if to a large body of men—"From right of companies to rear into column—right face. Don't get into a dozen ranks there. Why don't they move forward up the path?" These commands excited our vigilance. What puzzled us was that we could not hear the tramp of men, which is usual in moving large bodies of troops, when near enough to hear their voices. Later we knew that the Confederates in our front were keeping up a big show with a small number of troops. We heard the heavy booming of cannon, which told of Porter's battle on the north side of the Chickahominy, and on that day a balloon was seen over the Confederate capital. Every sign pointed to unusual activity in our front. Then Porter followed us to the south side of the Chickahominy, and the whole aspect of affairs was changed.

Details were made to destroy such stores as could not easily be removed in wagons, and some of our officers, high in rank, set an unselfish example by destroying their personal baggage. No fires were allowed to be kindled in the work of destruction. Tents were cut and slashed with knives; canteens punched with bayonets; clothing cut into shreds; sugar and whisky overturned on the ground, which absorbed it. Some of our men stealthily imitated mother earth as regards the whisky. Most of our officers appreciated the gravity of the situation, and were considerate enough to keep sober, in more senses than one. Early on the morning of the 29th the work of destruction was complete, our picket-line was relieved, and with faces that reflected the gloom of our hearts we turned our backs upon Richmond, and started upon the retreat. The gloom was rather that of surprise than of knowledge, as the movement was but slightly understood by the mass of the army, or for that matter by most of the officers.

The weather was suffocatingly hot; dust rose in clouds, completely enveloping the marching army; it was inhaled into our nostrils and throats, and covered every part of our clothing as if ashes had been sifted upon us. About nine o'clock line of battle was formed near Allen's farm. Occasionally the report of a sharp-shooter's rifle was heard in the woods. Some of the troops took advantage of

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such shade as was afforded by scattering trees and went to sleep. All were suddenly brought to their feet by a tremendous explosion of artillery. The enemy had opened from the woods south of the railroad, with great vigor and precision. This attack after some sharp fighting was repelled, and, slinging knapsacks, the march was again resumed over the dusty roads. It was scorching hot when they arrived at Savage's Station, and there again they formed line of battle.

Franklin's corps, which had fallen back from Golding's farm, joined us here, and a detail was made as at other places to destroy supplies; immense piles of flour, hard bread in boxes, clothing, arms, and ammunition were burned, smashed, and scattered. Two trains of railroad cars, loaded with ammunition and other supplies, were here fired, set in motion towards each other, and under a full head of steam came thundering down the track like flaming meteors. When they met in collision there was a terrible explosion. Other trains and locomotives were precipitated from the demolished Bottom's bridge. Clouds of smoke rose at various points north of us, showing that the work of destruction was going on in other places.

Here, awaiting the approach of the enemy, we halted, while wagons of every description passed over the road on the retreat. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon (though official reports put it as early as four), when dense clouds of dust, rising in long lines from the roads beyond, warned us of the approach of the enemy. Soon they advanced from the edge of the woods and opened fire from the whole mass of their artillery. Our guns responded. For nearly an hour not a musket was heard, but the air vibrated with the artillery explosions. Then the infantry became engaged in the woods. Even after the shadows of night covered the scene with their uncertain light, the conflict went on, until nine o'clock, when to the deep-toned Union cheers there were no answering high-pitched rebel yells.*

Our regiment occupied till after sundown a position opposite the hospital camp near the station. It was then ordered to charge the enemy, which was done under cover of the heavy smoke that hung over the field. At nine o'clock they began to care for the wounded, and to carry them to the amputating-table. Our "Little Day" was wounded through the arm, but bandaged it himself. Wad Rider got another slight scalp-wound, which led him to remark, "Them cusses always aim for my head." Pendleton got what he called a ventilator through the side of his hat, the bullet grazing his head. One of the chaplains was indefatigable in his care of the wounded, and finally preferred to be taken prisoner rather than desert them.

Turning their backs upon the battle-field and the hospital camp of twenty-five hundred sick and wounded, who were abandoned to the enemy, the troops resumed their march. The long trains, of five thousand wagons and two thousand five hundred head of beef, had by this time crossed White Oak Swamp. The defile over which the army passed was narrow, but it possessed the compensating advantage that no attack could be made on the flank, because of the morass on either side. As fast as the rear-guard passed, trees were felled across the road to obstruct pursuit. Before daylight the Grand Army was across the swamp, with the bridge destroyed in the rear.

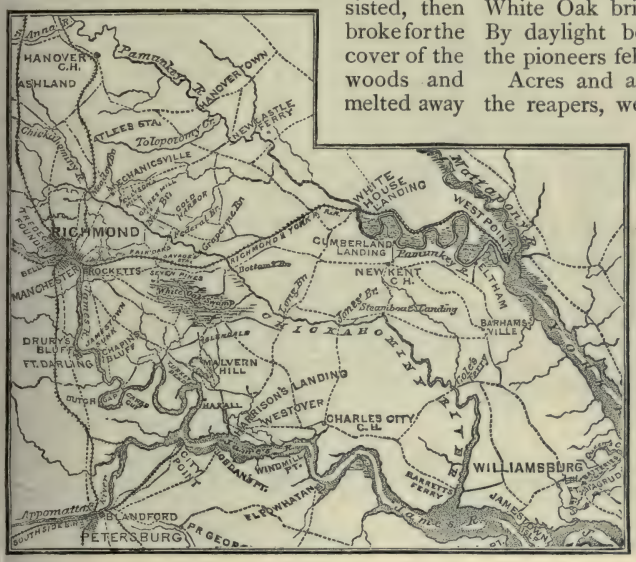
* At Savage's Station I had the ill-luck to be taken prisoner, and in consequence was "unavoidably absent" from our lines until August, when we were exchanged. I afterwards learned from my comrades their experiences and the gossip of the intervening half-dozen weeks, which is briefly outlined in what follows.—W. L. G.

GLENDALE.

During the early morning hours of Monday, June 30th, our regiment was halted near a barn used as a temporary hospital. The boys lay down weary and footsore with fighting and marching. They were aroused about eight o'clock and resumed their march. At eleven they were halted near Nelson's farm. The country here began to change from swamp and wood to cultivated fields.

McCall's division, now numbering only about six thousand men, was formed nearly parallel to the New Market road, with his batteries in rear of the infantry. Kearny was within supporting distance on his right, guarding the space between the New Market and Charles City roads, while our corps, Sumner's with Hooker's division, were formed in the rear of McCall's advance line. To force the Union army from this key position and divide it, Longstreet gave battle. At 2:30 P. M., advancing with A. P. Hill by the Charles City road, he attacked with fury McCall's division. A heavy force of the enemy, passing through the woods, was hurled upon General Seymour's brigade, holding the left, who maintained a stubborn fight for two hours, finally causing him to fall back. Knieriem's and Diederichs' batteries were badly demoralized at this point. One of their officers blubbered outright. "Are you wounded? Are you killed?" asked Hooker's ironical jokers. "No; mine battery disgraces me vorse than det," was his reply.

When McCall's division gave way the enemy, who had turned the left of the Union line, came down upon Sumner's troops, who soon received the order, "Forward, guide right"; and at double quick, while the batteries in the rear threw shot and shell over their heads into the ranks of the enemy, they pressed forward upon them. For a few moments the enemy resisted, then broke for the cover of the woods and melted away in the twilight shadows gathering over the field. Our artillery continued to shell the woods, and the din of musketry did not cease until long after dark. This Union victory insured the safety of the army, which until that hour had been in peril.



THE CHANGE OF BASE FROM WHITE HOUSE TO HARRISON'S LANDING.
(SEE ALSO LARGE MAP, PAGE 453 OF THE JULY "CENTURY.")

During the night many of the enemy's stragglers were captured. Hooker's men, who heard them in the strip of woods calling out the names of their regiments, stationed squads at different points to answer and direct them into the Union lines, where they were captured. "Here by the oak," our men would say in answer to their calls, and thus gathered in these lost children of the Confederacy. Our regiment captured five or six stragglers in much the same manner. Many of them were under the influence of stimulants. It was current talk at that time — to account for the desperate, reckless charges made during the day — that the Confederates were plied with whisky. I am not of that opinion, as whisky will not make men brave. Those captured wore a medley of garments which could hardly be called a uniform, though gray and butternut were the prevailing colors. Some of them had a strip of carpet for a blanket, but the raggedness of their outfit was no discredit to soldiers who fought as bravely as did these men.

Franklin's force, which had been disputing the passage of White Oak Swamp during the day, at dark retreated from that position, which made it prudent to retire our whole force from Glendale, for Jackson's forces at White Oak bridge would soon be upon us. By daylight began our march to Malvern, the pioneers felling trees in the rear.

Acres and acres of waving grain, ripe for the reapers, were seen on every side. The troops marched through the wheat, cutting off the tops and gathering them into their haversacks, for, except in more than ordinarily provident cases, they were out of rations and hungry, as well as lame and stiff from marching. The bands, which had been silent so long before Richmond, here began playing patriotic airs, which had a very inspiriting effect. As they neared the James River and caught sight of our gunboats, a cheer went up from each regiment. About eleven o'clock in the morning they took up position on the Malvern plateau.

MALVERN HILL.

THE *morale* of the army, notwithstanding its toilsome midnight marches and daily battles, with insufficient sleep and scanty food, was excellent. Its comparatively raw masses were now an army of veterans, tried in the fire of battle.

Our stragglers, their courage revived by sight of the gun-boats, came up the hill, seeking their regiments. One squad encountered half a dozen of the enemy's cavalry and charged them with empty muskets. Another squad came in with a Confederate wagon, in which were several wounded comrades rescued from the battle-field. Another squad had their haversacks filled with honey, and bore marks of a battle with bees. During the morning long lines of men with dusty garments and powder-blackened faces climbed the steep Quaker road. Footsore, hungry, and wearied, but not disheartened, these tired men took their positions and prepared for another day of conflict. The private soldiers were quick to perceive the advantages which

the possession of Malvern Hill gave us, and such expressions as "How is this for Johnny Reb!" were heard on every hand. Wad Rider, complacently and keenly viewing the surroundings, said, "Satan himself couldn't whip

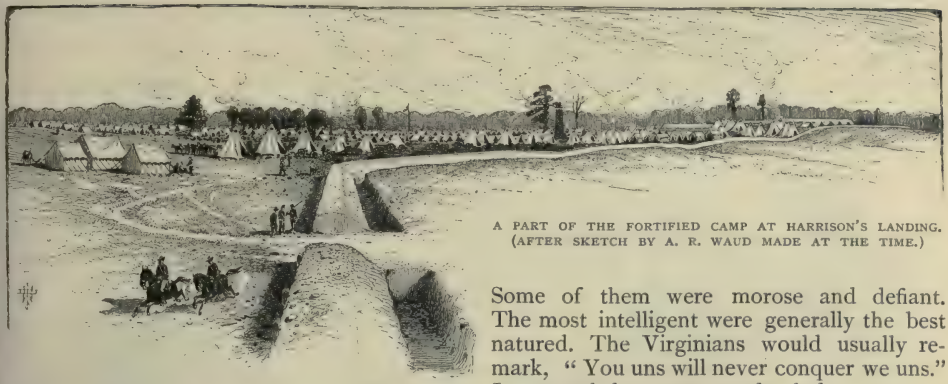
SUPPLYING THE HUNGRY ARMY AT HARRISON'S LANDING. (FROM SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD MADE AT THE TIME.)

us out of this!" As soon as it was in position near the north front of the hill, our regiment was given the order, "In place — rest," and in a few minutes the men were asleep, lying upon their muskets.

Early in the forenoon skirmishing began along the new line. Some of the troops, while going up the hill to take their positions on the field, were fired upon by the enemy's batteries. Small parties advanced within musket-shot, evidently reconnoitering our position, and fired from the cover of the woods on our men. Shells from our gun-boats on the James came hoarsely spluttering over the heads of the troops. Occasionally hostile regiments appeared from the woods below the crest of the hill, and were as often driven back by our artillery.

The fighting of the day might be described as a succession of daring attacks and bloody repulses. Heavy firing began at different points soon after noon, followed by a lull. About three o'clock there was heard an explosion of artillery, with the well-known rebel yell, followed by the cheering of our men. The crash of artillery was even at this time terrible. Soon it partly died away and was followed by roaring volleys, and then the irregular *snap, crack, crack* of firing at will of the musketry. It was the attack of G. B. Anderson's brigade of D. H. Hill's division upon Couch's front. In a hand-to-hand struggle at this time, the Thirty-sixth New York captured the colors of the Fourteenth North Carolina and a number of prisoners. Couch then advanced his line to a grove, which gave a stronger position and a better range for the musketry. An assault at the same time was made along the left, but was speedily repulsed by the batteries. At four o'clock there was quiet. But the storm of battle at six o'clock burst upon Malvern cliff. Brigade after brigade came up the hill with impetuous courage, breasting the storm of canister, grape, and shell which devastated their ranks. Half-way up they would break in disorder, before the destructive cannonade and the deadly volleys of musketry. Vainly they were rallied. It was more than human courage could endure.

After D. H. Hill, Magruder made his attack. Our guns, grouped around the Crew house, opened upon the Confederates, as with fierce yells they charged up the slope. In some instances our infantry, being sheltered by the inequalities of the ground in front of the guns, withheld their fire until the charging column was within a few yards of them.



A PART OF THE FORTIFIED CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING. (AFTER SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD MADE AT THE TIME.)

Sometimes the enemy attacked from the cover of the ravine on the left, but they never reached the crest. Night came, yet the fight went on, with cheers answering to yells and gun answering to gun. The lurid flashes of artillery along the hostile lines, in the gathering darkness; the crackle of musketry, with flashes seen in the distance like fire-flies; the hoarse shriek of the huge shells from the gun-boats, thrown into the woods, made it a scene of terrible grandeur. The ground in front of Porter and Couch was literally covered with the dead and wounded. At nine o'clock the sounds of the battle died away, and cheer after cheer went up from the victors on the hill.

During the battle of Malvern Hill the infantry where my regiment was posted was not brought into active opposition to the enemy. They lay on the ground in front of the guns, which threw shot, shell, and canister over their heads. Several times after three o'clock brigades were sent from this position to act as supports where the attack was heaviest on Couch's lines. Just after three o'clock the artillery fire was heavy on our brigade, but the loss was light, owing to the protection afforded to the infantry by the inequalities of the ground. Between six and seven o'clock our company was detailed to guard prisoners; and about that time, as one of my comrades said, General Hooker rode by on his white horse, which formed a very marked contrast to his very red face. He rode leisurely and complacently, as if in no alarm or excitement, but looked very warm. Behind a bluff, not far from the Crew house, was the extemporized hospital towards which stretcher-bearers were carrying the wounded; those able to walk were hobbling, and in some instances were using a reversed musket for a crutch.

All of the prisoners were "played-out" men who had evidently seen hard service with marching, fighting, and short rations. Some of them were morose and defiant. The most intelligent were generally the best natured. The Virginians would usually remark, "You uns will never conquer we uns." In general they were poorly clad.

Thus ended the Union advance on Richmond. The grand "Army of the Potomac" forced its way to within sight of the enemy's capital, only to fall back, in a desperate struggle of seven successive days, to the James River. Yet it preserved its trains, its courage, and its undaunted front, and inflicted upon the enemy heavier losses than it sustained. Though crowded back in the final movement, our army defeated the enemy on every battle-field but one during the seven days. The moral advantage was on the side of the Confederates; the physical on the side of the Federals. We had inflicted a loss of about 20,000 on the enemy, while sustaining a loss of but 15,849. The North was in humiliation over the result, while the Confederates rejoiced.

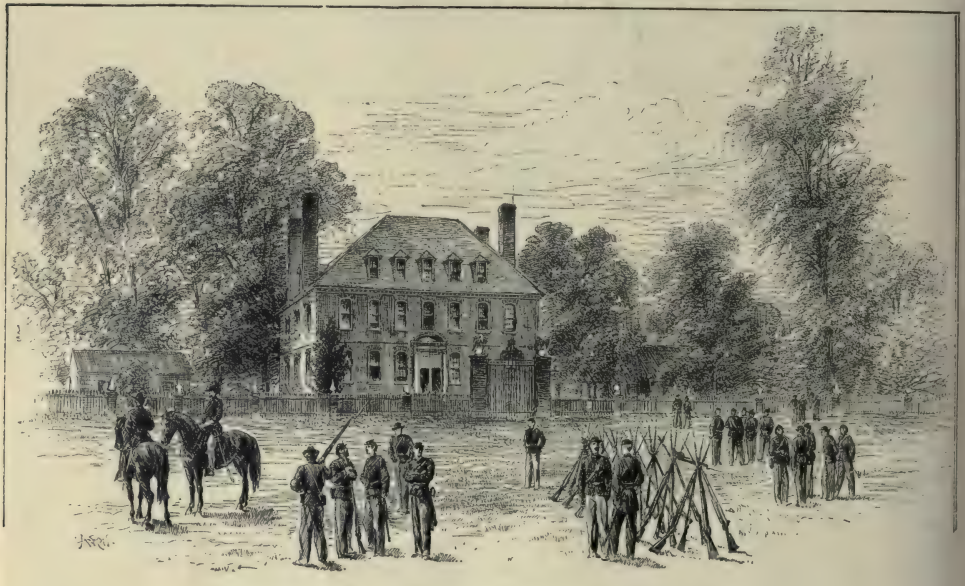
ON THE JAMES.

THE next morning at daybreak our regiment moved with its squad of prisoners down the road to Haxall's. Here, for some reason, they were halted for two or three hours while regiments, trains, and cattle moved over the narrow defile, jumbled in confusion together. There were loud discussions as to the right of way, and a deal of growling among the soldiers at retreating, after giving the "rebs" such a whipping; but most of them seemed to think "Little Mac" knew what he was about, and the enthusiasm for him grew in intensity rather than decreased. The halt gave leisure for talk with the prisoners. One of them was a good-looking, intelligent fellow about twenty-two years of age. He informed one of my comrades that he belonged to a North Carolina regiment. He was a college graduate, and the prospect of spending a summer at the North did not seem to displease him. He confidentially said that he had been a Union man just as long as he could, and finally went

into the Confederate army to save his property and reputation and to avoid conscription. He added: "There are thousands in the South just like me. We didn't want the war, and resisted the sentiment of secession as long as

march and some right smart fighting, for Old Jack is powerful on prayer just before a big fight."

"Did you ever see General Lee?" I inquired of one of them.



THE WESTOVER MANSION, CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING, JULY, 1862.

we could. Now it has gone so far we've got to fight or sever all the associations with which our lives are interlinked. I know it is a desperate chance for the South. Look at your men, how they are disciplined, fed, and clothed, and then see how our men are fed and clothed. They are brave men, but they can't stand it forever. Southern men have got fight in them, and you will find them hard to conquer."

One lean "Johnny" was loud in his praise of Stonewall Jackson, saying: "He's a general, he is. If you uns had some good general like him, I reckon you uns could lick we uns. 'Old Jack' marches we uns most to death; a Confed that's under Stonewall has got to march."

"Does your general abuse you—swear at you to make you march?" inquired one of his listeners.

"Swear?" answered the Confederate; "no. Ewell he does the swearing; Stonewall does the praying. When Stonewall wants us to march he looks at us soberly, just as if he was sorry for we uns, but couldn't help it, and says, 'Men, we've got to make a long march.' We always know when there is going to be a long

"Yes, I was a sort of orderly for 'Uncle Robert' for a while. He's mighty calm-like when a fight is going on."

About ten o'clock in the morning the regiment resumed its march. It reached Harrison's Landing about four in the afternoon, just as it began to rain in torrents. Here they were relieved from guard duty and allowed the privilege of making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The level land which terminates in bluffs on the James River was covered with hundreds of acres of wheat ready for the harvest. The process of cutting for the army began without delay, and before night every blade of it was in use for bedding and forage; not a vestige remained to tell of the waving fields which had covered the plain a few hours previous. The fields whereon it stood were trampled under foot; not even a stubble stood in sight. Great fields of mud were the resting-place of the army. It was almost as muddy as if the waters of the deluge had just receded from the face of the earth. Mules, horses, and men were alike smeared and spotted with mire, and the ardor of the army was somewhat dampened thereby.

McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER. (FROM SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD, 1862.)

This house was the birthplace of General (afterward President) William Henry Harrison. During the month of July, 1862, it was used as a hospital and as a signal-station, the scaffolding about the chimneys having been built for that purpose.

At Harrison's Landing the army settled down to a period of rest, which was much needed. The heat during the day was intolerable, and prevented much exercise. Men lay under their shelter, smoked, told stories, discussed the scenes and battles of the previous month, and when evening came on visited each other's camps and sang the popular songs of the day. Those vampires of the army, the sutlers, charged double prices for everything they had to sell, until the soldiers began to regard them as their natural enemies. No change smaller than ten cents circulated in camp. It was the smallest price charged for anything. Sutlers' pasteboard checks were in good demand as change, and were very useful in playing the game of "bluff." Thus the army whiled away the month of July.

During August some of the prisoners captured from us on the seven days' retreat arrived in our lines for exchange. They were a sorry-looking crowd — emaciated, hungry, sick, ragged, and dirty. They did not have a high opinion of the entertainment they had received at Belle Isle and Libby prison.

During one of those quiet, still August nights, dark, and as close and muggy as only a night in "dog days" can be, some time after midnight, the whole camp was roused by the furious and rapid bursting of shells in our very midst. Imagine, if you can, a midnight shelling of a closely packed camp of fifty thousand men, without giving them one hint or thought of warning; imagine our dazed appearance as we rolled from under our canvas coverings, and the running and dodging here and there, trying to escape from the objective point of the missiles. Of course the camp was a perfect pandemonium during the half hour that the shelling lasted. We soon discovered that the visitors came from a battery across the James River, and in twenty minutes a few of our guns silenced them completely. Most of these shells burst over and amongst us who occupied the center of the camp, near the old Harrison's Landing road. This road was lined on either side with large shade-trees, which were probably of some assistance to the enemy in training their guns.

While at Harrison's Landing there was a great deal of sickness. But, more than any other ailment, homesickness was prevalent. It made the most fearful inroads among the commissioned officers. Many sent in their resignations, which were promptly returned disapproved. One, who had not shown a disposition to face the enemy proportionate to his rank, hired two men to carry him on a stretcher to the hospital boat; and this valiant officer was absent from the army nearly a whole year. We believed at that time that some of the hospitals at the North, for the sake of the money made on each ration, sheltered and retained skulkers. In contrast with this was the noble action of men who insisted on joining their commands before their wounds were fairly healed, or while not yet recovered from their sickness.

Bathing and swimming in the James was a luxury to us soldiers, and did much, no doubt

DUMMIES AND QUAKER GUNS LEFT IN THE WORKS AT HARRISON'S LANDING ON THE EVACUATION BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. (FROM SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

towards improving the health of the army. Boxes with goodies from home came by express in great numbers. One of my friends at one time received a whole cheese, and for a week was the envy of the company.

Hooker's brigade moved towards Malvern Hill on the second of August, and on the fourth attacked the enemy near Glendale. On the fifteenth all was bustle and confusion, getting ready for some movement — perhaps another advance on Richmond. But instead we took up our line of march down the Peninsula. The people on the way openly expressed hatred of us and sympathy with the rebellion. No guards were posted over the houses as heretofore, and we used the fences to cook our coffee, without reproach from our officers. At one house, near the landing, a notice was posted forbidding the burial of a Yankee on the estate. That house was very quickly and deliberately burned to the ground. Steamboats and wagons were crowded with our sick. After rapid marches we arrived at Hampton, and embarked again for Alexandria.

Warren Lee Goss.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Imboden's "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas."

THE series of War Papers now being published in THE CENTURY are of such extraordinary value as history and material for history, that it is desirable to have them as accurate as possible, and to correct even small errors of fact as they are stated. Allow me to correct two in General Imboden's article in the May CENTURY. The general could not have tossed "little Julia," the daughter and only child of Stonewall Jackson, in his arms three days after the battle of Bull Run, for she was not born until more than a year after that time. She might have been seen in "long dresses" near Fredericksburg, just before her father was killed at Chancellorsville, for she was there making her first visit to the army, and was then only about six months old.

Again, General Jackson did not put General D. H. Hill under arrest while crossing the Potomac into Maryland at Leesburg. It was General A. P. Hill who was put under arrest on the day before we crossed the Potomac, Sept. 4th, for disobedience of orders in not moving his division as early in the morning as he was directed to do, and thereby delaying the prompt movement of the corps. I had given the order to General Hill fixing the hour for marching, and carried the order from General Jackson putting him under arrest. General Branch was in command of A. P. Hill's divis-

ion when we crossed the Potomac northward. I may add that General Jackson was seriously bruised and hurt by the falling of a vicious horse which was presented to him the day he crossed into Maryland; and being compelled to ride in an ambulance for a day, he turned the command of his corps over to General D. H. Hill for that day's march. After the battle of Sharpsburg, and while the army was encamped at Bunker Hill, the difficulty between Generals Jackson and A. P. Hill was revived, and they preferred charges against each other. Then General Lee took the matter up, and after an interview with each of them, the charges, which he had disapproved and returned, were mutually withdrawn, and that was the end of it — to all appearances.

General Imboden is right in his intimation that Major Harman was the only man who could swear before General Jackson with impunity. Jackson seemed to regard Harman's superior qualification in that line — and he was the most stalwart and stirring swearer I ever heard — as a necessary part of his equipment as quartermaster. Harman was the only quartermaster in the Confederacy who could have kept up with "Jackson's Foot Cavalry," but he and Jackson accomplished results by means and manners entirely different.

Hy. Kyd Douglas.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., May 15, 1885.

[Soon after the appearance of his article in the May CENTURY, General Imboden, in a letter which came too late for the July number, wrote to correct the two misstatements described above. He says that after the battle of Bull Run the camp was visited by the families of many officers, and that he had always supposed the child he saw at Stonewall Jackson's quarters to have been the general's daughter, Julia. In his anecdote of the arrest of General Hill, he confounded General D. H. Hill with General A. P. Hill, it having been the latter who was placed under arrest during that campaign, as explained by Colonel Douglas.— EDITOR.]

The Second Day at Seven Pines.

GENERAL D. H. HILL has called our attention to an error in General Gustavus W. Smith's paper in the May CENTURY, on "The Second Day at Seven Pines." General Smith quotes as follows from the Union general Mindil's account of the fighting on the second day (June 1):

"After Richardson's and Hooker's divisions and Birney's brigade had driven the Confederates well back from the railroad in front of the position held by Richardson during the night, Sickles' brigade united with these forces, and a general advance was made. No serious opposition was encountered, and Casey's camp was reoccupied before two o'clock P. M., the ground being covered with the rebel dead and wounded as well as our own."

The reports of both sides (Vol. XI., Part I., "War Records") show conclusively that the Confederates remained in possession of Casey's camp during the second day, and retired of their own accord the following night, their rear-guard withdrawing at sunrise of June 2.

EDITOR.

Subterranean Shells at Yorktown.

GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON, in his article "Manassas to Seven Pines," published in the May CENTURY, in referring to Jefferson Davis's statement about planting sub-terra shells in the vicinity of the citadel of Yorktown when the enemy evacuated that place says,— . . . . "This event was not mentioned in General D. H. Hill's report, although General Rains belonged to his division, nor was it mentioned by our cavalry which followed Hill's division. Such an occurrence would have been known to the whole army, but it was not; so it must have been a dream of the writer."

My recollection of that circumstance is as follows: I was at that time assistant adjutant-general to General Fitz John Porter, who was director of the siege of Yorktown. On the morning of May 4th, 1862, our pickets sent in a prisoner, who said he was a Union man, had been impressed into the rebel service, and was one of a party detailed to bury some shells in the road and fields near the works. General Porter sent the man under guard to General McClellan, with a letter recommending that he and other prisoners be sent to take up the shells. A cavalry detachment passing along the road leading to Yorktown had some of its men and horses killed and wounded by these shells. Our telegraph operator was sent into Yorktown soon after our troops had got possession of the place. He trod upon one of the buried shells, which burst and terribly mangled both of his legs, from which he died soon after in great agony.

The next morning (May 5th) I rode over the road leading to Yorktown, and saw the place where the shells had exploded, and also saw several places where the location of the buried shells had been marked by small sticks inserted in the ground, with pieces of white cotton cloth tied to the sticks. In the casemates and covered ways about the fortifications I saw a number of large shells, placed so that they could easily be fired by persons unaware of their presence. It was the subject of general remark at the time, that the planting of these sub-terra shells was due to the ingenuity of General Rains. The substance of the above narrative is taken from my diary of May 4-5, 1862.

Fred T. Locke.

NEW YORK, May 16, 1885.

General Johnston's Chief of Artillery at Bull Run.

BY inference, at least, General Imboden's paper in the May CENTURY, describing "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas," does injustice to the late General William N. Pendleton. General Imboden speaks of himself as the senior captain among the four captains of artillery of General Johnston's army. But, in fact, at the time of the march of the latter to reënforce Beauregard, Captain Pendleton, who was a West Pointer, had been promoted to be chief of artillery on General Johnston's staff with the rank of Colonel. General Imboden also says that up to the time he left the field with his exhausted battery, he did not see Colonel Pendleton with the latter's battery. But it is a fact that Colonel Pendleton was at times with his battery and active on the field as chief of artillery, as shown by the reports of

Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and Jackson, who comment on his services. Members of his battery have recently stated that he led them into the action.

EDITOR.

The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill.

IN the May CENTURY, page 149, referring to the retreat from Malvern Hill, July 2d, General McClellan gives Keyes's corps the credit of furnishing the entire rear-guard. You will find from the report of Colonel Averell, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, the rear-guard was made his command and consisted of his regiment of Heintzelman's corps, first brigade of Regular Infantry, consisting of the Third, Fourth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth infantry, of Porter's corps, and the New York Chasseurs, of Keyes's corps. To confirm this statement, let me refer you to "Official Records of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part II., page 235. In the same volume, page 193, will be found Keyes's official report, but no mention of Averell. In fact, Averell was the rear-guard to Turkey bridge and a mile beyond that point, where he found General Wessells of Keyes's corps. The official reports of Fitz John Porter, Sykes, and Buchanan all speak of Averell as having covered this retreat. The undersigned was a first lieutenant in the Twelfth Infantry, served through the Peninsula Campaign, was in command of Company D, First Battalion, at Malvern Hill, and remembers distinctly that the first brigade Regular Infantry slept on the field on the night of July 1st in line of battle. We were surprised the next morning to find that the entire army had retreated during the night, leaving Averell with his small command as a rear-guard to cover the retreat, which was done in the masterly manner stated by General McClellan, but by Averell, and not by Keyes.

Henry E. Smith.

UNITED STATES CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1885.

Notes of the *Congress-Merrimac* Fight.

THE editorial note, on page 750 of the March number of THE CENTURY, giving the anecdote regarding Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith's death, and the sending of his sword to his father, by flag of truce, should be supplemented by another, which gives a glimpse of a curious phase of human nature.

After Lieutenant Smith was killed, at the foot of the after ladder, on the gun-deck of the *Congress*, the writer took from his body his watch and chain, and one shoulder-strap, the other having been torn off by the shell which killed him. These were, in due time, sent to his father. When we abandoned the burning ship Smith's body was placed in a cot, and lowered out of the bill-port, the men supposing that it was one of the wounded. During the following summer Admiral Smith's house in Washington was entered by burglars, and, among other things, the much valued watch of his dead son was carried off by them. The newspapers, in reporting the robbery, dwelt upon the distress occasioned to the admiral by the loss of the memento. Soon after, to the surprise of the family, they received the watch by express, with a letter from the burglars, declaring that if they had known the history of the watch they had taken, nothing would have induced them to touch it.

With regard to another matter in this connection, I note that Colonel Wood repeats the statement so often made, that the *Congress* was set on fire by hot shot late in the day. This is true; but she had been on fire for a long time before the hot shot of which he speaks were fired. The first broadsides exchanged on that day were from the starboard side of the *Merrimac* and the port side of the *Congress;* for the ship had not yet swung to the young flood when the *Merrimac* passed up. The heavy guns of the latter did fearful work. One of the eight-inch guns of the *Congress*, amidships on the gun-deck, was dismounted by this broadside, and all the gun's crew killed or mortally wounded,—besides very many others. This broadside must have set the *Congress* on fire near the after magazine. It was in my room, the third one aft, on the port side, that the smoke of burning wood soon became apparent, and it was there that the carpenter's crew cut away the berth, and then the skin of the ship, to enable them to get the hose down; but that fire was never put out, and gained from the first.

On page 742, in the same article, Colonel Wood speaks of the *Congress* coming within range as the *Merrimac* swung; and that then "he got in three raking shells" with the after pivot-gun. I can tell him what two of those shells did. The first one dismounted and knocked the muzzle off the starboard chase-gun,—a thirty-two pounder,—and killed or wounded every man at it. The second ranged through the stern-frame lower down, passed through the ward-room pantry, on the starboard side, through the ward-room and steerage, and out upon the berth-deck, killing or mortally wounding, in its passage, every one of the "full-boxes"—that is, the cooks and ward-room boys, who were the powder passers from the after magazine.

The powder division of the *Congress* was under the command of Purser McKean Buchanan, the brother of Captain Buchanan, of the *Merrimac*.

Edward Shippen,

PHILADELPHIA, March 5, 1885. *Medical Director U. S. N.*

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Extend the Merit System!

THE spectacle of office-begging and office-giving now presented in Washington is not encouraging to the lover of his country. The President, the heads of departments, and all other officers having the power of selection or appointment, are almost overwhelmed by the hordes of office-seekers. Day after day and all day long their offices and ante-rooms are crowded with importunate place-seekers, delegations of Congressmen or other interested advisers, representatives of rival political factions, all clamoring for "recognition" by the bestowal of public office. The time of the President and of the members of his Cabinet is so consumed by the distribution of the patronage, that scarcely any is left for the real work of administration. The reforms, the retrenchments, the reorganization, the simplification of alleged wasteful and roundabout methods, which were promised, though not altogether neglected, are subordinated to the work of removal and appointment. The attention of the Administration is chiefly centered, not upon the proper running of the government, but upon the pulling apart and putting together again of the machinery by which it is run. At the time of writing some three months have elapsed since the new Administration came into power, and yet only a small fraction of the officers whose removal seems to be demanded by the policy adopted have been replaced with new men. At the present rate of progress a large part of the President's term must elapse before the contemplated changes are fully carried out, if indeed the end of that term does not find them still unfinished.

Under such a system mistakes are inevitable. The conditions under which the selections for office are made forbid careful choice or deliberate judgment. The only representations that are heard come from the place-seekers or their friends. The choice is necessarily limited to those who are pressing for appointment. There is no agency for ascertaining either the requirements of the place or the fitness of the applicants, much less whether the men whose "claims" are urged are the best qualified of all who are eligible for selection, even under the most rigid party conditions. In fine, the whole system is only one degree removed from barbarism, and is entirely unworthy of our American civilization. The turning loose of the clamorous applicants for a hundred thousand offices upon a dozen men, and requiring them to decide, without the aid of any system of selection, to whom all these places shall be given, imposes a duty which cannot be properly discharged. After going through all the struggle and turmoil of a Presidential election to select men ostensibly to govern the country, to administer the laws, to carry out great policies, we make of them mere machines for registering the "pressure" for office — mere scales in which to weigh the "influence" of rival applicants for place.

To say that these things are inevitable upon a transfer of power from one political party to another is simply to emphasize the condemnation of the present system. No matter how high the purpose which may be conceded as animating the President and his advisers, no matter how sincere their determination may be to choose only fit men for office, and to give the country an honest, economical, and business-like administration, the system under which they are compelled to act is in its essence, in its methods and results, the old, hateful, condemned system of spoils. Their aims are thwarted by the methods of selection imposed upon them. As a rational, practical, business-like means of selecting our public servants, the present system has utterly broken down. To quote Jefferson's phrase, "it keeps in constant excitement all the hungry cormorants for office"; it demoralizes the public service, and, aside from all considerations of principle, it imposes on the President and the other appointing officers a task whose proper performance is beyond human capacity. It is a task, too, which has never been attempted before. It is twenty-four years since there was a change in the party controlling the executive branch of the government. In that time the public service has grown five-fold in numbers and twenty-fold in intricacy and importance. Methods of appointment which were merely annoying and difficult a quarter of a century ago, are quite impracticable now.

Happily, the civil-service law and regulations, by providing a just and inflexible method of selection, have taken a large part of the subordinate places out of the operation of this wretched system. The holders of these places, so long as they are honest and efficient, are permitted to go on with their daily duties undisturbed by the scramble of the office-seekers. There is no incentive to get them out by cooked-up charges or partisan "pressure," for access to their places can be gained only through the gateway of impartial competitive examinations. At the same time the power of removal is not restricted, and the civil-service rules furnish no protection to a dishonest or inefficient clerk. Such vacancies as occur are filled in a quiet, orderly way through the Civil-Service Commission, or if not required to be filled, remain vacant, and the salaries are saved to the people. In the Treasury alone, more than sixty vacancies occurring under the present Administration remain unfilled, and more are likely to be added to them before the force of the department is brought down to a working basis. But for the civil-service rules these places would have been instantly filled with eager partisans, and every pretext which self-interest or partisanship could invent to make more vacancies would have been made use of. Indeed, it is impossible to picture how greatly the outside pressure and the inside demoralization would have been multiplied, had the places now protected by the civil-service act been thrown into the pool for whose prizes the place-hunters are struggling.

The obvious remedy is to extend the system of impartial selection to all places except those by which the policy of the Administration is shaped. But before this can be done, there must be rooted out of the public mind the notion that any public place can properly be bestowed as the reward of partisan service. The great administrative offices must be filled by adherents of the dominant party, not to reward them for their services to the party, but that the will of the majority of the people, as expressed at the polls, may be executed. But, in any broad public view, it is a matter of utter indifference whether the men who fill the minor ministerial, clerical, and laboring places belong to one party or the other. There is no difference in principle between the services required of civil officers and those performed by officers of the army and navy. All that is required in either case is honesty, capacity, and trained obedience to the Constitution, the laws, and the lawful orders of their superiors. The Jeffersonian test covers the whole ground: "Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?"

The chief obstacle to the extension of the merit system is the fact that for twenty-four years the public offices have been monopolized by one political party. It was to be expected that the opposition party on coming into power should wish to fill at least a part of these places with its own adherents. But it is plain that some check must be placed on the gratification of this wish, if we are to get any efficient work in the line of "retrenchment and reform" out of the present Administration. After the division of the public offices between the two parties has been in some degree equalized, there will be the best opportunity that has ever occurred of putting the whole public service, from high to low, the few great administrative offices alone excepted, on a permanent, non-partisan footing. To accomplish this, the lower grades in every branch of the service must be thrown open to impartial but searching competitive examinations, and all of the higher places, up to the very top, must be filled by the promotion of meritorious subordinates. This is the natural, logical, and, as we believe, inevitable outcome of the civil-service reform movement. Whether this goal can be reached in one administration remains to be seen; but when it is reached, one of the greatest political revolutions that this country has ever seen will have been accomplished. Our elections will then no longer be mere scrambles for the spoils of office, but, what our theory of government intends they shall be, pure contests of principle.

The Christian Congress and its Fruits.

THE Church Congress, lately held at Hartford, marks progress in the direction of Christian coöperation. It is true that the meeting was only a parliament, a talking convocation; and that the constitution on which it was called together expressly and in capital letters forbids the Congress to do anything whatever except talk. Like the Christian League of Connecticut, of which this Hartford Conference may, by some stretch of imagination, be regarded as the antitype, the rules of this body provide that "no topic discussed in the Congress, nor any question of doctrine arising out of any discussion, shall ever be submitted to vote, at any meeting of the Congress or of its Council."

It is not for legislation — even of an advisory sort — that the Congress is established, but for consultation and free discussion. It is not by voting that its power will be exerted; the vanity of voting in spiritual affairs is clearly recognized by those who have the charge of it. They understand that whatever may be the uses of the suffrage in governments whose foundation is physical force and whose ultimate appeal is the sword, a vote, which is merely an expression of will, settles nothing permanently in religion. They know that all substantial gains of Christian truth are made, not by counting heads or silencing minorities, but by free investigation and untrammeled speech.

The uselessness of talk as a means of promoting Christian union has often been asserted; but this judgment is true only of the insincere talk of those who profess unity while practicing schism, and who dissemble disagreements which in their hearts they feel to be vital. It may also be said that the value of discussion, as a means of promoting Christian unity, must be limited so long as the discussion is confined to topics on which the parties have already come to an agreement. Unity is reached by a frank comparison of differences, and a manly recognition by the interlocutors of the right to disagree.

Herein is the gain of the new Congress. "The Council has no intention," as its inaugural statement asserts, "of establishing a society, or organizing a plan of union, or putting forth a creed; it simply aims, by holding public meetings from time to time, to make provision for a full and frank discussion of the great subjects in which the Christians of America are interested, *including those ecclesiastical and theological questions upon which Christians differ.*" Nothing of this sort has ever before been attempted. The former essays toward unity have been confined to those who could stand together upon a platform of doctrine previously laid down. Such endeavors as these have their uses. It is important that Christians who are called by various names, and who often regard one another with suspicion, should find out how many and how important are the truths in which they perfectly agree. To rehearse these agreements and to magnify them is a wholesome exercise. But so long as there remain disagreements which they feel to be important, and so long as they do not feel themselves free to speak of these disagreements, the unity achieved is superficial. When they are ready to meet and engage in a candid and tolerant comparison of their differences, the foundation of a deeper unity is laid.

The Congress at Hartford included not only those sects which have hitherto united in Christian work, but several that have not before been welcomed to such consultations. In the Council, among the officers, and on the list of essayists and speakers, were the names of Baptists, Congregationalists, "Christians," Disciples, Episcopalians, Friends, Methodists, Presbyterians, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, and Universalists. Among the speakers no attempt was made to suppress differences of opinion; each man spoke his own mind, courteously but frankly; every speaker approached the subject before the meeting from his own standpoint; and under so many cross-lights the topic was

well illuminated. Such discussions are of the highest value in an educational point of view. Very little tendency to controversy was observable; those who participated in the conference sought not to confute the views of others, but simply and clearly to express their own. An assembly of clear-headed Christians, of all the different persuasions, from which the polemical demon is exorcised, and in which each one temperately endeavors to set forth the truth as it appears to him, must be a great school in which to study the doctrine and the discipline of the church.

But the gains of knowledge, great as they must be, are less than the gains of charity. It was a wonderful advantage to the Episcopal communion in this country and in England when the Congress of that church was organized which brought Ritualists, and High Churchmen, and Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen all together on one platform, and called on every man to speak his inmost thought. The bonds of fellowship in that church have been visibly strengthened by this Congress; the danger of division is greatly lessened; all parties have come to regard each other not only with tolerance, but with respect and affection. It is to be hoped that the same result will be achieved through the Congress of Churches for the scattered and discordant sects. When "Father" Grafton, of Boston, one of the most thorough-going Ritualists in the country, comes upon its platform and frankly recognizes the clergymen of other names round about him not only as Christian men, but also as Christian ministers, those who listen open not only their eyes, but their hearts; and when he goes on to say that worship, in his understanding of it, includes sacrifice, and then to explain what he means by sacrifice, and what relation this sacrifice offered by the worshiper bears to the greater sacrifice on Calvary, a kindlier feeling toward him and those who stand with him at once finds expression. The listeners may not at all agree with his view, but they can see that it is much less preposterous than they had supposed, and that the man who utters it is not only a sincere and manly man, but has something to say for himself. When Dr. James Freeman Clarke sets forth his views of the historical Christ as the true center of theology, and when the Rev. Chauncey Giles, of the New Church, expresses his mind on the same subject, and when President Chase, of Haverford College, unfolds the doctrine of the Friends respecting worship, the assent may not be universal, but the courteous attention and the sympathetic friendliness are. Through the cultivation of this generous spirit, and the comparison of views on subjects that have hitherto been tabooed in Christian assemblies, the meetings of the Congress of Churches promise to prepare the way for a great increase of practical unity among Christians.

For this, it must be remembered, is the thing to be accomplished. The sentiment of fellowship needs to be cultivated, but sentiment without practice is dead, being alone. The Congress of Churches is not called on to devise plans of coöperation, but the men who take part in its discussions and mingle in its assemblies ought to go home and heal some of the unseemly and wasteful divisions existing in their neighborhoods. No difficulty will be found in devising ways of coöperation if there is only a disposition to cöoperate. It is pleasant to hear what seems like an echo of this Congress — that a Conference of Christians in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where this Congress originated, has just taken in hand one of the little towns where four churches occupy a field barely large enough for one, with an urgent call for their consolidation. There are a thousand little towns in this country where the same conditions exist, and where the same remedy needs to be applied. Nothing is needed for the cure of the evil but a tincture of charity and a modicum of common sense.

The Revised Version of the Old Testament.

THE long, difficult, uncompensated labor of the Revisers is brought to an end. Be the final verdict what it may in regard to the merits of the Revision, it will stand as one of the principal literary achievements of the present generation, and an important index of the state of scholarship in this period. The Old Testament company have had at once an easier and a more serious task than the New Testament Revisers had before them. A translator must, first of all, get hold of the book which he intends to render into another tongue. He must settle the text which he will follow. This, in the case of the New Testament, was the most delicate and responsible part of the work of the Revisers. The advantages for textual criticism and the necessity for it forced on them this preliminary labor. On the whole, their most valuable service, as regards the amendment of the old version, lies just here, in the improvement of the text. Yet here is a matter where there is room for endless divergence of opinion as to particular points, and here is the place where the most fierce onslaught has been made upon them. In this attack, the old dread of admitting any uncertainty in the original text of the sacred volume, and a real, though it be an unavowed, disposition, both groundless and superstitious, to stand by the "received text," as far as it is in any way possible, underlie the angry crusade against this feature of the New Testament Revision. Yet nothing has done so much to shake confidence in it and to lessen for the time its currency and popularity. The Old Testament companies have followed the mediæval "Masoretic" text, as they have no ancient manuscripts to consult. In a few instances only have they been driven to a modified reading. They escape thus the onset of a swarm of unfriendly critics, which would no doubt have arisen had they undertaken to correct the Hebrew. They have, however, occasionally referred in the margin to the Septuagint and other ancient translations. It is worthy of notice that the American company on this subject are even more conservative than their English brethren, and would have blotted out this class of marginal references. While the Revisers have secured immunity from attack by this cautious policy, they have lessened the value of their work as it will be estimated by scholars and by coming generations. There ought to be, and there will be, a great deal done in the textual criticism of the Old Testament. The further study of the Septuagint and the rectification of its text, and the study of later ancient versions which are founded on manuscripts of the original that long ago perished, will in time yield valuable fruit. Whether the condi-

tion of these inquiries now is such as to justify the extreme prudence and reserve of the Revisers as regards the text, is a question on which there will be a difference of opinion. The first thing to be done is to dispossess the mind of the notion that the original text of the Scriptures is to be ascertained in any other way than by the means applicable to all other ancient writings. As long as a vague idea of a miraculous preservation of it, or an unreasoning timidity which debars scrutiny, is allowed to have an influence, the truth will not be reached.

The Old Testament Revisers have done an excellent service of a negative kind. In the first place, they have been able to *unload* Archbishop Usher's chronology, which has been connected with the editions of King James's version. Usher was a great scholar, and did a noble service in his day. His chronology, however, in important parts of it, was always a subject of more or less controversy. In the existing state of historical studies it is a burden and an encumbrance in our English Bibles. At best, it is of the nature of comment, and comment is out of place in a translation. In the second place, the Revisers have delivered us from the headings of the chapters. These uninspired and sometimes unintelligent assertions respecting the contents of the chapters are in their nature mere commentary, and it is high time that they were shoveled out of the way. The Protestant habit of inveighing against notes and glosses in the Roman Catholic versions, has been an example of the ease with which we condemn sins of which, in another form, we are guilty ourselves. Our editions of the English Bible have assumed to tell their readers what the prophets and apostles taught, including not a little which they did not teach.

With this improvement we may associate the gain derived from the grouping of the text into paragraphs. Here a minor ingredient of interpretation must sometimes come in, but here it is inevitable. The effect of the mechanical chipping of the Scriptures into little fragments called "verses" is in a large measure neutralized. The printing of poetry in a metrical form is another change of which a benefit in interpretation cannot fail to be one consequence.

With respect to language and style, the main objection which has been made to the Revised New Testament is that it has admitted trivial emendations, and in too many instances made a greater loss in spirit and force than it made a gain in minute accuracy. A certain petty and pedantic quality has been imputed, not wholly without foundation, to a considerable number of its alterations. The New Testament Revisers have a right to at least a partial defense against the prevalent criticism. The first thing to be said in behalf of them is that the authors of the old version allowed themselves more license than anybody allows at present to translators of ancient or modern writings. They wrote at a time when there was a great relish for sonorous English; and this we have in a noble abundance in King James's version. In not a few cases, the reflection cast on the Revisers is really a reflection on the original writers of the Scriptures, although it is not so intended. Not to mince the matter, there is more fine writing in King James's version than in the Greek of the Evangelists and Apostles; and the preference of King James to the Revisers is in some cases a preference of King James to the original authors. Then it must be remembered that what is called *rhythm* is frequently the mere mode of reciting a passage which has been acquired by a long habit of modulating the voice in its frequent repetition. The *rhythmical* utterance of a verse from King James's translation often fails in just emphasis and felicity of pause, if the sense, and not the sound, is to be chiefly regarded. However, it is undeniable that the revision of the New Testament has a fault of the nature referred to, although it has been exaggerated by critics who prefer eloquence to truth and fidelity in the transference of thought from one language to another. The Old Testament companies, made wary by the outcry raised against their New Testament colleagues, who had first to bear the brunt of criticism, have adhered more closely to time-honored phraseology, and, generally speaking, have not aimed to be accurate overmuch. The English company have not been willing to part with "bolled," although not one man in five thousand knows what it means, and they express a pathetic reluctance at giving up "ear" for "plough." They almost imply that the provincial use of a word in some district of England is a sufficient reason for retaining it, and apparently do not reflect that their entire island contains only a fraction of the English-speaking nations who, it is to be hoped, will continue to read the Bible.

Perhaps the most notable change in the vocabulary of the English translation is the retention of "sheol"—the old Hebrew translation of the under-world, the abode of the departed, the realm of shadows — in the room of the word "hell," which once was understood, but is now, owing to a change of significance, become misleading. The English company, however, persisted in retaining "pit" or "grave" in some of the passages where it occurs, and contented themselves with printing the original "sheol" in the margin. The rule of translating an original word by an identical English term is without any good foundation, and efforts to follow such a rule are one main cause of the blemish in the New Testament Revision of which we have spoken above. It is a cramping, slavish canon that nobody would think of adopting, or of trying to adopt, in rendering a book from Greek or Latin, French or German, if it were not a sacred scripture. But "sheol," if carried over into the Version, should not anywhere be exchanged for another term. It is found requisite to warn the reader in the margin that it does not mean "a place of burial," and yet the warning is not clearly uttered. The use of "sheol" in the Revision may be useful in putting the readers of the Old Testament upon a right path of inquiry. The gradual unfolding of doctrine, the progressive revelation of spiritual truth, is what all Christians at the present day have special need to understand if they would comprehend their religion or defend it against assault.

There is one word which we have to add in relation to the fair treatment of the Revised Version as a whole. It is not enough to be dissatisfied with a rendering. Unless the critic is prepared to suggest a better one, or feels authorized to affirm that a better one could be found, he is bound to keep silent. Where is there a writer, ancient or modern, who can

be *satisfactorily* presented in another language than his own, if by *satisfaction* we mean the pleasure which a *perfect* equivalent affords a reader of critical taste? It will often happen that a particular rendering raises a misgiving, if it do not stir up a feeling akin to disgust, when the reader, on making the attempt to provide a substitute, has to give up the endeavor. The New Testament Revisers have a special claim to this kind of consideration, for they labor under another disadvantage greater than any of those we have enumerated, in comparison with the Old Testament company. The writings of the New Testament, especially the Epistles, are vastly more difficult to translate than the Hebrew Scriptures. The Old Testament company had no such obstacles to wrestle with as encountered the Revisers in the Epistles of Paul. If the Old Testament company are censured less, it is because their task was easier and because they have made hardly any attempt to improve the text. In truth, however, both groups of revisers are entitled to honor and gratitude for the measure of success which they have attained.

The fact that the Bible is a sacred book is attended by one incidental disadvantage. To a considerable extent, at least at the present day, it is taken out of literature. That is to say, the poems, the histories, etc., which compose it are massed in one volume instead of being separately published, and for this reason are less read by a numerous class who are not sufficiently alive to their distinctively religious value. The book of Job is about the only one of the Scriptures which is ever published by itself in a form to attract literary readers. Whatever tends to freshen the pages of the Bible, to remind people that it is a composite collection, and not a single treatise, and that a treatise all in prose, is a benefit. The New Revision, it is possible to see, is not without an effect of this kind.

The revision of the early Protestant versions of the Bible in different countries, and the wide-spread interest felt in the work among all classes, are among the many signs that the Scriptures are not losing their hold upon the minds of men. The study of comparative religion does not operate to weaken, it rather tends to increase, the influence and authority of the Christian Bible. Let any one attempt to read the Koran, and he will rise from the effort with a profounder sense of the depth of power that belongs to the writings of the Prophets and Apostles. Editions of heathen scriptures and excerpts from heathen sages which have been sometimes put forth as rivals of the Bible bring no very large profit to editors or publishers. The Bible remains a well-spring of spiritual life. The conviction is not likely to be dislodged that within its hallowed pages life and immortality are in truth brought to light. The progress of culture and civilization in the lapse of ages does not lessen the worth of the treasure which they contain.

OPEN LETTERS.

What shall be Done with Our Ex-Presidents?

THIS question, which, though little discussed, has not a little exercised the minds of reflecting people in the United States of late years, was brought into special prominence at the last session of Congress by the introduction and passage of a bill extending special relief to ex-President Grant; though in this particular case it was, of course, the former military services and position of the general that enabled Congress to act effectively.

There are many who deem the present custom with regard to our ex-Presidents the most democratic — using the word in its general, and not in its partisan sense — and therefore the most fitting method. The President, they say, is taken from among the people to act as their chief servant for a brief period — on the expiration of which he resumes his place in the popular ranks, as he should. There are, indeed, some who do not believe in anything that will tend to further exalt or *personalize* the Presidential office, preferring as they do to foster a tendency towards the abolition of the Presidency, or its conversion into something like the Swiss executive system.

But of the various suggestions having to do with the institution as it is, the one printed below seems to us of especial practical suggestiveness and value. It is from the pen of one who always speaks upon public questions with authority, but whose name we suppress from a desire that his recommendation should be considered and judged, as such a question always should be, entirely upon its merits. — EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

We have now (June 15, 1885) three ex-Presidents. Since the retirement of President Washington in 1797 we have never been without one or more. We never had more than four except for a single year, in 1861–62, when we had five. The average number for the eighty-eight years since Washington became our first ex-President has been less than two and one-half per annum. But in the whole expanse of the United States there is no class of citizens so difficult to classify, none whose position is in so many respects awkward and embarrassing. But yesterday a king; to-day "none so poor to do him reverence,"—at once the most conspicuous and one of the most powerless private citizens of the Republic. Though representing not only the eminence of character which called him to the chief magistracy, but the accumulated distinction which the discharge of its duties for one or more terms necessarily begets, he is relegated to the comparative obscurity of private life, unsupported by a single expression of the nation's gratitude or the slightest official recognition of the loss the public service sustains in parting with his unique experience and trained familiarity with public affairs. He takes with him into retirement no official rank, no title, not even a ribbon, nor a perquisite unless it be the franking privilege, to distinguish him from the obscurest and least deserving of his countrymen. More unfortunate even than a good household servant, he cannot command a certificate from his last place. Neither has he the privileges and exemptions which attach to political obscurity. Like an aërolite, the height from which he has descended makes him an object of perpetual and costly curiosity. If a man of moderate means, as most of our Presidents

have been, he is condemned by the very eminence from which he descends to expenses to which no private citizen is liable,—expenses for which the State makes no provision, and expenses from which there is no graceful or dignified escape. The Presidency is the only office in the country which to a considerable extent unfits its incumbent for returning to an active prosecution of the profession or calling in which he may have been trained. He is expected to sustain the dignity of the first citizen of the Republic for the remainder of his life, without any of the resources or privileges which such a rank implies. At the very time when his availability as a public servant is presumably greatest, and when he deserves to be regarded as one of the nation's most valuable assets, he is not only cast out like the peel of an orange as worthless, but virtually disqualified for subordinate positions.

Is this as it should be? Is it just to our chief magistrates? Is it just to ourselves? Is it good economy? Is it good politics?

The time seems to have arrived when these questions should be considered, and something should be done to secure for our ex-Presidents a rank and position which shall make due account not only of the services they may have rendered the country, but those which they more than other persons are still capable of rendering. Congress has occasionally allowed itself to make some temporary provision for necessitous ex-Presidents; but, besides being transient in their operation, these expressions of national sympathy involve invidious discriminations, and they humiliate the beneficiary by granting as a favor or a benevolence what should be conceded only for an equivalent.

Without any pretension to have found the only or the most proper remedy for this great wrong to our chief magistrates,—a wrong resulting from no deliberate purpose, but from an oversight of the framers of our Constitution,—we have one to propose which commends itself to our most deliberate judgment, and to which as yet we have found no serious objections. It is very simple and not entirely new, though we are not aware that it has ever been formally submitted to the public.

We would suggest, then, that when a President's term of office expires, he shall become a senator of the United States for life, with half the salary he received as President. The very day that he hands over the key of the White House to his successor, he should be qualified to step into the upper house of our Federal legislature, and be joined to the other seventy-six statesmen whose duty it is to review his successor's policies and measures. From being the elect of a party, he would become the counselor and protector, not of one party, but of all parties; not of any political sect, but of the whole nation.

With no political ambitions ungratified, his independence as complete as it can or ought to be in this world, he would then occupy that position in which it would be least difficult to consecrate himself entirely and disinterestedly to the service of his country. Having no patronage to bestow, he would be under no obligation to meddle with its disposition by those who had. His social position being assured, his income would amply provide for all his wants, and leave him no pretext or excuse for resorting to any methods, dignified or otherwise, for increasing it. Whether at home or abroad, he and his ex-Presidential colleagues would have a well-defined official rank only lower than that of the President himself.*

As the mode of constituting our legislative bodies is determined by the Constitution, the following amendment to that instrument, or something substantially like it, would be required to accomplish the result at which we are aiming:

SEC. 3, ART. I. of the Constitution shall be amended so as to read as follows:

The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each State, chosen by the legislature thereof for six years, *and of such persons as shall have served to the close of a term as President or acting President of the United States*, and each senator shall have one vote.

SEC. 5 of ART. I. shall be amended to read as follows:

The senators and representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. *Each President-senator shall receive for his compensation a sum equal to one-half of the salary which has been allowed to him while President, to be paid also out of the Treasury of the United States.*

The following table will show who were ex-Presidents at one and the same time, and who, had they been entitled to them, would have occupied seats in the Senate from the year 1797 to the 4th of March, 1885:

1797	to 1799, Washington	1
1801	" 1809, J. Adams	1
1809	" 1817, Adams and Jefferson	2
1817	" 1825, Adams, Jefferson, Madison	3
1825	" 1826, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe	4
1826	" 1829, Madison, Monroe	2
1829	" 1831, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams	3
1831	" 1836, Madison, J. Q. Adams	2
1836	" 1837, J. Q. Adams	1
1837	" 1841, J. Q. Adams, Andrew Jackson	2
1841	" 1845, J. Q. Adams, A. Jackson, Martin Van Buren	3
1845	" 1849, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler	2
1849	" 1852, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, James K. Polk	3
1852	" 1856, M. Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore	3
1856	" 1861, M. Van Buren, J. Tyler, M. Fillmore, F. Pierce	4
1861	" 1862, Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan	5
1862	" 1868, M. Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, J. Buchanan	3
1868	" 1869, M. Fillmore, Franklin Pierce	2
1869	" 1874, M. Fillmore, Andrew Johnson	2
1874	" 1875, Andrew Johnson	1
1870	" 1880, U. S. Grant	1
1880	" 1885, U. S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes	2

* When ex-President Grant arrived in England, he was invited by the Duke of Wellington to dinner. The diplomatic corps were also invited. The American minister insisted that the ex-President should take precedence and occupy the seat of honor. The ambassadors, who represent their sovereigns and claim the rights which would be accorded to their sovereigns if present, declined to attend the dinner if the precedence was given to Mr. Grant; taking the not unreasonable ground that Mr. Grant was not an officer of any government, that he had no rank but that of a private gentleman, that his country had given the world no evidence that it expected him to be distinguished from any of its other citizens, and therefore that they would be derelict in allowing him to take precedence of their sovereigns, represented in their persons. The matter was finally compromised by the intervention of the Earl of Derby, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, by so distributing the guests that neither the ex-President nor the ambassadors could be said to have precedence nor to have surrendered it. There has been no other epoch in our history, probably, when even such a concession would have been made to any other ex-President of the United States.

The cost of these supplementary senators to the nation would have been a fraction less than fifty-two thousand dollars a year, considerably less than the cost of a President alone to-day.

For this sum of fifty-two thousand dollars yearly, the Senate and the nation would have profited by the counsel, experience, and example of Washington for more than two years longer; of John Adams for more than a quarter of a century; of Jefferson for more than seventeen years; of Madison for more than nineteen years; of John Quincy Adams for more than eighteen years; of Jackson for more than eight years; of Van Buren for more than twenty-one years; and of Grant for at least fifteen years.

However diverse may be the estimates which this generation would be disposed to place upon the services which the ex-Presidents of the United States would have rendered respectively as President-senators, it is difficult to suppose that any one of them could have failed to prove a very substantial acquisition to the legislative department of our government, or that the prospect of such a dignified termination of their public career would not have made most if not all of them better Presidents. What could contribute more than such a prospect to discourage any disposition to misuse the influence and patronage of the Executive for personal ends? The President would have every inducement to give the people as acceptable an administration as possible, for the purpose of strengthening his influence in the more enduring position of senator towards which he would be gravitating.* This would be a larger and more effectual contribution to the reformation and perfection of our civil service than any laws that Congress can enact, however faithfully executed. Then the people could not only safely but wisely restore to the President the power which he needs for the proper discharge of his constitutional duties, but of which of late years there has been a growing disposition to deprive him, because of the enormous temptations under our present system to abuse it. Till some provision like this is made for retiring Presidents, it is idle to expect them to be as indifferent about a reëlection as it is desirable they should be, or that any system of civil-service reform will result in anything more or better than a succession of transient and disappointing expedients.

A.

Recent Fiction.†

QUITE a number of anonymous novels have lately appeared, perhaps not without some influence from the success which befell "The Bread-winners." The pleasure of guessing who wrote a book carried the No Name Series along for several years, and "The Bread-winners" called public attention to the anonymous novel for the first time on a very large scale. "The Buntling Ball," a nonsense-book with a satirical aim, written in verse, has gained much by the mystery as to its authorship. While unreasonably long, it has very clever things in it, on secondary lines. The workmanship is careful, and the humorous parody on the chorus of the old Greek tragedies, first made popular here by Robert Grant, could not be better. In reading these, the writer has felt what an Ass (not to put too fine a point on it) is the Greek chorus in the bald light of the workaday world. In the same frame of mind, taking the unconventional view, we can look at the opera-singer, and find fun in his strutting and unnatural proceedings generally. This aspect of the opera-singer was once caught by Mr. Mitchell, the editor of "Life," in an early etching. On the large lines, as a satire on New York society, it must be confessed that "The Buntling Ball" is a failure.

Another surprise which has been sprung on us, instead of hanging fire like the last mentioned, was the authorship of "Where the Battle was Fought," by Mr. Charles Egbert Craddock. That young gentleman gave Boston what is very dear to it, a literary sensation, by appearing like a modern Rosalind from the depths of the Southern forests, no longer a male, but a woman genius! "Where the Battle was Fought" may not be equal in all its parts to several short stories of the Tennessee Mountains contributed by Miss Murfree to "The Atlantic," but it has very delightful chapters, and establishes her right to membership in that Society of Authoresses which has been urged as a necessity for New York and Boston. It places her beside Miss Woolson, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.

The last mentioned has appeared in her double character of romantic novelist and redresser of Indian wrongs. In the same romance she has more or less successfully welded together the aims of the novelist and of the reformer. It would be untrue to say that the place of juncture is invisible, or that parts of the book have not suffered as a romance from the holy zeal of the reformer. But when the cause is so good and the work itself so satisfactory, one must not pick flaws. "Ramona" is a book to read all day and far into the night; it is full of a youthful idealism; it has a charming warm love-story; certain characters, like that of the old priest and the business-like Mexican lady, are novel, well thought out, delightful.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "American Politician" is the reverse of this. Intended to belong to the carefully observant school of Messrs. Howells and James, it is only externally that there is a resemblance. To "make copy," as the journalists say, was Mr. Crawford's apparent aim. The society he represents is true to neither England nor America, Boston nor New York. The politics are as impossible for London as Washington; his hero is not merely a prig — he could not exist here. Mr. Crawford has been writing from a large fund of ignorance, and has been moreover possessed, unfortunately possessed, with the desire of saying amiable things about everybody. It is a mournful come-down from "The Roman Singer," his first, though not first-published, book; and from "Mr.

* It might be worth considering whether it would not be good policy to make a reëlection to the Presidency, and even a candidature for reëlection, work a forfeiture of all rights to a seat in the Senate. No President would be likely to accept a renomination on such conditions.

† The Bread-winners. New York: Harper & Bros. — The Buntling Ball. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. — Where the Battle was Fought, by Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. — Ramona, by H. H. (Helen Jackson). Boston: Roberts Bros. — An American Politician, by F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. — Zoroaster, by F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. — Donald and Dorothy, by Mary Mapes Dodge. Boston: Roberts Bros. — Archibald Malmaison, by Julian Hawthorne. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. — Trajan, by Henry F. Keenan. New York: Cassell & Co. — The Mystery of the Locks, by E. W. Howe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Isaacs," pleasing from the unusual scenery, by which he made a name.

Mr. Crawford may be said to have already met the request for romance which he has denied to us in "An American Politician"; for his last book, "Zoroaster," returns to the general vein struck in "Mr. Isaacs," only that it is completely Oriental, and that it is historical to boot. The author moves with much ease in the difficult field of the historical novel, difficult not to make learned but to make interesting. Here Mr. Crawford succeeds admirably, for much of the "tall talk" he indulges in accords well enough with the scenes of Persian and Babylonian court life he depicts, a life that recalls the pageants of the opera, as if Mr. Crawford had taken the hint from the musical boards, while the passages where he goes beyond the mark are condoned by the rapidity and interest of the story. "Zoroaster" is one of Mr. Crawford's best romances, if not the best.

The romantic element is noticeable also in Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's latest story, "Donald and Dorothy," which might be called a novelette for young people, as it combines the complications and suspense of a definite plot with some charming pictures of home life. Though ostensibly for young people, the story, like its author's well-known "Hans Brinker," is of a kind to interest children of a larger growth. Not that there is any great resemblance between the two stories, however, as they are really written on widely different lines.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has reprinted several stories which are practically new to us. "Archibald Malmaison" is perhaps the best thing he has produced, having an intricate plot which turns on a peculiarity of the brain of the hero. "The Pearl Shell Necklace" is a lovely story, with a good deal of plot and strong impressions of Nathaniel Hawthorne,—something that the son does not often have, notwithstanding all that easy-going reviewers may say, while "Archibald Malmaison" is, if anything, more akin to Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Hawthorne writes like a man who has never yet found the place, the surroundings, the leisure to do his best; he is one of those workmen who impress you as capable of far stronger, deeper, more important literary work.

New as a writer of novels, but a journalist of some note, is Mr. Henry F. Keenan, author of "Trajan," which began to appear in a magazine that afterward suspended publication. The romantic element is strong in Mr. Keenan, so strong as to cause him sometimes to lose the perspective of to-day, but on the other hand giving to his work no little color and movement. The descriptions of Paris in the beginning of "Trajan" are picturesque and yet true; the characters are very uneven, often approaching silliness, and then startling one with an epigram, a thoughtful word, or a truth freshly and charmingly expressed.

Another journalist is Mr. Howe, author of "The Mystery of the Locks," a romance dripping with wet and murder, plunged in darkness and decay, redolent of ruined houses and tears. Mr. Howe manages to be readable, in spite of the lugubrious glasses through which he views everything; did he but know it, the strain of melancholy is so long drawn out that it loses its effect. His ostensible aim is realism, but were there such a pessimistic situation anywhere, the river, the halter, and the knife would soon remove the citizens of his dreary town to another world. Mr. Howe's pessimism is too artificial to be hurtful.

A. B.

A Boy's Appetite for Fiction.

Some time ago the papers reported the suicide of a young boy whose mind had become disordered through dime-novel reading; while more recently at Freehold, New Jersey, an organization of boys, calling themselves the "Jesse James Gang," were indicted for larceny to which they had been prompted by the same pernicious stuff. By way of remedy a bill was introduced in the New York Legislature prohibiting "dime" publications; but the bill was not passed, and it is doubtful at any rate whether the difficulty could be solved in this way.

Even if a boy does not incline to the dime novel or the weekly "penny dreadful," he is hardly less in danger from what we call the standard fiction, if he uses it—as too many do—without moderation. Dickens, Scott, and Charles Reade are not in themselves demoralizing; but to read half a dozen of Reade's largest novels in as many weeks, as I have known a boy to do, is a mental dissipation which cannot fail to be injurious. The prevalence of this form of dissipation is obvious, but hardly any one realizes the extent to which it prevails; and it is for the enlightenment of parents and teachers on this point that I propose giving the results of some inquiries which I have made among thirty or forty boys in a private boarding-school in the State of New York.

Of these, five or six confess at the start that they do not read at all. "I have never read a book," one small boy of ten writes, "but my mother has read some to me." Half a dozen more merely state their preferences in the various departments of literature, while eighteen or twenty furnish in addition a very full list of all the books, so far as they can remember, that they have ever read in their lives. It is from these that I have drawn my conclusions, which I feel justified in doing from the fact that the boys are fairly representative, in point of age, intelligence, and social position, of the school-going class all over the Eastern States. Some of them, I am sorry to find, are addicted to the pernicious literature of which I have already spoken. One has read the life of Jesse James, and prefers it to that of Garfield; four have perused one of Zola's vilest novels; the same number read the "Police Gazette," and two the "Police News"; a number indulge in dime novels, of which one has absorbed as many as fifty or sixty. I have no doubt, however, that as these boys have their taste educated they will abandon Beadle, Tousey, and Fox, for Scott and Dickens, as one of their companions has done already. "From the age of thirteen to fifteen," he says, "I read a great many half-dime novels, but now I have found out that it spoils my taste for solid reading, besides being a great waste of time, so I shall *never* read any more of them. I have begun to read Walter Scott, Dickens, etc., and shall try to read a good many of them."

What this lad proposes to do, however, in his reaction against sensationalism, may not be an unmixed benefit. Walter Scott and Dickens are, of course, vastly preferable to "Jack Harkaway," "Roaring Ralph Rockwood," and "Dick Lightheart"; but the

danger is that he will over-indulge himself, as many of his companions seem to be doing. Here, for instance, is a boy of fourteen who names sixty-nine books which he has read—all of them fiction—and mentions that he could give ninety-seven more. Another furnishes a list of seventy, also fiction; another, of forty; another, of fifty; another, of one hundred and thirty-six; while the most astonishing exhibit is made by a lad of seventeen, who enumerates the titles of four hundred and seven books which he has read, of which three hundred and ninety-five are novels. Assuming that he began when he was nine years old, he must have read one new book every week of his life since that time; and probably more than one, since after the four hundred and seven he adds the comprehensive words, "and many others." The eighteen boys, it appears, have read in the aggregate about thirteen hundred books, of which twelve hundred are works of fiction; while the histories, biographies, etc., all told, number but one hundred, and of these as many as forty were read by one boy.

Now this is a startling disclosure, and yet it only presents in the concrete facts of which most people are already aware. The circulating libraries report the same state of things. Volumes of history, biography, travels, and essays lie on the shelves and accumulate dust, while Optic, Castlemon, Alger, Jules Verne, Dickens, and Scott change hands fifty-two times in a year, and are worn out with constant use. It is not my purpose to discuss the situation, or its threatening aspects. Every one agrees that too much fiction is as unwholesome as too much cake; the problem is to make the boy eat bread and butter. How are we going to solve the problem?

No one, of course, can present any solution that will cover every case, because the problem varies with the individual boy. With some it will be easier than with others. One lad naturally drifts toward study and investigation, and it will be necessary only to give his mind impulse in that direction to divert it from too much light literature. Another cares nothing about literature of any kind; it will not be difficult to keep him away from the danger. There are those, however, like the one mentioned, who are ravenous readers of anything from Ouida to Gaboriau, and in their case the problem becomes difficult and important. Without professing to solve it, I may be able to furnish one or two suggestions which lie in the way of its solution.

It is important, in the first place, to keep the boy employed. His lessons occupy him during the five or six hours he is at school. What engages his attention afterward? How many parents make any provision for the unemployed hours? How many know what their boys do in the afternoon? How many choose their sons' companions, or make sure at any rate that the boys do not fall into bad company? It is simply miraculous that so many grow up pure and honest, when one considers the temptations to which they are exposed, and the little pains taken by the parent to shield them from attack. One father whom I know, and whose case I take the liberty of citing because of the example which he sets to others, provides his son with a complete gymnastic apparatus in the grounds of his house, private telegraph wires to his friends' houses, and all sorts of mechanical appliances and games for indoor use, in the enjoyment of all which the boy's friends and companions are made as welcome as himself. The lad himself plays the violin, and one or two others of his friends the banjo; several of them are addicted to chess; and for the more systematic pursuit of these employments they are encouraged to form clubs, of which I think there are as many as four in active operation. With all this occupation it may be imagined that the boys have little opportunity to read forbidden books, or engage in forbidden pleasures, even if they wanted to, which I do not believe they do. It may be urged, indeed, that they do not have much opportunity to read anything; and this is no doubt true, but for a school-boy occupied all day with his lessons reading is not an essential exercise, and as between sitting in the house over a novel or playing tennis out-of-doors, the latter is decidedly preferable.

If, however, the boy must be left to provide his own occupations, or if he does not take to out-of-door sports at all, and insists on spending his leisure over his books, then it becomes necessary to counteract the tendency toward too much fiction by stimulating his spirit of inquiry in other directions. There are few boys, however dull, indolent, or volatile, who cannot be interested in serious subjects if the attempt is only made in the right way. To illustrate this, let me give a bit of experience.

Not long ago a literary club was started among a small circle of boys in Brooklyn by their Sunday-school teacher, with a view to giving him a little closer access to his scholars in their secular pursuits. In a year and a half it grew from six members to fifteen,—at which the membership is limited,—and excited a degree of interest among the boys and their friends which fills the teacher, who is also the president, with constant gratification and surprise. Its meetings are held fortnightly in the president's house, and the exercises comprise readings, essays, declamation and debates, and the presentation by some previously appointed member of the current events of the fortnight gleaned from the newspapers, from which the organization takes its title of "The Newspaper Club." In anticipation of the closing meeting before the summer vacation, the president distributed among the members a series of history questions, promising a prize to be awarded at that meeting to the one who should answer the greatest number within a fortnight. The queries, numbering twenty in all, have already been published in one of the newspapers, but two or three may be quoted here to show their general character: "What celebrated character after spending sixteen years in writing a history burned it up, and why?" "Who was the best of the Cæsars; when and how did he die?" "Who was called the White Rose of Scotland?" "When was a lunar rainbow supposed to foretell the death of a Prince of Wales?" etc., etc.

Difficult as they were, the boys attacked them with undismayed courage, took them to their teachers and friends, invoked the assistance of editors and literary men, besieged the Brooklyn, the Astor, and the Historical Society libraries, made the librarians' lives a burden, and in every possible way sought to obtain the answers. It is no exaggeration to say that for a fortnight the questions were the uppermost thought in their minds; and not so much for the sake of the prize as

from an ambitious desire to excel in the competition. The president was simply amazed. Boys who were not naturally studious spent hours over books which they had never opened before in their lives; others who were fond of reading left fiction for history and biography; a few who did not participate could not fail to be interested in the efforts of their companions; while one who had watched the contest carefully did not hesitate to assert that the competitors got more knowledge of history out of it than they would get out of a year's study at school. It does not concern the discussion particularly, though it may be an interesting fact, that one boy answered correctly fifteen out of the twenty questions; another, fourteen; another, thirteen and a half; a fourth, thirteen; a fifth, twelve and a half; a sixth, twelve; and the seventh and eighth, eleven each.

Now this, it seems to me, suggests one antidote to the novel and the story-paper. It is only a suggestion, of course, and might not work with equal success under other circumstances. Methods of this sort have to be adapted to the exigency, and one who goes into the business of an educator — though only in an amateur way — must be fertile in expedients. But here, at least, is a single instance in which historical study became, for a time, of greater interest than fiction. And I think it may be taken for granted that whenever the boy becomes interested in the identity of the White Rose of Scotland, or the fate of the last Cæsar, or in the historical lunar rainbow, or in like subjects, the novel and the "penny dreadful" will have lost something of their charm.

Eliot McCormick.

Archæological Study in America.

In past ages, despite such phenomena as the archæizing tendencies of late Egyptians and Greeks, and of the Romans, who were devoid of artistic originality, men did not interest themselves in old-fashioned details of custom or art — in antiquities. When the Greeks had repairs to make to an old temple, they did not seek, as we do now, to put back careful copies of the injured work; they added, as at Selinous, sculptures and columns in the prevailing style of the day, thus, to a modern eye, injuring the unity of the monument. So, in mediæval Europe, the majestic round-arched naves of Vézelay and Le Mans were completed a century or more later by the graceful lancets and soaring vaults of their magnificent choirs; and in 1514 the slender pinnacles and luxurious ornament of the lofty north spire of resplendent Chartres arose beside the noble simplicity of the companion spire, nearly four hundred years older. Archæology, discovered by Winckelmann in the last century, has become a science only within a few years, and is a characteristic acquisition of this encyclopædic age of patient research and reasoning endeavor — logical, if not always, unhappily, possessing the inspiration attending sincere conviction within narrower bounds.

Archæology is a purely intellectual science, without direct influence upon increase of material prosperity, and devoid of political affiliations. Hence, its pursuit is slow to gain foothold in a new civilization such as ours. Recently, however, American interest in archæology has been increasing very rapidly. This interest is fostered particularly at Harvard — where for years the artistic and æsthetic side of the subject has been admirably expounded — and at Johns Hopkins. It is manifested by the growing popular concern in the aboriginal antiquities of our own land, now carefully preserved and intelligently studied, not without important aid from the Government. It is promoted by a number of local societies, such as those of Baltimore and New York, recently organized as component parts of the Archæological Institute of America, which has become, under amended regulations, a federation destined to unite the interests and energies of smaller bodies scattered throughout the country. The Institute, though young in years, has by the thorough work of its expedition to Assos rendered a service to classical study of which the acknowledged value will not be appreciated according to its full merit until the publication of the final report. It has brought to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the first Hellenic sculptures of capital importance which have crossed the Atlantic; and these have now taken their place beside the admirably selected collection of casts which renders that museum, as Mr. Stillman has pointed out, one of the best schools in the world to-day for the study of classic sculpture. The Institute has rendered a still greater service to American learning in becoming the parent of the school at Athens, supported by a league of colleges formed in the common interest of knowledge. The school, though only three years old, has begun already with fruitful results its work of training a band of practical young archæologists to emulate their fellows who have done honor to France and Germany, and to follow in the footsteps of our own Stillman, Clarke, Bacon, and Waldstein. Our growing appreciation of antiquities is illustrated by the popular favor with which were received last spring the archæological lectures given in Baltimore and in New York, by the general prosperity of our museums, and by the foundation at Baltimore, with much enthusiasm and a bright prospect for success and usefulness, of the new "American Journal of Archæology," which aims to cover all departments of the science — prehistoric, Oriental, Egyptian, classical, mediæval, and American — more completely than they have been covered heretofore in any one periodical.

To turn to more active American work: As is well known, the Wolfe expedition to Babylonia is now in the field; the school at Athens has just published its first volume of Papers and a preliminary report of a journey through unexplored regions of Asia Minor by one of its students — a journey rich in geographic and epigraphic gain; and the Institute has issued a most valuable volume giving the results of the labors in Mexico of its representative, Mr. Bandelier, who in considering American aboriginal problems brings to bear common sense and scientific method, and sweeps aside with little ceremony the fanciful glamour in which such problems have been enveloped by untrained explorers. It is hoped, too, that means may soon be found by the immediate initiative of the New York Society of Archæology to continue the honorable record of Assos by sending out a thoroughly equipped expedition to some such site as Cyrene, rich in history and in ruins, whence may be brought not only credit, but notable increase to the scanty national store of original antiquities.

With the despicable cry of the vandal Congressman, "What have we to do with abroad?" still ringing in our ears, it is a peculiar satisfaction to know that the best text-book upon the history of ancient sculpture which has appeared in any language is the work of an American lady.* Mrs. Mitchell has passed years studying her subject in European museums; she manifests great familiarity with its mass of literature, and she has had the masterly guidance of perhaps the greatest living archæologist, Dr. Heinrich Brunn. The chief concern of us moderns is, of course, with Greek art, which must retain for all time the office which it assumed immediately upon its development after the Persian Wars — that of a prime factor in human civilization. But it is not now disputed that to understand adequately Hellenic art, it is necessary to become familiar with the antecedent civilizations of Egypt and Mesopotamia, and with the history of Phœnician traders; to learn what we may of mysterious Hittites, and to follow the mournful decadence, under Roman sway, of Greek ideals. Mrs. Mitchell covers the whole ground; and we surely have no right to complain that she fails to disguise the preëminence of her sympathy with the noblest part of her subject — that which treats of Greece. The book is abundantly illustrated; indeed, in this and kindred subjects the illustrations are almost as important to the student as the text. The cuts, unhappily, cannot be praised without reserve. The beautiful American engravings have suffered in the reprinting; the new German engravings are inferior; and the numerous "trade" cuts, German and English, used to Mrs. Mitchell's own regret, are painful relics of an unscholarly past. The phototypes, however,— both those in the book and those in the carefully selected portfolio,— are beyond praise in their delicate and artistic execution. In a work of such wide scope it would indeed be strange if the critic were unable to find some inaccuracies, and some opinions which he could not indorse. The inaccuracies in Mrs. Mitchell's book are very few. As instances may be mentioned her repetition of an exploded interpretation of the famous Palestrina vase, and the publication in Fig. 133, as an example of archaic work, of the beautiful archaistic bronze statuette from Verona in the British Museum. She errs, perhaps, in not laying sufficient stress upon the familiar and popular side of Greek art as manifested in the terra cottas, lovely and quaint by turns, which do not represent divinities only, but illustrate all phases of daily life, grave and gay, of old and young. But Plate XI. of the portfolio gives three beautiful examples of these figures, chosen from among the best.

Mrs. Mitchell merits public gratitude for bringing together in one volume, and that not too bulky, the results of modern scholarship and discovery, which will appear in M. Perrot's admirable work only by slow installments and in perhaps eight volumes, each as large as her one. In her History are now accessible scientific achievements of which the record was before disseminated in a mass of periodicals and pamphlets in various tongues — the work of Mariette and Maspero in Egyptian necropoleis; that of de Sarzec at Chaldæan Tello, and of Ramsay among Phrygian monuments perhaps antecedent to Mycenæan lions; the discoveries by Greeks at prehistoric Spata, those of primitive Hellenic sculptures by the French at Delos, of priceless wealth of antiquity by the Germans at Olympia and Pergamon and by the Austrians at Lycian Gjolbaschi.

Thomas W. Ludlow.

*A History of Ancient Sculpture, by Lucy M. Mitchell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Letter from a Southern Woman.

A movement has been set on foot among us to establish Sunday-schools for colored children to be taught by white people, and a church where services will be conducted by one of our own ministers. This is certainly a step in the right direction, and if it does no more it may at least tend to weaken the deep distrust with which negroes regard all movements of the whites in relation to themselves. It is evident that now their need is of moral training rather than religious instruction. The tendency of their religious training has been to divorce religion and morality — to make of religion an offering, an atonement for sins, a convenient substitute for the painful denial of a life of rectitude.

Now, what seems desirable is a system of day schools, taught by a Southern man or woman, where a common-school education shall be supplemented by plain lessons in cleanliness, truth, honesty, chastity, thrift; a system of visiting each pupil at home, a kindly interest in their daily lives, words of cheer to parents.

This course could and would elevate the colored race and strengthen the bands of friendship and mutual trust between the two classes. Hundreds of Southern women of fair education are so reduced as to accept gladly a position in the homes of friends or relatives equivalent to that of upper servant, without wages, yet not one can be found to fill the useful and honorable position of teaching a colored school because of the social ostracism which would follow. Let some more fortunate sister who has a living income set the example and teach for love; the path will be opened and will speedily be filled by hundreds who are now too timid to take such a step for themselves.

Let me do all honor to the noble women of the North, who, actuated by the purest missionary spirit, braved ostracism and malaria to do this work. In numbers they were too few to make much impression on the morals of the race, and in religion they were usually enthusiasts who looked to religion alone to save and elevate this people. I see no hope for the South in any sense save through the elevation of this people, and it must be done by our own hands. We must work together for our own good; to do this we must feel and think alike, and cordial relations must be established, freely, fully, universally, not in isolated instances as now. How can this be better begun than by our becoming their teachers and visitors? Believe me, I speak as one who knows and loves this people, who is bound by many ties to individuals among them and who appreciates their good qualities as a whole.

A. Z.

VICKSBURG, MISS.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Lesson in Tennis.

THEY played at tennis that summer day—
  Where was it? Oh, call it Mount Desert—
The place matters not; I will simply say,
They were playing tennis that summer day,
  And she wore a short and striped skirt.

He played but ill—'twas his first essay—
  And she his partner and coach was both:
Though perhaps not "up" in the points of play,
Yet she knew the game in a general way
  And to give him points seemed nothing loath.

He did his best, but his best was poor;
  The balls served to him on his side staid;
And thus it went on for a round or more,
Till, anxious, he ventured to ask the score.
  "The score? Why, it's Thirty—Love," she said.

"And Love? What is love?" he fain would know,
  Yet blushed to ask it, for he could see
What pardonless ignorance he must show;
But she calmly answered him, speaking slow,
  "Why, Love is nothing, you know," said she.

. . . . . .

The sun of that summer day is set;
  That season is gone, as seasons go;
But his heart was caught in that tennis net,
And they might have been playing partners yet
  Had she not given her answer, "No."

He plays no tennis at all, this year,
  But he mopes, and moans, and sighs—heigho!—
That fate is so hard, and life is so drear;
And, worse than all else, he remembers clear
  That "Love is nothing"—*she* told him so.

C. F. Coburn.

A Maiden Lady.

OF a summer afternoon,
  In her parlor window there,
She would sit, her meek face showing
  Delicately long and fair,
Sewing on some dainty garment, no one ever saw her wear.

She'd be dressed in cool old muslin
  With a lilac pattern dim;
Full soft skirt, and pointed body
  Cut severely straight and prim—
Maiden-dress and maiden lady, sober, delicate and prim.

She seemed not with love acquainted;
  Half too fine to hold him dear.
Folk spoke shyly of love-matters,
  With this maiden lady near,
With a feeling it were converse hardly suited to her ear.

When she cried, poor, shy old maiden,
  Her artless secret saw the sun:—
She had been with love acquainted,
  Always, just like any one:—
But had kept him in a closet hidden, as a skeleton.

Mary E. Wilkins.

A Skit—Writ for "Miss Kit."

(WHO IS A VERY LITTLE LADY.)

IF you had a little lover,
Little Kitten—
A very little lover,
But *dreadfully* smitten—
What would you say,
And what would you do,
If this little lover
Were littler than you?

To love one below you
Never is right—
You could not look up to
A man of less height.
And then I remember
The refrain of a song—
If you loved him "little,"
Could you love him "long"?

A lover should reach—
The reason, you see—
Just up to your heart
When he's on his knee.
If he *stood* but that high,
I wonder, Miss Kitten,
Would you give sigh for sigh,
Or give him the mitten!

Charles Henry Webb.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

WHAT is simply curious will live just about as long as what is simply false.

WHEN an old fellow marries a young wife, the love, if there is any, is all on one side; but the folly is about equally divided.

GRAB and Grip, when they hunt separately, are weak; but when they hunt in couple, are two very successful dogs.

ALL lies have some truth in them. If they have not they're not lies.

HONESTY without capacity is like a dove with a broken wing.

ALL the moral truths in existence could be put into a pamphlet of five pages, and leave the first page for a learned introduction and the last two for advertisements.

ABUSE is what has made the heels of the mule respectable.

THERE probably never have lived a dozen men yet whom the world could, with safety, call back to live their lives over again.

REVENGE is the coward's victory.

NEXT to the Bible, the looking-glass has done the most to civilize the world.

IF a man really deserves a pedigree he doesn't want one; and if he really wants one he doesn't deserve it.

Uncle Esek.

Luck and Work.

WHILE one will search the season over
To find a magic four-leaved clover,
Another, with not half the trouble,
Will plant a crop to bear him double.

R. U. J.

Pen Sketches
Among the Bretons
wedding musicians
thirst peddler
peasant girl
Breton bargaining
E. B. Smith.
at the cemetery
peasant types
a Breton beacon
an artists difficulties

Lass Lurline.

THE cock crew midnight three hours gone,
I'm well-nigh weary waiting;
The honest clock ticks bravely on
With pluck exasperating.
Pussy and I, left to ourselves,
Have plied the cushions and book-shelves
With profit: now, ere sleeping,
I'll spend a moment peeping
At daintiest maid by mortal seen—
The little sylph called Lass Lurline.

She turns the key, just from the ball;
Wide open, eyes, make ready!
Seize on her airy graces all
As boy would, but be steady.
The time is fitting—hark! She comes:
And what a dreamy strain she hums—
A love-song's tender measure
Running 'twixt pain and pleasure!
Her young heart has been grazed, I ween,
Long shot at—— Enters Lass Lurline.

Come in, my dear. Who bent his knee,
To-night, the lowest; bowed him
To earth and sued most artfully;
Spent all his wits allowed him,
And then stood breathless? Girl, you smile
As if I'd lived on all this while
For nothing. Pray remember
'Tis clear air in December,
Good for far seeing—cold and keen:
These locks are frosted, Lass Lauline.

What youngster took most pains, I ask,
Posing, then bending double,
Putting his tailored back to task?
Who took most tortuous trouble,
And what his winnings? Did you give
Him look that bade him try and live
A few brief waltzes longer;
Or was it somewhat stronger
You answered? Picture me the scene
In faithful colors, Lass Lurline.

"A theme worn threadbare."—Girl, that heart
Of yours, where is it? Mainly
It plays another organ's part:
Placed howsoever, plainly
'Tis tough as gizzard, 'twill so tease
Daft beardlings dropped upon their knees.
Have care, the years are going;
Chance by and by (no knowing)
You'll rue some prank of gay eighteen:
Such things do happen, Lass Lurline.

"No time for preaching."—So? Let's see;
I've sermon worth the hearing:
An inventory it shall be
From slipper-tip to ear-ring.
Can't be the inside, hence the out,
Our goslings all go mad about.
What is your beauty made of?
What features, form? What shade of
Dry goods may deck the village queen?
Face toward the pulpit, Lass Lurline.

Eyes well apart and so-so bright;
Small nose, needing small notice;
A flexile mouth, teeth rowed there white;
Skin fair—snow where the throat is;
Dress delicate—a sea-shell pink
With gauze thrown on, worked in, I think,
With wedded flower and feather;
Shoes, satin—never leather;
Stockings flesh-like, as if between
The air and ankle naught, Lurline.

Your hair! bless me, what is that like?
Toy chapel with prim steeple
Rodded for lightning-bolts to strike—
How name it your *mode* people?
Soft pearls at ear-lobes and round neck,
Gold rings that twinkling somethings speck,
Cheeks tinted by deft brushes,
Belt-clasp of young boar's tushes:
All over fine, not one thing mean—
Voilà! the list complete, Lurline.

Thus they make beauties in these days;
It is a cunning process:
High art, but, as the proverb says,
No gains without some losses.
Your mother, girl, with aching head
From wash-tub toil, took to her bed
Some hours since. Is she sleeping,
My sweet one? No, still weeping.
I wonder what her great tears mean—
Dream on my sermon, Lass Lurline.

John Vance Cheney.

Uncle Gabe on Church Matters.

OLD Satan lubs to come out to de meetin's nowadays,
An' keeps his bizniss runnin' in de slickes' kind o' ways.
He structifies a feller how to sling a fancy cane
When he's breshin' roun' de yaller gals wid all his might an' main;
He puts de fines' teches on a nigger's red cravat,
Or shoves a pewter quarter in de circulatin' hat.
He hangs aroun' de sisters too, an' greets 'em wid a smile,
An' shows 'em how de white folks put on lots o' Sunday style;
He tells de congregation, in a whisper sweet as honey,
To hab de benches painted wid de missionary money,
Or to send de gospel 'way out whar de neckid Injuns stay,
An' meet de bill by cuttin' down de parson's 'eerly pay.
His voice is loud an' strong enough to make de bushes ring,
An' he sets up in de choir jes' to show 'em how to sing.
Den he drops de chune 'way down so low an' totes it up so high,
Dat 'twould pester all de angels what's a-listenin' in de sky;
An' he makes de old-time music sound so frolicsome an' gay,
Dat 'twill hardly git beyon' de roof—much less de Milky Way;
For dar's heap o' dese new-fashion' songs—jes' sing 'em how you please—
Dat 'ill fly orf wid de harrykin, or lodge ermongst de trees,
Or git drownded in de thunder-cloud, or tangled in de lim's;
For dey lack de steady wild-goose flop dat lif's de good old hymns.
De wakenin' old camp-meetin' chunes is jes' de things for me,
Dat start up fum a nigger's soul like blackbirds fum a tree,
Wid a flutter 'mongst his feellin's an' a wetness 'round de eyes,
Tell he almost see de chimleys to de mansions in de skies.

J. A. Macon.

U. S. Grant

General Retired

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PANFORTE DI SIENA.

SECOND PAPER.

I.

NEW strangers in Siena fail to visit the house where that great woman and saint Caterina Benincasa was born in 1347. She was one of a family of thirteen or fourteen children, that blessed the union of Giacomo and Lapa, who were indeed well-in-the-house as their name is, being interpreted; for with the father's industry as a dyer, and the mother's thrift, they lived not merely in decent poverty, but in sufficient ease; and it was not from a need of her work nor from any want of piety in themselves that her parents at first opposed her religious inclination, but because (as I learn from the life of her written by that holy man, G. B. Francesia), hearing on every side the praises of her beauty and character, they hoped to make a splendid marriage for her. When she persisted in her prayers and devotions, they scolded and beat her, as good parents used to do, and made her the household drudge. But one day while the child was at prayer the father saw a white dove hovering over her head, and though she said she knew nothing of it, he was struck with awe and ceased to persecute her. She was now fourteen, and at this time she began her penances, sleeping little on the hard floor where she lay, scourging herself continually, wearing a hair shirt, and lacerating her flesh with chains. She fell sick, and was restored to health only by being allowed to join a sisterhood, under the rule of St. Dominic, who were then doing many good works in Siena. After that our Lord began to appear to her in the Dominican church; she was likewise tempted of the devil; but Christ ended by making her his spouse. While her ecstasies continued she not only visited the sick and poor, but she already took an interest in public affairs, appealing first to the rival factions in Siena to mitigate their furies, and then trying to make peace between the Ghibellines of that city and the Guelphs of Florence. She pacified many family feuds; multitudes thronged to see her and hear her; and the Pope authorized her to preach throughout the territory of Siena. While she was thus dedicated to the salvation of souls, war broke out afresh between the Sienese and Florentines, and in the midst of it the terrible great pest appeared. Then the saint gave herself up to the care of the sick, and performed miracles of cure, at the same time suffering persecution from the suspicions of the Sienese, among whom question of her patriotism arose.

She now began also to preach a new crusade against the Saracens, and for this purpose appeared in Pisa. She went later to Avignon to beseech the Pope to remove an interdict laid upon the Florentines, and then she prevailed with him to remove his court to the ancient seat of St. Peter.

The rest of her days were spent in special miracles, in rescuing cities from the plague; in making peace between the different Italian states and between all of them and the Pope; in difficult journeys; in preaching and writing. "And two years before she died," says her biographer, "the truth manifested itself

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so clearly in her, that she prayed certain scriveners to put in writing what she should say during her ecstasies. In this manner there was soon composed the treatise on Obedience and Prayer, and on Divine Providence, which contains a dialogue between a Soul and God. She dictated as rapidly as if reading, in a clear voice, with her eyes closed and her arms crossed on her breast and her hands opened; her limbs became so rigid that, having ceased to speak, she remained a long hour silent; then, holy water being sprinkled in her face, she revived." She died in Rome in 1380; but even after her death she continued to work miracles; and her head was brought amidst great public rejoicings to her native city. A procession went out to receive it, led by the Senate, the Bishop of Siena, and all the bishops of the state, with all the secular and religious orders. "That which was wonderful and memorable on this occasion," says the Diario Senese, "was that Madonna Lapa, mother of our Seraphic Compatriot,— who had many years before restored her to life, and liberated her from the pains of hell,— was led to the solemn encounter."

It seems by all accounts to have been one of the best and strongest heads that ever rested on a woman's shoulders — or a man's, for the matter of that; apt not only for private beneficence, but for high humane thoughts and works of great material and universal moment; and I was willing to see the silken purse, or sack, in which it was brought from Rome, and which is now to be viewed in the little chamber where she used to pillow the poor head so hard. I do not know that I wished to come any nearer the saint's mortal part, but our Roman Catholic brethren have another taste in such matters, and the body of St. Catherine has been pretty well dispersed about the world to supply them with objects of veneration. One of her fingers, as I learn from the Diario Senese of Girolamo Gigli (the most confusing, not to say stupefying, form of history I ever read, being the collection under the three hundred and sixty-five several days of the year of all the events happening on each in Siena since the time of Remus's son), is in the Certosa at Pontignano, where it has been seen by many, to their great advantage, with the wedding-ring of Jesus Christ upon it. Her right thumb is in the church of the Dominicans at Camporeggi; one of her ribs is in the cathedral at Siena; another in the church of the Company of St. Catherine, from which a morsel has been sent to the same society in the city of Lima, in Peru; her cervical vertebra and one of her slippers are treasured by the Nuns of Paradise; in the monastery of Sts. Dominic and Sixtus at Rome is her right hand; her shoulder is in the convent of St. Catherine at Magnanopoli; and her right foot is in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo at Venice. In St. Catherine at Naples are a shoulder-bone and a finger; in other churches there are a piece of an arm and a rib; in San Bartolomeo at Salerno there is a finger; the Predicatori at Colonia have a rib; the Canons of Eau-Court in Artois have a good-sized bone *(osso di giusta grandezza);* and the good Gigli does not know exactly what bone it is they revere in the Chapel Royal at Madrid. But perhaps this is enough, as it is.

THE RETURN FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

II.

THE arched and pillared front of St. Catherine's house is turned toward a street on the level of Fonte Branda, but we reached it from the level above, whence we clambered down to it by a declivity that no carriage could descend. It has been converted, up stairs and down, into a number of chapels, and I suppose that the ornate façade dates from the ecclesiastic rather than the domestic occupation. Of a human home there are indeed few signs, or none, in the house; even the shop in which the old dyer, her father, worked at his trade, has been turned into a chapel and enriched, like the rest, with gold and silver, gems and precious marbles.

From the house we went to the church of San Domenico, hard by, and followed St. Catherine's history there through the period of her first ecstasies, in which she received the stigmata and gave her heart to her heavenly Spouse in exchange for his own. I do not know how it is with other Protestants, but for myself I will confess that in the place where so many good souls for so many ages

A CITY GATE.

have stood in the devout faith that the miracles recorded really happened there, I could not feel otherwise than reverent. Illusion, hallucination as it all was, it was the error of one of the purest souls that ever lived, and of one of the noblest minds. "Here," says the printed tablet appended to the wall of the chapel, "here she was invested with the habit of St. Dominic; and she was the first woman who up to that time had worn it. Here she remained withdrawn from the world, listening to the divine services of the church, and here continually in divine colloquy she conversed familiarly with Jesus Christ, her Spouse. Here, leaning against this pilaster, she was rapt in frequent ecstasies; wherefore this pilaster has ever since been potent against the infernal furies, delivering many possessed of devils." Here Jesus Christ appeared before her in the figure of a beggar, and she gave him alms, and he promised to own her before all the world at the Judgment Day. She gave him her robe, and he gave her an invisible garment which forever after kept her from the cold. Here once he gave her the Host himself, and her confessor, missing it, was in great terror till she told him. Here the Lord took his own heart from his breast and put it into hers.

You may also see in this chapel, framed and covered with a grating in the floor, a piece of the original pavement on which Christ stood and walked. The whole church is full of memories of her; and there is another chapel in it, painted in fresco by Sodoma with her deeds and miracles, which in its kind is almost incomparably rich and beautiful. It is the painter's most admirable and admired work, in which his genius ranges from the wretch decapitated in the bottom of the picture to the soul borne instantly aloft by two angels in response to St. Catherine's prayers. They had as much nerve as faith in those days, and the painter has studied the horror with the same conscience as the glory. It would be interesting to know how much he believed of what he was painting—just as it would be now to know how much I believe of what I am writing: probably neither of us could say.

What impresses St. Catherine so vividly upon the fancy that has once begun to concern itself with her is the double character of her greatness. She was not merely an ecstatic nun: she was a woman of extraordinary political sagacity, and so great a power among statesmen and princes that she alone could put an end to the long exile of the popes at Avignon, and bring them back to Rome. She failed to pacify her country because, as the Sienese historian Buonsignore confesses, "the germs of the evil were planted so deeply that it was beyond human power to uproot them." But nevertheless, "she rendered herself forever famous by her civic virtues," her active beneficence, her perpetual striving for the good of others, all and singly; and even so furious a free-thinker as the author of my "New Guide to Siena" thinks that, setting aside the marvels of legend, she has a right to the reverence of posterity, the veneration of her fellow-citizens. "St. Catherine, an honor to humanity, is also a literary celebrity: the golden purity of her diction, the sympathetic and affectionate simplicity of expression in her letters, still arouse the admiration of the most illustrious writers. With the potency of her prodigious genius, the virgin stainlessness of her life, and her great heart warm with love of country and magnanimous desires, inspired by a sublime ideal even in her mysticism, she, born of the people, meek child of Giacomo the dyer, lifted herself to the summit of religious and political grandeur. . . . With an overflowing eloquence and generous indignation she stigmatized the crimes, the vices, the ambition of the popes, their temporal power, and the scandalous schism of the Roman Church."

In the Communal Library at Siena I had the pleasure of seeing many of St. Catherine's letters in the MS. in which they were dictated: she was not a scholar, like the great Socinus, whose letters I also saw, and she could not even write.

III.

A HUNDRED years after St. Catherine's death there was born in the same "noble Ward of the Goose" one of the most famous and eloquent of Italian reformers, the Bernardino Ochino whose name commemorates that of his native Contrada dell' Oca. He became a Franciscan, and through the austerity of his life, the beauty of his character, and the wonder of his eloquence he became the General of his Order in Italy, and then he became a Protestant. "His words could move stones to tears," said Charles V.; and when he preached in Siena, no space was large enough for his audience except the great piazza before the Public Palace, which was thronged even to the house-tops. Ochino escaped by flight the death that overtook his sometime fellow-denizen of Siena, Aonio Paleario, whose book, "Il Beneficio di Cristo," was very famous in its time and potent for reform throughout Italy. In that doughty little Siena, in fact, there has been almost as much hard thinking as hard fighting, and what with Ochino and Paleario, with Socinus and Bandini, the Reformation, Rationalism, and Free Trade may be said almost to have been invented in the city which gave one of the loveliest and sublimest saints to the Church. Let us not forget, either, that brave Archbishop of Siena, Ascanio Piccolomini, one of the ancient family which gave two popes to Rome, and which in this Archbishop had the heart to defy the Inquisition and welcome Galileo to the protection of an inviolable roof.

IV.

IT is so little way off from Fonte Branda and St. Catherine's house that I do not know but the great cathedral of Siena may also be in the "Ward of the Goose"; but I confess that I did not think of this when I stood before that wondrous work.

There are a few things in this world about whose grandeur one may keep silent with dignity and advantage, as St. Mark's, for instance, and Nôtre Dame and Giotto's Tower, and the curve of the Arno at Pisa, and Niagara, and the cathedral at Siena. I am not sure that one has not here more authority for holding his peace than before any of the others. Let the architecture go, then: the inexhaustible treasure of the sculptured marbles, the ecstasy of Gothic invention, the splendor of the mosaics, the quaintness, the grotesqueness, the magnifi-

SIENESE WALLS AND GARDENS.

cence of the design and the detail. The photographs do well enough in suggestion for such as have not seen the church, but these will never have the full sense of it, which only long looking and coming again and again can impart. One or two facts, however, may be imagined, and the reader may fancy the cathedral set on the crest of the noble height to which Siena clings, and from which the streets and houses drop all round from the narrow level expressed in the magnificent stretch of that straight line with which the cathedral-roof delights the eye from every distance. It has a preëminence which seems to me unapproached, and this structure, which only partially realizes the vast design of its founders, impresses one with the courage even more than the piety of the little republic, now so utterly extinct. What a force was in men's hearts in those days! What a love of beauty must have exalted the whole community!

The Sienese were at the height of their work on the great cathedral when the great pestilence smote them, and broke them forever, leaving them a feeble phantom of their past glory and prosperity. "The infection," says Buonsignore, "spread not only from the sick, but from everything they touched, and the terror was such that selfish frenzy mounted to the wildest excess; not only did neighbor abandon neighbor, friend forsake friend, but the wife her husband, parents their children. In the general fear, all noble and endearing feelings were hushed. . . . Such was the helplessness into which the inhabitants lapsed that the stench exhaling from the wretched huts of the poor was the sole signal of death within. The dead were buried by a few generous persons whom an angelic pity moved to the duty: their appeal was, 'Help us to carry this body to the grave, that when we die others may bear us thither!' The proportion of the dead to the sick was frightful; out of every five seized by the plague, scarcely one survived. Angelo di Tura tells us that at Siena, in the months of May, June, July, and August of the year 1348, the pest carried off eighty thousand persons. . . . A hundred noble families were extinguished." Throughout Italy, "three fourths of the population perished. The cities, lately flourishing, busy, industrious, full of life, had become squalid, deserted, bereft of the activity which promotes grandeur. In Siena the region of Fonte Branda was largely saved from the infection by the odor of its tanneries. Other quarters, empty and forsaken, were set on fire after the plague ceased, and the waste areas where they stood became the fields and gardens we now see within the walls. . . . The work on the cathedral, which had gone forward for ten years, was suspended, . . . and when resumed, it was upon a scale adjusted to the diminished wealth of the city, and the plan was restricted to the dimensions which we now behold. . . . And if the fancy contemplates the grandeur of the original project, divining it from the vestiges of the walls and the columns remaining imperfect, but still preserved in good condition, it must be owned that the republic disposed of resources of which we can form no conception; and we must rest astounded that a little state, em-

broiled in perpetual wars with its neighbors, and in the midst of incessant party strife, should undertake the completion of a work worthy of the greatest and most powerful nations."

"When a man," says Mr. Addison, writing from Siena in the spirit of the genteel age of which he was an ornament, "sees the prodigious pains and expense that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us had they only been instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than it is at present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the priests, there was so much money consumed on these Gothic cathedrals as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings than have been raised either before or since that time." And describing this wonderful cathedral of Siena in detail, he says that "nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties and affected ornaments to a noble and majestic simplicity."

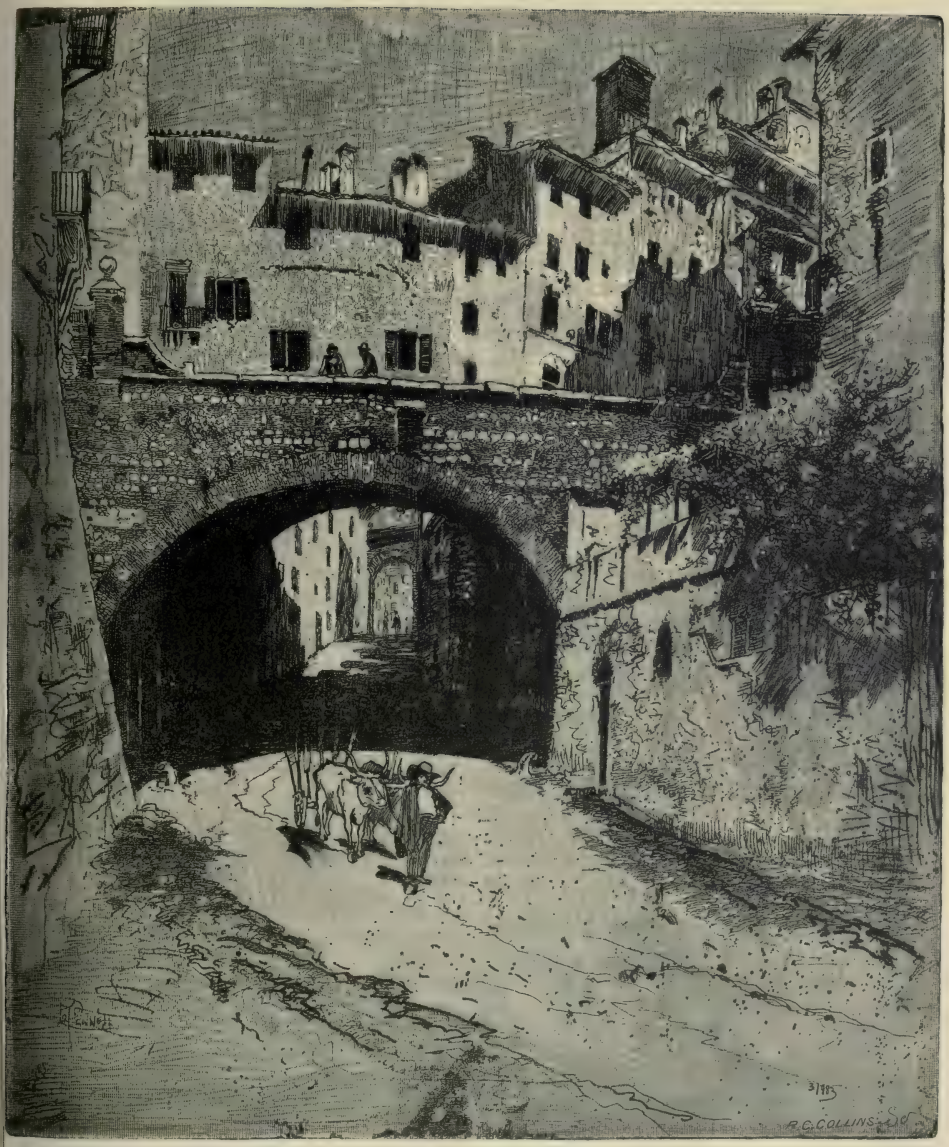
The time will no doubt come again when we shall prefer "noble and majestic simplicity," as Mr. Addison did; and I for one shall not make myself the mock of it by confessing how much better I now like "false beauties and affected ornaments." In fact, I am willing to make a little interest with it by admitting that the Tuscan fashion of alternate courses of black and white marble in architecture robs the interior of the cathedral of all repose, and that nowhere else does the godless joke which nicknamed a New York temple "the Church of the Holy Zebra" insist upon itself so much. But if my business were iconoclasm, I should much rather smash the rococo apostolic statues which Mr. Addison doubtless admired, perching on their brackets at the base of the variegated pillars; and I suspect they are greatly to blame for the distraction which the visitor feels before he loses himself in the inexhaustibly beautiful and delightful detail. Shall I attempt to describe this? Not I! Get photographs, get prints, dear reader, or go see for yourself! Otherwise, trust me that if we had a tithe of that lavish loveliness in one structure in America, the richness of that one would impoverish the effect of all the other buildings on the continent. I say this, not with the hope of imparting an idea of the beauty, which words cannot, but to give some notion of the wealth poured out upon this mere fragment of what was meant to be the cathedral of Siena, and to help the reader conceive not only of the piety of the age, but of the love of art then universally spread among the Italians.

A MEDIÆVAL SIENESE.

The day was abominably cold, of course,— it had been snowing that morning,— when we first visited the church, and I was lurking about with my skull-cap on, my teeth chattering, and my hands benumbing in my pockets, when the little *valet de place* who had helped us not find a lodging espied us and leaped joyously upon us, and ran us hither and thither so proudly and loudly that one of the priests had to come and snub him back to quiet and decorum. I do not know whether this was really in the interest of decency, or of the succession of sacristans who, when the *valet* had been retired to the front door, took possession of us, and lifted the planking which preserves the famous engraved pavement, and showed us the wonderful pulpit and the rich chapels, and finally the library all frescoed by Pinturicchio with scenes from the lives of the two Sienese Piccolomini who were Popes Pius II. and III.

This multiplicity of sacristans suffered us to omit nothing, and one of them hastened to point out the two flag-poles fastened to the two pillars nearest the high altar, which are said to be those of the great War Car of the Florentines, captured by the Sienese at Montaperto in 1260. "How," says my "New Guide," "how on earth, the stranger will ask, do we find here in the house of God, who shed his blood for all mankind, here in the temple consecrated to Mary, mother of every sweet affection, these two records of a terrible carnage between brothers, sons of the same country? Does it not seem as if these relics from the field of battle stand here to render Divinity accomplice of the rage and hate and vengeance of men? We know not how to answer this question; we must even add that the crucifix not far from the poles, in the chapel on the left of the transept, was borne by the Sienese, trusting for victory in the favor of God, upon the field of Montaperto."

I make haste to say that I was not a stranger disposed to perplex my "New Guide" with



AN ARCHWAY IN SIENA. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS FROM THE ETCHING BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

any such question, and that nothing I saw in the cathedral gave me so much satisfaction as these flag-poles. Ghibelline and Sienese as I had become as soon as I turned my back on Guelphic Florence, I exulted in these trophies of Montaperto with a joy which nothing matched except the pleasure I had in viewing the fur-lined canopy of the War Car, which is preserved in the Opera del Duomo, and from which the custodian bestowed upon my devotion certain small tufts of the fur. I have no question but this canopy and the flag-poles are equally genuine, and I counsel the reader by all means to see them.

There are many other objects to be seen in the curious museum of antique and mediæval art called the Opera del Duomo, especially the original sculptures of the Fonte Gaia; but the place is chiefly interesting as the outline, the colossal sketch in sculptured marble, of the cathedral as it was projected. The present structure rises amid the halting fragments of the mediæval edifice, which it has included in itself, without exceeding their extent; and from the roof there is an ineffable prospect of the city and the country, from which one turns again in still greater wonder to the church itself.

I had an even deeper sense of its vastness — the least marvelous of its facts — and a renewed sense of the domestication of the Italian churches, when I went one morning to hear a Florentine monk, famed for his eloquence, preach in the cathedral. An oblong canopy of coarse gray canvas had been stretched overhead in part of the great nave, to keep his voice from losing itself in the space around and above. The monk, from a pulpit built against one of the pillars, faced a dais, across the nave, where the archbishop sat in his chair to listen, and the planked floor between them was thronged with people sitting and standing, who came and went, as if at home, with a continued clapping of feet and banging of doors. All the time service was going on at several side-altars, where squads of worshipers were kneeling, indifferent alike to one another and to the sermon of the monk. Some of his listeners, however, wore a look of intense interest, and I myself was not without concern in his discourse, for I perceived that it was all in honor and compassion of the captive of the Vatican, and full of innuendo for the national government. It gave me some notion of the difficulties with which that government has to contend, and impressed me anew with its admirable patience and forbearance. Italy is unified, but many interests, prejudices, and ambitions are still at war within her unity.

VI.

One night we of the Pension T. made a sentimental pilgrimage to the cathedral, to see it by moonlight. The moon was not so prompt as we, and at first we only had it on the baptistry and the campanile — a campanile to make one almost forget the Tower of Giotto. But before we came away one corner of the façade had caught the light, and hung richly bathed, tenderly etherealized in it. What was gold, what was marble before, seemed transmuted to the luminous substance of the moonlight itself, and rested there like some translucent cloud that "stooped from heaven and took the shape" of clustered arch and finial.

On the way home we passed the open portal of a palace, and made ourselves the guests of its noble court, now poured full of the moon, and dimly lighted by an exquisite lantern of beaten iron, which hung near a massive pillar at the foot of the staircase. The pillar divided the staircase, and lost its branchy top in the vault overhead; and there was something so consciously noble and dignified in the whole architectural presence that I should have been surprised to find that we had not stumbled upon an historic edifice. It proved to be the ancient palace of the Captain of the People — and I will thank the reader to imagine me a finer name than Capitano del Popolo for the head of such a democracy as Siena, whose earliest government, according to Alessandro Sozzini, was popular, after the Swiss fashion. Now the palace is the residence and property of the Grattanelli family, who have restored it and preserved it in the mediæval spirit, so that I suppose it is, upon the whole, the best realization of a phase of the past which one can see. The present Count Grattanelli — who may be rather a marquis or a prince, but who is certainly a gentleman of enlightened taste, and of a due sense of his Siena — keeps an apartment of the palace open to the public, with certain of the rooms in the original state, and store of armor and weapons in which the consequence of the old Captains of the People fitly masquerades. One must notice the beautiful doors of inlaid wood in this apartment, which are of the count's or marquis's or prince's own design; and not fail of two or three ceilings frescoed in dark colors, in dense, close designs and small panels, after what seems a fashion peculiar to Siena.

Now that I am in Boston, where there are so few private palaces open to the public, I wonder that I did not visit more of them in Siena; but I find no record of any such visits but this one in my note-books. It was not for want of inscriptional provocation to pene-

ONE OF THE LISTENERS.

trate interiors that I failed to do so. They are tableted in Siena beyond almost anything I have seen. The villa outside the gate where the poet Manzoni once visited his daughter records the fact for the passing stranger; on the way to the station a house boasts that within it the dramatist Pietro Cossa, being there "the guest of his adored mother," wrote his Cecilia and the second act of his Sylla; in a palace near that of Socinus you are notified that Alfieri wrote several of his tragedies; and another proclaims that he frequented it "holding dear the friendship" of the lady of the house! In spite of all this, I can remember only having got so far as the vestibule and staircase — lovely and grand they were, too — of one of those noble Gothic palaces in Via Cavour; I was deterred from going farther by learning it was not the day when uninvited guests were received. I always kept in mind, moreover, the Palazzo Tolomei for the sake of that dear and fair lady who besought the traveler through purgatory —

"Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;
Siena mi fè, disfecemi Maremma,"—

and who was of the ancient name still surviving in Siena. Some say that her husband carried her to die of malaria in the marshes of the Maremma; some, that he killed her with his dagger; others, that he made his servants throw her from the window of his castle; and none are certain whether or no he had reason to murder her — they used to think there could be a reason for murdering wives in his day; even the good Gigli, of the Diario Senese, speaks of that "giusto motivo" Messer Nello may possibly have had. What is certain is that Pia was the most beautiful woman in Italy; and what is still more certain is that she was not a Tolomei at all, but only the widow of a Tolomei. Perhaps it was prescience of this fact that kept me from visiting the Tolomei palace for her sake. At any rate, I did not visit it, though I often stopped in the street before it, and dedicated a mistaken sigh to the poor lady who was only a Tolomei by marriage.

There were several other ladies of Siena, in past ages, who interested me. Such an one was the exemplary Onorata de' Principi Orsini, one of the four hundred Sienese noblewomen who went out to meet the Emperor Frederick III. in 1341, when he came to Siena to espouse Leonora, Infanta of Portugal; a column near Porta Camollia still commemorates the exact spot where the Infanta stood to receive him. On this occasion the fair Onorata was, to the thinking of some of the other ladies, too simply dressed; but she defended herself against their censure, affirming that the "Sienese gentlewomen should make a pomp of nothing but their modesty, since in other displays and feminine adornments the matrons of other and richer cities could easily surpass them." And at a ball that night, being asked who was the handsomest gentleman

A HOME AT SIENA.

present, she answered that she saw no one but her husband there. Is the estimable Onorata a trifle too sage for the reader's sympathy? Let him turn then to the Lady Battista Berti, wife of Achille Petrucci, who, at

SIENESE FARM-HOUSE.

another ball in honor of the Emperor, spoke Latin with him so elegantly and with such spirit that he embraced her, and created her countess, and begged her to ask some grace of him; upon which this learned creature, instead of requesting the Emperor to found a free public library, besought him to have her exempted from the existing law which prohibited the wearing of jewels and brocade dresses in Siena. The careful Gigli would have us think that by this reply Lady Battista lost all the credit which her Latinity had won her; but it appears to me that both of these ladies knew very well what they were about, and each in her way perceived that the Emperor could appreciate a delicate stroke of humor as well as another. If there were time, and not so many questions of our own day pressing, I should like to inquire into all the imaginable facts of these cases; and I commend them to the reader, whose fancy cannot be so hard-worked as mine.

The great siege of Siena by the Florentines and Imperialists in 1554 – 5 called forth high civic virtues in the Sienese women, who not only shared all the hardships and privations of the men, but often their labors, their dangers, and their battles. "Never, Sienese ladies," gallantly exclaimed the brave Blaise de Montluc, Marshal of France, who commanded the forces of the Most Christian King in defense of the city, and who treats of the siege in his Commentaries, "never shall I fail to immortalize your name so long as the book of Montluc shall live; for in truth you are worthy of immortal praise, if ever women were so. As soon as the people took the noble resolution of defending their liberty, the ladies of the city of Siena divided themselves into three companies: the first was led by Lady Forteguerra, who was dressed in violet, and all those who followed her likewise, having her accouterment in the fashion of a nymph, short, and showing the buskin; the second by Lady Piccolomini, dressed in rose-colored satin, and her troops in the same livery; the third by Lady Livia Fausta, dressed in white, as was also all her following, and bearing a white ensign. On their flags they had some pretty devices; I would give a good deal if I could remember them. These three squadrons were composed of three thousand ladies — gentlewomen or citizenesses. Their arms were pickaxes, shovels, baskets, and fascines; and thus equipped, they mustered and set to work on the fortifications. Monsieur de Termes, who has frequently told me about it (for I had not then arrived), has assured me that he never saw in his life anything so pretty as that. I saw the flags afterwards. They had made a song in honor of France, and they sang it in going to the fortifications. I would give the best horse I have if I could have been there. And since I am upon the honor of these ladies, I wish those who come after us to admire the courage of a young Sienese girl, who, although she was of poor condition, still deserves to be placed in the first rank. I had issued an order when I was chosen Dictator that nobody, on pain of being punished, should fail to go on guard in his turn. This girl, seeing her

OUTSIDE A SIENESE GATE.

brother, whose turn it was, unable to go, takes his morion, which she puts on her head, his shoes, his buffalo-gorget; and with his halberd on her shoulders, goes off with the *corps de garde* in this guise, passing, when the roll is called, under the name of her brother, and stands sentinel in his place, without being known till morning. She was brought home in triumph. That afternoon Signor Cornelio showed her to me."

I am sorry that concerning the present ladies of Siena I know nothing except by the scantiest hearsay. My chief knowledge of them, indeed, centers in the story of one of the Borghesi there, who hold themselves so very much higher than the Borghesi of Rome. She stopped fanning herself a moment while some one spoke of them. "Oh, yes; I have heard that a branch of our family went to Rome. But I know nothing about them."

What glimpse we caught of Sienese society was at the theater — the lovely little theater of the Accademia dei Rozzi. This is one of the famous literary academies of Italy; it was

founded in the time of Leo X., and was then composed entirely of workingmen, who confessed their unpolished origin in their title; afterwards the Academies of the Wrapped-up, the Twisted, and the Insipid (such was the fantastic humor of the prevailing nomenclature) united with these Rude Men, and their academy finally became the most polite in Siena. Their theater still enjoys a national fame, none but the best companies being admitted to its stage. We saw there the Rossi company of Turin — the best players by all odds, after the great Florentine Stentorello, whom I saw in Italy. Commendatore Rossi's is an exquisite comic talent — the most delicately amusing, the most subtly defined. In a comedy of Goldoni's ("A Curious Accident") which he gave, he was able to set the house in an uproar by simply letting a series of feelings pass over his face, in expression of the conceited, willful old comedy-father's progress from profound satisfaction in the elopement of his neighbor's daughter to a realization of the fact that it was his own daughter who had run away. Rossi, who must not be confounded with the tragedian of his name, is the first comedian who has ever been knighted in Italy, the theory being that since a comic actor might receive a blow which the exigency of the play forbade him to resent, he was unfit for knighthood. King Humbert seems somehow to have got over this prodigious obstacle.

The theater was always filled, and between the acts there was much drama in the boxes, where the gentlemen went and came, making their compliments to the ladies, in the old Italian fashion. It looked very easy and pleasant; and I wish Count Nerli, whose box we had hired one evening when he sent the key to the ticket-office to be let, had been there to tell us something of the people in the others. I wish, in fact, that we might have known something of the count himself, whom, as it is, I know only by the title boldly lettered on his box-door. The acquaintance was slight, but very agreeable. Before the evening was out I had imagined him in a dozen figures and characters; and I still feel that I came very near knowing a Sienese count. Some English people, who became English friends, in our pension, had letters which took them into society, and they reported it very charming. Indeed, I heard at Florence, from others who knew it well, that it was pleasantly characterized by the number of cultivated people connected with the ancient university of Siena. Again, I heard that here, and elsewhere in Italy, husbands neglect their wives, and leave them dismal at home, while they go out to spend their evenings at the clubs and cafés. Who knows? I will not even pretend to do so, though the temptation is great.

A curious phase of the social life in another direction appeared in the notice which I found posted one day on the door of the church of San Cristoforo inviting the poor girls of the parish to a competitive examination for the wedding-portions to be supplied to the most deserving from an ancient fund. They were advised that they must appear on some Sunday during Lent before the parish priest, with a petition certifying to these facts:

"I. Poverty.
"II. Good morals.
"III. Regular attendance at church.
"IV. Residence of six months in the parish.
"V. Age between 18 and 30 years.
"N. B. A girl who has won a dower in this or any other parish cannot compete."

VIII.

THE churches are very rich in paintings of the Sienese school, and the gallery of the Belle Arti, though small, is extremely interesting.

PICTURESQUE PEASANTS.

Upon the whole, I do not know where one could better study the progress of Italian painting, from the Byzantine period up to the great moment when Sodoma came in Siena. Oddly enough, there was a very lovely little Bellini in this collection, which, with a small Veronese, distinguished itself from the Tuscan canvases, by the mellow beauty of the Venetian coloring, at once. It is worse than useless to be specific about pictures, and if I have kept any general impression of the Sienese work, it concerns the superior charm of the earlier frescoes, especially in the Public Palace. In the churches the best frescoes are at San Domenico, where one sees the exquisite chapel of St. Catherine painted by Sodoma, which I have already mentioned. After these one must reckon in interest the histories with which Pinturicchio has covered the whole library of the cathedral, and which are surpassingly de-

lightful in their quaint realism. For the rest, I have a vivid memory of a tendency in the Sienese painters to the more horrific facts of Scripture and legend; they were terrible fellows for the Massacre of the Innocents, and treated it with a bloodier carefulness of detail than I remember to have noticed in any other school; the most sanguinary of these slaughters is in the Church of the Servi. But there is something wholesome and human even in the most butcherly of their simple-minded carnages; it is where the allegorists get hold of horror that it becomes loathsome, as in that choir of a church, which I have forgotten the name of, where the stalls are decorated with winged death's heads, the pinions shown dropping with rottenness and decay around the skulls. Yet this too had its effectiveness; it said what some people of that time were thinking; and I suppose that the bust of a lady in a fashionable ruff, with a book in her hand, simpering at the bust of her husband in an opposite niche in San Vigilio, was once not so amusing as it now looks. I am rather proud of discovering her, for I found her after I had been distinctly discouraged from exploring the church by the old woman in charge. She was civil, but went back eagerly to her gossip with another crone there, after saying: "The pictures in the roof are of no merit. They are beautiful, however." I liked this church, which was near our pension, because it seemed such a purely little neighborhood affair; and I must have been about the only tourist who ever looked into it.

One afternoon we drove out to the famous convent of the Osservanza, which was suppressed with the other convents, but in which the piety of charitable people still maintains fifty of the monks. We passed a company of them, young and old, on our way, bareheaded and barefooted, as their use is, and looking very fit in the landscape; they saluted us politely, and overtaking us in the porch of the church, rang up the sacristan for us, and then, dropping for a moment on one knee before the door, disappeared into the convent. The chapel is not very much to see, though there is a most beautiful Della Robbia there,— a Madonna and St. Thomas,— which I would give much to see now. When we had gone the round of the different objects, our sacristan, who was very old and infirm, and visibly foul in the brown robes which are charitable to so much dirt, rose from the last altar before which he had knelt with a rheumatic's groans, and turning to the ladies with a malicious grin, told them that they could not be admitted to the cloisters, though the gentlemen could come. We followed him through the long, dreary galleries, yawning with hundreds of empty cells, and a sense of the obsoleteness of the whole affair oppressed me. I do not know why this feeling should have been heightened by the smallness of the gardened court inclosed by the cloisters, or by the tinkle of a faint old piano coming from some room where one of the brothers was practicing. The whole place was very bare, and stared with fresh whitewash; but from the pervading smell I feared that this venerable relic of the past was not well drained — though I do not know that in the religious ages they valued plumbing greatly, anywhere.

IX.

In this and other drives about Siena the peculiar character of the volcanic landscape made itself continually felt. There is a desolation in the treeless hills, and a wildness and strangeness in their forms, which I can perhaps best suggest by repeating that they have been constantly reproduced by the Tuscan painters in their backgrounds, and that most Judean landscapes in their pictures are faithful studies of such naked and lonely hills as billow round Siena. The soil is red, and but for the wine and oil with which it flows, however reluctantly, I should say that it must be poor. Some of the hills look mere heaps of clay, such as mighty geysers might have cast up until at last they hid themselves under the accumulation; and this seems to be the nature of the group amidst which the battle of Montaperto was fought. I speak from a very remote inspection, for though we started to drive there, we considered, after a mile or two, that we had no real interest in it now, either as Florentines or Sienese, and contented ourselves with a look at the Arbia, which the battle "colored red," but which had long since got back its natural complexion. This stream — or some other which the driver passed off on us for it — flowed down through the uplands over which we drove, with a small volume that seemed quite inadequate to slake the wide drought of the landscape, in which, except for the cypresses about the villas, no tree lifted its head. There were not even olives; even the vineyards had vanished. The fields were green with well-started wheat, but of other husbandry there was scarcely a sign. Yet the peasants whom we met were well dressed (to be sure it was Sunday), and there was that air of comfort about the farmsteads which is seldom absent in Tuscany. All along the road were people going to vespers, and these people were often girls, young and pretty, who, with their arms about one another's waists, walked three and four abreast, the wide brims of their straw hats lifting round their faces like

another was selling wine by the glass from a heap of flasks on his stand. Here again I was reminded of Quebec, for the interior of this church was, in its bareness and poverty, quite like the poor little Huron village church at the Falls of Lorette.

Our drive was out from the Porta Pispini southward, and back to the city through the Porta Romana; but pleasure lies in any course you take, and perhaps greater pleasure in any other than this. The beauty of the scenery is wilder and ruggeder than at Florence. In the country round Siena all is free and open, with none of those high garden walls that baffle approach in the Florentine neighborhood. But it seems to have been as greatly loved and as much frequented, and there are villas and palaces everywhere, with signs of that personal eccentricity in the architecture and inscriptions for which the Italians ought to be as famous as the

TOWER OF THE MANGIA.

the disks of sunflowers. A great many of them were blonde; at least one in ten had blue eyes and red hair, and they must have been the far-descended children of those seigneurs and soldiers among whom Charlemagne portioned his Italian lands, marking to this day a clear distinction of race between the citizens and the contadini. By and by we came to a little country church, before which in the grassy piazza two men had a humble show of figs and cakes for sale in their wagon-beds, and English. Out of the Porta Camollia, in the Palazzo del Diavolo, which was the scene of stirring facts during the great siege, when the Sienese once beat Duke Cosimo's Florentines out of it, the caprice of the owner has run riot in the decoration of the brick front, where heads of Turks and Saracens are everywhere thrusting out of the frieze and cornice. At Poggio Pini an inscription on the porter's lodge declares: "Count Casti de' Vecchi, jealous conservator of the ornaments of the above-

situated villa Poggio Pini, his glory, his care, placed me guardian of this approach."

The pines thus tenderly and proudly watched would not strike the American as worthy so much anxiety, but perhaps they are so in a country which has wasted its whole patrimony of trees, as we are now so wickedly wasting ours. The variety of timber which one sees in Tuscany is very small: pines, poplars, oaks, walnuts, chestnuts—that is the whole story of the forest growth. Its brevity impressed us particularly in our long drive to Belcaro, which I visited for its interest as the quarters of the Marquis of Marignano, the Imperialist general during the siege. Two cannon-balls imbedded in its walls recall the fight, with an appropriate inscription; but whether they were fired by Marignano while it was occupied by the Sienese, or by the Sienese after he took it, I cannot now remember. I hope the reader will not mind this a great deal, especially as I am able to offer him the local etymology of the name of Belcaro: *bel* because it is so beautiful, and *caro* because it cost so much. It is now owned by two brothers, rich merchants of Siena, one of whom lives in it, and it is approached through a landscape wild, and sometimes almost savage, like that all around Siena, but of more fertile aspect than that to the southward. The reader must always think of the wildness in Italy as different from our primeval wildness; it is the wildness of decay, of relapse. At one point a group of cypresses huddling about the armless statue of some poor god thrilled us with a note, like the sigh of a satyr's reed, from the antique world; at another, a certain wood-grown turn of the road, there was a brick stairway, which had once led to some pavilion of the hoop and bagwig age, and now, grown with thick moss and long grasses, had a desolation more exquisite than I can express.

Belcaro itself, however, when we came to it, was in perfectly good repair, and afforded a satisfying image of a mediæval castle, walled and fossed about, and lifting its mighty curtains of masonry just above the smooth level of the ilex-tops that hedged it loftily in. Our carriage was ordered back out of the way, and walking into the court-yard we found one of the owners of Belcaro, helping himself to hitch up the fine dapple-gray which he presently drove to Siena, leaving us free of his castle. There was not very much to see within it, except the dining-hall, painted by Peruzzi with the Judgment of Paris. After we had admired this we were shown across the garden to the little lodge which the same painter has deliciously frescoed with indecenter fables and allegories than any outside of the Palazzo del Te at Mantua. Beside it is the chapel in which he has indifferently turned his hand, with the same brilliant facility, to the illustration of holy writ and legend. It was a curious civilization. Both lodge and chapel were extraordinarily bright and cheerful.

From these works of art we turned and climbed to the superb promenade which crowns the wide wall of the castle. In the garden below, a chilly bed of anemones blew in the March wind, and the top where we stood was swept by a frosty blast, while the waning sunshine cast a sad splendor over the city on her hill seven miles away. A delicate rose-light began to bathe it, in which the divine cathedral looked like some perfect shape of cloud-land; while the clustering towers and palaces and gates and the wandering sweep of the city wall seemed the details of a vision too lovely for waking eyes.

W. D. Howells.

GOING TO TOWN.

THE SILENT SOUTH.

I. "A TIME TO SPEAK."

IN Tivoli Circle, New Orleans, from the center and apex of its green, flowery mound, an immense column of pure white marble rises in the fair unfrowning majesty of Grecian proportions high up above the city's house-tops into the dazzling sunshine and fragrant gales of the Delta. On its dizzy top stands the bronze figure of one of the world's greatest captains.

He is all alone. Not one of his mighty lieutenants stands behind or beside him or below at the base of his pillar. Even his horse is gone. Only his good sword remains, hanging motionless in its scabbard. His arms are folded on that breast that never knew fear or guile, and his calm, dauntless gaze meets the morning sun as it rises, like the new prosperity of the land he loved and served so masterly, above the far distant battle-fields where so many thousands of his ragged gray veterans lie in the sleep of fallen heroes.

Great silent one! who lived to see his standard furled and hung in the halls of the conqueror; to hear the victor's festal jubilations; to behold a redistribution of rights riding over the proud traditions of his people, and all the painful fruits of a discomfited cause shaken to the ground; to hear and see the tempestuous and ofttimes bloody after-strife between the old ideas and the new; to see, now on one side, now on the other, the terms of his own grand surrender and parole forgotten or ignored; to have his ear filled with the tirades and recriminations of journals and parties, and the babble of the unthinking million; to note the old creeds changing, and to come, himself, it may be,—God knows,—to respect beliefs that he had once counted follies; and yet, withal, never, before the world that had set him aside but could not forget him, never to quail, never to wince, never to redden with anger, never to wail against man or fate, or seek the salve of human praise or consolation; but silently amid the clamor of the times to stand and wait, making patience royal, with a mind too large for murmuring, and a heart too great to break, until a Messenger as silent as his bronze effigy beckoned Robert E. Lee to that other land of light and flowers where man's common inheritance of error is hidden in the merit of his honest purpose, and lost in the Divine charity.

So this monument, lifted far above our daily strife of narrow interests and often narrower passions and misunderstandings, becomes a monument to more than its one great and rightly loved original. It symbolizes our whole South's better self; that finer part which the world not always sees; unaggressive, but brave, calm, thoughtful, broad-minded, dispassionate, sincere, and, in the din of boisterous error round about it, all too mute. It typifies that intelligence to which the words of a late writer most truly apply when he says concerning the long, incoherent discussion of one of our nation's most perplexing questions, "Amid it all the South has been silent."

But the times change — have changed. Whatever the merit or fault of earlier reticence, this mute, firm-rooted figure, with sheathed sword and folded arms, must yield a step, not backward, but forward. "Where it has been silent it now should speak." Nay, already it speaks; and the blessing of all good men should rest on this day if it reveals the Silent South laying off its unsurrendered sword, leaving brawlers to their brawls, and moving out upon the plain of patient, friendly debate, seeking to destroy only error, and to establish only truth and equity and a calm faith in their incomparable power to solve the dark problems of the future.

Within the last few months the voice of temperate discussion has been heard in well-nigh every quarter of our Southern States on themes that have scarcely been handled with patience and clemency these forty years. True, there has been some clamor, throwing stones, and casting dust; but calmer utterances have come from Memphis, from Louisville, Chattanooga, Lynchburg, Atlanta, Charleston, Dallas, and far San Angelo; some on one side, some on the other, of the debate, professing in common at least three quiet convictions: that recrimination and malignment of motive are the tactics of those who have no case; that the truth is worth more than any man's opinion; and that the domination of right is the end we are bound to seek.

Under these convictions the following pages are written; written in deprecation of all sectionalism; with an admiration and affection for the South, that for justice and sincerity yield to none; in a spirit of faithful sonship to a Southern State; written not to gratify sympathizers, but to persuade opponents; not to overthrow, but to convince; and begging that all harshness of fact or vehemence of statement be attributed entirely to the weight of the interests under debate.

II. POINTS OF AGREEMENT.

It is pleasant to note how much common ground is occupied by the two sides in this contest of opinions. By both it is recognized that the fate of the national Civil Rights bill has not decided and cannot dismiss the entire question of the freedman's relations; but that it puts upon trial in each Southern State a voluntary reconstruction which can never be final till it has established the moral equities of the whole case. Says one opponent, imputing his words to a personified South, "Leave this problem to my working out. I will solve it in calmness and deliberation, without passion or prejudice, and with full regard for the unspeakable equities it holds."* Says Mr. Watterson's paper, in Louisville, "We believe there is a general desire among the people of the South, that the negro shall have all the rights which a citizen of the United States, whatever be the color of his skin, is entitled to, but we know of no method to argue away or force down what may be called the caste of color. If we did . . . or if anybody else did, the dark problem as to the future of this unfortunate race would be more quickly and more easily solved. None more earnestly than the *Courier-Journal* desires to see this question happily settled."

Is not this progress? It seems scarce a matter of months since we were saying the question was dead and should be buried. Now it rises to demand a wider grave, which both the writers quoted admit it must have, though one thinks nobody knows how to dig it, and another insists it must be dug without cutting away any more ground.

But the common field of assertion and admission broadens as we move on. On this side it has been carefully demonstrated that, not from Emancipation or Enfranchisement, or anything else in or of the late war, or of Reconstruction, but from our earlier relation to the colored man as his master, results our view of him as naturally and irrevocably servile; and that hence arises our proneness to confuse his social with his civil relations, to argue from inferiority of race a corresponding inferiority of his rights, and to infer that they fall, therefore, justly under our own benevolent domination and, at times, even our arbitrary abridgment. The point is made that these views, as remnants of that slavery which, we all admit, has of right perished, ought to perish with it; and the fact is regretted that in many parts of the South they nevertheless still retain such force — though withal evidently weakening — that the laws affirming certain human rights discordant to the dominant race are sometimes openly evaded and sometimes virtually suffocated under a simulated acceptance of their narrowest letter. How plainly we feel the date of this discussion to be 1884-85 — not earlier — when we hear this evasion, once so hotly denied, admitted freely, nay, with emphasis, to be a "matter of record, and, from the Southern standpoint, mainly a matter of reputation."

And there are yet other points of agreement. As one who saw our great Reconstruction agony from its first day to its last in one of the South's most distracted States and in its largest city, with his sympathies ranged upon the pro-Southern side of the issue, and his convictions drifting irresistibly to the other, the present writer affirms of his knowledge, in the initial paper of this debate, that after we had yielded what seemed to us all proper deference to our slaves' emancipation and enfranchisement, there yet remained our invincible determination — seemingly to us the fundamental condition of our self-respect — never to yield our ancient prerogative of holding under our own discretion the colored man's *status*, not as a freedman, not as a voter, but in his daily walk as a civilian. This attitude in us, with our persistent mistaking his civil rights for social claims, this was the tap-root of the whole trouble. For neither would *his* self-respect yield; and not because he was so unintelligent and base, but because he was as intelligent and aspiring as, in his poor way, he was, did he make this the cause of political estrangement. This estrangement — full grown at its beginning — was the carpet-bagger's and scallawag's opportunity. They spring and flourish wherever, under representative government, gentility makes a mistake, however sincere, against the rights of the poor and ignorant. Is this diagnosis of the Reconstruction malady contested by the other side? Nay, it is confirmed. The South, it tells us, "accepted the emancipation and enfranchisement of her slaves as the legitimate results of war that had been fought to a conclusion. These once accomplished, nothing more was possible. 'Thus far and no farther,' she said to her neighbors in no spirit of defiance, but with quiet determination. In her weakest moments, when her helpless people were hedged about by the unthinking bayonets of her conquerors, she gathered them for resistance at this point. Here she defended everything that a people should hold dear. There was little proclamation of her purpose," etc.

Surely hope is not folly, as to this Southern question, when such admissions come from this direction. What salutary clearing of the ground have we here! Our common assertion in the South has long been that the base

* "In Plain Black and White." April CENTURY, 1885.

governments of the Reconstruction period were overturned by force because they had become so corrupt that they were nothing but huge machines for the robbery of the whole public, a tangle of low political intrigues that no human intelligence could unravel; that our virtue and intelligence sought not the abridgement of any man's rights, but simply the arrest of bribery and robbery; that this could be done only by revolution because of the solid black vote, cast, we said, without rationality at the behest of a few scoundrels who kept it solid by playing upon partisan catchwords, or by promise of spoils. And especially among those whose faith is strongest in our old Southern traditions, it always was and is, to-day, sincerely believed that this was the whole issue. It was this profession that averted the interference of Federal arms. It was upon this profession that the manliest youth and intelligence of New Orleans went forth to stake their lives, and some to pour out their hearts' blood in internecine war on the levee of their dear city. Sad sight to those who knew that this was not the whole matter—that the spring of trouble lay yet deeper down. To such it brings no small or selfish gladness to hear, at length,—if one may without offense coin a term,—to hear Southern *traditionists* admitting a truth which the South has denied with sincere indignation ten thousand times,—that in all that terrible era the real, fundamental issue was something else which the popular Southern mind was hardly aware of. "Barely"—say these—"barely did the whispered word that bespoke her [the South's] resolution catch the listening ears of her sons; but for all this, the victorious armies of the North, had they been rallied again from their homes, could not have enforced and maintained among this disarmed people the policy indicated in the Civil Rights bill." This was the point at which, they say, and they say truly, the South "gathered for resistance."

Let us be sure these so gallantly spoken words are not misunderstood. There were two policies indicated in the Civil Rights bill: the policy of asserting congressional jurisdiction in the case; and the policy of legalizing, at all, such rights as it declared. One raised a question of State rights; the other, of Human rights. But the State-rights issue, by itself,—the mere question of whence the legislation should emanate, could never of itself make fierce strife. Any State could have settled that point by simply stepping ahead of Congress with the same legislation. No; the irreconcilable difference was not as to whence but as to *what* the law should be. The essential odium of the bill lay not in its origin, but in its definition of the black man's rights. Indeed, the main object of most of those who have written on the other side in the present controversy has been to assert the resolution never to recognize the freedman's rights upon that definition of them. In the meantime a gentle movement of thought that sounds no trumpet before it is gradually pressing toward that very recognition.

III. THE STICKING POINT.

But now that we have clearly made out exactly *what* this immovable hostility is, the question follows—and half the nation are asking it to-day with perplexed brows—*why* is it? Yet the answer is simple. Many white people of the South sincerely believe that the recognition of rights proposed in the old Civil Rights bills or in "The Freedman's Case in Equity"* *would precipitate a social chaos.* They believe Civil Rights means Social Equality. This may seem a transparent error, but certainly any community in the world that believed it, would hold the two ideas in equal abomination; and it is because of the total unconsciousness and intense activity of this error at the South, and the subtle sense of unsafety that naturally accompanies it,—it is because of this, rather than for any lack of clearness in its statement of the subject, that the article on "The Freedman's Case in Equity" is so grossly misinterpreted even by some who undoubtedly wish to be fair. That this is the true cause of the misinterpretation is clear in the fact that from the first printing of the article until now the misconstruction has occurred only among those whose thinking still runs in the grooves of the old traditions.

Nothing in that paper touches or seeks to touch the domain of social privileges. The standing of the magazine in which it appears is guarantee against the possibility of the paper containing any such insult to the intelligence of enlightened society. Social equality is a fool's dream. The present writer wants quite as little of it as the most fervent traditionist of the most fervent South. The North, the West, the East, and the rest of the intelligent world, want quite as little of it as the South wants. Social equality can never exist where a community, numerous enough to assert itself, is actuated, as every civilized community is, by an intellectual and moral ambition. No form of laws, no definition of rights, from Anarchy to Utopia, can bring it about. The fear that this or that change will produce it ought never to be any but a fool's fear. And yet there is this to be added; that no other people in America are doing so

much *for* Social equality as those who, while they warmly charge it upon others, are themselves thrusting arbitrary and cheap artificial distinctions into the delicate machinery of society's self-distribution as it revolves by the power of our natural impulses, and of morality, personal interest, and personal preferences. This, of course, is not the intention, and even these persons retard only incidentally, unawares and within narrow limits, nature's social distributions, while taking diligent and absolutely needless pains to hold apart two races which really have no social affinity at all.

Do we charge any bad intention or conscious false pretense? Not at all! They are merely making the double mistake of first classing as personal social privileges certain common impersonal rights of man, and then turning about and treating them as rights definable by law — which social amenities are not and cannot be.

For the sake of any who might still misunderstand, let us enlarge here a moment. The family relation has *rights*. Hence marital laws and laws of succession. But beyond the family circle there are no such things as social *rights;* and when our traditionists talk about a too hasty sympathy having "fixed by enactment" the negro's *social* and civil rights they talk — unwisely. All the relations of life that go by *impersonal right* are Civil relations. All that go by *personal choice* are Social relations. The one is all of right, it makes no difference who we are; the other is all of choice, and it makes all the difference who we are; and it is no little fault against ourselves as well as others, to make confusion between the two relations. For the one we make laws; for the other every one consults his own pleasure; and the law that refuses to protect a civil right, construing it a social privilege, deserves no more regard than if it should declare some social privilege to be a civil right. Social *choice*, civil *rights;* but a civil *privilege*, in America, is simply heresy against both our great national political parties at once. Now, "The Freedman's Case in Equity" pleads for not one thing belonging to the domain of social relations. Much less the family relation; it does not hint the faintest approval of any sort of admixture of the two bloods. Surely nothing that a man can buy a ticket for anonymously at a ticket-seller's hand-hole confers the faintest right to even a bow of recognition that any one may choose to withhold. But what says the other side? "The South will never adopt the suggestion of the *social intermingling** of the two races." So they beg the question of equity, and suppress a question of civil right by simply miscalling it "social intermingling"; thus claiming for it that sacredness from even the law's control which only social relations have, and the next instant asserting the determination of one race to "control the social relations," so-called, of two. Did ever champions of a cause with blanker simplicity walk into a sack and sew up its mouth? Not only thus, but from within it they announce a doctrine that neither political party in our country would venture to maintain; for no party dare say that in these United States there is any room for any one class of citizens to fasten arbitrarily upon any other class of citizens a *civil status* from which no merit of intelligence, virtue, or possessions can earn an extrication. We have a country large enough for all the *unsociality* anybody may want, but not for *incivility* either by or without the warrant of law.

"What history shows," says a sound little book lately printed, "is that rights are safe only when guaranteed against all arbitrary power and all class and personal interest." Class rule of any sort is bad enough, even with the consent of the ruled class; un-American enough. But the domination of one fixed class by another without its consent, is Asiatic. And yet it is behind this error, of Asian antiquity and tyranny, this arbitrary suppression of impartial, impersonal civil rights, that we discover our intelligent adversaries in this debate fortified, imagining they have found a strong position! "Neither race wants it," says one; alluding to that common, undivided participation in the enjoyment of civil rights, for which the darker race has been lifting one long prayer these twenty years, and which he absurdly miscalls "social intermingling." "The interest, as the inclination, of both races is against it," he adds. "Here the issue is made up."

But he mistakes. The issue is not made up here at all. It is not a question of what the *race* wants, but of *what the individual wants and has a right to*. Is that question met? No. Not a line has been written to disprove the individual freedman's title to these rights; but pages, to declare that his race does not want them and shall not have them if it does. Mark the contradiction. It does not want them — it shall not have them! Argument unworthy of the nursery; yet the final essence of all the other side's arguments. They say the colored race wants a participation in public rights separate from the whites; and that anyhow it has got to take that or nothing; "The white and black races in the South *must** walk apart." One writer justifies this on the belief of a natal race instinct; but says that if there were no such thing the South "would, by every means in its power, so strengthen the race *prejudice** that it would do the work and hold

* Italicized only here.

* Italicized only here.

the stubbornness and strength of instinct." Could any one more distinctly or unconsciously waive the whole question of right and wrong? Yet this is the standpoint on which it is proposed to meet the freedmen's case *in equity*. Under the heat of such utterances how the substance melts out of their writer's later proposition for the South to solve the question "without passion or prejudice and with full regard for the unspeakable equities it holds."

It is not the Louisville gentlemen who are found at this untenable standpoint. They admit the desirability of extirpating the state of affairs condemned by "The Freedman's Case in Equity," and merely ask with a smile, "in what manner the writer expects that evil to disappear before high-sounding imperatives," etc. As to that we leave others on that side to give the answer; hear it, from Atlanta: "Clear views, clear statement, and clear understanding are the demands of the hour. Given these, the common sense and courage of the American people will make the rest easy."

IV. CIVIL RIGHT NOT SOCIAL CHOICE.

Let us then make our conception of the right and wrong of this matter unmistakable. Social relations, one will say, are sacred. True, but civil rights are sacred, also. Hence social relations must not impose upon civil rights nor civil rights impose upon social relations. We must have peace. But for peace to be stable we must have justice. Therefore, for peace, we must find that boundary line between social relations and civil rights, from which the one has no warrant ever to push the other; and, for justice, this boundary must remain ever faithfully the same, no matter whose the social relations are on one side or whose the civil rights are on the other.

Suppose a case. Mr. A. takes a lady, not of his own family, to a concert. Neither one is moved by compulsion or any assertion of right on the part of the other. They have chosen each other's company. Their relation is social. It could not exist without mutual agreement. They are strangers in that city, however, and as they sit in the thronged auditorium and look around them, not one other soul in that house, so far as they can discern, has any social relation with them. But see, now, how impregnable the social relation is. That pair, outnumbered a thousand to one, need not yield a pennyweight of social interchange with any third person unless they so choose. Nothing else in human life is so amply sufficient to protect itself as are social relations. Provided one thing,—that the law will protect every one impartially in his civil rights, one of the foremost of which is that both men and laws shall let us alone to our personal social preferences. If any person, no matter who or what he is, insists on obtruding himself upon this pair in the concert-hall he can only succeed in getting himself put out. Why? Because he is trying to turn his civil right-to-be-there into a social passport. And even if he make no personal advances, but his behavior or personal condition is so bad as to obtrude itself offensively upon others, the case is the same; the mistake and its consequences are his. But, on the other hand, should Mr. A. and his companion demand the expulsion of this third person when he had made no advances and had encroached no more on their liberty than they had on his, demanding it simply on the ground that he was their social or intellectual inferior or probably had relatives who were, then the error, no matter who or what he is, would be not his, but theirs, and it would be the equally ungenteel error of trying to turn their social choice into a civil right; and it would be simply increasing the error and its offensiveness, for them to suggest that he be given an equally comfortable place elsewhere in the house providing it must indicate his inferiority. There is nothing comfortable in ignominy, nor is it any evidence of high mind for one stranger to put it upon another.

Now, the principles of this case are not disturbed by any multiplication of the number of persons concerned, or by reading for concert-hall either theater or steamboat or railway station or coach or lecture-hall or street car or public library, or by supposing the social pair to be English, Turk, Jap, Cherokee, Ethiopian, Mexican, or "American." But note the fact that, even so, Mr. A. and his companion's social relations are, under these rulings, as safe from invasion as they were before; nay, even safer, inasmuch as the true distinction is made publicly clearer, between the social and the civil relations. Mr. A. is just as free to decline every sort of unwelcome social advance, much or little, as ever he was; and as to his own house or estate may eject any one from it, not of his own family or a legal tenant, and give no other reason than that it suits him to do so. Do you not see it now, gentlemen of the other side? Is there anything new in it? Is it not as old as truth itself? Honestly, have you not known it all along? Is it not actually the part of good breeding to know it? You cannot say no. Then why have you charged us with proposing "to break down every distinction between the races," and "to insist on their intermingling in all places and in all relations," when in fact we have not proposed to disturb any

distinction between the races which nature has made, or to molest any private or personal relation in life, whatever? Why have you charged us with "moving to forbid all further assortment of the races," when the utmost we have done is to condemn an *arbitrary* assortment of the races, crude and unreasonable, by the stronger race without the consent of the weaker, and in places and relations where no one, exalted or lowly, has any right to dictate to another because of the class he belongs to? We but turn your own words to our use when we say this battery of charges "is as false as it is infamous." But let that go.

Having made it plain that the question has nothing to do with social relations, we see that it is, and is only, a question of *indiscriminative civil rights*. This is what "The Freedman's Case in Equity" advocates from beginning to end, not as a choice which a *race* may either claim or disclaim, but as every citizen's individual yet impersonal right until he personally waives or forfeits it. The issue, we repeat, is not met at all by the assertion that "Neither race wants it." There is one thing that neither race wants, but even this is not because either of them is one race or another, but simply because they are members of a civilized human community. It is that thing of which our Southern white people have so long had such an absurd fear; neither race, or in other words nobody, wants to see the civil rewards of decency in dress and behavior usurped by the common herd of clowns and ragamuffins. But there is another thing that the colored race certainly does want: the freedom for those of the race who can to earn the indiscriminative and unchallenged *civil — not social*—rights of gentility by the simple act of being genteel. This is what we insist the best intelligence of the South is willing — in the interest of right, and therefore of both races — to accord. But the best intelligence is not the majority, and the majority, leaning not upon the equities, but the traditional sentiments of the situation, charge us with "theory" and "sentiment" and give us their word for it that "Neither race wants it."

Why, that is the very same thing we used to say about slavery! Where have these traditionists been the last twenty years? Who, that lived in the South through those days, but knows that the darker race's demand from the first day of the Reconstruction era to its last, was, "If you *will not give us* undivided participation in civil rights, *then and in that case* you must give us equal separate enjoyment of them"; and from the close of Reconstruction to this day the only change in its expression has been to turn its imperative demand into a supplication. This was the demand, this is the supplication of American citizens seeking not even their civil rights entire, but their civil rights mutilated to accommodate not our public rights but our private tastes. And how have we responded? Has the separate accommodation furnished them been anywhere nearly equal to ours? Not one time in a thousand. Has this been for malice? Certainly not. But we have unconsciously — and what people in our position would not have made the same oversight? — allowed ourselves to be carried off the lines of even justice by our old notion of every white man holding every negro to a menial status.

Would our friends on the other side of the discussion say they mean only, concerning these indiscriminative civil rights, "Neither race wants them *now*"? This would but make bad worse. For two new things have happened to the colored race in these twenty years; first, a natural and spontaneous assortment has taken place within the race itself along scales of virtue and intelligence, knowledge and manners; so that by no small fraction of their number the wrong of treating the whole race alike is more acutely felt than ever it was before; and, second, a long, bitter experience has taught them that "equal accommodations, but separate" means, generally, accommodations of a conspicuously ignominious inferiority. Are these people opposed to an arrangement that would give them instant release from organized and legalized incivility?— For that is what a race distinction in civil relations is when it ignores intelligence and decorum.

V. CALLING THE WITNESSES.

THERE is another way to settle this question of fact. One side in this debate advocates indiscriminative civil rights; the other, separate — *racial* civil rights. It is not to be doubted that our opponents have received many letters from white men and women full of commendation and thanks for what they have written. Such, too, has been the present writer's experience. Such testimonials poured in upon him daily for four months, from east, west, north, and south. But how about the colored race? Have they written him, begging him to desist because "Neither race wants" the equities he pleads for? The pages of this magazine are precious, but we beg room for a few extracts from colored correspondents' letters, each being from a separate letter and no letter from any colored person whom the present writer has ever seen or known. One letter ends, "May all the spirits that aid justice, truth, and right constantly attend you in your effort." Another, "I hope that you will con-

tinue the work you have begun, and may God bless you." Another, "Accept this, dear sir, as the thanks of the colored people of this city." Another begins, "I am a negro. In behalf of the negroes and in behalf of equitable fair dealing on the principle of giving a dollar's worth for a dollar, without any possible reference to social matters, permit me to tender you my sincere thanks," etc. Says another, "The judicious fairness with which you have treated our case renders your thesis worthy of our adoption as a Bill of Rights." A letter of thanks from a colored literary club says, ". . . We thank you for your recognition of our capacity to suffer keenly under the indignities we are made to endure." A similar society in another town sent a verbal expression of thanks by its president in person. (Followed since by its committee's formal resolution ornamentally written and mounted.) In Louisville a numerous impromptu delegation of colored citizens called upon the writer and tendered a verbal address of thanks. Another letter says, "If the people of the South will only regard your article in the same spirit as I believe it was intended, then I know, sir, great and enduring good will be accomplished." In Arkansas, a meeting of colored people, called to express approval of the article on "The Freedman's Case in Equity," passed a resolution pronouncing its ideas "consonant with true religion and enlightened civilization," etc. Not one word of adverse criticism, written or printed, has come to him from a person of color. Has the same race given "In Plain Black and White," or "The Freedman's Case in Reality," or any of the less dignified mass of matter on that side of the question, a like cordial ratification? Or has only Mr. Jack Brown sent in his congratulations? *

But it may be asked, may not a great many individuals, and even some clubs, impromptu delegations and public meetings called for the purpose, approve certain declarations and yet the great mass of a people not sanction them? Then let us go one step farther. There are, it is said, eighty — some say a hundred — journals published in this country by colored men. They look to the colored race for the great bulk of their readers and subscribers. Hence they are bound to be in large degree the organs of popular thought among the reading part, at least, of that people. But *these papers are a unit for the ideas set forth in "The Freedman's Case in Equity."* Now, to believe the other side we should have to make two impossible assumptions; that among a people treated rigorously as one race, compacted by a common status, the intelligent and comparatively refined part numerous enough to send — in spite of its poverty — *twenty thousand students to normal schools and colleges* and to support eighty newspapers, this portion, moreover, associated with the less intelligent portion more cordially in every interest than two such classes are amongst any other people in the world unless it be the Jews — that such a lump of leaven as this has no power to shape the views of the rest on matters of common public right! Such a thing may be credible on some other planet, not on this. And the second impossible assumption: That the intelligent and sensitive portions of a people shall submit to an ignominious mutilation of their public rights because the *unintelligence* of their race chooses (?) to submit to it. This assumption is a crime against common justice; the other is a crime against common sense. It is simply a mistake that "the assortment of the races which has been described

* The Selma "Times," quoted in "The Freedman's Case in Equity" as rejoicing in the flogging of a colored preacher on a railway train for not leaving the passenger coach when ordered out by irresponsible ruffians, has since published a letter purporting to come from one "Jack Brown, colored," of Columbia, South Carolina. The letter denounces the present writer as one of the sort "that has brought on all the trouble between the white and colored people of the South. I do not know his initials or address," it continues, "or I would address him in person, as I am anxious to *test his sincerity*." † "Now," says the Selma "Times," "the above article bears every imprint of honesty and truthfulness. We don't believe any one but a sharp negro could have written or did write it. The handwriting, the loose grammar, the postmark on the envelope, all mark it as a genuine document coming from the man it purports to have come from. Not only is this true of such external marks as we have named, but so is it likewise of its internal, essential substance. It sounds as if it could have been thought out and written by a negro *only*. We cannot conceive of a white man's putting himself so thoroughly into the place of a negro, mentally, as to have executed such a thing as a forgery. We shall find out if there is such a negro in Columbia, S. C., as Brown, and secure other proof that he wrote it, because we know Mr. Cable and others are sure to challenge its authenticity. We confidently expect to be fully prepared to convince the most skeptical.

"The negro is right. Those of his race who have any sense cannot expect what Mr. Cable would give them, do not expect it, and would be unhappy and uncomfortable if, in any way, it could be forced upon them."

So if Jack Brown, colored, were a real person, nothing could be easier than to find him. Writing from a small inland city, getting through one hundred and seventy-five words of his letter before making a grammatical slip, a colored man in sympathy with the tritest sentiment of the dominant race and with a taste for public questions,— such a man could not be hid, much less overlooked, in Columbia. But on the present writer's desk lies his own letter *to* Mr. Jack Brown, colored, stamped "Return to the writer," after having lain in the Columbia post-office for nearly a month, unclaimed. An exhaustive search and inquiry amongst the people of both races by a white gentleman resident on the spot, fails to find any "Jack Brown" except — to quote the gentleman's letter,—"a poor, illiterate fellow, who cannot read or write his name," and who, instead of being "twenty-seven years of age," is — to quote another letter — "an aged man."

† So italicized originally.

as shameful and unjust . . . commands the hearty assent of both."

True, our traditionist friends, who think they believe it, are glad to take the witness-stand and testify; but surely some of them should be lawyer enough to know that when they say the colored race *shall not have* the other thing in any event, their testimony as to which the colored race prefers is of no further account. At Atlanta, they are equally unfortunate in another witness. If the Georgia State Commissioner of Public Education will allow the personal mention from one who has met and admires him, we may say that throughout the United States he has won the high regard and praise of the friends of public education for the exceptional progress he — a man of the old South — has made in unlearning our traditional Southern prejudices. He stands a noble, personal refutation of the superficial notion that the world must look to the young South, only, for progressive ideas of human right among us. May be it was easy to make the mistake of calling this admirable gentleman to testify that "neither race wants it." But see how quickly Commissioner Orr provokes the reader to dismiss him, too, from the witness-stand: Speaking of mixed schools, which, he says, "both races would protest against"—but which, mark it, "The Freedman's Case in Equity" does not ask to have forced upon any community or forced by either race upon the other anywhere—Mr. Orr says, "I am so sure of the evils that would come from mixed schools that, even if they were possible, I would see the whole educational system swept away before I would see them established."

Ah! gentlemen, you are not before a Congressional investigating committee that gets Republican facts from Republican witnesses and Democratic facts from Democratic witnesses, and then makes two reports. You are before the judgment-seat of the world's intelligence; and if you cannot bring for evidence of a people's feelings their own spontaneous and habitual expressions to those who think with them; and, for the establishment of facts, the unconscious or unwilling testimony of your opponents, then it is high time you were taking your case out of this court.* As for us we can prove all we need prove by the gentlemen themselves.

Once only does the opposite side bring forward the actual free utterance of a colored man professing to express a sentiment of his race; well nigh a magazine column of "negro eloquence" and adulation poured upon a conference of applauding "Bishops and Brethren" because of the amazing fact that when in the neighboring vestry-room, he had "thoughtlessly asked" the governor of the State if he could get a drink, that magnate sent for and handed him a glass of water! Unlucky testimony! which no candid mind can deny is an elaborate confession of surprised delight at being treated with indiscriminative civility. We are told, however, that it is offered simply to show the affectionate "feeling of that people toward their white neighbors." Thus a display of affection is utilized to give a color of justice to the *mutilation* of just such equal rights as this one whose unexpected recognition called forth this display of affection! So they go round and round their tether.

VI. GUNS THAT SHOOT BACKWARD.

Our demonstration is complete; but there follows a short corollary: While the colored people always did and still do accept with alacrity an undivided enjoyment of civil rights with the white race wherever cordially offered, they never mistake them for social privileges, nor do they ever attempt to use them to compel social intercourse. We might appeal to the everyday street-car experience of hundreds of thousands of residents in New Orleans and other Southern cities; or to the uniform clearness with which civil rights are claimed and social advances disclaimed in the many letters from colored men and women that are this moment before the writer. But we need not. We need refer only to our opponents in debate, who bring forward, to prove their own propositions, a set of well-known facts that turn and play Balaam to their Balak. Hear their statement: "They"— the colored people —"meet the white people in all the avenues of business. They work side by side with the white bricklayer or carpenter in perfect accord and friendliness. When the trowel or hammer is laid aside, the laborers part, each going his own way. Any attempt to carry the comradeship of the day into private life would be sternly resisted by both parties in interest."

We prove, by the other side's own arguments. that the colored people always accept

* They might easily have brought in colored school-teachers. Many of these favor separate colored schools, for the obvious reason that those are the only schools they may teach in. They do bring in just two witnesses from a side avowedly opposed to them; but it is not our side, either. One is the late Bishop Haven, of whom we shall speak presently. The other, a young white woman on a railway train, who — forbidden to enjoy her civil rights and her peculiar social preferences at the same time — threw away a civil right to retain the social preference; which was her business, not ours, and proves nothing whatever for or against anybody else; but whose expression of *pride* at being mistaken for a quadroon proves her an extremely silly person. They summon her for "the sole object" of suggesting that she and such as agree with her — which lets us out as plainly as it does the other side — are "unsafe as advisers and unfair as witnesses." Certainly they are.

the common enjoyment of civil rights and never confound civil with social relations. But in just one phase of life there is a conspicuous exception; and an exception especially damaging to the traditional arguments of our opponents. And who furnishes our evidence this time? Themselves again. We allude to the church relation. We are asked to confront the history of an effort made, they say, many times over, by Bishop Haven and the Northern Methodist church generally, soon after the late war; an effort to abolish racial discrimination in the religious worship of the church in the South composed of Northern whites and Southern blacks; its constant and utter failure; and the final separation of those churches into two separate conferences, and into separate congregations wherever practicable. These facts are brought forward to prove the existence of race instinct, intending to justify by race instinct the arbitrary control, by the whites, of the relations between the two races; and the conclusion is sanguinely reached at a bound, that the only explanation of these churches' separation on the color line is each race's race instinct, "that spoke above the appeal of the bishop and dominated the divine influences that pulsed from pew to pew." But the gentlemen are too eager. What in their haste they omit to do is to make any serious search at all for a simpler explanation. And how simple the true explanation is! Bishop Haven and his colleagues, if rightly reported, ought to have known they would fail. They were attempting under acute disadvantages what none of the Protestant churches in America, faithfully as they have striven for it, has ever been able extensively to accomplish. That is, *to get high and low life to worship together.* The character of much ritual worship and of nearly all non-ritual worship naturally and properly takes for its standard the congregation's average intelligence. But this good process of assortment, unless held in by every proper drawback, flies off to an excess that leaves the simple and unlearned to a spiritual starvation apparently as bad as that from which non-ritual worship, especially, professes to revolt. Bishop Dudley has lately laid his finger upon this mischief for us with great emphasis. But, moreover, as in society, so in the church, this intellectual standard easily degenerates toward a standard of mere manners or station. Thus the gate is thrown wide open to the social idea, and presently not our Dorcases only, but at times our very bishops, are busy trying to make the social relation co-extensive with the church relation. With what result? Little, generally, save the bad result of congregations trimming themselves down to fit the limitations of social fellowship. See the case cited. Here were whites, cultured, and counting themselves, at least, as good as the best in the land; and here was an ignorant, superstitious race of boisterous worshipers just emerged from slavery; one side craving spiritual meat, the other needing spiritual milk, and both sides beset by our prevalent American error that social intimacy is one of the distinct *earnings* of church membership. Of course they separated.

It is but a dwarfed idea of the church relation that cramps it into the social relation. The church relation is the grandest fraternity on earth.* Social relations are good and proper, but can the social relation grasp all these conditions in one embrace? Can any one social circle span from the drawing-room to the stable, from the counting-room or professional desk to the kitchen, from the judge's bench to the tailor's and cobbler's, from the prince's crown to the pauper's bowl? Yet without any social intimacy the prince may be the pauper's best friend, and even the pauper the prince's; and the church relation ought to be so wide and high that all these ranks might kneel abreast in it in common worship, and move abreast in it in perfect, active, co-laboring fraternity and regard, gathering any or every social circle into its noble circumference, never pressing one injuriously upon another, and above all things never letting in the slender but mischievous error of confusing Christian fraternity with social equality. Yet the high and low nigh all our country over are kept apart in divine worship by just this error or the fear of it. Fifty thousand Bishop Havens could not, until they had overthrown the domination of this mistake, get the lofty and the lowly to worship together. How could they but separate? And the dragging in of a race instinct to account for the separation is like bringing a pole to knock down strawberries. Other things *will*, but a belief in instinct will *not*, keep the races apart. Look at the West Indies. But not even miscegenation — may the reader forgive us the disgusting word — could have saved such a scheme from failure.

The gentlemen prove absolutely nothing for their case, but much against it. For here is shown by actual experiment that even where there is not of necessity a social relation, yet when the social idea merely gets in by mistake of both classes, the effect will not be social confusion, but a spontaneous and willing separation along the strongest lines of social cleavage. The log — the church — will not split the wedge — the social impulse; but the wedge will split the log. The uncultured, be they white or

* "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female." Gal. iii: 28.

black, in North or South, will break away on one side with even more promptness and spontaneity than the cultured on the other, and will recoil, moreover, to a greater distance than is best for any one concerned. Thus far are we from having the least ground to fear from the blacks that emptiest of phantasms, social aggression. Thus far are we from needing for the protection of social order any assumption of race instinct. And so do the advocates of our traditional sentiments continually establish the opposite of what they seek to prove.

They cite, again, to establish this assumption of race instinct, the spontaneous grouping together of colored people in such social or semi-social organizations as Masonic lodges, military companies, etc. But there is no proscription of whites in the lodges of colored Odd-fellows or Masons. In Georgia, for example, the *law requires* the separation of the races in military companies. The gentlemen forget that the colored people are subject to a strong expulsive power from the whites, which they say must and shall continue whether it is instinct or not; and that the existence of a race instinct can never be proved or disproved until all expulsive forces are withdrawn and both races are left totally free to the influences of those entirely self-sufficient *social* forces which one of the gentlemen has so neatly termed "centripetal." But even if these overlooked facts were out of existence, what would be proved? Only, and for the second time, that the centripetal force of social selection operates so completely to the fulfillment of these gentlemen's wishes, that there is no longer any call to prove or disprove the existence of race instinct, or the faintest excuse for arbitrary race separations in the enjoyment of civil rights.

Thus, setting out with the idea that the social integrity of the races requires vigorous protection from without, they prove instead by every argument brought to establish it, that every relation really social, partially social, or even mistakenly social, takes — instinct or no instinct — the most spontaneous and complete care of itself. We are debating the freedman's title to a totally impersonal freedom in the enjoyment of all impersonal rights; and they succeed only in *saying*, never in bringing a particle of legitimate evidence to prove, that "Neither race wants it"; an assertion which no sane man, knowing the facts, can sincerely make until, like these gentlemen, he has first made the most woful confusion in his own mind between personal social privileges and impersonal civil rights.

VII. THE RIGHT TO RULE.

But they have yet one last fancied stronghold. They say, "The *interest* of both races is against it"; that is, against a common participation in their civil rights; and that it is, rather, in favor of a separate enjoyment of them. Now, there are people — but their number is steadily growing less — who would mean by this merely that the interest of both races is against common participation because *they* are against it and have made separate participation the price of peace. But the gentlemen whom we have in view in this paper, though they must confess their lines often imply this, give a reason somewhat less offensive in its intention. They say common participation means common sociality, and common sociality, race-amalgamation. Have we not just used their own facts to show conclusively that this is not what occurs? Yet these two reasons, so called, are actually the only ones that scrutiny can find in all the utterances pledging these gentlemen to "the exactest justice and the fullest equity." Nay, there is another; we must maintain, they say, "the clear and unmistakable domination of the white race in the South." —Why, certainly we must! and we must do it honestly and without tampering with anybody's natural rights; and we can do it! But why do they say we must do it? Because "character, intelligence, and property" belong preëminently to the white race, and "character, intelligence, and property" have "the right to rule." So, as far as the reasoning is sincere, they are bound to mean that not merely being white entails this right, but the possession of "character, intelligence, and property." And the true formula becomes "the clear and unmistakable domination" of "character, intelligence, and property" "in the South." But if this be the true doctrine, as who can deny it is? then why — after we have run the color line to suit ourselves through all our truly social relations — why need we usurp the prerogative to run it so needlessly through civil rights, also? It is widely admitted that we are vastly the superior race in everything — as a race. But is every colored man inferior to every white man in character, intelligence, and property? Is there no "responsible and steadfast element" at all among a people who furnish 16,000 schoolteachers and are assessed for $91,000,000 worth of taxable property? Are there no poor and irresponsible whites? So, the color line and the line of character, intelligence, and property frequently cross each other. Then tell us, gentlemen, which are you really for; the color line, or the line of character, intelligence, and property that divides between those who have and those who have not "the right to rule"? You dare not declare for an inflexible color line; such an answer would shame the political intelligence of a Russian.

Another point just here. The right to rule:

What is it? It is not the right to take any peaceable citizen's civil right from him in whole or in part. It is not the right to decree who may earn or not earn any *status* within the reach of his proper powers. It is not the right to oppress. In America, to rule is to serve. There is a newspaper published in Atlanta called "The Constitution." The Instrument of which this name is intended to remind us, and of which it is well to keep us reminded, is founded on a simple principle that solves the problem of free government over which Europe sat in dark perplexity for centuries, shedding tears of blood; the principle that the right to rule is the consent of the ruled and is vested in the majority by the consent of all. It took ages of agony for the human race to discover that there is no moral right of class rule, and that the only safety to human freedom lies in the intelligence, virtue, and wealth of communities holding every right of every being in such sacred regard, and all claims for class or personal privilege in such uniform contempt, that unintelligence, vice, and poverty, having no potent common grievance, shall naturally invest intelligence, character, and property with the right to rule. It took ages for us to discover the necessity of binding intelligence, character, and property to the maintenance of this attitude by giving, once for all, to the majority the custody and right-of-assignment of this truly precious right to rule. Is this mere sentiment? A scheme in the clouds? Who says so cannot truly qualify as a whole American citizen. The safety of American government is that intelligence, virtue, and wealth dare not press any measure whose viciousness or tyranny might suspend the expulsive forces that keep unintelligence, vice, and poverty divided among themselves; and that intelligence and virtue hold themselves entirely free to combine now with wealth and now with poverty as now the lower million or now the upper ten shows the livelier disposition to impose upon the other. But the only way to preserve these conditions is to hold sacred the will and voice of the majority. Of course there are friction and imperfections in their working; but human wisdom has not yet found any other scheme that carries us so near to perfect government. The right to rule is a right to earn the confidence and choice of the majority of the whole unfettered people. Yet it is in the face of this fundamental principle of American freedom that our traditionist friends stand, compelling six million freedmen to mass together under a group of common grievances, within a wall of these gentlemen's own avowed building, then charging them with being "leagued together in ignorance and irresponsibility," and then talking in large approval about "*minorities*"— not earning, but —"*asserting and maintaining* control." And a proposition to set such antique usurpation of human rights aside, to remove the real grievances that make a common cause for six million distrusted and distrusting people, to pull down that wall of civil — *not social* — distinctions that tends to keep them "leagued together in ignorance and irresponsibility," to open to them the *civil* — not social — rewards of gentility and education, and the responsibilities of knowledge and citizenship, to arouse in them the same concern in common public interests that we feel, and to make all their fortunes subject to the same influences as ours, — this, we are told, is "against the interest of both races"! And this we have from men who, claiming a preëminent right to speak for the South, claim with it a "right to rule" that fails to signify anything better than the right of the white man to rule the black without his consent and without any further discrimination between intelligence and unintelligence or between responsibility and irresponsibility. In other words, a principle of political and civil selection such as no freeman could possibly choose and which cannot be the best interest of any American community. So the other side are our witnesses again. And now we may say to them, as the lawyers do in court,— "That will do."

VIII. SUMMING UP.

THE case is before the reader. The points of fact made in our November paper — the privations suffered by the colored people in their matters of civil rights — have been met with feeble half-denials equivalent to admissions by opponents in controversy too engrossed with counter statements and arguments, that crumble at the touch, to attend to a statement of facts. In the end they stand thus: As to churches, there is probably not a dozen in the land, if one, "colored" or "white," where a white person is not at least professedly welcome to its best accommodations; while the colored man, though he be seven-eighths white, is shut up, on the ground that "his race" prefers it, to the poor and often unprofitable appointments of the "African" church, whether he like it best or not, unless he is ready to accept without a murmur distinctions that mark him, in the sight of the whole people, as one of a despised caste and that follow him through the very sacraments. As to schooling, despite the fact that he is to-day showing his eager willingness to accept separate schools for his children wherever the white man demands the separation, yet

both his children and the white man's are being consigned to illiteracy wherever they are too few and poor to form separate schools. In some mountainous parts of Kentucky there is but one colored school district in a *county*. In railway travel the colored people's rights are tossed from pillar to post with an ever-varying and therefore more utterly indefensible and intolerable capriciousness. In Virginia they may ride exactly as white people do and in the same cars. In a neighboring State, a white man may ride in the "ladies' car," while a colored man of exactly the same dress and manners — nay, his wife or daughter — must ride in the notorious "Jim Crow car," unprotected from smokers and dram-drinkers and lovers of vile language. "In South Carolina," says the Charleston "News and Courier," on the other hand, "respectable colored persons who buy first-class tickets on any railroad ride in the first-class cars as a right, and their presence excites no comment on the part of their white fellow-passengers. It is a great deal pleasanter to travel with respectable and well-behaved colored people than with unmannerly and ruffianly white men." In Alabama the majority of the people have not made this discovery, at least if we are to believe their newspapers. In Tennessee the law *requires* the separation of all first-class passengers by race with equal accommodations for both; thus waiving the old plea of decency's exigencies and forcing upon American citizens adjudged to be first-class passengers an alienism that has thrown away its last shadow of an excuse. But this is only the law, and the history of the very case alluded to by our traditionist friends, in which a colored woman gained damages for being compelled to accept inferior accommodation or none for a first-class ticket, is the history of an outrage so glaring that only a person blinded to the simplest rights of human beings could cite it in such a defense.

A certain daily railway train was supplied, according to the law, with a smoking-car, and two first-class cars, one for colored and one for whites. The two first-class cars were so nearly of a kind that they were exchangeable. They generally kept their relative positions on the track; but the "ladies' car" of the morning trip became the "colored car" of the return, afternoon, trip, and *vice versâ*. But the rules of the colored car were little regarded. Men, white and black, were sometimes forbidden, sometimes allowed, to smoke and drink there. Says the court, "The evidence is abundant to show that the rule excluding smoking from that car was but a nominal one, that it was often disregarded, that white passengers understood it to be a nominal rule, and that adequate means were not adopted to secure the same first-class and orderly passage to the colored passengers occupying that car as was accorded to the passengers in the rear car. Nor was the separation of the classes of the passengers complete. There is no evidence tending to show that the white passengers were excluded from the car assigned to colored passengers, and it appears that whenever the train was unusually crowded it was expected that the excess of white passengers would ride, as they then did ride, in the forward one of the two first-class cars. So, too, it appeared that persons of color, of whom the plaintiff was one, had several times occupied seats in the rear car." A certain "person of lady-like appearance and deportment," one day in September, 1883, got aboard this train with a first-class ticket. She knew the train, and that, as the court states it, "in the rear car . . . quiet and good order were to so great an extent the rule that it was rarely if ever that any passenger gave annoyance by his conduct to his fellow-passengers." In the colored car there was at least one colored man smoking, and one white man whom she saw to be drunk. She entered the rear car and sat down, no one objecting. She was the only colored person there. The conductor, collecting his tickets, came to her. He was not disconcerted. Not long previously he had forbidden another colored person to ride in that car, who must also have been "of lady-like appearance and deportment," for when he saw this one he "supposed her to be the same person . . . intentionally violating the defendant's (Railroad's) rules and *seeking to annoy his other passengers*." Twice they exchanged polite request and refusal to leave the car; and then, in full presence of all those "other passengers" whom this person of lady-like appearance and deportment was erroneously suspected of "seeking to annoy," there occurred a thing that ought to make the nation blush. The conductor laid hands upon this defenseless woman, whose infraction of a rule was interfering neither with the running of the road, the collection of fares, nor the comfort of passengers, and "by force removed her from her seat and carried her out of the car. When near the door of the car the plaintiff promised that she would then, if permitted, leave the car rather than be forcibly ejected; but the conductor, as he says, told her that her consent came too late, and continued to remove her forcibly. On reaching the platform of the car, plaintiff left the train." Judgment was given for the plaintiff. But the point was carefully made that she would have been without any grievance if the "colored car" had only been kept first-class. In other words, for not providing separate first-class ac-

commodations, five hundred dollars damages; for laying violent hands upon a peaceable, lady-like, and unprotected woman, nothing; and nothing for requiring such a one publicly to sit apart from passengers of the same grade under a purely ignominious distinction. What! not ignominious? Fancy the passenger a white lady, choosing, for reasons of her own, to sit in a first-class "colored car"; infringing, if you please, some rule; but paying her way, and causing no one any inconvenience, unsafety, or delay. Imagine her, on insisting upon her wish to stay, drawn from her seat by force, and lifted and carried out by a black conductor, telling her as he goes that her offer to walk out comes too late. If this is not ignominy, what is it? To the commission and palliation of such unmanly deeds are we driven by our attempts to hold under our own arbitrary dictation others' rights that we have no moral right to touch, rights that in ourselves we count more sacred than property and dearer than life.

But we must not tarry. If we turn to the matter of roadside refreshment what do we see? Scarcely a dozen railroad refreshment-rooms from the Rio Grande to the Potomac,—is there one? — where the weary and hungry colored passenger, be he ever so perfect in dress and behavior, can snatch a hasty meal in the presence of white guests of any class whatever, though in any or every one of them he or she can get the same food, and eat with the same knife, fork, and plate that are furnished to white strangers, if only he or she will take a menial's attitude and accept them in the kitchen. Tennessee has formally "abrogated the rule of the common law" in order to make final end of "any right in favor of any such person so refused admission" to the enjoyment of an obvious civil right which no public host need ever permit any guest to mistake for a social liberty. As to places of public amusement, the gentlemen who say that "each [race] gets the same accommodation for the same money," simply — forget. The statement comes from Atlanta. But, in fact, in Atlanta, in Georgia, in the whole South, there is scarcely a place of public amusement — except the cheap museums, where there are no seated audiences — in which a colored man or woman, however unobjectionable personally, can buy, at any price, any but a second — sometimes any but a third or fourth class accommodation. During a day's stay in Atlanta lately, the present writer saw many things greatly to admire; many inspiring signs of thrift, stability, virtue, and culture. Indeed, where can he say that he has not seen them, in ten Southern States lately visited? And it is in contemplation of these evidences of greatness, prosperity, safety, and the desire to be just, that he feels constrained to ask whether it must be that in the principal depot of such a city the hopeless excommunication of every person of African tincture from the civil rewards of gentility must be advertised by three signs at the entrances of three separate rooms, one for "Ladies," one for "Gentlemen," and the third a "Colored waiting-room"? Visiting the principal library of the city, he was eagerly assured, in response to inquiry, that no person of color would be allowed to draw out books; and when a colored female, not particularly tidy in dress, came forward to return a book and draw another, it was quickly explained that she was merely a servant and messenger for some white person. Are these things necessary to — are they consistent with—an exalted civilization founded on equal rights and the elevation of the masses?

And the freedman's rights in the courts. It is regarding this part of our subject that our friends on the other side make a mistake too common everywhere and very common among us of the South. That is, they assume the state of affairs in more distant localities to be the same as that immediately around them. A statement concerning certain matters in Florida or Maryland is indignantly denied in Tennessee or Texas because it is not true of those regions; and so throughout. It is in this spirit that one of these gentlemen explains that in Georgia negroes are not excluded from the jury lists except for actual incompetency, and thereupon "*assumes* that Georgia does not materially differ from the other States." But really, in Tennessee they may not sit in the jury-box at all, except that in a few counties they may sit in judgment on the case of a colored person. While in Texas, at the very time of the gentleman's writing, the suggestion of one of her distinguished citizens to accord the right of jury duty to the colored people, was being flouted by the press as an "innovation upon established usage," and a "sentimental and utterly impracticable idea." This in the face of a State constitution and laws that give no warrant for the race distinction. So much for assumption.

The same mistake is repeated by the same writer in discussing the question of the freedmen's criminal sentences. No fact or person is brought forward to prove or disprove anything except for Georgia. And even the prosecuting attorney for the Atlanta circuit, brought in to testify, says, for the State's cities and towns, that the negro there "gets equal and exact justice before the courts"; but he is not willing to deny "a lingering prejudice and occasional injustice" in remote counties. Why, with nearly 6,000,000 freed people getting "full and exact justice in the

courts whether the jury is white or black," why could there not be found *among them* two or three trustworthy witnesses to testify to this fact? Their testimony would have been important, for these lines are written within hand's reach of many letters from colored men denying that such is the case.

The present writer does not charge, and never did, that our Southern white people consciously and maliciously rendered oppressive verdicts against the freedman. On the contrary, it is plainly stated by him that they acted "not so maliciously as unreflectingly," and "ignorant of the awful condition of the penitentiaries." His only printed utterance on the subject is on record in "The Freedman's Case in Equity," and is too long to quote; but he cited the *official reports* of our Southern State prisons themselves, and asked how with their facts before us we are to escape the conviction that the popular mind had been seduced — as every student of American prison statistics knows it has — by the glittering temptations of our Southern convict-lease system; and not one word of reply have we had, except the assertion, which nobody would think of denying, that the black man, often in Georgia, and sometimes elsewhere, gets an even-handed and noble justice from white juries.

Have our opponents observed the workings of this convict-lease system? To put such a system as a rod of punishment into the hands of a powerful race sitting in judgment upon the misdemeanors of a feebler and despised caste would warp the verdicts of the most righteous people under the sun. Examine our Southern penitentiary reports. What shall we say to such sentences inflicted for larceny alone, as twelve, fourteen, fifteen, twenty, and in one case forty years of a penal service whose brutal tasks and whippings kill in an average of five years? Larceny is the peculiar crime of the poorest classes everywhere. In all penitentiaries out of the South the convicts for this offense always exceed and generally double the number of convicts for burglary. Larceny has long been called the favorite crime of the negro criminal. What, then, shall we say to the facts, deduced from official records, that in the Georgia penitentiary and convict camps there were in 1882 twice as many colored convicts for burglary as for larceny, and that they were, moreover, serving sentences averaging nearly twice the average of the white convicts' in the same places for the same crime? This, too, notwithstanding a very large number of short sentences to colored men, and a difference between their longest and shortest terms twice as great as in the case of the whites. For larceny the difference is five times as great.* Shall we from these facts draw hasty conclusions? We draw none. If any one can explain them away, in the name of humanity let us rejoice to see him do so. We are far from charging any one with deliberately prostituting justice. We are far from overlooking "the depravity of the negro." But those who rest on this cheap explanation are bound to tell us which shows the greater maliciousness; for one man to be guilty of hog-stealing or for twelve jurors to send him to the coal mines for twenty years for doing it? In Georgia outside her prisons there are eight whites to every seven blacks. Inside, there are eight whites to every eighty blacks. The depravity of the negro may explain away much, but we cannot know how much while there also remain in force the seductions of our atrocious convict-lease system, and our attitude of domination over the blacks, so subtly dangerous to our own integrity. Here is a rough, easy test that may go for what it is worth: These crimes of larceny and burglary are just the sort — since they are neither the most trivial nor the most horrible — to incur excessive verdicts and sentences, if the prejudices of one class against another come into the account. Now, what is the fact in the prisons we have mentioned? Of all the inmates under sentence for these crimes nineteen-twentieths are classed as of that race which we "dominate" both out of and in the jury-box. We ask no opinion on these points from the stupid or vicious of either whites or blacks; but is it wise for us not to consider what may be their effect upon the minds of the property-holding, intelligent, and virtuous portion of the "dominated" race? Is it right?

IX. POLITICAL "SOLIDITY" — WHY AND TILL WHEN.

In the same number of The Century that contains "In Plain Black and White," appears an open letter on "The Solid South." It tells us that political "solidity," founded on the merits neither of candidates nor questions, is an emphatic national and still greater local evil; but that the whites of the South "had to be solid," because they feared, and that they still fear, the supremacy of the blacks. That if this fear were removed the whites would divide. Hence, we must first procure the division of the blacks; this is what it calls "the prerequisite." Is it? Is that a wise or just arbitration? Must the side that is immeasurably the weaker begin the disarmament? Is "*noblesse oblige*" untranslatable into "American"? We are only told that "once divide the negro vote and the

* Without counting the exceptional forty years' sentence mentioned.

'solid South' is broken." True statement, but sadly antique. An old catchword pulled out of the rubbish of the Reconstruction strife. And why was the negro vote solid? The carpet-bagger and scalawag? It was so believed, and these — the most of them richly deserving their fate — were suppressed. What then? Less political activity among the blacks. But division? No. Then why were the blacks still "solid." The open letter gives two causes: first, gratitude to the Republican party; second, fear of the Democratic. But these sentiments, it says, are fading out. Will their disappearance reveal the solid blacks divided? That depends on the matter that forms — what the open letter does not touch — the solid bottom of this question. But the more ambitious article in the same number of the magazine boldly confesses it when it decrees *the subserviency of the freedman's civil rights to the white man's domination*. As long as that continues to be or to threaten, the blacks will be solid. We — any people — would be so — would have to be so, in their place. Such a decree is equivalent to saying they must and shall be solid. Only let it be withdrawn and the solidity will vanish from the white vote and the black at the same instant.

This is what is coming. There is to-day no political party in America that is "solid" for this un-American and tyrannical principle; and the reason why the negro vote is a divided vote in the North to-day and in the South shows more signs of dividing than ever before is that the Republican party has grown fat and lazy concerning civil rights, while *Democratic* legislatures and governors, north, east, west, have been passing and signing civil rights bills, rooting out of the laws and of popular sentiment this heresy of domination by fixed class and race, and throwing to the winds "legal discriminations on account of color [which] are not based on character or conduct and have no relation to moral worth and fitness for civic usefulness, but are rather relics of prejudice which had its origin in slavery. I recommend," says the present Democratic governor of Ohio, from whose message we are quoting, "I recommend their total repeal." It is but little over a year since the Democrats joined the Republicans in the legislature of Connecticut in making liable to fine and imprisonment "every person who subjects or causes to be subjected any other person to the deprivation of any rights, privileges, or immunities secured or protected by the Constitution of the State or of the United States, on account of such person being an alien or by reason of his color or race." The time is still shorter since a Democratic majority in the legislature of New Jersey passed a bill of civil rights, as its own text says, "applicable alike to citizens of every race and color." Nor are they afraid of the names of things. "By direction of Governor Abbett," writes the executive clerk, "I send you copy of the Civil Rights bill as passed by the Legislature and approved by him." In Indiana, while these pages were being written, Democrats were endeavoring to pass a civil rights bill. In May of last year the legislature at Albany passed a bill removing the last remaining civil disabilities from the colored people in the city of New York, by a *unanimous vote*, "three-fifths being present"; and the governor who signed the act is now President of the United States.

"Ah!" some will say, "these Northern Democrats do this in their ignorance; they do not know the negro." Is this the whole truth? Do not we forget that they have only gradually put aside from their own minds the very worst opinion of the negro that ever we had? To get where they are they have left behind the very same prejudices and misconceptions of citizens' rights that we are called to lay aside, and no others. Nay, even we assert facts now, that twenty years ago we used to say no man who knew the negro could honestly believe.

"But"—the answer comes again—"if they had the negro among them numerically powerful, they would not venture to concede"—etc. Let us see: From Georgia, where, we are told, the freedman shall never enjoy "the policy indicated in the Civil Rights bill," pass across its eastern boundary, and lo, we are in a State under Southern Democratic rule, where the blacks are in the majority, yet which is not afraid to leave on the printed page, from the days of Reconstruction, a civil rights bill, not nearly so comprehensive, it is true, but "fully as stringent," says its leading daily journal, "as any that Congress ever placed upon the statute-books," and attending whose enforcement "there is no friction or unpleasantness." This, in South Carolina!

May the time be not long delayed when her strong, proud people, that are sometimes wrong but ever conscientious and ever brave, not content with merely not undoing, shall broaden the applications of that law until it perfectly protects white man and black man alike in the enjoyment of every civil right, and their hearts behind the law open to the freedman equally with the white man, as far as in him lies to achieve it, every civil reward of intelligence, wealth, and virtue. Then shall it still be as true as it is to-day that "No special harm has come of it." Not only so; but the freedman, free indeed, shall along with his other fetters cast off the preoccupation in this question of civil rights which now engrosses his best intelli-

gence, and shall become a factor in the material and moral progress of the whole land. Be the fault now where it may, he will not then outnumber the white man on the prison rolls eleven to one. And what is true of one Southern State is true of all. The temptations to which the negro — shut out from aspirations — now yields, will lose their power, and his steps be turned with a new hope and desire toward the prizes of industry, frugality, and a higher cultivation. Multiplying and refining his tastes, the rank energies of his present nature will not, as now, run entirely to that animal fecundity characteristic of all thriftless, reckless, unaspiring populations; his increase in civic value will be quickened, his increase in numbers retarded to a rate more like our own. And neither all the crops our sun-loved South can yield, nor all the metals and minerals that are under the soil made sacred by the blood of her patriots, can bring us such wealth and prosperity as will this change in the hopes and ambitions of our once unaspiring, time-serving slaves. The solid black will be solid no longer; but he will still be black.

X. THE GEOGRAPHY OF AMALGAMATION.

Is IT not wonderful? A hundred years we have been fearing to do entirely right lest something wrong should come of it; fearing to give the black man an equal chance with us in the race of life lest we might have to grapple with the vast, vague afrite of Amalgamation; and in all this hundred years, with the enemies of slavery getting from us such names as negrophiles, negro-worshipers, and miscegenationists; and while we were claiming to hold ourselves rigidly separate from the lower race in obedience to a natal instinct which excommunicated them both socially and civilly; just in proportion to the rigor, the fierceness, and the injustice with which this excommunication from the common rights of man has fallen upon the darker race, has amalgamation taken place. Look — we say again — at the West Indies. Then turn and look at those regions of our common country that we have been used to call the nests of fanaticism: Philadelphia, Boston, Plymouth Church, and the like. Look at Oberlin, Ohio. For years this place was the grand central depot, as one might say, of the "Underground Railway"; receiving and passing on toward Canada and freedom thousands of fugitive slaves; weeping over them, praying over them, feeding them, housing them, hiding them in her bosom, defying the law for them, educating them, calling them sir and madam, braving no end of public contumely, and showing them every exasperating consideration. Look at Berea, Kentucky, where every kind thing contrivable that, according to our old ideas, could destroy a white man's self-respect and "spoil a nigger" has been practiced. What is the final fact? Amalgamation? Miscegenation? Not at all. The letters of the presidents of these two famous institutions lie before the present writer, stating that from neither of them throughout their history has there resulted a single union of a white with a black person either within their precincts or elsewhere within the nation's wide boundaries. And of the two towns in which they are situated, in only one have there been from first to last three or four such unions. How have they been kept apart? By law? By fierce conventionality? By instinct? No! It was because they *did not* follow instinct, but the better dictates of reason and the ordinary natural preferences of like for like. But, it is sometimes asked, admitting this much, will not undivided civil relations tend eventually — say after a few centuries — to amalgamation? Idle question! Will it help the matter to withhold men's manifest rights? What can we do better for the remotest future than to be just in the present and leave the rest to the Divine Rewarder of nations that walk uprightly?

XI. THE NATURAL-GROWTH POLICY.

THERE is a school of thought in the South that stands midway between the traditionists and us. Its disciples have reasoned away the old traditions and are now hampered only by vague ideas of inexpediency. They pray everybody not to hurry. They have a most enormous capacity for pausing and considering. "It is a matter," says one of them in a late periodical, "of centuries rather than decades, of evolution rather than revolution." The heartlessness of such speeches they are totally unconscious of. Their prayer is not so much that our steps may be logical as geological. They propose to wait the slow growth of civilization as if it were the growth of rocks, or as if this were the twelfth or thirteenth century. They contemplate progress as if it were a planetary movement to be looked at through the telescope. Why, we are the motive power of progress! Its speed depends on our courage, integrity, and activity. It is an insult to a forbearing God and the civilized world for us to sit in full view of moral and civil wrongs manifestly bad and curable, saying we must expect this or that, and that, geologically considered, we are getting along quite rapidly. Such talk never won a battle or a race, and the hundred years past is long enough for us of the South to have been content with a speed that the rest of the civilized world has left behind. The tortoise won in the race with the hare, the race

didn't win itself. We have listened far too much already to those who teach the safety of being slow. "*Make haste* slowly," is the true emphasis. Cannot these lovers of maxims appreciate that "Delays are dangerous"? For we have a case before us wherein there is all danger and no safety in floating with the tide.

Our fathers had such a case when African slavery was first fastening its roots about the foundations of our order of society. They were warned by their own statesmen to make haste and get rid of it. "You must approach the subject," cried the great Jefferson. "You must adopt some plan of emancipation or worse will follow"; and all the way down to Henry Clay that warning was with more or less definiteness repeated. But our fathers were bitten with the delusion of postponement, and the practice of slavery became an Institution. It grew, until every element of force in our civilization — the political arena, the sacred desk, the legislative hall, the academical chair — all — were wrapped in its dark shadow. Where might not our beloved South be to-day, far on in front, but for that sad mistake? At length, suddenly, rudely, slavery was brought to an end. What that cost we all know; yet let us hope there are many of us who can say with our sainted Lee, not merely "I am rejoiced that slavery is abolished"; but "I would cheerfully have lost all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained."*

Such was our fathers' problem. The problem before us is the green, rank stump of that felled Institution. Slavery in particular — the slavery of the individual man to his one master, which rested upon the law, is by the law abolished. Slavery in general — the subordination of a fixed ruled to a fixed ruling class — the slavery of *civil caste*, which can only in part, and largely cannot, be legislated away, remains. Sad will it be for our children if we leave it for their inheritance.

A Southern man traveling in the North and a Northern man just returned from a commercial tour of the South lately fell into conversation on a railway train. Said the Northerner, "What the South needs is to import capital, induce immigration, develop her enormous latent wealth, and let politics alone." "Sir," said the Southerner, "I know you by that sign for a commercial man, as I might know a hard student by his glasses and peering eyes. With you all things else are subsidiary to commerce; hence, even commercially, you are near-sighted. It is true the South should seek those things you mention. They are for her better safety, comfort, and happiness. But what are politics? In this land, at least, simply questions concerning the maintenance or increase of our safety, comfort, and happiness; questions that cannot be let alone, but must be attended to as long as those things demand to be maintained or increased."—The train stopped in a depot. Men could be heard under the wheels, tapping them with their hammers to test their soundness.—"To ask us to let politics alone is to ask us to leave the wheels of our train untested, its engine unoiled, its hot boxes glowing, while we scurry on after more passengers and passengers' fares; — which is just the way not to get them. Do not ask it of us. Our scantiness of capital, meagerness of population, and the undeveloped condition of our natural resources are largely owing, this day, to our blindly insisting that certain matters in our politics shall be let alone. It was our letting them alone that brought Federal interference, and that interference has been withdrawn upon our pledge not to let them alone but to settle them."

About a year ago the present writer visited the thriving town of Birmingham, Alabama. Its smelting furnaces were viewed with special interest. It was fine to see the crude ore of the earth, so long trampled under foot, now being turned by great burnings and meltings into one of the prime factors of the world's wealth. But another thought came with this, at sight of the dark, brawny men standing or moving here and there with the wild glare of molten cinder and liquid metal falling upon their black faces and reeking forms. These were no longer simple husbandmen, companions of unfretted nature. If the subterranean wealth of the South is to be brought to the surface and to market all over the land, as now it is in this miniature of the great English Birmingham; if, as seems inevitable, the black man is to furnish the manual labor for this vast result, then how urgent is our necessity for removing from him all sense of grievance that we rightly may remove, and all impediment to his every proper aspiration, ere the bright, amiable influences of green fields and unsoiled streams, of leafy woods, clear sky, fragrant airs, and song of birds pass out of his life, and the sooty, hardening, dulling toils of the coal-pit and the furnace, and the huddled life that goes with it, breed a new bad knowledge of the power of numbers and a thirst for ferocious excitements, and make him the dangerous and intractable animal that now he is not. For our own interests, one and all of them, we ought to lose no time.

Our task is one whose difficulties can never be less, its facilities never be greater. We have no wars to distract and preoccupy. Here is a kindly race of poor men unlearned in the evil charms of unions, leagues, secret orders, strikes and bread-riots; looking not upon the capitalist as a natural enemy; stranger to all those hos-

* See open letter in THE CENTURY for May, 1885.

tilities against the richer and stronger world around them which drive apart the moneyed man and the laborer wherever living has become a hard struggle. What an opportunity is ours to-day that will never return when once it goes from us. Look at Ireland.

XII. "MOVE ON."

We occupy, moreover, a ground on which we cannot remain. It is not where we stood at the war's end. We approve the freedman's ownership of himself. We see and feel there is no going back from universal suffrage. And its advocate may make a point of tremendous strength in the fact that this very universality of suffrage is what has bred in the South a new sense of the necessity of public education for all and of whatever else will enlighten and elevate the lower mass. Ignorance, penury, unintelligence, and the vices that go with them — the bonds that hold the freedman down from beneath — we are helping them to cast off. But to cut these loose and still lay on the downward pressure of civil caste — is there any consistency in this? We cannot do it and respect our own intelligence. Socially we can do nothing for the freedman or against him by rule or regulation. That is a matter, as we might say, of specific gravity. But as to his civil rights, we cannot stay where we are. Neither can we go backward.

To go forward we must cure one of our old-time habits — the habit of letting error go uncontradicted because it is ours. It grew out of our having an institution to defend that made a united front our first necessity. We have none now. Slavery is gone. State rights are safer than ever before, because better defined; or, if unsafe, only because *we* have grown loose on the subject. We have nothing peculiar left save civil caste. Let us, neighbor with neighbor, and friend with friend, speak of it, think of it, write of it, get rid of it. Ruskin's words seem almost meant for our moment and region: "For now some ten or twelve years," he says, "I have been asking every good writer whom I know to write some part of what was exactly true, in the greatest of the sciences, that of Humanity." We speak for this when we speak truly against civil caste. It is caste that the immortal Heber calls "a system which tends . . . to destroy the feelings of general benevolence." As far, then, as civil rights are concerned, at least, let us be rid of it. This done, the words North and South shall mean no more than East or West, signifying only directions and regions, and not antipodal ideas of right and government; and though each of us shall love his own State with ardor, the finest word to our ear as citizens shall be America.

To her we see irreversibly assigned the latest, greatest task in the "science of Humanity": to burst the last chrysalis of the national relation and consummate its last grand metamorphosis. Once it knew no wider bound than the tribal relation. But the day is on us at length, the problem is ours, and its great weight and responsibility and the honor of it when achieved rest and will rest on our Southern States. It is to make national harmony and unity broader than race; to crystallize into fact the truth that national unity need not demand unification of race; to band together — without one single class disability or privilege diminishing or enhancing any individual's intrinsic value — in that one common, undistinguished enjoyment of every human civil right which only can insure national harmony and unity, two antipodal races; two races that have no wish to, and for all we know never will, mingle their two bloods in one stream.

Nationalization *by* fusion of bloods is the maxim of barbarous times and peoples. Nationalization *without* racial confusion is ours to profess and to procure. It is not a task of our choosing. But our fathers, unawares, entailed it upon us, and we cannot but perform it. We cannot hold American principles in perfect faith and not do it. The good doctrine of liberty to all and license to none thrusts it inevitably into our hands. To make national unity without hybridity — the world has never seen it done as we have got to do it; but it is the business of every generation that comes into the world to bring into it better things than it has ever seen. We have got to build a nationality as free from all civil estrangement as from social confusion, yet wider than the greatest divergence of human races. This is the meaning of the great revolution upon us to-day. Daily the number increases of those who grasp it. A little while ago the whole nation rejected it. To reject it to-day is to be left behind the nation's best thought. How fast that thought is spreading in the South few know. Like the light of kindling watch-fires it is catching from mind to mind. The best men of the South are coming daily into convictions that condemn their own beliefs of yesterday as the antiquated artillery of an outgrown past; and to the present writer, as one who himself found this not easy, but hard, to do, it seems no improbability that our traditionist friends, even before this reply can reach them, may be found ranging themselves among that number, for the promotion of this revolution that everybody knows must come. To say what must, is to say what will be; and so shall the reproach of slavery, the greatest moral mistake made by the whole American nation, be swallowed up in the honor of this noble gain for the cause of humanity and universal peace.

G. W. Cable.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXV.

THEY passed through two or three small, short streets, which, with their little wooden houses, with still more wooden door-yards, looked as if they had been constructed by the nearest carpenter and his boy,—a sightless, soundless, interspaced, embryonic region,—and entered a long avenue which, fringed on either side with fresh villas, offering themselves trustfully to the public, had the distinction of a wide pavement of neat red brick. The new paint on the square detached houses shone afar off in the transparent air: they had, on top, little cupolas and belvederes, in front a pillared piazza made bare by the indoor life of winter, on either side a bow-window or two, and everywhere an embellishment of little scallops, brackets, cornices, wooden flourishes. They stood, for the most part, on little eminences, lifted above the impertinence of hedge or paling, well up before the world, with all the good conscience which in many cases came, as Ransom saw (and he had noticed the same ornament when he traversed with Olive the quarter of Boston inhabited by Miss Birdseye), from a silvered number, affixed to the glass above the door, in figures huge enough to be read by the people who, in the periodic horse-cars, traveled along the middle of the avenue. It was to these convenient badges that many of the houses on either side owed their principal identity. One of the horse-cars now advanced in the straight, spacious distance; it was almost the only object that animated the prospect, which, in its large cleanness, its implication of strict business habits on the part of all the people who were not there, Ransom thought very impressive. As he went on with Verena he asked her about the Women's Convention, the year before; whether it had accomplished much work and she had enjoyed it.

"What do you care about the work it accomplished?" said the girl. "You don't take any interest in that."

"You mistake my attitude. I don't like it, but I greatly fear it."

In answer to this Verena gave a free laugh. "I don't believe you fear much!"

"The bravest men have been afraid of women. Won't you even tell me whether you enjoyed it? I am told you made an immense sensation there—that you leaped into fame."

Verena never waved off an allusion to her ability, her eloquence; she took it seriously, without any flutter or protest, and had no more manner about it than if it concerned the goddess Minerva. "I believe I attracted considerable attention; of course, that's what Olive wants — it paves the way for future work. I have no doubt I reached many that wouldn't have been reached otherwise. They think that's my great use—to take hold of the outsiders, as it were; of those that are prejudiced or thoughtless, or that don't care about anything unless it's amusing. I wake up the attention."

"That's the class to which I belong," Ransom said. "Am I not an outsider? I wonder whether you would have reached me — or waked up my attention!"

Verena was silent awhile, as they walked; he heard the light click of her boots on the smooth bricks. Then — "I think I *have* waked it up a little," she replied, looking straight before her.

"Most assuredly! You have made me wish tremendously to contradict you."

"Well, that's a good sign."

"I suppose it was very exciting — your convention," Ransom went on, in a moment; "the sort of thing you would miss very much if you were to return to the ancient fold."

"The ancient fold, you say very well, where women were slaughtered like sheep! Oh, last June, for a week, we just quivered! There were delegates from every State and every city; we lived in a crowd of people and of ideas; the heat was intense, the weather magnificent, and great thoughts and brilliant sayings flew round like darting fire-flies. Olive had six celebrated, high-minded women staying in her house—two in a room; and in the summer evenings we sat in the open windows, in her parlor, looking out on the bay, with the lights gleaming in the water, and talked over the doings of the morning, the speeches, the incidents, the fresh contributions to the cause. We had some tremendously

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earnest discussions, which it would have been a benefit to you to hear, or any man who doesn't think that we can rise to the highest point. Then we had some refreshment — we consumed quantities of ice-cream!" said Verena, in whom the note of gayety alternated with that of earnestness, almost of exaltation, in a manner which seemed to Basil Ransom absolutely and fascinatingly original. "Those were great nights!" she added, between a laugh and a sigh.

Her description of the convention put the scene before him vividly; he seemed to see the crowded, overheated hall, which he was sure was filled with carpet-baggers, to hear flushed women, with loosened bonnet-strings, forcing their voices into ineffectual shrillness. It made him angry, and all the more angry that he hadn't a reason, to think of the charming creature at his side being mixed up with such elements, pushed and elbowed by them, conjoined with them in emulation, in unsightly strainings and clappings and shoutings, in wordy, windy iteration of inanities. Worst of all was the idea that she should have expressed such a congregation to itself so acceptably, have been acclaimed and applauded by hoarse throats, have been lifted up, to all the vulgar multitude, as the queen of the occasion. He made the reflection, afterwards, that he was singularly ill-grounded in his wrath, inasmuch as it was none of his business what use Miss Tarrant chose to make of her energies, and, in addition to this, nothing else was to have been expected of her. But that reflection was absent now, and in its absence he saw only the fact that his companion had been odiously perverted. "Well, Miss Tarrant," he said, with a deeper seriousness than showed in his voice, "I am forced to the painful conclusion that you are simply ruined."

"Ruined? Ruined yourself!"

"Oh, I know the kind of women that Miss Chancellor had at her house, and what a group you must have made when you looked out on the Back Bay! It depresses me very much to think of it."

"We made a lovely, interesting group, and if we had had a spare minute we would have been photographed," Verena said.

This led him to ask her if she had ever subjected herself to that process; and she answered that a photographer had been after her as soon as she got back from Europe, and that she had sat for him, and that there were certain shops in Boston where her portrait could be obtained. She gave him this information very simply, without pretense of vagueness of knowledge, spoke of the matter rather respectfully, indeed, as if it might be of some importance; and when he said that he should go and buy one of the little pictures as soon as he returned to town, contented herself with replying, "Well, be sure and pick out a good one!" He had not been altogether without a hope that she would offer to give him one, with her name written beneath, which was a mode of acquisition he would greatly have preferred; but this, evidently, had not occurred to her, and now, as they went further, her thought was following a different train. That was proved by her remarking, at the end of a silence, inconsequently, "Well, it showed I have a great use!" As he stared, wondering what she meant, she explained that she referred to the brilliancy of her success at the convention. "It proved I have a great use," she repeated, "and that is all I care for!"

"The use of a truly amiable woman is to make some honest man happy," Ransom said, with a sententiousness of which he was perfectly aware.

It was so marked that it caused her to stop short in the middle of the broad walk, while she looked at him with shining eyes. "See here, Mr. Ransom, do you know what strikes me?" she exclaimed. "The interest you take in me isn't really controversial — a bit. It's quite personal!" She was the most extraordinary girl; she could speak such words as those without the smallest look of added consciousness coming into her face, without the least supposable intention of coquetry, or any visible purpose of challenging the young man to say more.

"My interest in you — my interest in you," he began. Then hesitating, he broke off suddenly. "It is certain your discovery doesn't make it any less!"

"Well, that's better," she went on; "for we needn't dispute."

He laughed at the way she arranged it, and they presently reached the irregular group of heterogeneous buildings — chapels, dormitories, libraries, halls — which, scattered among slender trees, over a space reserved by means of a low rustic fence, rather than inclosed (for Harvard knows nothing either of the jealousy or the dignity of high walls and guarded gateways), constitutes the great university of Massachusetts. The yard, or college-precinct, is traversed by a number of straight little paths, over which, at certain hours of the day, a thousand undergraduates, with books under their arm and youth in their step, flit from one school to another. Verena Tarrant knew her way round, as she said to her companion; it was not the first time she had taken an admiring visitor to see the local monuments. Basil Ransom, walking with her from point to point, admired them all, and

thought several of them exceedingly quaint and venerable. The rectangular structures of old red brick especially gratified his eye; the afternoon sun was yellow on their homely faces; their windows showed a peep of flower-pots and bright-colored curtains; they wore an expression of scholastic quietude, and exhaled for the young Mississippian a tradition, an antiquity. "This is the place where I ought to have been," he said to his charming guide. "I should have had a good time if I had been able to study here."

"Yes; I presume you feel yourself drawn to any place where ancient prejudices are garnered up," she answered, not without archness. "I know by the stand you take about our cause that you share the superstitions of the old bookmen. You ought to have been at one of those really mediæval universities that we saw on the other side, at Oxford, or Göttingen, or Padua. You would have been in perfect sympathy with their spirit."

"Well, I don't know much about those old haunts," Ransom rejoined. "I guess this is good enough for me. And then it would have had the advantage that your residence isn't far, you know."

"Oh, I guess we shouldn't have seen you much at my residence! As you live in New York, you come, but here you wouldn't; that is always the way." With this light philosophy Verena beguiled the transit to the library, into which she introduced her companion with the air of a person familiar with the sanctified spot. This edifice, a diminished copy of the chapel of King's College, at the greater Cambridge, is a rich and impressive institution; and as he stood there, in the bright, heated stillness, which seemed suffused with the odor of old print and old bindings, and looked up into the high, light vaults that hung over quiet book-laden galleries, alcoves, and tables, and glazed cases where rarer treasures gleamed more vaguely, over busts of benefactors and portraits of worthies, bowed heads of working students, and the gentle creak of passing messengers — as he took possession, in a comprehensive glance, of the wealth and wisdom of the place, he felt more than ever the soreness of an opportunity missed; but he abstained from expressing it (it was too deep for that), and in a moment Verena had introduced him to a young lady, a friend of hers, who, as she explained, was working on the catalogue, and whom she had asked for on entering the library, at a desk where another young lady was occupied. Miss Catching, the first-mentioned young lady, presented herself with promptness, offered Verena a low-toned but appreciative greeting, and, after a little, undertook to explain to Ransom the mysteries of the catalogue, which consisted of a myriad little cards, disposed alphabetically in immense chests of drawers. Ransom was deeply interested, and as, with Verena, he followed Miss Catching about (she was so good as to show them the establishment in all its ramifications), he considered with attention the young lady's fair ringlets and refined, anxious expression, saying to himself that this was in the highest degree a New England type. Verena found an opportunity to mention to him that she was wrapped up in the cause, and there was a moment during which he was afraid that his companion would expose him to her as one of its traducers; but there was that in Miss Catching's manner (and in the influence of the lofty halls), which deprecated loud pleasantry, and seemed to say, moreover, that if she were treated to such a revelation she should not know under what letter to range it.

"Now there is one place where perhaps it would be indelicate to take a Mississippian," Verena said, after this episode. "I mean the great place that towers above the others — that big building with the beautiful pinnacles, which you see from every point." But Basil Ransom had heard of the great Memorial Hall; he knew what memories it enshrined, and the worst that he should have to suffer there; and the ornate, overtopping structure, which was the finest piece of architecture he had ever seen, had moreover solicited his enlarged curiosity for the last half hour. He thought there was rather too much brick about it, but it was buttressed, cloistered, turreted, dedicated, inscribed, as he had never seen anything; though it didn't look old, it looked significant; it covered a large area, and it sprang majestic into the winter air. It was detached from the rest of the collegiate group, and stood in a grassy triangle of its own. As he approached it with Verena she suddenly stopped, to decline responsibility. "Now mind, if you don't like what's inside, it isn't my fault."

He looked at her an instant, smiling. "Is there anything against Mississippi?"

"Well, no, I don't think she is mentioned. But there is great praise of our young men in the war."

"It says they were brave, I suppose."

"Yes, it says so in Latin."

"Well, so they were — I know something about that," Basil Ransom said. "I must be brave enough to face them — it isn't the first time." And they went up the low steps and passed into the tall doors. The Memorial Hall of Harvard consists of three main divisions: one of them a theater, for academic ceremonies; another a vast refectory, covered

with a timbered roof, hung about with portraits and lighted by stained windows, like the halls of the colleges of Oxford; and the third, the most interesting, a chamber high, dim, and severe, consecrated to the sons of the university who fell in the long Civil War. Ransom and his companion wandered from one part of the building to another, and stayed their steps at several impressive points; but they lingered longest in the presence of the white, ranged tablets, each of which, in its proud, sad clearness, is inscribed with the name of a student-soldier. The effect of the place is singularly noble and solemn, and it is impossible to stand there without a lifting of the heart. It is erected to duty and honor, it speaks of sacrifice and example, seems a kind of temple to youth, manhood, and generosity. Most of them were young, all were in their prime, and all of them had fallen; this simple idea hovers before the visitor and makes him read with tenderness each name and place — names often without other history, and forgotten Southern battles. For Ransom these things were not a challenge nor a taunt; they touched him with respect, with the feeling of beauty. He was capable of being a generous foeman, and he forgot, now, the whole question of sides and parties; the simple emotion of the old fighting-time came back to him, and the monument around him seemed an embodiment of that memory; it arched over friends as well as enemies, the victims of defeat as well as the sons of triumph.

"It is very beautiful — but I think it is very dreadful!" This remark, from Verena, called him back to the present. "It's a real sin to put up such a building, just to glorify a lot of bloodshed. If it wasn't so impressive, I would have it pulled down."

"That is delightful feminine logic!" Ransom answered. "If, when women have the conduct of affairs, they fight as well as they reason, surely for them too we shall have to set up memorials."

Verena retorted that they would reason so well they would have no need to fight — they would usher in the reign of peace. "But this is very peaceful too," she added, looking about her; and she sat down on a low stone ledge, as if to enjoy the influence of the scene. Ransom left her alone for ten minutes; he wished to take another look at the inscribed tablets, and read again the names of the various engagements, at several of which he had been present. When he came back to her she greeted him abruptly, with a question which had no reference to the solemnity of the spot. "If Miss Birdseye knew you were coming out to see me, can't *she* easily tell Olive? Then won't Olive make her reflections about your neglect of herself?"

"I don't care for her reflections. At any rate, I asked Miss Birdseye, as a favor, not to mention to her that she had met me," Ransom added.

Verena was silent a moment. "Your logic is almost as good as a woman's. Do change your mind, and go and see her now," she went on. "She will probably be at home by the time you get to Charles street. If she was a little strange, a little stiff with you before (I know just how she must have been), all that will be different to-day."

"Why will it be different?"

"Oh, she will be easier, more genial, much softer."

"I don't believe it," said Ransom; and his skepticism seemed none the less complete because it was light and smiling.

"She is much happier now — she can afford not to mind you."

"Not to mind me? That's a nice inducement for a gentleman to go and see a lady!"

"Well, she will be more gracious, because she feels now that she is more successful."

"You mean because she has brought you out? Oh, I have no doubt that has cleared the air for her immensely, and you have improved her very much. But I have got a charming impression out here, and I have no wish to put another — which won't be charming, anyhow you arrange it — on top of it."

"Well, she will be sure to know you have been round here, at any rate," Verena rejoined.

"How will she know, unless you tell her?"

"I tell her everything," said the girl; and now, as soon as she had spoken, she blushed. He stood before her, tracing a figure on the mosaic pavement with his cane, conscious that in a moment they had become more intimate. They were discussing their affairs, which had nothing to do with the heroic symbols that surrounded them; but their affairs had suddenly grown so serious that there was no want of decency in their lingering there for the purpose. The implication that his visit might remain as a secret between them made them both feel it differently. To ask her to keep it so would have been, as it seemed to Ransom, a liberty, and, moreover, he didn't care so much as that; but if she were to prefer to do so, such a preference would only make him feel the more that his expedition had been a success.

"Oh, then, you can tell her this!" he said, in a moment.

"If I shouldn't, it would be the first ——" And Verena checked herself.

"You must arrange that with your conscience!" Ransom went on, laughing.

They came out of the hall, passed down the steps, and emerged from the Delta, as that portion of the college precinct is called. The afternoon had begun to wane, but the air was filled with a kind of pink brightness, and there was a cool, pure smell, a vague breath of spring.

"Well, if I don't tell Olive, then you must leave me here," said Verena, stopping in the path, and putting out a hand of farewell.

"I don't understand. What has that to do with it? Besides, I thought you said you *must* tell," Ransom added. In playing with the subject this way, in enjoying her visible hesitation, he was slightly conscious of a man's brutality — of being pushed by an impulse to test her good-nature, which seemed to have no limit. It showed no sign of perturbation as she answered:

"Well, I want to be free — to do as I think best. And, if there is a chance of my keeping it back, there mustn't be anything more — there must not, Mr. Ransom, really."

"Anything more? Why, what are you afraid there will be — if I should simply walk home with you?"

"I must go alone, I must hurry back to my mother," she said, for all reply. And she again put out her hand, which he had not taken before.

Of course, he took it now, and even held it a moment; he didn't like being dismissed, and was thinking of pretexts to linger. "Miss Birdseye said you would convert me, but you haven't yet," it came into his head to say.

"You can't tell yet; wait a little. My influence is peculiar; it sometimes comes out a long time afterwards!" This speech on Verena's part was evidently perfunctory, and the grandeur of her self-reference jocular; she was much more serious when she went on quickly, "Do you mean to say Miss Birdseye promised you that?"

"Oh, yes. Talk about influence! you should have seen the one I obtained over her!"

"Well, what good will it do, if I'm going to tell Olive about your visit?"

"Well, you see, I think she hopes you won't. She believes you are going to convert me privately — so that I shall blaze forth, suddenly, out of the darkness of Mississippi, as a first-class proselyte: very effective and dramatic."

Verena struck Basil Ransom as constantly simple, but there were moments when her candor seemed to him preternatural. "If I thought that would be the effect, I might make an exception," she remarked, speaking as if such a result were, after all, possible.

"Oh, Miss Tarrant, you will convert me enough, any way," said the young man.

"Enough? What do you mean by enough?"

"Enough to make me dreadfully unhappy."

She looked at him a moment, evidently not understanding; but she tossed him a retort at a venture, turned away, and took her course homeward. The retort was that if he should be unhappy it would serve him right — a form of words that committed her to nothing. As he returned to Boston he saw how curious he should be to learn whether she had betrayed him, as it were, to Miss Chancellor. He might learn through Mrs. Luna; that would almost reconcile him to going to see her again. Olive would mention it in writing to her sister, and Adeline would repeat the complaint. Perhaps she herself would even make him a scene about it; that would be, for him, part of the unhappiness he had foretold to Verena Tarrant.

XXVI.

"Mrs. Henry Burrage, at home Wednesday evening, March 26th, at half-past nine o'clock." It was in consequence of having received a card with these words inscribed upon it that Basil Ransom presented himself, on the evening she had designated, at the house of a lady he had never heard of before. The account of the relation of effect to cause is not complete, however, unless I mention that the card bore, furthermore, in the left-hand lower corner, the words: "An address from Miss Verena Tarrant." He had an idea (it came mainly from the look and even the odor of the engraved pasteboard) that Mrs. Burrage was a member of the fashionable world, and it was with considerable surprise that he found himself in such an element. He wondered what had induced a denizen of that finer ether to send him an invitation; then he said to himself that, obviously, Verena Tarrant had simply requested that this should be done. Mrs. Henry Burrage, whoever she might be, had asked her if she shouldn't like some of her own friends to be present, and she had said oh, yes, and mentioned him in the happy group. She had been able to give Mrs. Burrage his address, for had it not been contained in the short letter he dispatched to Monadnoc Place soon after his return from Boston, in which he thanked Miss Tarrant afresh for the charming hour she had enabled him to spend at Cambridge? She had not answered his letter at the time, but Mrs. Burrage's card was a very good answer. Such a missive deserved a rejoinder, and it was by way of rejoinder that he entered the street-car which, on the evening of March 26th, was to deposit him at a corner adjacent to Mrs. Burrage's dwelling. He almost never went to evening parties (he knew scarcely any one

who gave them, though Mrs. Luna had broken him in a little), and he was sure this occasion was of festive intention, would have nothing in common with the nocturnal "exercises" at Miss Birdseye's; but he would have exposed himself to almost any social discomfort in order to see Verena Tarrant on the platform. The platform it evidently was to be,—private if not public,—since one was admitted by a ticket given away if not sold. He took his in his pocket, quite ready to present it at the door. It would take some time for me to explain the contradiction to the reader; but Basil Ransom's desire to be present at one of Verena's regular performances was not diminished by the fact that he detested her views and thought the whole business a pitiful mistake. He understood her now very well (since his visit to Cambridge); he saw she was honest and natural; she had queer, bad lecture-blood in her veins, and a comically false idea of the aptitude of little girls for conducting movements; but her enthusiasm was of the purest; her illusions had a fragrance, and so far as the mania for producing herself personally was concerned, it had been distilled into her by people who worked her for ends which to Basil Ransom could only appear insane. She was a touching, ingenuous victim, unconscious of the pernicious forces which were hurrying her to her ruin. With this idea of ruin there had already associated itself in the young man's mind, the idea—a good deal more dim and incomplete—of rescue; and it was the disposition to confirm himself in the view that her charm was her own, and her perversity, her absurdity, a mere reflection of unlucky circumstance, that led him to make an effort to behold her in the position in which he could least bear to think of her. Such a glimpse was all that was wanted to prove to him that she was a person for whom he might open an unlimited credit of tender compassion. He expected to suffer—to suffer deliciously.

By the time he had crossed Mrs. Burrage's threshold there was no doubt whatever in his mind that he was in the fashionable world. It was embodied strikingly in the stout, elderly, ugly lady, dressed in a brilliant color, with a twinkle of jewels and a bosom much uncovered, who stood near the door of the first room, and with whom the people passing in before him were shaking hands. Ransom made her a Mississippian bow, and she said she was delighted to see him, while people behind him pressed him forward. He yielded to the impulsion, and found himself in a great saloon, amid lights and flowers, where the company was dense, and there were more twinkling, smiling ladies, with uncovered bosoms. It was certainly the fashionable world, for there was no one there whom he had ever seen before. The walls of the room were covered with pictures—the very ceiling was painted and framed. The people pushed each other a little, edged about, advanced and retreated, looking at each other with differing faces,—sometimes blandly, unperceivingly, sometimes with a harshness of contemplation, a kind of cruelty, Ransom thought; sometimes with sudden nods and grimaces, inarticulate murmurs, followed by a quick reaction, a sort of gloom. He was now absolutely certain that he was in the best society. He was carried further and further forward, and saw that another room stretched beyond the one he had entered, in which there was a sort of little stage, covered with a red cloth, and an immense collection of chairs, arranged in rows. He became aware that people looked at him, as well as at each other, rather more, indeed, than at each other, and he wondered whether it were very visible in his appearance that his being there was a kind of exception. He didn't know how much his head looked over the heads of others, or that his brown complexion, fuliginous eye, and straight black hair, the leonine fall of which I mentioned in the first page of this narrative, gave him that relief which, in the best society, has the great advantage of suggesting a topic. But there were other topics besides, as was proved by a fragment of conversation between two ladies, which reached his ear while he stood rather wistfully wondering where Verena Tarrant might be.

"Are you a member?" one of the ladies said to the other. "I didn't know you had joined."

"Oh, I haven't; nothing would induce me."

"That's not fair; you have all the fun and none of the responsibility."

"Oh, the fun—the fun!" exclaimed the second lady.

"You needn't abuse us, or I'll never invite you," said the first.

"Well, I thought it was meant to be improving; that's all I mean; very good for the mind. Now, this woman to-night; isn't she from Boston?"

"Yes, I believe they nave brought her on, just for this."

"Well, you must be pretty desperate when you have got to go to Boston for your entertainment."

"Well, there's a similar society there, and I never heard of their sending to New York."

"Of course not, they think they have got everything. But doesn't it make your life a burden, thinking what you can possibly have?"

"Oh, dear, no. I am going to hear Pro-

fessor Gougenheim — all about the Talmud. You must come."

"Well, I'll come," said the second lady; "but nothing would induce me to be a regular member."

Whatever the mystic circle might be, Ransom agreed with the second lady that regular membership must have terrors, and he admired her independence in such an artificial world. A considerable part of the company had now directed itself to the further apartment — people had begun to occupy the chairs, to confront the empty platform. He reached the wide doors, and saw that the place was a spacious music-room, decorated in white and gold, with a polished floor and with marble busts of composers, on brackets attached to the delicate panels. He forbore to enter, however, being shy about taking a seat, and seeing that the ladies were arranging themselves first. He turned back into the first room, to wait till the audience had massed itself, conscious that even if he were behind every one he should be able to make a long neck; and here, suddenly, in a corner, his eyes rested upon Olive Chancellor. She was seated a little apart, in an angle of the room, and she was looking straight at him; but as soon as she perceived that he saw her, she dropped her eyes, giving no sign of recognition. Ransom hesitated a moment, but the next he went straight over to her. It had been in his mind that if Verena Tarrant was there, *she* would be there; an instinct told him that Miss Chancellor would not allow her dear friend to come to New York without her. It was very possible she meant to "cut" him — especially if she knew of his having cut her, the other week, in Boston; but it was his duty to take for granted she would speak to him, until the contrary should be definitely proved. Though he had seen her only twice, he remembered well how acutely shy she was capable of being, and he thought it possible one of these spasms had seized her at the present time.

When he stood before her he found his conjecture perfectly just; she was white with the intensity of her self-consciousness; she was altogether in a very uncomfortable state. She made no response to his offers to shake hands with her, and he saw that she would never go through that ceremony again. She looked up at him when he spoke to her, and her lips moved; but her face was intensely grave, and her eye had almost a feverish light. She had evidently got into her corner to be out of the way; he recognized in her the air of an interloper, as he had felt it in himself. The small sofa on which she had placed herself had the form to which the French give the name of *causeuse;* there was room on it for just another person, and Ransom asked her, with a cheerful accent, if he might sit down beside her. She turned towards him when he had done so, turned everything but her eyes, and opened and shut her fan while she waited for her fit of diffidence to pass away. Ransom himself didn't wait; he took a jocular tone about their encounter, asking her if she had come to New York to rouse the people. She glanced round the room; the backs of Mrs. Burrage's guests, mainly, were presented to them, and their position was partly masked by a pyramid of flowers which rose from a pedestal close to Olive's end of the sofa and diffused a fragrance in the air.

"Do you call these the 'people'?" she asked.

"I haven't the least idea. I don't know who any of them are, not even who Mrs. Henry Burrage is. I simply received an invitation."

Miss Chancellor gave him no information on the point he had mentioned; she only said, in a moment: "Do you go wherever you are invited?"

"Why, I go if I think I may find you there," the young man replied gallantly. "My card mentioned that Miss Tarrant would give an address, and I knew that wherever she is you are not far off. I have heard you are inseparable, from Mrs. Luna."

"Yes, we are inseparable. That is exactly why I am here."

"It's a fashionable world, then, you are going to stir up."

Olive remained for some time with her eyes fastened to the floor; then she flashed them up at her interlocutor. "It's a part of our life to go anywhere — to carry our work where it seems most needed. We have taught ourselves to stifle repulsion, distaste."

"Oh, I think this is very amusing," said Ransom. "It's a beautiful house, and there are some very pretty faces. We haven't anything so brilliant in Mississippi."

To everything he said, Olive offered at first a momentary silence, but the worst of her shyness was apparently leaving her.

"Are you successful in New York? do you like it?" she presently asked, uttering the inquiry in a tone of infinite melancholy, as if the eternal sense of duty forced it from her lips.

"Oh, successful! I am not successful as you and Miss Tarrant are; for (to my barbaric eyes) it is a great sign of prosperity to be the heroines of an occasion like this."

"Do I look like the heroine of an occasion?" asked Olive Chancellor, without an intention of humor, but with an effect that was almost comical.

"You would if you didn't hide yourself

away. Are you not going into the other room to hear the speech? Everything is prepared."

"I am going when I am notified — when I am invited."

There was considerable majesty in her tone, and Ransom saw that something was wrong, that she felt neglected. To see that she was as ticklish with others as she had been with him made him feel forgiving, and there was in his manner a perfect disposition to forget their differences as he said, "Oh, there is plenty of time; the place isn't half full yet."

She made no direct rejoinder to this, but she asked him about his mother and sisters, what news he received from the South. "Have they any happiness?" she inquired, rather as if she warned him to take care not to pretend they had. He neglected her warning to the point of saying that there was one happiness they always had — that of having learned not to think about it too much, and to make the best of their circumstances. She listened to this with an air of great reserve, and apparently thought he had wished to give her a lesson; for she suddenly broke out, "You mean that you have traced a certain line for them, and that that's all you know about it!"

Ransom stared at her, surprised; he felt, now, that she would always surprise him. "Ah, don't be rough with me," he said, in his soft, Southern voice; "don't you remember how you knocked me about when I called on you in Boston?"

"You hold us in chains, and then, when we writhe in our agony, you say we don't behave prettily!" These words, which didn't lessen Ransom's wonderment, were the young lady's answer to his deprecatory speech. She saw that he was honestly bewildered and that in a moment more he would laugh at her, as he had done a year and a half before (she remembered it as if it had been yesterday); and to stop that off, at any cost, she went on, hurriedly,— "If you listen to Miss Tarrant, you will know what I mean."

"Oh, Miss Tarrant — Miss Tarrant!" and Basil Ransom's laughter came.

She had not escaped that mockery, after all, and she looked at him sharply now, her embarrassment having quite cleared up. "What do you know about her? What observation have you had?"

Ransom met her eye, and for a moment they scrutinized each other. Did she know of his interview with Verena a month before, and was her reserve simply the wish to place on him the burden of declaring that he had been to Boston since they last met, and yet had not called in Charles street? He thought there was suspicion in her face; but in regard to Verena she would always be suspicious. If he had done at that moment just what would gratify him, he would have said to her that he knew a great deal about Miss Tarrant, having lately had a long walk and talk with her; but he checked himself, with the reflection that if Verena had not betrayed him it would be very wrong in him to betray her. The sweetness of the idea that she should have thought the episode of his visit to Monadnoc Place worth placing under the rose, was quenched for the moment in his regret at not being able to let his disagreeable cousin know that he had passed *her* over. "Don't you remember my hearing her speak that night at Miss Birdseye's?" he said presently; "and I met her the next day at your house, you know."

"She has developed greatly since then," Olive remarked, drily; and Ransom felt sure that Verena had held her tongue.

At this moment a gentleman made his way through the clusters of Mrs. Burrage's guests and presented himself to Olive. "If you will do me the honor to take my arm, I will find a good seat for you in the other room. It's getting to be time for Miss Tarrant to reveal herself. I have been taking her into the picture-room; there were some things she wanted to see. She is with my mother now," he added, as if Miss Chancellor's grave face constituted a sort of demand for an explanation of her friend's absence. "She said she was a little nervous; so I thought we would just move about."

"It's the first time I have ever heard of that!" said Olive Chancellor, preparing to surrender herself to the young man's guidance. He told her that he had reserved the best seat for her; it was evidently his desire to conciliate her and to treat her as a person of importance. Before leading her away, he shook hands with Ransom and remarked that he was very glad to see him; and Ransom saw that he must be the master of the house, though he could scarcely be the son of the stout lady in the doorway. He was a fresh, pleasant, handsome young man, with a bright, friendly manner; he recommended Ransom to take a seat in the other room, without delay; if he had never heard Miss Tarrant he would have one of the greatest pleasures of his life.

"Oh, Mr. Ransom only comes to ventilate his prejudices," Miss Chancellor said, as she turned her back to her kinsman. He shrank from pushing into the front of the company, which was now rapidly filling the music-room, and contented himself with lingering in the doorway, where several gentlemen were stationed. The seats were all occupied, all, that is, save one, towards which he saw Miss Chancellor and her companion direct themselves, squeezing and edging past the people who

were standing up against the walls. This was quite in front, close to the little platform; every one noticed Olive as she went, and Ransom heard a gentleman near him say to another,—"I guess she's one of the same kind." He looked for Verena, but she was apparently keeping out of sight. Suddenly he felt himself smartly tapped on the back, and, turning round, perceived Mrs. Luna, who had been prodding him with her fan.

XXVII.

"You won't speak to me in my own house—that I have almost grown used to; but if you are going to pass me over in public, I think you might give me warning first." This was only her archness, and he knew what to make of that now; she was dressed in yellow and looked very plump and gay. He wondered at the unerring instinct by which she had discovered his exposed quarter. The outer room was completely empty; she had come in at the further door and found the field free for her operations. He offered to find her a place where she could see and hear Miss Tarrant, to get her a chair to stand on, even, if she wished to look over the heads of the gentlemen in the doorway; a proposal which she greeted with the inquiry,—"Do you suppose I came here for the sake of that little chatterbox? haven't I told you what I think of her?"

"Well, you certainly did not come here for my sake," said Ransom, anticipating this insinuation; "for you couldn't possibly have known I was coming."

"I guessed it—a presentiment told me!" Mrs. Luna declared; and she looked up at him with searching, accusing eyes. "I know what you have come for," she cried in a moment. "You never mentioned to me that you knew Mrs. Burrage!"

"I don't—I never had heard of her till she asked me."

"Then why in the world *did* she ask you?"

Ransom had spoken a trifle rashly; it came over him, quickly, that there were reasons why he had better not have said that. But almost as quickly he covered up his mistake. "I suppose your sister was so good as to ask for a card for me."

"My sister? My grandmother! I know how Olive loves you. Mr. Ransom, you are very deep." She had drawn him well into the room, out of earshot of the group in the doorway, and he felt that if she should be able to compass her wish she would organize a little entertainment for herself, in the outer drawing-room, in opposition to Miss Tarrant's address. "Please come and sit down here a moment; we shall be quite undisturbed. I have something very particular to say to you." She led the way to the little sofa in the corner, where he had been talking with Olive a few minutes before, and he accompanied her, with extreme reluctance, grudging the moments that he should be obliged to give to her. He had quite forgotten that he once had a vision of spending his life in her society, and he looked at his watch as he made the observation:

"I haven't the least idea of losing any of the sport in there, you know."

He felt, the next instant, that he oughtn't to have said that either; but he was irritated, disconcerted, and he couldn't help it. It was in the nature of a gallant Mississippian to do everything a lady asked him, and he had never, remarkable as it may appear, been in the position of finding such a request so incompatible with his own desires as now. It was a new predicament, for Mrs. Luna evidently meant to keep him if she could. She looked round the room, more and more pleased at their having it to themselves, and for the moment said nothing more about the singularity of his being there. On the contrary, she became freshly jocular, remarked that now they had got hold of him they wouldn't easily let him go, they would make him entertain them, induce him to give a lecture—on the "Lights and Shadows of Southern Life," or the "Social Peculiarities of Mississippi"—before the Wednesday Club.

"And what in the world is the Wednesday Club? I suppose it's what those ladies were talking about," Ransom said.

"I don't know your ladies, but the Wednesday Club is *this*. I don't mean you and me here together, but all those deluded beings in the other room. It is New York trying to be like Boston. It is the culture, the good form of the metropolis. You might not think it, but it is. It's the 'quiet set'; they *are* quiet enough; you might hear a pin drop in there. Is some one going to offer up a prayer? How happy Olive must be, to be taken so seriously! They form an association for meeting at each other's houses, every week, and having some performance, or some paper read, or some subject explained. The more dreary it is and the more fearful the subject, the more they think it is what it ought to be. They have an idea this is the way to make New York society intellectual. There's a sumptuary law—isn't that what you call it?—about suppers, and they restrict themselves to a kind of Spartan broth. When it's made by their French cooks it isn't bad. Mrs. Burrage is one of the principal members—one

of the founders, I believe; and when her turn has come round formerly — it comes only once in the winter for each — I am told she has usually had very good music. But that is thought rather a base evasion, a begging of the question; the vulgar set can easily keep up with them on music. So Mrs. Burrage conceived the extraordinary idea"— and it was wonderful to hear how Mrs. Luna pronounced that adjective — "of sending on to Boston for that girl. It was her son, of course, who put it into her head; he has been at Cambridge for some years — that's where Verena lived, you know — and he was as thick with her as you please out there. Now that he is no longer there, it suits him very well to have her here. She is coming on a visit to his mother when Olive goes. I asked them to stay with me, but Olive declined, majestically; she said they wished to be in some place where they would be free to receive 'sympathizing friends.' So they are staying at some extraordinary kind of New Jerusalem boarding-house, in Tenth street; Olive thinks it's her duty to go to such places. I was greatly surprised that she should let Verena be drawn into such a worldly crowd as this; but she told me they had made up their minds not to let *any* occasion slip, that they could sow the seed of truth in drawing-rooms as well as in workshops, and that if a single person was brought round to their ideas they should have been justified in coming on. That's what they are doing in there — sowing the seed; but you shall not be the one that's brought round, I shall take care of that. Have you seen my delightful sister yet? The way she *does* arrange herself when she wants to protest against frills! She looks as if she thought it pretty barren ground round here, now she has come to see it. I don't think she thinks you can be saved in a French dress, anyhow. I must say I call it *very* base evasion of Mrs. Burrage's — producing Verena Tarrant; it's worse than the meretricious music. Why didn't she honestly send for a *ballerina* from Niblo's — if she wanted a young woman capering about on a platform? They don't care a fig about poor Olive's ideas; it's only because Verena has strange hair, and shiny eyes, and gets herself up like a prestidigitator's assistant. I have never understood how Olive can reconcile herself to Verena's really low style of dress. I suppose it's only because her clothes are so fearfully made. You look as if you didn't believe me — but I assure you that the cut is revolutionary; and that's a salve to Olive's conscience."

Ransom was surprised to hear that he looked as if he didn't believe her, for he had found himself, after his first uneasiness, listening with considerable interest to her account of the circumstances under which Miss Tarrant was visiting New York. After a moment, as the result of some private reflection, he propounded this question: "Is the son of the lady of the house a handsome young man, very polite, in a white vest?

"I don't know the color of his vest — but he has a kind of fawning manner. Verena judges from that that he is in love with her."

"Perhaps he is," said Ransom. "You say it was his idea to get her to come on."

"Oh, he likes to flirt; that is highly probable."

"Perhaps she has brought him round."

"Not to where she wants, I think. The property is very large; he will have it all one of these days."

"Do you mean she wishes to impose on him the yoke of matrimony?" Ransom asked, with Southern languor.

"I believe she thinks matrimony an exploded superstition; but there is here and there a case in which it is still the best thing; when the gentleman's name happens to be Burrage and the young lady's Tarrant. I don't admire 'Burrage' so much myself. But I think she would have captured this present scion if it hadn't been for Olive. Olive stands between them — she wants to keep her in the single sisterhood; to keep her, above all, for herself. Of course she won't listen to her marrying, and she has put a spoke in the wheel. She has brought her to New York; that may seem against what I say; but the girl pulls hard, she has to humor her, to give her her head sometimes, to throw something overboard, in short, to save the rest. You may say, as regards Mr. Burrage, that it's a queer taste in a gentleman; but there is no arguing about that. It's queer taste in a lady, too; for she is a lady, poor Olive. You can see that to-night. She is dressed like a book-agent, but she is more distinguished than any one here. Verena, beside her, looks like a walking advertisement."

When Mrs. Luna paused, Basil Ransom became aware that, in the other room, Verena's address had begun; the sound of her clear, bright, ringing voice, an admirable voice for public uses, came to them from the distance. His eagerness to stand where he could hear her better, and see her into the bargain, made him start in his place, and this movement produced an outgush of mocking laughter on the part of his companion. But she didn't say — "Go, go, deluded man, I take pity on you!" she only remarked, with light impertinence, that he surely wouldn't be so wanting in gallantry as to leave a lady absolutely alone in a public place — it was so

Mrs. Luna was pleased to qualify Mrs. Burrage's drawing-room — in the face of her entreaty that he would remain with her. She had the better of poor Ransom, thanks to the superstitions of Mississippi. It was in his simple code a gross rudeness to withdraw from conversation with a lady at a party before another gentleman should have come to take one's place; it was to inflict on the lady a kind of outrage. The other gentlemen, at Mrs. Burrage's, were all too well occupied; there was not the smallest chance of one of them coming to his rescue. He couldn't leave Mrs. Luna, and yet he couldn't stay with her and lose the only thing he had come so much out of his way for. "Let me at least find you a place over there, in the doorway. You can stand upon a chair — you can lean on me."

"Thank you very much; I would much rather lean on this sofa. And I am much too tired to stand on chairs. Besides, I wouldn't for the world that either Verena or Olive should see me craning over the heads of the crowd — as if I attached the smallest importance to their perorations!"

"It isn't time for the peroration yet," Ransom said, with savage dryness; and he sat forward, with his elbow on his knees, his eyes on the ground, a flush in his sallow cheek.

"It's never time to say such things as those," Mrs. Luna remarked, arranging the frill of her dress.

"How do you know what she is saying?"

"I can tell by the way her voice goes up and down. It sounds so silly."

Ransom sat there five minutes longer,— minutes which, he felt, the recording angel ought to write down to his credit,— and asked himself how Mrs. Luna could be such a goose as not to see that she was making him hate her. But she was goose enough for anything. He tried to appear indifferent, and it occurred to him to doubt whether the Mississippi system could be right, after all. It certainly hadn't foreseen such a case as this. "It's as plain as day that Mr. Burrage intends to marry her — if he can," he said in a minute; that remark being better calculated than any other he could think of to dissimulate his real state of mind.

It drew no rejoinder from his companion, and after an instant he turned his head a little and glanced at her. The result of something that silently passed between them was to make her say, abruptly: "Mr. Ransom, my sister never sent you an invitation to this place. Didn't it come from Verena Tarrant?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"As you hadn't the least acquaintance with Mrs. Burrage, who else could it have come from?"

"If it came from Miss Tarrant, I ought at least to recognize her courtesy by listening to her."

"If you rise from this sofa, I will tell Olive what I suspect. She will be perfectly capable of carrying Verena off to China — or anywhere out of your reach."

"And pray what is it you suspect?"

"That you two have been in correspondence."

"Tell her whatever you like, Mrs. Luna," said the young man, with the grimness of resignation.

"You are quite unable to deny it, I see."

"I never contradict a lady."

"We shall see if I can't make you tell a fib. Haven't you been seeing Miss Tarrant, too?"

"Where should I have seen her? I can't see all the way to Boston, as you said the other day."

"Haven't you been there — on secret visits?"

Ransom started just perceptibly; but to conceal it, the next instant, he stood up.

"They wouldn't be secret if I were to tell you."

Looking down at her he saw that her words were a happy "hit," not the result of definite knowledge. But she appeared to him vain, egotistical, grasping, odious.

"Well, I shall give the alarm," she went on; "that is, I will if you leave me. Is that the way a Southern gentleman treats a lady? Do as I wish, and I will let you off!"

"You won't let me off from staying with you."

"Is it such a *corvée?* I never heard of such rudeness!" Mrs. Luna cried. "All the same, I am determined to keep you if I can!"

Ransom felt that she must be in the wrong, and yet superficially she seemed (and it was quite intolerable) to have right on her side. All this while Verena's golden voice, with her words indistinct, solicited, tantalized his ear. The question had evidently got on Mrs. Luna's nerves; she had reached that point of feminine embroilment when a woman is perverse for the sake of perversity, and even with a clear vision of bad consequences.

"You have lost your head," he relieved himself by saying, as he looked down at her.

"I wish you would go and get me some tea."

"You say that only to embarrass me." He had hardly spoken when a great sound of applause, the clapping of many hands, and the cry from fifty throats of "Brava, brava!" floated in and died away. All Ransom's pulses throbbed, he flung his scruples to the

winds, and after remarking to Mrs. Luna — still with all due ceremony — that he feared he must resign himself to forfeiting her good opinion, turned his back upon her and strode away to the open door of the music-room. "Well, I have never been so insulted!" he heard her exclaim, with exceeding sharpness, as he left her; and, glancing back at her, as he took up his position, he saw her still seated on her sofa,— alone in the lamp-lit desert,— with her eyes making across the empty space little vindictive points. Well, she could come where he was, if she wanted him so much; he would support her on an ottoman, and make it easy for her to see. But Mrs. Luna was uncompromising; he became aware, after a minute, that she had withdrawn, majestically, from the place, and he did not see her again that evening.

XXVIII.

He could command the music-room very well from where he stood, behind a thick outer fringe of intently listening men. Verena Tarrant was erect on her little platform, dressed in white, with flowers in her bosom. The red cloth beneath her feet looked rich in the light of lamps placed on high pedestals on either side of the stage; it gave her figure a setting of color which made it more pure and salient. She moved freely in her exposed isolation, yet with great sobriety of gesture; there was no table in front of her, and she had no notes in her hand, but stood there like an actress before the footlights, or a singer spinning vocal sounds to a silver thread. There was such a risk that a slim provincial girl, pretending to fascinate a couple of hundred *blasé* New Yorkers by simply giving them her ideas, would fail of her effect, that at the end of a few moments Basil Ransom became aware that he was watching her in very much the same excited way as if she had been performing, high above his head, on the trapeze. Yet, as one listened, it was impossible not to perceive that she was in perfect possession of her faculties, her subject, her audience; and he remembered the other time at Miss Birdseye's well enough to be able to measure the ground she had traveled since then. This exhibition was much more complete, her manner much more assured; she seemed to speak and survey the whole place from a much greater height. Her voice, too, had developed; he had forgotten how beautiful it could be when she raised it to its full capacity. Such a tone as that, so pure and rich, and yet so young, so natural, constituted in itself a talent; he didn't wonder that they had made a fuss about her at the Female Convention, if she filled their hideous hall with such a music. He had read, of old, of the *improvisatrice* of Italy, and this was a chastened, modern, American version of the type, a New England Corinna, with a mission instead of a lyre. The most graceful part of her was her earnestness, the way her delightful eyes, wandering over the "fashionable audience" (before which she was so perfectly unabashed), as if she wished to resolve it into a single sentient personality, seemed to say that the only thing in life she cared for was to put the truth into a form that would render conviction irresistible. She was as simple as she was charming, and there was not a glance or motion that didn't seem part of the pure, still-burning passion that animated her. She had indeed — it was manifest — reduced the company to unanimity; their attention was anything but languid; they smiled back at her when she smiled; they were noiseless, motionless when she was solemn; and it was evident that the entertainment which Mrs. Burrage had had the happy thought of offering to her friends would be memorable in the annals of the Wednesday Club. It was agreeable to Basil Ransom to think that Verena noticed him in his corner; her eyes played over her listeners so freely that you couldn't say they rested in one place more than another; nevertheless, a single rapid ray, which, however, didn't in the least strike him as a deviation from her ridiculous, fantastic, delightful argument, let him know that he had been missed and now was particularly spoken to. This glance was a sufficient assurance that his invitation had come to him by the girl's request. He took for granted the matter of her speech was ridiculous; how could it help being, and what did it signify if it was? She was none the less charming for that, and the moonshine she had been plied with was none the less moonshine for her being charming. After he had stood there a quarter of an hour, he became conscious that he shouldn't be able to repeat a word she had said; he hadn't definitely heeded it, and yet he hadn't lost a vibration of her voice. He had discovered Olive Chancellor by this time; she was in the front row of chairs, at the end, on the left; her back was turned to him, but he could see half her sharp profile, bent down a little and absolutely motionless. Even across the wide interval her attitude expressed to him a kind of rapturous stillness, the concentration of triumph. There were several irrepressible effusions of applause, instantly self-checked, but Olive never looked up, at the loudest, and such a calmness as that would only be the result of passionate volition. Success was in the air, and she was tasting it; she tasted it, as she did everything, in a way of her own. Success for Verena was

success for her, and Ransom was sure that the only thing wanting to her triumph was that he should have been placed in the line of her vision, so that she might enjoy his embarrassment and confusion, might say to him, in one of her dumb, cold flashes,— "*Now* do you think our movement is not a force — *now* do you think that women are meant to be slaves?" Honestly, he was not conscious of any confusion; it subverted none of his heresies to perceive that Verena Tarrant had even more power to fix his attention than he had hitherto supposed. It was fixed in a way it had not been yet, however, by his at last understanding her speech, feeling it reach his inner sense through the impediment of mere dazzled vision. Certain phrases took on a meaning for him — an appeal she was making to those who still resisted the beneficent influence of the truth. They appeared to be mocking, cynical men, mainly; many of whom were such triflers and idlers, so heartless and brainless that it didn't matter much what they thought on any subject; if the old tyranny needed to be propped up by *them*, it showed it was in a pretty bad way. But there were others whose prejudice was stronger and more cultivated, pretended to rest upon study and argument. To those she wished particularly to address herself; she wanted to waylay them, to say, "Look here, you're all wrong; you'll be so much happier when I have convinced you. Just give me five minutes," she would like to say; "just sit down here and let me ask a simple question. Do you think any state of society can come to good that is based upon an organized wrong?" That was the simple question that Verena desired to propound, and Basil smiled across the room at her with an amused tenderness, as he gathered that she conceived it to be a poser. He didn't think it would frighten him much if she were to ask him that, and he would sit down with her for as many minutes as she liked.

He, of course, was one of the systematic scoffers, one of those to whom she said — "Do you know how you strike me? You strike me as men who are starving to death while they have a cupboard at home, all full of bread and meat and wine; or as blind, demented beings who let themselves be cast into a debtor's prison, while in their pocket they have the key of vaults and treasure-chests heaped up with gold and silver. The meat and wine, the gold and silver," Verena went on, "are simply the suppressed and wasted force, the precious sovereign remedy, of which society insanely deprives itself — the genius, the intelligence, the inspiration of women. It is dying, inch by inch, in the midst of old superstitions which it invokes in vain, and yet it has the elixir of life in its hands. Let it drink but a draught and it will bloom once more; it will be refreshed, radiant; it will find its youth again. The heart, the heart is cold, and nothing but the touch of woman can warm it, make it act. We *are* the Heart of humanity, and let us have the courage to insist on it! The public life of the world will move in the same barren, mechanical, vicious circle — the circle of egotism, cruelty, ferocity, jealousy, greed, of blind striving to do things only for *some*, at the cost of others, instead of trying to do everything for all. All, all? Who dares to say 'all' when we are not there? We are an equal, a splendid, an inestimable part. Try us and you'll see — you will wonder how, without us, society has ever dragged itself even this distance — so wretchedly small compared with what it might have been — on its painful earthly pilgrimage. That is what I should like above all to pour into the ears of those who still hold out, who stiffen their necks and repeat hard, empty formulas, which are as dry as a broken gourd that has been flung away in the desert. I would take them by their selfishness, their indolence, their interest. I am not here to recriminate, nor to deepen the gulf that already yawns between the sexes, and I don't accept the doctrine that they are natural enemies, since my plea is for a union far more intimate — provided it be equal — than any that the sages and philosophers of former times have ever dreamed of. Therefore I shall not touch upon the subject of men's being most easily influenced by considerations of what is most agreeable and profitable for *them*; I shall simply assume that they *are* so influenced, and I shall say to them that our cause would long ago have been gained if their vision were not so dim, so veiled, even in matters in which their own interests are concerned. If they had the same quick sight as women, if they had the intelligence of the heart, the world would be very different now; and I assure you that half the bitterness of our lot is to see so clearly and not to be able to do! Good gentlemen all, if I could make you believe how much brighter and fairer and sweeter the garden of life would be for you, if you would only let us help you to keep it in order! You would like so much better to walk there, and you would find grass and trees and flowers that would make you think you were in Eden. That is what I should like to press home to each of you, personally, individually, — to give him the vision of the world as it hangs perpetually before me, redeemed, transfigured, by a new moral tone. There would be generosity, tenderness, sympathy, where there is now only brute force and sordid rivalry. But you really do strike me as stupid even about

your own welfare! Some of you say that we have already all the influence we can possibly require, and talk as if we ought to be grateful that we are allowed even to breathe. Pray, who shall judge what we require if not we ourselves? We require simply freedom; we require the lid to be taken off the box in which we have been kept for centuries. You say it's a very comfortable, cozy, convenient box, with nice glass sides, so that we can see out, and that all that's wanted is to give another quiet turn to the key. That is very easily answered. Good gentlemen, you have never been in the box, and you haven't the least idea how it feels!"

The historian who has gathered these documents together does not deem it necessary to give a larger specimen of Verena's eloquence, especially as Basil Ransom, through whose ears we are listening to it, arrived, at this point, at a definite conclusion. He had taken her measure as a public speaker, judged her importance in the field of discussion, the cause of reform. Her speech, in itself, had about the value of a pretty essay, committed to memory and delivered by a bright girl at an "academy"; it was vague, thin, rambling, a tissue of generalities that glittered agreeably enough in Mrs. Burrage's veiled lamplight. From any serious point of view it was neither worth answering nor worth considering, and Basil Ransom made his reflections on the crazy character of the age in which such a performance as that was treated as an intellectual effort, a contribution to a question. He asked himself what either he or any one else would think of it if Miss Chancellor — or even Mrs. Luna — had been on the platform instead of the actual declaimer. Nevertheless its importance was high, and consisted precisely, in part, of the fact that the voice was not the voice of Olive or of Adeline. Its importance was that Verena was unspeakably attractive, and this was all the greater for him in the light of the fact, which quietly dawned upon him as he stood there, that he was falling in love with her. It had tapped at his heart for recognition, and before he could hesitate or challenge, the door had sprung open and the mansion was illuminated. He gave no outward sign; he stood gazing as at a picture; but the room wavered before his eyes, even Verena's figure danced a little. This did not make the sequel of her discourse more clear to him; her meaning faded again into the agreeable vague, and he simply felt her presence, tasted her voice. Yet the act of reflection was not suspended; he found himself rejoicing that she was so weak in argument, so inevitably verbose. The idea that she was brilliant, that she counted as a factor only because the public mind was in a muddle, was not an humiliation but a delight to him; it was a proof that her apostleship was all nonsense, the most passing of fashions, the veriest of delusions, and that she was meant for something divinely different,— for privacy, for him, for love. He took no measure of the duration of her talk; he only knew, when it was over and succeeded by a clapping of hands, an immense buzz of voices and shuffling of chairs, that it had been deliciously bad, and that her personal success, wrapping it about with a glamour like the silver mist that surrounds a fountain, was such as to prevent its badness from being a cause of mortification to her lover. The company — such of it as did not immediately close together around Verena — filed away into the other rooms, bore him in its current into the neighborhood of a table spread for supper, where he looked for signs of the sumptuary law mentioned to him by Mrs. Luna. It appeared to be embodied mainly in the glitter of crystal and silver, and the fresh tints of mysterious viands and jellies, which looked desirable in the soft circle projected by lace-fringed lamps. He heard the popping of corks, he felt a pressure of elbows, a thickening of the crowd, perceived that he was glowered at, squeezed against the table by contending gentlemen who observed that he usurped space, was neither feeding himself nor helping others to feed. He had lost sight of Verena; she had been borne away in clouds of compliment; but he found himself thinking — almost paternally — that she must be hungry after so much chatter, and he hoped some one was getting her something to eat. After a moment, just as he was edging away, for his own opportunity to sup much better than usual was not what was uppermost in his mind, this little vision was suddenly embodied — embodied by the appearance of Miss Tarrant, who faced him, in the press, attached to the arm of a young man now recognizable to him as the son of the house — the smiling, fragrant youth who an hour before had interrupted his colloquy with Olive. He was leading her to the table, while people made way for them, covering Verena with gratulations of word and look. Ransom could see that, according to a phrase which came back to him just then, oddly, out of some novel or poem he had read of old, she was the cynosure of every eye. She looked beautiful, and they were a beautiful couple. As soon as she saw him, she put out her left hand to him — the other was in Mr. Burrage's arm — and said: "Well, don't you think it's all true?"

"No, not a word of it!" Ransom answered, with a kind of joyous sincerity. "But it doesn't make any difference."

"Oh, it makes a great deal of difference to me!" Verena cried.

"I mean to me. I don't care in the least whether I agree with you," Ransom said, looking askance at young Mr. Burrage, who had detached himself and was getting something for Verena to eat.

"Ah, well, if you are so indifferent!"

"It's not because I am indifferent!" His eyes came back to her own, the expression of which had changed before they quitted them.

She began to complain to her companion, who brought her something very dainty on a plate, that Mr. Ransom was "standing out," that he was about the hardest subject she had encountered yet. Henry Burrage smiled upon Ransom in a way that was meant to show he remembered having already spoken to him, while the Mississippian said to himself that there was nothing on the face of it to make it strange there should be between these fair, successful young persons some such question of love or marriage as Mrs. Luna had tattled about. Mr. Burrage was successful, he could see that in the turn of an eye; not perhaps as having a commanding intellect or a very strong character, but as being rich, polite, handsome, happy, amiable, and as wearing a splendid camelia in his button-hole. And that *he*, at any rate, thought Verena had succeeded was proved by the casual, civil tone, and the contented distraction of eye, with which he exclaimed, "You don't mean to say you were not moved by that! It's my opinion that Miss Tarrant will carry everything before her." He was so pleased himself, and so safe in his conviction, that it didn't matter to him what any one else thought; which was, after all, just Basil Ransom's own state of mind.

"Oh! I didn't say I wasn't moved," the Mississippian remarked.

"Moved the wrong way!" said Verena. "Never mind; you'll be left behind."

"If I am, you will come back to console me."

"*Back?* I'll never come back!" the girl replied, gayly.

"You'll be the very first!" Ransom went on, feeling himself now, and as if by a sudden clearing-up of his spiritual atmosphere, no longer in the vein for making the concessions of chivalry, and yet conscious that his words were an expression of homage

"Oh, I call that presumptuous!" Mr. Burrage exclaimed, turning away to get a glass of water for Verena, who had refused to accept champagne, mentioning that she had never drunk any in her life and that she associated a kind of iniquity with it. Olive had no wine in her house (not that Verena gave this explanation) but her father's old madeira and a little claret; of the former of which liquors Basil Ransom had highly approved the day he dined with her.

"Does he believe in all those lunacies?" he inquired, knowing perfectly what to think about the charge of presumption brought by Mr. Burrage.

"Why, he's crazy about our movement," Verena responded. "He's one of my most gratifying converts."

"And don't you despise him for it?"

"Despise him? Why, you seem to think I swing round pretty often!"

"Well, I have an idea that I shall see you swing round yet," Ransom remarked, in a tone in which it would have appeared to Henry Burrage, had he heard the words, that presumption was pushed to fatuity.

On Verena, however, they produced no impression that prevented her from saying simply, without the least rancor, "Well, if you expect to draw me back five hundred years, I hope you won't tell Miss Birdseye." And as Ransom did not seize immediately the reason of her allusion, she went on, "You know she is convinced it will be just the other way. I went to see her after you had been at Cambridge — almost immediately."

"Darling old lady — I hope she's well," the young man said.

"Well, she's tremendously interested."

"She's always interested in something, isn't she?"

"Well, this time it's in our relations, yours and mine," Verena replied, in the tone in which only Verena could say a thing like that. "You ought to see how she throws herself into them. She is sure it will all work round for your good."

"All what, Miss Tarrant?" Ransom asked.

"Well, what I told her. She is sure you are going to become one of our leaders, that you are very gifted for treating great questions and acting on masses of people, that you will become quite enthusiastic about our uprising, and that when you go up to the top as one of our champions, it will all have been through me."

Ransom stood there, smiling at her; the dusky glow in his eyes expressed a softness representing no prevision of such laurels, but which testified none the less to Verena's influence. "And what you want is that I shouldn't undeceive her?"

"Well, I don't want you to be hypocritical — if you *shouldn't* take our side; but I do think that it would be sweet if the dear old thing could just cling to her illusion. She won't live so very long, probably; she told me the other day she was ready for her final rest; so it wouldn't interfere much with your freedom.

She feels quite romantic about it — your being a Southerner and all, and not naturally in sympathy with Boston ideas, and your meeting her that way in the street and making yourself known to her. She won't believe but what I *shall* move you."

"Don't fear, Miss Tarrant, she shall be satisfied," Ransom said, with a laugh, which he could see she but partially understood. He was prevented from making his meaning more clear by the return of Mr. Burrage, bringing not only Verena's glass of water, but a smooth-faced, rosy, smiling old gentleman, who had a velvet waistcoat and thin white hair, brushed effectively, and whom he introduced to Verena under a name which Ransom recognized as that of a rich and venerable citizen, conspicuous for his public spirit and his large alms-giving. Ransom had lived long enough in New York to know that a request from this ancient worthy to be made known to Miss Tarrant would mark her for the approval of the respectable, stamp her as a success of no vulgar sort; and as he turned away a faint, inaudible sigh passed his lips, dictated by the sense that he himself belonged to a terribly small and obscure minority. He turned away because, as we know, he had been taught that a gentleman talking to a lady must always do that when a new gentleman is presented; though he observed, looking back, after a minute, that young Mr. Burrage evidently had no intention of abdicating in favor of the eminent philanthropist. He thought he had better go home; he didn't know what might happen at such a party as that, nor when the proceedings might be supposed to terminate; but, after considering it a minute, he dismissed the idea that there was a chance of Verena's speaking again. If he was a little vague about this, however, there was no doubt in his mind as to the obligation he was under to take leave first of Mrs. Burrage. He wished he knew where Verena was staying; he wanted to see her alone, not in a supper-room crowded with millionaires. As he looked about for the hostess it occurred to him that she would know, and that if he were able to quench a certain shyness sufficiently to ask her, she would tell him. Having satisfied himself presently that she was not in the supper-room, he made his way back to the parlors, where the company now was much diminished. He looked again into the music-room, tenanted only by half-a-dozen couples, who were cultivating privacy among the empty chairs, and here he perceived Mrs. Burrage sitting in conversation with Olive Chancellor (the latter, apparently, had not moved from her place), before the deserted scene of Verena's triumph. His search had been so little for Olive that at the sight of her he faltered a moment; then he pulled himself together, as the phrase is, and advanced with a consciousness of the Mississippi manner. He felt Olive's eyes receiving him; she looked at him as if it was just the hope that she shouldn't meet him again that had made her remain where she was. Mrs. Burrage got up, as he bade her good-night, and Olive followed her example.

"So glad you were able to come. Wonderful creature, isn't she? She can do anything she wants."

These words from the elder lady Ransom received at first with a reserve which, as he trusted, suggested extreme respect; and it was a fact that his silence had a kind of Southern solemnity in it. Then he said, in a tone equally expressive of great deliberation:

"Yes, madam, I think I never was present at an exhibition, an entertainment of any kind, which held me more completely under the charm!"

"Delighted you liked it. I didn't know what in the world to have, and this has proved an inspiration — for me as well as for Miss Tarrant. Miss Chancellor has been telling me how they have worked together; it's really quite beautiful. Miss Chancellor is Miss Tarrant's great friend and colleague. Miss Tarrant assures me that she couldn't do anything without her." After which explanation, turning to Olive, Mrs. Burrage murmured: "Let me introduce Mr. — introduce Mr. ——"

But she had forgotten poor Ransom's name, forgotten who had asked her for a card for him; and, perceiving it, he came to her rescue, with the observation that he was a kind of cousin of Miss Olive's, if she didn't repudiate him, and that he knew what a tremendous partnership existed between the two young ladies. "When I applauded I was applauding the firm — that is, you too," he said, smiling, to his kinswoman.

"Your applause? I confess I don't understand it," Olive replied, with much promptitude.

"Well, to tell the truth, I didn't myself!"

"Oh, yes, of course I know; that's why — that's why ——" And this further speech of Mrs. Burrage's, in reference to the relationship between the young man and her companion, faded also into vagueness. She had been on the point of saying it was the reason why he was in her house; but she had bethought herself, in time, that this ought to pass as a matter of course. Basil Ransom could see she was a woman who could carry off an awkwardness like that, and he considered her with a sense of her importance. She had a brisk, familiar, slightly impatient way,

and if she had not talked so fast, and had more of the softness of the Southern matron, she would have reminded him of a certain type of woman he had seen of old, before the changes in his own part of the world — the clever, capable, hospitable proprietress, widowed or unmarried, of a big plantation carried on by herself. "If you are her cousin, do take Miss Chancellor to have some supper —instead of going away," she went on, with her infelicitous readiness.

At this Olive instantly seated herself again.

"I am much obliged to you; I never touch supper. I shall not leave this room — I like it."

"Then let me send you something — or let Mr. ——, your cousin, remain with you."

Olive looked at Mrs. Burrage with a strange beseechingness, "I am very tired, I must rest. These occasions leave me exhausted."

"Ah, yes, I can imagine that. Well, then, you shall be quite quiet — I shall come back to you." And with a smile of farewell for Basil Ransom, Mrs. Burrage moved away.

Basil lingered a moment, though he saw that Olive wished to get rid of him. "I won't disturb you further than to ask you a single question," he said. "Where are you staying? I want to come and see Miss Tarrant. I don't say I want to come and see you, because I have an idea that it would give you no pleasure." It had occurred to him that he might obtain their address from Mrs. Luna — he only knew vaguely it was Tenth street — much as he had displeased her, she couldn't refuse him that; but suddenly the greater simplicity and frankness of applying directly to Olive, even at the risk of appearing to brave her, recommended itself. He couldn't, of course, call upon Verena without her knowing it, and she might as well make her protest (since he proposed to pay no heed to it) sooner as later. He had seen nothing, personally, of their life together, but it had come over him that what Miss Chancellor most disliked in him (had she not, on the very threshold of their acquaintance, had a sort of mystical foreboding of it?) was the possibility that he would interfere. It was quite on the cards that he might; yet it was decent, all the same, to ask *her* rather than any one else. It was better that his interference should be accompanied with all the forms of chivalry.

Olive took no notice of his remark as to how she herself might be affected by his visit; but she asked in a moment why he should think it necessary to call on Miss Tarrant. "You know you are not in sympathy," she added, in a tone which contained a really touching element of entreaty that he would not even pretend to prove he was.

I know not whether Basil was touched, but he said with every appearance of a conciliatory purpose,— "I wish to thank her for all the interesting information she has given me this evening."

"If you think it generous to come and scoff at her, of course she has no defense; you will be glad to know that."

"Dear Miss Chancellor, if you are not a defense — a battery of many guns!" Ransom exclaimed.

"Well, she at least is not mine!" Olive returned, springing to her feet. She looked round her, as if she were really pressed too hard, panting like a hunted creature.

"Your defense is your certain immunity from attack. Perhaps if you won't tell me where you are staying, you will kindly ask Miss Tarrant herself to do so. Would she send me a word on a card?"

"We are in West Tenth street," Olive said; and she gave the number. "Of course, you are free to come."

"Of course I am! Why shouldn't I be? But I am greatly obliged to you for the information. I'll ask her to come out, so that you won't see us." And he turned away, with the sense that it was really insufferable, her attempt, always, to give him the air of being in the wrong. If that was the kind of spirit in which women were going to act when they had more power!

(To be continued.) *Henry James.*

WE had existed through a long dreary springtide in dear, dirty, smoky old London, and grown impatient with the incessant pattering rain, or the dull, heavy clouds that daily met our vision at early morning over the chimney-tops. The leaden skies took no pity on London's millions, who threaded the streets from week to week with ulster and umbrella. Finally June was ushered in with a burst of sunlight, which transformed the well-washed city in a few hours. Men and things instinctively felt that summer had come,—that summer for which we had all longed and planned many a month. None of us knew much of the genuine rural life of England, and we determined to be initiated. Kind friends discovered for us the very desire of our hearts at a picturesque old farm where rooms were to be had; and in a few days two rickety "four-wheelers," well capped with trunks and filled with happy faces, bore our party on the first stage of the journey toward the hills and vales of merrie England. The afternoon express train swiftly sped through straggling environs of the metropolis, through Surrey towns, pastures, chalk hills, birch and pine woods, for fifty miles, and then deposited us at a small, neat station with a long name. In the yard awaiting the passengers were vehicles of all sorts and sizes, from a luxurious landau drawn by dancing bays to a diminutive donkey-cart. We rather expected a grain-wagon to meet us, having been informed by letter that the farmer would bring his own vehicle to convey us the rest of the journey. What was our surprise, not to say disillusion, when a genial, ruddy-faced man of about fifty-five, neatly arrayed in a pepper-and-salt suit of rural cut, approached, and after respectful greetings motioned us toward a trim carriage drawn by a chestnut mare. Although feeling more comfortable and dignified than would have been possible in a lumbering wagon, one of the party at least experienced a pang at this example of nineteenth-century rusticity. That was soon forgotten, however, when we had left behind us the red-brick box-like houses growing up around the depot, and were speeding on toward low, straggling cottages, which seemed nearly crushed to the ground by the weight of the brown thatched roofs. Then came a village green, and a queer little church round which clustered rustic dwellings, and the conventional smithy, from whose open door issued a glow of light which shot across the road, lit up the diamond-paned Gothic windows with flickering color, and by a final effort illuminated the ancient iron cross. After leaving the hamlet we crossed a noisy brook, climbed a steep hill, then entered a hedge-rowed lane, and were finally deposited at an old wooden gate, with high bramble-covered banks on either side. Here we found a terrace, overgrown with a tangle of poppies, oxeye daisies, flags, and roses. Following a path washed like the bed of a mountain torrent, we came in sight of the farmstead,—a long, low, red-tiled house of stone with great latticed windows and ivy-grown porch. All sorts of clinging plants stayed themselves against the rough walls, roses and nasturtiums in the front, variegated ivy at the side, clinging so tightly to the stones that without breaking the stem it was almost impossible to pluck a piece. Ferns nestled in a cool shady corner, while on the south wing were grape-vines, and peach and plum trees trained to the house.

Entering the living-room, it was a relief to see no monstrosity in the way of wall-papers, though a trifle depressing to find that the ceiling could be touched by the fingers of the masculine members of the family. Through the open window was a delightful dreamy picture. In the foreground lay the farm-yard in shadow, drowsy and noiseless, guarded by giant oaks. Beyond stretched a long green valley, with no sign of life, save small lazily curling wreaths of smoke from unseen cot-

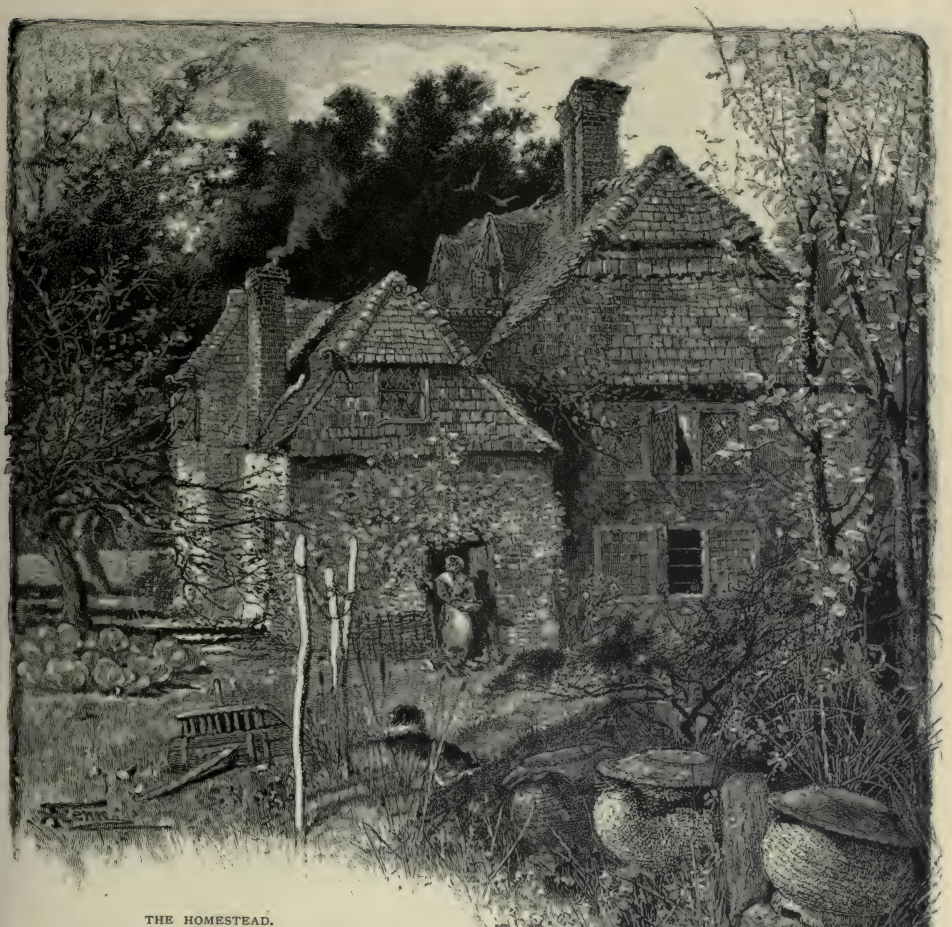
IN THE KITCHEN.

tages. In the distance ranged bald dark hills, over which the sun had disappeared a few moments previous, leaving a soft after-glow to light our little upland world between day and night.

With the glamour still around us we retired early to rest, much pleased at the novelty of antiquated four-post bedsteads with hangings of spotless dimity. To make the charm more perfect, when my candle was extinguished the moonlight shone through the lattice and cast its checkered light upon the floor.

Early next morning I was out in the old-fashioned garden, exploring every nook and corner. Beds of white pinks filled the air with perfume, and in every tree the song-birds were tuning up for the day. On the lawn groups of small spruce-trees were veiled in spider-webs laden down with dew. In the center bed a stately yucca reared its head in company with a few showy flowers, placed so that the passers-by might have a full view of their beauty, while the rest of the garden appeared to be allowed to follow its own sweet will. Near the kitchen I came upon a colony of bee-hives, each capped with an inverted earthen dish of red. Finding a little path leading from the garden, I mounted the pasture hill, to procure a fuller view of the valley. Surrounded by mighty oak and beech trees, the farm seemed half buried at my feet,— just a glimpse here and there of red tiles and chimneys amid a wall of green. The long stretch of cultivated valley had wakened into life, though the browsing herds and white-shirted laborers scarcely appeared to move as I looked from my high vantage-ground. The great purple hills on the right, and upland furzy commons on the left, guarded this fertile vale from bleak east winds. A little silver line of water wandering in and out among the willows seemed to spread its fertilizing power to the very foot of the heather-clad ridge, beyond which all was as wild as a highland moor. I strolled back to the farm, with a great sense of delight in realizing that for months and months this calm and beauty were to surround our life.

The kitchen was a quaint old room, paved with red brick, having a low, heavily timbered ceiling, wooden walls, and an open hearth fire, with family chimney-seat. On the walls hung saddles, a couple of guns, a gorgeously illustrated almanac, and several engravings, it being the living-room of the family. Leading from the kitchen were the dairy, scullery, and "out-kitchen." The latter had only a mud floor, and contained an old brick bake-oven. In a dark corner one could just discern a



THE HOMESTEAD.

goodly pile of wine-barrels. The quality and variety of these home-made wines was a source of great pride to the family. They could hardly understand why any one wanted claret, when we could be served with pure currant wine far superior to a suspicious French decoction. Her gooseberry wine, Mrs. Stubble informed us, had a far finer flavor than most brands of champagne, while her rhubarb and elderberry answered to hock and port! Then there was nothing to surpass fine mead. What more could we desire! This wine-making consumed a great deal of time each summer. Several barrels were always emptied at haymaking and harvest time, wine and mead being given the laborers instead of the usual doles of small beer.

Within a stone's throw of the house were the barns and sheds,— old weather-beaten gray-stone buildings, with red-tiled roofs softened by a greenish velvety lichen, which dispersed itself in a happy irregularity over cow-sheds, grain-barn, and wagon-shelter. During several weeks in the summer the gigantic doors of the main barn were thrown open back and front. Through this dark frame we often saw a bright picture of rural life. Lazy cows gathered around the pond; near by were clustered groups of sheep, some dark in shadow and others warm buff in the sunlight; geese dotted the bright meadows in the middle distance; and for a background there were wooded hillside and gorse-grown upland.

The farm stock consisted of a large flock of sheep, eleven cows, six horses, half a score of big and many score of little pigs, numerous ducks, chickens, and geese; a heterogeneous stock, but Farmer Stubble liked to try

SHEEP-WASHING.

a little of everything, and consequently had not grown a rich man. At times the farm-yard would be fairly quiet, but when the inhabitants were all at home the noise was overpowering. Daisy, the pet Alderney, would often start them off with a solo; then the cocks and hens, and even the little chicks, set up a rival chorus, the calves introducing a monotonous bleat; and the black sows and brood bringing up the rear with fine staccato notes.

The geese were the only members of the farm-yard colony with whom I was on unfriendly terms. They always exasperated me with their ungainly waddle and suspicious manner. How is it the Orientals can revere and the Buddhists immortalize this sage-and-onioned biped?

We soon came to the conclusion that Farmer Stubble's lot was a trying one. He appeared in continual anxiety about the look of the sky for his crops, or the direction of the wind for his flocks. Then misfortunes happened to the horses, the potatoes turned out badly, and so on. In March, so we learned, he always had an anxious time among the sheep, often spending whole nights with the shepherd in the fold, coming back at morn carrying half-dead new-born lambs, which had to be laid on straw near a fire. Many of them died, and others were fed for weeks on cows' milk, until they were strong enough to join the flock. What ungainly creatures young lambs are! It was quite pathetic to see the struggles of the sickly ones to take a few steps beyond the shed, the fruitless effort to manage those four long, thin legs, and still keep their equilibrium.

One morning, going down to the barn, I found two of the farm-laborers, Shadrach and Meshach (known among their brethren as Shed and Shach), raising a huge empty barrel into a wagon. In response to my inquiry one of the men said:

"We'se a-going ter wash them ewes, mum." A vision of "them ewes" being tumbled into the barrel and scoured seemed rather peculiar; so, on an invitation from Farmer Stubble, to "come and look on," I followed the procession. First went the lumbering, picturesque old cart, then the sheep were driven from the fold and turned into the lane, along which they crawled until they came to the mill-stream. I then found it was Shed and not the sheep that went into the barrel, which was placed in the water and lashed to the bank. The sheep were driven up on one side and guarded by several men, while the shepherd raised a great ewe in his arms and threw it head foremost into the rivulet. As it rose the watchful Shed, in the barrel, grasped it by the back and ducked it several times. Escaping from his hand, the poor half-drowned creature rushed toward a cut in the bank and so escaped

SHEEP-SHEARING.

to dry land. This process was gone through with all the sheep. Whether it was due to their natural stupidity or the muddling effect of water on the brain, many of them blundered

THE STUDIO.

into the stream again and tried to escape by a steep ascent on the other side. Then came the turn of the ruddy, cherub-like son of Shadrach, who, planted on the farther shore and armed with an iron hook on a ten-foot pole, crooked the wandering sheep to land. Many of them needed assisting up the slippery cut, and very comical it was to see their weak-kneed struggles to regain the meadow. They appeared utterly unable to account for the enormous additional weight of their water-soaked wool; and, as they stood huddled together in the puddles from their streaming sides, the bleating lambs did not appear to know their own mothers. The following day the flock was driven into a new fold in the hillside pasture, where the process of shearing commenced. All of the well-washed sheep were in turn deprived of their heavy winter coats. As they left the shearers' hands it did not seem possible that these poor, lean creatures could be the round balls of wool we were accustomed to see. Every shorn lamb gazed at its clipped and unclipped sisters with a vague, solemn look, wondering what *was* coming next. After the ordeal they were turned into the brightest meadow on the farm, and probably soon forgot the break of those two days in their monotonous life of nibbling. The numerous flocks of sheep in Sussex give a charming pastoral effect to many of the delightful pictures of upland and lowland, so characteristic of southern England.

We soon became conversant with the "ins and outs" of our new life, and though the novelty gradually wore off, we were none the less happy in the old farmstead. With the determination to linger came the desire to make our rooms as homelike as possible. Very remarkable lithographs, representing Cromwell, Charles I., and other historical personages (in attitude and costume greatly suggestive of a "Punch and Judy" show), were banished from the walls to give place to Italian and Spanish sketches. A questionable studio carpet was replaced by Moorish rugs. Cabinets, bric-à-brac, and all an artist's paraphernalia arrived from London. Rooms were repapered, and the furniture covered with a Morris cretonne. With these more congenial surroundings we felt less dependent on outdoor enjoyment.

It was discovered in time that our beloved lattice windows had certain disadvantages! The center portion, which opens and shuts at will, was evidently constructed with an eye to ventilation. Being five hundred feet above the sea, and not a great distance from the

same, the spring and autumn gales from the ocean swept up the valley with great violence, more air than we cared about finding the way in from door and window, while on rainy days little rivulets would chase each other across the broad inner sill. Imagining that a miniature snow-drift would hardly be pleasant in one's dining-room, we hired the village carpenter, before winter set in, to construct an inner window of the clearest glass, to be as inconspicuous as possible, and yet to prevent these inconveniences. The effect was so successful that a few hours after its completion our fine collie-dog, seeing the middle portion open, as he thought, took his accustomed leap into the garden. He was not a little startled when the feat was accomplished, and he landed on the lawn bristling with broken splinters of glass.

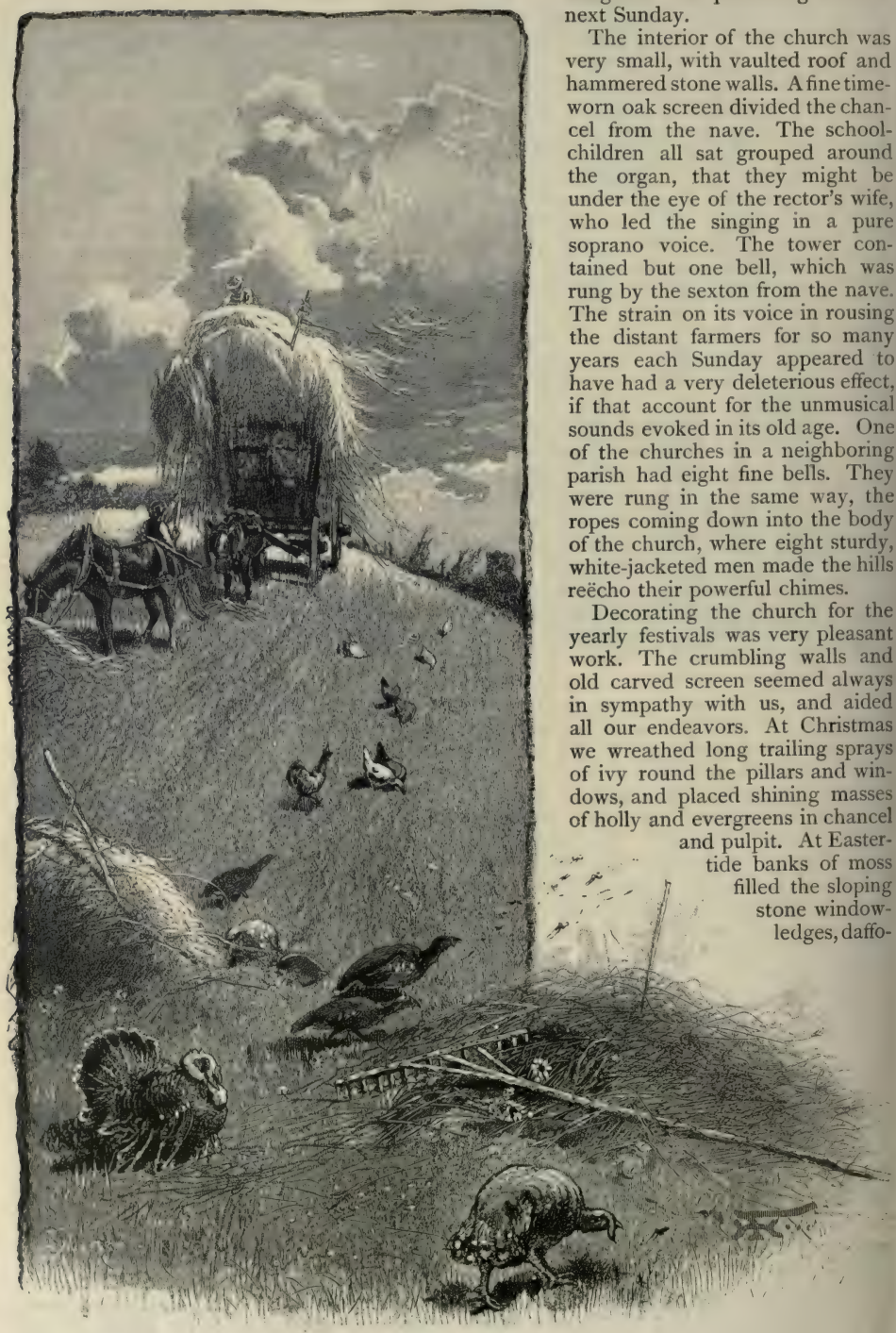
In February we welcomed the twitter of the tiny fussy wren as a harbinger of good things to come. Great bunches of snowdrops brightened the winter hangings of our rooms, while the crocuses pushed their yellow buds through the mold to warn the great bare trees above them that spring had awakened from its long sleep. On the commons soon appeared the first burst of blossom from gorse and broom, followed by a transformation in the oaks and chestnuts from winter brownness to delicate greens and grays. Under foot the bracken peeped through the remains of autumn's russet clothing. In a week or so, when young leaves became a little more courageous, primroses and violets followed the example of their more stalwart leaders. Never have I seen such luxuriant growth of spring flowers as this little patch of Sussex woodland produced. It looked its best on a bright May morning, when the gnarled ivy-grown trunks of aged trees and the upright stems of younger ones alike threw shifting shadows across the path which wound up and up the flower-starred hillside until it appeared to meet the sky, where the budding trees outlined a delicate tracery of lace-work against the blue. Then in the meadows sprung the daffodils, and the hedges became laden with hawthorn bloom.

May-day has still a few devotees among the rural folks; children especially cling to its observance. Early on May-morning a party of little ones came to the farm, decked out with garlands and pink-paper rosettes. They sang May-songs, turning and twisting the while to give their audiences a full view of their adornments, and departed, the happy possessors of a dozen coppers. That is all of the good old May festival we ever saw. It would be difficult now to find a party of young people who would rise before dawn, as their grandparents did, to go a-Maying in the woods, and return "with much blowing of horns ere the rising of the sun," with trophies of May boughs to deck every lattice and door. The harmless May-poles never recovered the death-blow given them by the Puritans' act of Parliament more than two hundred years ago, and I suppose we shall not see anything of the sort again. The country-folk of our day do not seem able to enjoy the reckless jollity and merriment we imagine as characteristic of their forefathers. The men care for nothing more boisterous than pipe and pint-pot at the village inn, while the young folk saunter through the lanes at evening, demure enough generally, until an occasional nudging from the youthful swain, or a suppressed giggle from the buxom maid, betrays the fact that they are enjoying themselves. One cannot wonder that some of the men find small inducement to hilarity, considering the struggle it must be to feed and clothe the many open-mouthed little ones belonging to them.

The little Gothic church over the common possessed quite a charm of its own. At the entrance was one of those characteristic lytch gates, with its tiled and weather-toned roof and rusty iron bars and hinges. There was a sense of calm and peace about the elm-guarded grave-yard, that was very restful without being in the least melancholy. A great sun-dial silently measured out the hours on its stone face amid the moss-grown tombs of many generations. One mellow afternoon late in August I found the old sexton trimming the vines on the quaint rustic porch outside the church, and asked him how long the dial had been there. "There, now, mum, I couldn't at all say; long afore my father's time, I knows. I'm old-fashioned maybe, but me and mine allays clings ter the dials."

"You prefer them to clocks?" I said.

"Ay, ay, I do; but my darter's children says I'm fur behind the times. When I'm round here, like to-day, offentimes I falls a-wonderin' how many more shadars it'll please the Lord ter mark on that old dial, 'fore I'm called home up yonder. My good wife's gone long ago, and though I've had a very good life, I aint never felt no dread 'bout being laid away. Then, yer see, this place is so natural-like to me." And thus the old man rambled on, snipping away the dead leaves from the creepers as we talked. Presently he wandered farther down the slope, leaving me to enjoy the glimpse of valley beyond "God's acre," where glistened a tiny lakelet with browsing cattle and sun-tipped beech-trees, the horizon bounded by the blue Sussex downs. Soon came the sound of the organ through the open door, and I sat for an hour listening to the chants and hymns the rector's



IN THE HAY-FIELD.

daughter was practicing for the next Sunday.

The interior of the church was very small, with vaulted roof and hammered stone walls. A fine time-worn oak screen divided the chancel from the nave. The school-children all sat grouped around the organ, that they might be under the eye of the rector's wife, who led the singing in a pure soprano voice. The tower contained but one bell, which was rung by the sexton from the nave. The strain on its voice in rousing the distant farmers for so many years each Sunday appeared to have had a very deleterious effect, if that account for the unmusical sounds evoked in its old age. One of the churches in a neighboring parish had eight fine bells. They were rung in the same way, the ropes coming down into the body of the church, where eight sturdy, white-jacketed men made the hills reëcho their powerful chimes.

Decorating the church for the yearly festivals was very pleasant work. The crumbling walls and old carved screen seemed always in sympathy with us, and aided all our endeavors. At Christmas we wreathed long trailing sprays of ivy round the pillars and windows, and placed shining masses of holly and evergreens in chancel and pulpit. At Eastertide banks of moss filled the sloping stone window-ledges, daffo-

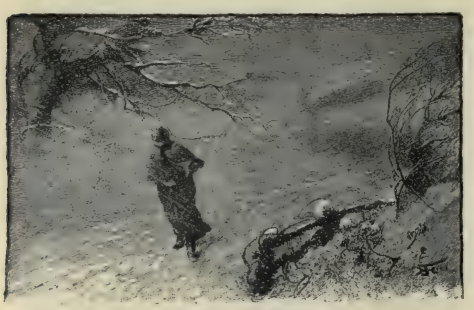
dils, primroses, and violets nestled in the worm-eaten crevices of the woodwork and encircled the pulpit. At Harvest all the creepers and foliage were ruddy, sunflowers reared their heads royally from dim corners, a great stack of wheat rose above the altar, while rosy-cheeked apples and other bright fruits were distributed in every available nook. The church kept up its prestige in its wedding garment also. Graceful ferns and hot-house flowers, white lilies and wreaths of spotless blossoms, borrowed a roseate glow from the reflection of St. Peter's red robe in the east window.

The rectory was a roomy, homelike old house. Its large hall, lined with massive book-shelves, contained many valuable works and copious folios of theological lore. Leading from the drawing-room was a bright conservatory, well filled with a fine collection of orchids and rare plants, with a background of passion-flower vine, which completely covered the wall. A great charm of the place was the garden, where every good old-fashioned flower had its place. We were not the only persons who appreciated the genial rector and his velvety lawns. Almost every fine afternoon some members of the county gentry drove over in time for that good English institution, five o'clock tea. Rattan chairs were placed under the huge elm-trees, and there the freshest of country waiting-maids handed round tea and cake in dainty china. The rector threw open his grounds to his little rustic parishioners at their annual school treat, which was looked upon by the juveniles as a great holiday. Early in the afternoon the children collected in groups near one of the rector's fields, all looking very much dressed up and terribly abashed at the phalanx of young ladies awaiting them. It was hard work at first to start the various games, but when the children became more used to us their spirits revived. They were soon laughing and screaming with perfect abandon. At half-past five they were placed in rank and marched through the tennis grounds to the lawn. Here they sang several songs and hymns. At a sign from the school-teacher all hats came off with a jerk, and heads were bowed while the rector said grace. The children responded with a loud Amen! and sat down in rows upon the grass. Then the feeding process began. The rector, assisted by several curates from neighboring parishes, distributed the tea, while the ladies passed round bread and butter. How the children did enjoy their food! Their capacity was something marvelous. Bread with jam was devoured with even more relish than the first course; and still they were ravenous when great lumps of currant cake appeared.

THE MAIL IN SUMMER.

At seven o'clock, after other games, the children were dismissed, and their day of pleasure was over. They wandered home in groups through the gathering twilight, all talking at once of the dissipation.

At Lynchmere the only connection we held with the outside busy world came through the daily visit of the post-boy. The sturdy little fellow trudged up the garden path shortly



THE MAIL IN WINTER.

after seven o'clock each morning. He had a round of some seventeen miles to make in order to reach the far outlying farmers, when they chanced to get a letter. The luxury of a second delivery would have been too startling for the little inland village, but of late years there was an afternoon post for those who cared to fetch it. Although only fifty odd miles from the metropolis, we felt that a hemisphere might lie between us and London. In our seclusion we never heard mentioned either wars or rumors of wars; the printed page of the press was the one and only source of knowledge. Sitting on a stile and reading of the latest play produced at the Lyceum made it seem as far off as the opera in New York. Walking to the post-office afforded a delightful stroll in summer, but a very unpleasant tramp in winter. If it rained the fields and road were muddy, and if it snowed the lane was full of drifts. In the warm weather we swung our Mexican hammocks beneath the oaks and fairly lived out-of-doors. Only two minutes' walk from the house was a little conical-shaped hill capped with larches and pines. The ground was overgrown with a mat of bracken and springy huckleberry. What could be pleasanter than such a couch as this! What luxurious hours were spent in watching the gentle rocking of the pines, with their rich prickly spears telling against the azure sky and feathery flying cloudlets! No sounds but those pertinent to the coppice were round us, the lulling murmurs of the trees, the hum of insects, or the occasional note of a songster. The harmony of color was complete too, for the red-topped barns just beneath only added richness to the view between the pine-stems. Another favorite summer resort lay in the next valley. Four miniature lakes nestled side by side, with a stream running through them. The many gnarled and twisted trees growing at the water's edge had become undermined, and their trunks were slowly sinking, as if drawn down by magic. Some were three or four inches in the lake and others nearly touching. Woodland paths and little bosky clumps of foliage surrounded the lakes; a more perfect picnicing ground could not be imagined. Many of our party would creep out on the water-wooed trunks and start some well-known glee, which was caught up by each of these would-be birds, until the valley reëchoed with young voices. Coming home, instead of crossing the hill, we would skirt its base amid shadowed lanes, with here and there a glimpse of heathy down. Half-way to Lynchmere was a very quaint mill. Huge royal pines broke the rigid lines of its architecture, without obscuring a view of the powerful old wheel and the mellow-toned pool beneath. The mill had a haunted look by moonlight, though I doubt if that idea struck the inhabitants of the neighboring village, as it was a favorite trysting-place for rustic lovers.

Farmer Stubble took care that we should be interested in his farm as well as in the land surrounding it. At haymaking time it was very pleasant to go through the fields and watch the tossing grasses. On the breezy downs the hay was crisp and light, and flying about under the manipulation of the harvesters as if it were full of life. While the hay was piled in heaps preparatory to carting, after the laborers had departed we could make couches of it. Being far up on the hillside, all the fragrance of the lower fields rose to us as we watched the last golden streak of the after-glow beyond the silhouetted horizon-line before us. As the long English twilight set in, slight wreaths of mist wound themselves around the cottages in the valley at our feet, veiling them in a sort of poetic mystery. The mist slowly crept up, and when it had nearly reached us on the hill we reluctantly strolled home again, to find the evening primroses blown to their fullest, the farm-yard settlement gone to rest, and a light shining from the window to summon us in.

Adjoining the hay-fields were

> "red apples in a sleepy orchard,
> Whose trees have branches gnarled and tortured
> By slow west winds that never cease."

In contrast to the still calm life of our summers in Sussex comes the memory of blustering autumn days on the commons. I recollect

very vividly one walk in early November. There had been a heavy rain-storm, followed by strong wind. It was late in the afternoon, and the great rolling masses of gray cloud were still bordered with an angry-looking fringe of yellow as they were hurled along remorselessly. With each gust of wind the glistening russet trees bent and rebounded. A few remaining leaves were torn from the branches, whirled round and round, then dropped. The low-growing rough furze, the golden bracken, and patches of faded heath were hardly moved by the great wind that set the tree-tops waving. The rugged road stretched on and on as far as eye could reach, bounded on either side by great masses of somber undergrowth. Not a dwelling nor a human being was in sight. Finally amid the fast-scudding clouds came a gleam of watery sunshine, which disclosed a vermilion speck in the far distance. That, I knew, must be the royal mail-cart, which was being lazily drawn home by the old white mare after its day's journey across the hills.

As winter approached, the huntsmen awakened into life and donned the "pink." Scarlet coats were seen on every hand, fox-hunting being one of the greatest amusements of life to the county gentry. A favorite place for the meet was a quaint open square of a neighboring village. Six roads met at this place, as if they all led to the Anchor, a flourishing old-fashioned coaching-house and inn. By the way, why should the emblem of Hope be such a favorite symbol of the wayside publicans? Another tavern of the village rejoiced in the name of "The Green Man." The Anchor, however, utterly ignored the existence of the Green Man. The former had several times entertained a full-fledged lord, whereas the latter was merely the rendezvous of the rustic inhabitants. The Anchor was patronized by the best class of farmers on market days, and by weary pedestrians on fishing and shooting expeditions. Here the huntsmen met and took their "snack" in the long, lattice-windowed bar-room before the start. It was a very bright sight to see the sportsmen congregated beneath the huge oak porch of the inn, watching the arrival of the hounds. The pack rushed round the square at a wild rate, giving the whippers-in plenty of work to do to keep them together. There was a great commotion in mounting of horses, but finally all was ready, the signal was given, and the sportsmen trotted off.

About Christmas-time there were several light falls of snow, just enough to cover the brown earth and pile softly layer upon layer over the great, bare oak-branches round our farmstead. The sturdy little spruce-trees bordering the lawn caught every flake on the wing, and left bare patches of mold beneath them. The saucy robin-redbreasts, who had earlier in the season refused our offers of friendship, now came in numbers and perched at the latticed casement for their breakfast. Later on we had an unusually heavy snow-storm, such a one as England seldom sees. It commenced slowly and quietly as usual, giving us no warning that we were to see a touch of our veritable American winter. Gradually it came thick and fast, creeping up under the doors and windows, and through the old tiles on the attic roof. By sunset the noise of the pines on the hill was borne to us, the wind rose and whirled the falling crystals in swift eddies. All night it stormed, and by morning we were shut in from the outside world by two feet of snow and a drift of ten feet in the lane. Neither butcher nor baker nor candle-stick maker could approach for two days. We were snow-bound. The third day a thaw came, and the villagers waded about to compare notes. They seemed to think they had been transported to the Arctic regions.

The nearest village boasting of more than one shop was between two and three miles distant. All the life and business of the place were centered in High street, a name which designates the principal thoroughfare in half the towns of England. Dividing the commercial and exclusive ends of the street was the White Horse Inn, with the doctor's house on one side and the grocer's shop on the other. It was all trim and prim and English-looking, but not half so picturesque as a road on the outskirts of the village which ran down a steep hill, taking the quaint little red-tiled houses with it. The dwellings were of the humblest, but sweet and clean, with dimity curtains hung at every window. The small gardens in front were filled with sunflowers, marigolds, and sweet-william. I once took some shoes to be mended at one of the houses, and had a very amusing conversation with the old cobbler. Just before leaving I said:

"This country is so hilly, every one ought to wear stout shoes for walking."

"Yes, mum, to be sure, you be quite right. It be very hilly; in fact, it 'ud be all hills if it wer'n't for the valleys."

All the tradespeople metaphorically pulled their forelock to the gentry, and patronized the peasantry by way of relief. We were treated with the degree of civility meted out to summer lodgers, until one little incident changed it to the servility shown to the aristocracy. I was seen driving down High street with one of the élite county families, and from that day the grocer, obsequious and

smiling, instead of his apron-smothered boy, came out to my wagonette for orders; the butcher touched his cap and carefully wiped his hands on his blue blouse, and the baker's little girl dropped a curtsey. I really believe the next sirloin of beef was a choicer cut because the butcher's cart intercepted a footman with a note issuing from our humble gate. Such is the power of caste!

We found that the indefatigable curiosity-hunters had succeeded in carrying off most of the old china, carved oak, and quaint objects of household furniture from the neighborhood. In some cases, however, the owners remained obdurate, clinging with tenacity to their property, proof against the golden sovereigns exhibited by any siren who would charm away their heirlooms. It is not so much that they appreciate the beauty of their possessions, but in their conservatism they hate to part with anything used by their fathers before them. For instance, we noticed in the kitchen of a cottage an old carved linen-chest, used as a flour-bin. The owner seemed quite surprised when we admired it, and remarked it was only an old scratched thing. When, however, we offered to purchase it, she was reduced to tears at the prospect; so we departed, with expressions of sorrow for having mistaken her feeling on the subject. The following day a cart drew up at the farm containing the veritable chest. The woman's husband came to the door, saying his wife had changed her mind and would be glad to sell the box. Accordingly we took it, and several months after discovered that the

THE SWING.

THE VILLAGE STREET.

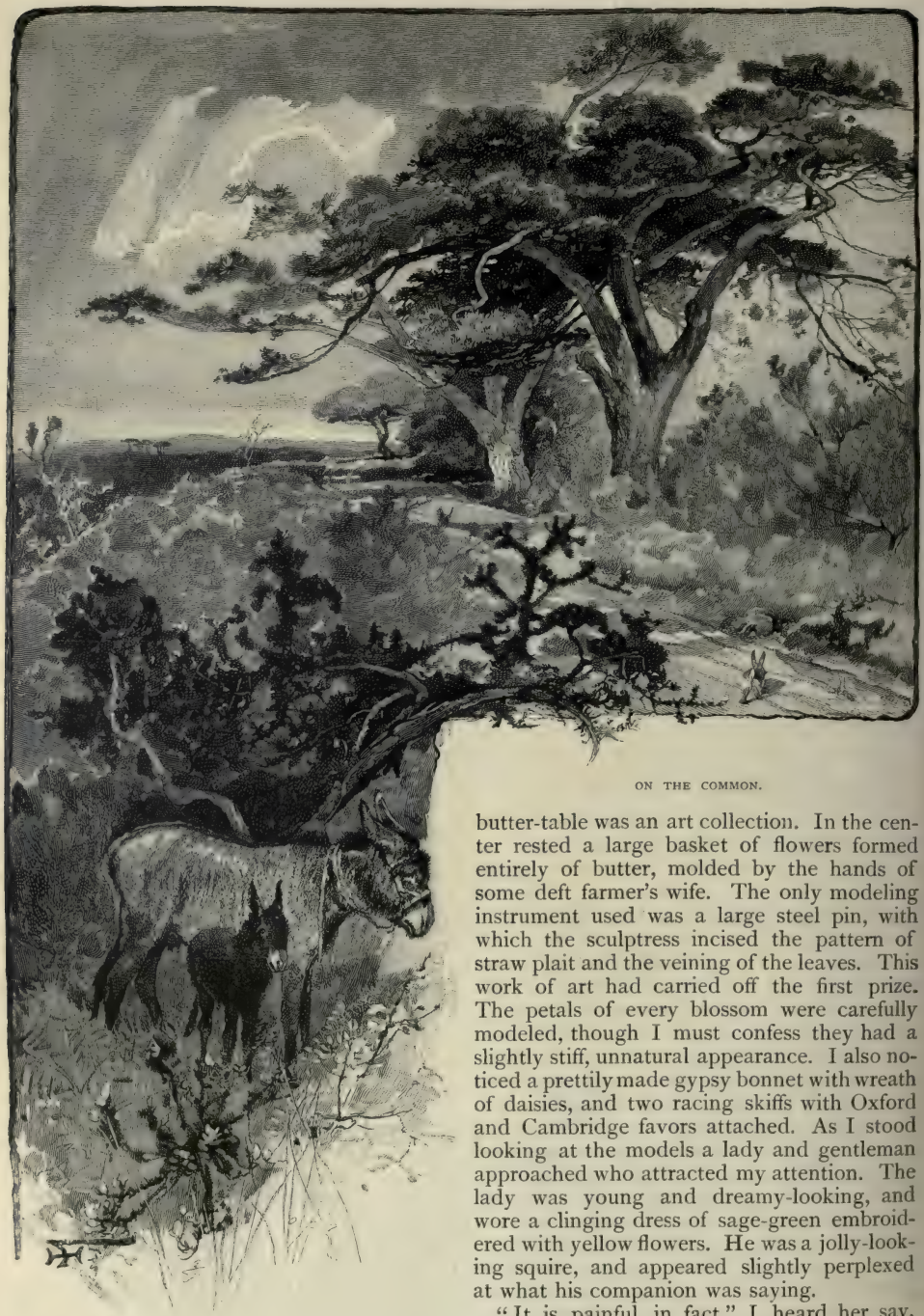
sensitive woman had been heard bemoaning her flour-bin.

Hundreds of these country people only fifty miles from London had never been near the metropolis. They had lived on from year to year, with no variety except the different duties entailed by change of seasons. One of their few annual treats is the Horticultural Show, to which the richest farmers and the poorest cottagers alike contribute. Tents are erected in a large green or field, and a chosen committee of gentlemen superintend the arrangements. On the morning of the fête-day all the contributions are displayed on long deal tables, and the prizes decided on by the committee. The county gentry all patronize the show, and every one turns out in holiday garb. This is the only chance the rustics have of mingling with the aristocracy, a fact which they fully comprehend and make the most of. The vegetable tent is always filled with rough, sunburnt men, who earnestly discuss the relative size and merits of rival groups of potatoes, beans, carrots, etc. One burly giant I noticed looking ruefully at a huge turnip cut in half. This Samson had been confident that his turnip would eclipse all the others in glory, but he forgot that quality as well as quantity was to be considered. When bisected, it was found to be hollow and pithy, while the small round solid one by its side had carried off the prize. Samson's brother farmers were good-humoredly chaffing him on the subject.

"Sam, my boy," said a little man in dun-colored corduroy, "you do things on too big a scale. Fact is, you're too big you'self, old man. Mayhap you'd like ter make all them 'ere vegetables ter fit your size."

"Seems, maybe, y'ure thinkin' I'm as holler as that ther turnip," responded the giant, at which all the farmers grinned.

"Say, Sam," broke in another, "I *guess* you better go off ter Amerquey. Them Yankees is the fellers for big things."



ON THE COMMON.

I did not stay to hear what followed, but passed on to the next tent, which was full of fruit and dairy produce. In local opinion the butter-table was an art collection. In the center rested a large basket of flowers formed entirely of butter, molded by the hands of some deft farmer's wife. The only modeling instrument used was a large steel pin, with which the sculptress incised the pattern of straw plait and the veining of the leaves. This work of art had carried off the first prize. The petals of every blossom were carefully modeled, though I must confess they had a slightly stiff, unnatural appearance. I also noticed a prettily made gypsy bonnet with wreath of daisies, and two racing skiffs with Oxford and Cambridge favors attached. As I stood looking at the models a lady and gentleman approached who attracted my attention. The lady was young and dreamy-looking, and wore a clinging dress of sage-green embroidered with yellow flowers. He was a jolly-looking squire, and appeared slightly perplexed at what his companion was saying.

"It is painful, in fact," I heard her say, "this bringing the unbeauteous side of life to the front."

"But, Miss B——," replied the gentleman, "don't you like to look at vegetables? One

must eat to live, and the better our food the better our life, say I."

"We have no sympathy on this subject, I know," sadly replied the lady. At this moment Miss B—— caught sight of the butter display. "What a beautiful mission it would be," she exclaimed, "to teach these women the true beauty of form."

"Well," responded her companion, "I think all this is very pretty. If that basket were a classic urn, it would be better, you think. Why, you have actually imbued me with a poetic idea! Does not this table look as if the power of Midas had been transmitted to these dairy-maids, that what they touch has turned to gold?" With a hearty laugh at his inspiration the burly squire and fair æsthete passed on. I wonder if she enjoyed his Philistinic mirth?

The flower-tents were really charming, from the collection of orchids and palms of the manor conservatory to the nosegays of wild flowers gathered by the school-children. I was as much interested in watching the people as in looking at the show. Several times I passed the squire and Miss B——, and noted that they seemed mutually bored. Quite late in the afternoon my attention was attracted by an antiquated-looking little gentleman and two equally aged little ladies. Each had an arm of the gentleman and were settling their old-fashioned little shiny silk dresses, which had been ruffled by the crowd.

"Josiah," remarked one diminutive lady, "what is the name of that rose? it is charming, is it not, Dorothea?"

The trio paused in front of me, while obedient Josiah fumbled for his spectacles, and raised the card, on which was printed "Reine d'Angleterre." Josiah looked, then coughed, then looked again; then seeing me standing near, he turned, and with a courtly bow said: "Excuse me, madam, might I trouble you to inform me what this word Reine signifies? It is doubtless a French word, but I have long since forgotten the smattering of that tongue gleaned in my boyhood."

I gave the requested information, and Josiah, bending to the lady, said: "Queen! Queen! Why yes, of course. Queen d'Angleterre. Did you ever hear of her, Dorothea?"

Both of the ladies replied in the negative. Josiah stood a moment in deep thought, half turned again toward me, then moved back again, and took a pinch of snuff.

"Can't say I ever heard of her," he said. "Don't suppose there ever was a queen with such a name! Just a fancy idea of the florist's, depend upon it."

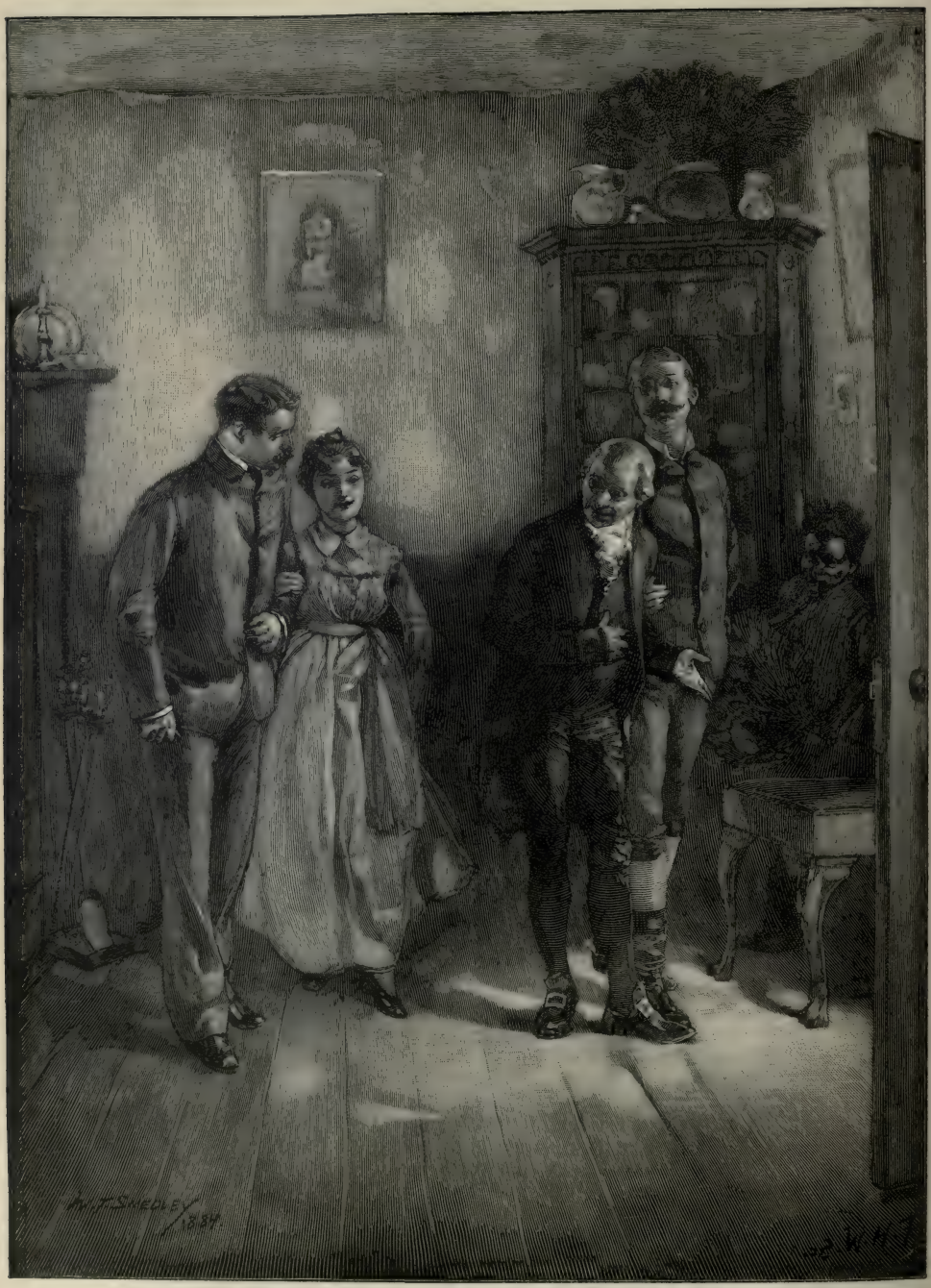
About six o'clock there came the distribution of prizes by the ladies of the manor. Each successful competitor, answering to his or her name, came forward to receive an award, sometimes delivered in useful articles, but more generally in the solid coin of the realm. With speeches of commendation and encouragement from several of the leading gentlemen, the people dispersed, and the festival closed at nightfall.

Alice Maude Fenn.

"WHOM HE LOVETH, HE CHASTENETH."

EVEN as the sculptor's chisel, flake on flake,
Scales off the marble till the beauty pent
Sleeping within the block's imprisonment
Beneath the wounding strokes begins to wake —
So love, which the high gods have chosen to make
Their sharpest instrument, has shaped and bent
The stubborn spirit, till it yields, content,
Its few and slender graces for love's sake.
But the perfected statue proudly rears
Its whiteness for the world to see and prize,
The past hurt buried in forgetfulness;
While the imperfect nature, grown more wise,
Turns with its new-born good, the streaming tears
Of pain undried, the chastening hand to bless.

Owen Innsly.



"YOU WILL PLEASE HAND MISS HUNTER IN TO SUPPER."

CROW'S NEST.*

PART I.

A FAIR May day in the spring of 1860 found two young men riding along a wood road of the border-land in Virginia, destined before long to echo with the ring of troopers' steel, with the tramp of hosts marching to war in mighty phalanx.

As yet, there was of the strife to come only a distant thunder growl in warning, and the ears that heard it were those of the watch-dogs of the nation! Hoyt and Newbold, formerly chums at college, had drifted hither in the course of a Southern journey undertaken after Newbold's serious illness at his home in New York. Hoyt, wide-awake, blue-eyed, alert, and unimaginative, the mercantile element in his blood kept in check by the veneer of gracious Fortune, wondered at Newbold's vagrant fancy for by-ways and odd corners during their agreeably aimless jaunt. He would chaff his friend without ceasing over his fondness for lingering in church-yards, or losing his eye-glasses in dusty parish registers, to take hieroglyphic notes from some saffron page, while dislodging for the purpose the filmy skeletons of veritable book-worms, who had perished there, long since, of delightful satiety!

"And what if I love the seed-capsule and you the flower, Hoyt?" Newbold said, summing it all up. "You are a flower yourself, a splendid specimen, meant to bloom in the foremost *parterre* of our coming American Renaissance. Nature intended me for a nook or a niche somewhere, or else the bottom of a china jar set in a corner cupboard."

"I say!" Newbold continued, dreamily talking, "somehow or other, I feel at home down here on the threshold of a world that is neither New England, with her high-pressure life of invention, enterprise, smartness, and general good repair, nor yet old England, with her storied memories. I like to think I'm not likely to encounter a rising capitalist south of the Potomac. I've a pet vision of these old grandees, chipped out of colonial history, who will be found sitting beneath the umbrageous branches of their family trees, smoking good tobacco and sipping — what do they sip, Hoyt — Falernian?"

"For Falernian, read old rye," Hoyt answered. "Newbold, you are the most preposterous dreamer and dawdler. I don't see what you make it out of. Look at these mud-holes, look at those crazy fences! Houses tumbling to pieces, old hats stuffed into the cabin windows, the negroes along the road like scarecrows, their children little nudities. Not a decent farm-house have we passed in three miles back; nothing but woods, woods, woods, before and behind."

"One pardons any heresy in a hungry man," Newbold answered. "Cheer up, comrade! Think of what that dear, delightful fellow Conway, who took us to his heart and club in Baltimore, promised us! A typical old border mansion (which should be hereabouts), and, for host, a relic of the pig-tailed gentry of a century ago. Conway, who is an eleventh cousin of these Hunters, felt himself quite free to bestow on us a letter of introduction to them. My knowledge of the topography of F—— County is limited, but, from the directions given by the hotel-keeper at Pohick, we must be somewhere near the Aspen River, which bounds the Hunter property on this side. What a bit of road for a canter, Hoyt, this alley just ahead!"

They were off at a gallop through the long green tunnel, made by oak and maple, sassafras and hemlock, sweet-gum and tulip tree, bending their boughs in leafy communion. Vines of wild grape clambered everywhere upon their stout-shouldered neighbors, hanging out banners of close-woven greenery and tassels of luscious bloom. Here the light of the afternoon sun was filtered across the mossy ground, and from the hidden bowers of undergrowth came the song of many a sweet, unfrightened bird.

Beyond this dense tract of woodland, the road came suddenly to a halt upon the steep bank of a rushing yellow stream, churned to mad activity by a recent freshet. In a thicket of pines, upon the opposite shore, stood a weather-beaten red cottage, apparently deserted,— with doors and windows shut. A line stretched across the stream, and a rude attempt at ferry-tackle directed attention to the flat-boat secured at the farther landing.

The two travelers sat their steeds, and exhausted every known species of war-cry, whoop, and jodel, but in vain. No answer, no sign of life from the ferry-house. Only the mocking note of a crow, as he rose from a

*The author desires to say that while the main incidents of this story are founded upon fact, the selection of the names throughout has been entirely a matter of fancy.

tree-top and sailed in tantalizing fashion across to the haven of their hopes.

"Confound the free-and-easy Virginian who undertakes this business!" Hoyt exclaimed, furiously flecking the mud from his trousers with his riding-whip. "It is all of a piece with the shiftless style of the neighborhood. Just let me get out of this box, and I'll expose him; I'll write to the papers about it; it's simply a disgrace to the State."

Newbold had been sitting with slackened rein and dreamy eye, taking in all the candid beauty of an afternoon in spring in this remote and dewy spot. He started, looked at Hoyt, a quizzical gleam came into his eyes, and Hoyt laughed, albeit unwillingly.

Just then Hoyt, the more far-sighted of the two men, saw a slight figure detached from the black shadow of a belt of pines behind the ferry-house, and, followed by another, come running to the bank. These were a boy and a girl, it soon appeared, and a shrill halloo across the swelling flood gave comforting assurance of relief at hand. To the surprise of the spectators, the creaking hulk of the ferry-boat was at once boarded by the two children, and was swung out, not unskillfully, into the eddying stream.

"By Jove!" Hoyt commented, admiringly, "the girl is doing the chief part of the work. There's pluck for you, and muscle too, Newbold. Look at the heave of that current, will you! Three cheers for the ferryman's daughter!"

Steadily the boat came on. Three cheers were given with a will, and, for answer, they could see the girl nod her head in quiet recognition.

"This is no ferryman's daughter," Newbold whispered, as the boat touched shore.

She was about sixteen, slender and shapely. Her hat, trimmed with an oak-leaf wreath, had fallen back from her flushed face, and now, her task done, she stood, her beautiful bare hands clasped lightly across her waist, her breath coming quickly with exertion. The boy, her comrade, was a handsome, spirited creature, a few years younger. Both young people were of that luxurious type of beauty one sees on the mellow canvases of Lely and his fellows, having the rich coloring, the short upper lip, that seems haughty when in repose, the cleft chin, the well-dilated nostril; and both were clad in clumsily made garments of striped blue-and-white domestic cotton.

"Now, mind, Pink, I'm to ride your Bonnie Bess to-morrow, without the curb, for letting you have first turn," the lad exclaimed; and at once his fancy was taken by Hoyt's mare, who had begun to give every evidence in her power that she disliked boarding the ferry-boat.

"Let me get on her, *please*, while you lead her on, sir," he pleaded. Hoyt laughed, and acquiesced. Quick as thought, the boy was in the saddle and had gathered up the reins. The mare entered a final protest by rearing violently, while her rider, deftly slipping from the saddle, stood, with one foot in the stirrup, neck to neck with the dancing beast. Before Hoyt could interpose, the mare had touched ground, and the boy was back again on his perch, a bright, wild gleam in his laughing eye. With some difficulty our travelers succeeded in obtaining permission to share the labor of ferrying the boat back.

"Well, if you want to," the girl said, with evident reluctance. "But Dolph and I so seldom get a chance. Old Stubblefield's afraid papa will hear of it, I suppose; but we made him show us how. Stubblefield's gone to mill, you know. Very few people come this way, and Dolph and I just happened to be in the woods over there when we heard you call. I suppose you came by way of Pohick?"

Here the boy broke in eagerly, with a certain pride: "My sister has been to Pohick once, when she went to the springs with Aunt Betty Alexander. I'm going some day."

Hoyt laughed his jolly laugh. Newbold smiled at the thought of the prim, sleepy little town upon the turnpike road, where the railway station and telegraph office seemed as much out of place as a staring new label on a worn leather trunk. "Each mortal has his Carcassonne," he murmured. And then came the bustle of getting ashore, of depositing the absent Stubblefield's fee in a long-necked yellow gourd, hung behind a broken pane in the window of the red cottage.

"Now, if, before we part, you will add to your acts of friendship," Newbold said, "put us in the road leading to Colonel Hunter's house—I believe they call it Crow's Nest."

Dolph's laugh made the echoes ring. "Why, that's our house. You just keep along this wood road to the right for about three miles, and we'll meet you at the red gate. Come along, Pink; it's only a mile across the fields, our way. Let's see who'll be over that fence first."

They were off like a flash, and Newbold's eyes met Hoyt's.

"Original specimens of country gentry, aren't they?" Hoyt remarked. "I say, Newbold, it's getting deucedly on into the afternoon for a man who's had no lunch."

They plunged into the recesses of a cathe-

dral-vaulted pine forest, and Newbold fell to musing and murmuring aloud.

"What did you say?" asked Hoyt.

"I was merely asking you a question."

"I didn't catch it."

"It is this," answered his companion:

"Have you seen a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swansdown ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O! so white, O! so soft, O! so sweet is she!"

"I call that a great many questions," Hoyt rejoined.

At the red gate Dolph was in waiting. His sister had gone on, he said, to announce their coming to his father. Both men breathed freer on emerging from the endless reach of dusky pine woods.

A low stone house, straggling along the summit of a bleak hill, was Crow's Nest. A square porch in front, built of heavy timbers; many small windows, set with greenish panes of glass; a stack of outside chimneys; and, on each side of the door, two grim cedars, whose long arms year by year grew more long and gaunt, until they tapped the garret window-panes. Such were the distinguishing features of this old Virginian house, around which hung an air of pensive melancholy, as if it had long since become resigned to settle down into the gray of declining years. The visitors looked in vain for signs of feminine occupancy, a muslin curtain, or a flower-pot. All was chill, silent, and unsympathizing, quite out of keeping with rosy Dolph, who was then engaged in consigning their horses to a ragged negro groom.

"Pink scolded me," he said, confidingly, as he ushered his guests within. "She said I never warned you about Black Jack."

"Black Jack! Is he a desperado who haunts your woods?" Newbold naturally asked.

"It's our mud-hole," the boy answered, innocently. "Just outside the red gate, don't you remember? You might have gone round, but it is right far to go round. I expect you'd rather have come right on, hadn't you? Black Jack's mighty bad in the spring!" And he wistfully surveyed the nether garments of his guests.

The inner hall of Crow's Nest was long and narrow, the walls hung with fishing-rods, with guns, with foxes' pads and brushes, with bows and arrows, rudely made. A few smoke-stained ancestors in red coats, and their ladies in court-trains and toupets, hung near the ceiling. Along the skirting-board was ranged a row of men's boots, and a pair of antlers held men's hats, in every stage of disrepair. A half-dozen smiling negroes jostled each other in the background; and, starting from the wainscoting, it would seem, appeared an odd, old-time figure, in study-gown and cap, his hair worn in a queue, and his wrinkled face lit with cordial welcome.

"Welcome to Crow's Nest, gentlemen," he said, heartily. "I am pleased to see that Black Jack has let you off, the worse only for a little mud. Black Jack is apt to be formidable at this season of the year. Come into the dining-room, pray, and take something after your ride. You, Trip, go tell your aunt Judy to hurry with her supper."

To present a letter of introduction seemed a mere matter of moonshine in the face of such a greeting. Our travelers were at once conducted to a chill dimity-draped chamber, with a bed of state in either end of it, where they found a small imp of darkness already blowing up a shovelful of embers beneath some light-wood knots upon the hearth. A couple of beaming black boys were on hand to brush and polish, and even Hoyt's reluctant spirit began to own the magic of hearty welcome.

In a scanty room below, paneled with dark wood, and dotted with profile likenesses cut from sticking-plaster and pasted on a ground of white, together with faded Poonah paintings, pendent ostrich eggs, and many a smiling miniature, they presently found the daughter of the house. Pink had put on a muslin gown, and tied her truant locks beneath a scarlet bow. She received the two men without affectation, though a charming blush settled in each cheek. She did the honors by showing relics of the days of George and Anne that warmed the cockles of Newbold's antiquarian heart. In came the Colonel, in a well-brushed suit of black small-clothes; and a clanging bell announced the family meal.

"You will please hand Miss Hunter in to supper, sir," the old gentleman said, with a quaint wave of the hand. As Newbold obeyed, he fancied himself on tip-toe leading out a partner to the minuet!

As in most Virginian houses, the dining-room at Crow's Nest was the most habitable spot about the house. The light came through a number of narrow windows draped in turkey-red. Half a dozen doors opened and shut continually to admit processions of small darkies bearing offerings of smoking bread and cakes. Over a porch-shed thus disclosed grew a lilac-bush in full bloom. On the high

mantel-shelf stood home-made "dips," in massive silver candlesticks, ready to be lighted when the late amber daylight should fade. At one end of the long room stood a sideboard covered with fine old silver plate. Cut-glass decanters, containing certain mysterious golden fluids, were open to every new-comer. Upon the wide table was seen the inevitable ham, bronzed with baking, fragrant with cloves, drenched in a bath of old Madeira. Grouped round it were broiled chickens, corn-pone and Sally Lunn, jams and jellies, and a host of like dainties. At the four corners stood silver jugs of cream; and a brave array of blue Canton china adorned the bare mahogany of the shining board. On guard behind his master's chair was an old mulatto, Jupiter, who, having grown gray and nearly blind in the service of Crow's Nest dining-room, was still, after Aunt Judy, the housekeeper, ruler of every festival, his children's children aiding him in attendance at the table. Behind the tea-board, where reigned supreme a large silver urn bedecked with the drop-and-garland of Queen Anne's time, the young hostess took her seat, having in waiting at her elbow an old colored woman with a kindly wrinkled face and clad in spotless homespun. A spectacle always amusing to Northern eyes was the hero of the peacock's-feather fly-brush, a small, serious darky, mounted on a three-legged stool, whose plaited twigs of hair stood erect with awe at his own importance.

As the guests entered the room, a number of tall, swarthy, black-bearded loungers rose up to give them greeting.

"My sons, gentlemen," said Colonel Hunter, with a wave of the hand, scattering the while a brace of fawning hounds from about his knees. Six of these stalwart youths there were, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-eight. Shy and slow of speech, awkward and low-voiced, these props of a decaying house answered respectively to the names of Ludwell, Catlett, Peachy, Noblet, Bushrod, and Horatio. Only the family Bible knew how many additional high-stepping titles were allotted to each. The same profuse chronicle bore witness to the fact that, at the outset of her career, the sole daughter of Crow's Nest had been made to stagger under the combination of Edmonia Septimia Demoretta Fanshawe Crump! This burden, thanks to her negro mammy, had been speedily lightened to the infant sufferer.

"Come to its own mammy, den, my lamb! De Lawd knows, she don't favor old miss, nor old marse nuther — bress His name! My baby's dess as purty as a pink."

And the solitary Pink's petals had opened day by day until her maiden fragrance filled the old gray house.

Three years after Pink's arrival had appeared a seventh boy. Despite his fair loveliness, rivaling that of his sister, Mrs. Hunter seemed to take alarm at the renewal of a male succession to her husband's line. She had made jam and bound up bruises and knit stockings for so many boys that the vehement protest might have been forgiven her. At any rate, she died at Dolph's birth and was laid to rest under a lean slab already gathering lichens in the family burial-plot upon a neighboring hillside.

Dolph's name was a parental tribute to that ancient fascinator, Mrs. Radcliffe — an abbreviation of Udolpho, of fame for mysteries. After bestowing upon his last-born this mark of attention, the old gentleman went back to his books, finding metal far more attractive in the rows of mildewed volumes — yellow-skinned or black-jacketed duodecimos, six-volumed editions of wearisome old fiction, dusty piles of bygone magazines, all heaped on the shelves of a so-called "office" in the yard, — a damp, low-studded, whitewashed room, with a mossy roof garnished with stonecrop.

In this asylum chiefly the remnant of old Octavius Hunter's days were gliding by. He was content to look at the theater of life through the large end of his glass. In his eyes, the world, outside of his inheritance of five thousand acres surrounding Crow's Nest, had subsided into vulgar commonplace when certain old-time luminaries in Virginian politics, most of them his blood relations, had become extinct. To prattle about the past glories of his family, who were tide-water Virginians of the old, aristocratic, profuse class, — hand-in-glove with the noblemen sent over to govern the colony, and themselves descendants of a distinguished English line, — was the solace of his life. The grand old river-places, furnished and equipped with English luxuries at a time when Crow's Nest was part of a dense virgin forest, had passed out of the extravagant hands of Colonel Hunter's predecessors, and there remained to him only this remote lodge in the wilderness. Here he was content to dwell, reverting to the days of his gay bachelor life, when he was an ornament of the State militia, as also an active member of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons in the neighboring town of Alexandria. Standing on the hearth-rug, his spindle legs in black tights a little separated, a silver snuff-box in his hand, his parchment face glowing with animation, the Colonel would discourse to you by the hour about how his grandfather rode to hounds

with Washington, and how his aunt Betty had danced with the General at a birth-night ball. So in politics, the Colonel would have nothing modern. The consideration of party topics, just then agitating the broad extent of the United States, was of far less moment than the action taken by Washington about the free navigation of the Mississippi River, or Jefferson's renunciation of his favorite Embargo Act. If, after repeated efforts, one succeeded in dislodging the Colonel from his archæological eminence and bringing him to the consideration of present events, "Egad, sir," he would say, "it's arrant nonsense. Talk about breaking up the Union that was founded by the General! It can't be done, sir! Of one thing you may be certain, Virginia, Mother of Presidents, will stand firm, sir. Did I tell you of that little anecdote my father had from Light Horse Harry Lee, about the General?" The Washington intimacy was a source of undying pride. The father of the present owner of Crow's Nest had been a pall-bearer of the great republican, and a brass-bound clock upon the landing of the stairs still kept record of the hour of Washington's death, the hands remaining as they had been set upon the occasion of that national calamity.

The Colonel had married late in life, and the claims of a numerous family had not greatly incommoded the quiet current of his thought. In those days children had a comfortable fashion of growing up for themselves, untroubled by the endless aids to progress requisite now. The boys hunted, trapped, and fished, took what learning they chose to receive from a threadbare tutor forming part of the establishment, declined the college course proffered them by their father, and developed — as we have seen! Dolph took to his book eagerly, and he and Pink and the tutor had long, delightful seances in the school-room,— a round-tower dependence of the house, with stucco walls and a conical roof, dropped as if by accident in the yard, near the dining-room door.

Pink's childhood was a happy one. She lived abroad outside her school-hours — the housekeeper's scepter, dropped upon Mrs. Hunter's demise, having been triumphantly snatched up by Aunt Judy, the household autocrat. Pink was put on a barebacked horse to ride to water when she could hardly walk, and soon after learned to climb trees like a squirrel. The six big brothers were kind to both motherless children, who formed the romance of their monotonous lives. They petted them, broke colts for them, brought home trophies of the hunt for them, from an owl's nest to a fox's brush, saved for them the earliest nuts and persimmons, and, at Pink's bidding, would smooth their ruffled manes and check the rioting of their speech at times of family reunion.

Such was the circle at Crow's Nest, now recruited by our two travelers. Whatever curiosity they might have experienced was soon merged into a solid enjoyment of Aunt Judy's good things. A Virginian hot supper, or "high tea," as it would now be called, was a thing to be remembered!

"We missed the canvasbacks in Baltimore," Newbold said, with a sigh to their memory, even amid such profusion.

"Very savory eating are canvasbacks," said his host. "But you must know the cook, sir. 'Let them fly twice through the fire, and eat them when singed,' was a saying of my maternal aunt, Mrs. Peggy Marshall, of Bush Hill. No currant jelly or wine sauce, either. Did you ever hear this little incident of General Washington's latter days, sir? He went once with my grandfather into Gadsby's tavern in Alexandria. Gadsby met them, rubbing his hands, with the announcement that he had just received a prime lot of fat canvasbacks. 'Very good, Mr. Gadsby,' rejoined his Excellency. 'Give us some canvasbacks, a chafing-dish, some hominy, and a bottle of your best Madeira, and I'll warrant you'll hear no grumbling from us!' Ha, ha! Have a slice of this ham, Mr. Newbold. Jupiter, hand Mr. Hoyt's plate. Come, no refusal. Of course you must — a thin slice of Crow's Nest ham never hurt anybody."

Jupiter handed the plate; and, in the act of carving, the Colonel held his knife in air, to explain how to make a really good ham.

"Mo' waffles, sir," said a piping voice at the guest's elbow. Newbold wanted to groan. The time for preserves and cream had not yet come, and already his satiated spirit cried "Enough."

One who has encountered the pressure of Virginian hospitality knows that there is nothing for it but to submit, body and baggage. Hoyt and Newbold made a feeble stand against extending their stay at Crow's Nest; but, betimes next morning, a cart drawn by a large cream-colored mule and driven by a negro lad (whose garments, made of guano-bags, commended Smith's fertilizer to the public gaze), set off in pursuit of their luggage at the tavern in Pohick. Thus beset, our travelers resigned themselves to a fortnight's loitering. Hoyt, an enthusiastic sportsman, found his chief amusement in the saddle, under convoy of the stalwart six, or in roaming the woods and fields. Newbold derived endless entertainment from the life, the place,

the people. Dolph and Pink led him captive everywhere. Aunt Judy was proud to show her various departments of baking, brewing, poultry-raising, hog-fattening, spinning, and weaving. He had called upon the new calf of the red-and-white cow; he had seen Judy make her wonderful "beat" biscuit; he had rifled her quince preserves in company with his allies. He liked best of all, perhaps, to pass hours in the old "office." In this retreat, common to most Virginian houses, the uncertain light came through small panes of glass, shadowed without by a massive clump of box-bushes, affording sanctuary where Aunt Judy dared not pursue her fowls fleeing for their lives from block and hatchet, and causing dusk to fall within at noonday. Above the door, where, entering, the visitor plunged headlong down an unsuspected step, grew syringas, gnarled and ancient, with hoary bark and sparse flowers. Sometimes a nest of young chimney-swallows, loosened by the rain, would fall upon the hearth, "pieping" for human sympathy. Hounds wandered in and out the door; mice sported on the bookshelves; not infrequently a young heifer sauntered down the flagged walk to set her fore feet on the mossy step and fix her serious gaze upon the occupant. Here Newbold liked to sit, opening moldy envelopes, exploring mouse-eaten documents, some bearing proud armorial seals, and taking notes from a family correspondence extending back to the time of England's merry monarch. The spring days glided by, till, on the eve of their departure, Pink summoned both her guests to a final round of "the quarter." Here, a number of whitewashed cabins, each boasting its separate patch of garden, growing corn, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, onions, and cabbage, were embowered in foliage and connected by a broad walk swept as clean as the deck of a man-of-war. A pleasant hum of business struck the ear. Through open doors were seen wheels, looms, hat-plaiting, basket-making. One or two negro patriarchs, with heads like ripe cotton-bolls, sat blinking in the sun before their doors. On the grass, on the walks, everywhere under foot, were jovial pickaninnies, clad in a single garment. As the visitors passed down the line, smiles, bows, courtesies, and cordial good-byes were showered upon the young men, who had won a host of admirers in "the quarter."

Newbold lingered behind the others, and looked back. It was a fine elastic day, full of sweet, homely smells from wood and meadow and fresh-turned furrows of the earth,—a day when the air "nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto the gentle senses." From the farm-hands, at work on the slopes bordered by dark lines of pine forest, came cheerful sounds mellowed by distance; in "the quarter" chattering tongues were heard, with the crowing of cocks and the clamorous joy of hens who had just acquitted themselves of their diurnal duty to society. It was all peaceful and pleasant enough. While Newbold mused with regret over their approaching departure, he heard a cry as if of pain from Pink, who, with her two companions, Hoyt and Dolph, had disappeared down a path leading to an isolated cottage. Newbold quickly followed, to be met by all three of the missing young people, Dolph having his arm around Pink, who looked pale and terrified.

"It is nothing," Hoyt explained. "We were idiotic enough to go into that old witch's cabin yonder to have our fortunes told, and the woman was either drunk or crazy, I don't know which, and frightened Miss Hunter with some of her nonsensical sayings—that's all."

"Oh! no," cried Pink. "Aunt Sabra never was like that before — never." And she shuddered involuntarily, clinging to her brother.

They had passed into the glen, a broad grassy valley, strewn with bowlders of rock set in ferns, where dogwood trees in full blossom made a blaze of white radiance in the shadow.

"Sit down upon one of these royal rocks," Newbold said to the young girl gently. "Tell me all about your fortune-hunting, and we will laugh at it together."

But Pink could not laugh. She looked from Hoyt to her brother, but did not speak. Hoyt, strangely enough for him, seemed to labor under a rare spell of embarrassment. Only Dolph laughed, like the light-hearted lad he was.

"All this because Aunt Sabra had what Mammy Psyche calls the highstrikes, Pink. It isn't worth worrying about. After all, I am the fellow to be worried, am I not, Mr. Hoyt?" and the lad looked up into his friend's face with a trustful smile.

"Oh! but she said — she said," Pink found voice to whisper, "that Dolph was — walking — across — his grave!"

"And that *I*, since Miss Hunter is too polite to continue the prophecy," Hoyt added, "that I am to be the grave-digger, or words to that effect. Pray, Miss Hunter, don't let this stupid accident mar the pleasure of our last day at Crow's Nest. Dolph here has shown that he believes in me. Won't you, too, be my friend?"

To Newbold's surprise, the color in Pink's face, as she placed her hand in Hoyt's, deepened to burning crimson.

PART II.

THREE years later, in February of 1863, an officer of the Union army, representing a brigade recently stationed at Three Fork Mills, in the county of ——, Virginia, accompanied by his orderly, rode into the half-deserted village of Pohick.

Railway communication with that enlightened center had long since been cut off. The inhabitants nowadays would have been as much startled by the apparition of a locomotive as were the red men who first beheld one on the far Western plains. Many of the Pohick people had packed a few belongings and hastily gone over the border to share the weal or woe of the Confederacy. Those who remained would cower behind the closed green shutters of their frame-houses and listen to the clang of sabers in their one straggling street, not knowing whether this meant the advent of friend or foe; for the little town occupied debatable ground. Some days the people would wake up to see a splendid body of Union cavalry, all a-glitter with brave uniforms and polished steel, dash gallantly on and away into the dangerous region beyond; and again, be roused from their beds at night to give food and warmth to a weather-beaten band of ragged troopers in gray, who ate and drank like famished folk, who for nights past had slept by snatches when and where they could, wrapped in a blanket on the snow, and for days had lived in the saddle, scouring their desolate outposts, with ears alert and hands on pistol-butt!

More than once had the main street of Pohick been startled by the flash of a sudden fusillade, prelude to a skirmish short and sharp. The good citizens watched with clasped hands and bated breath, and presently, when the tide of battle flowed back from before their portals, leaving stranded there its flotsam and jetsam of dead and wounded men, the sealed doors flew open, and friend and foe were borne within to be tended till reclaimed.

Newbold had been among the earliest volunteers for the Union, and his years of experience in the invading army, although spent elsewhere than in these well-remembered haunts, had pretty well prepared him for the reception his blue uniform might expect to encounter here. He had anxiously awaited an opportunity to ride over to Pohick and make inquiry concerning certain old friends; but the opportunity had been slow in coming. A lull in border hostilities enabled him to pursue his investigations with tolerable security, apart from the general possibility of a stray Black Horseman's bullet. He had set out with a strange excitement of spirit, amounting almost to exhilaration; but the aspect of affairs throughout the country where he passed saddened, then thoroughly depressed him. There was hardly anything to recall the ride of three years before. Nothing can so transform a landscape as the fall of timber; and here acres upon acres of forest giants had been laid low under the decree of war's necessity. For the most part the ground was bare and desolate, but here and there were thickets of noble trees degraded from their high estate. Upon hillsides once crowned with handsome homesteads or generous farm-houses, were now mere skeletons of framework, glaring with hollow eye-sockets, and showing ghastly blackened fronts, round which the bleak March wind swept drearily. Everywhere fences were gone, out-buildings had vanished, fields and orchards were laid waste. The roads were vast mud-holes, glazed with a thin crust of ice. Passing a forsaken camp-ground, he saw the earth incrusted with a curious mosaic, proving to be the spot where a newly shod regiment had cast away their ancient shoes on breaking camp. For companions, during miles of this melancholy expedition, besides his orderly, he had only troops of crows, whose ominous note seemed a warning of evil to come. Last of all in the list of dispiriting influences were the unmarked graves, seaming the hillsides, scattered in the valleys,— mute records they, but oh! how eloquent of recent battle-fields,— though, alas! only a handful beside the countless number of those that, from Shenandoah to the sea, scar the green bosom of beautiful Virginia!

Newbold was not surprised at the scanty welcome he received on drawing rein before the long piazza of the tavern at Pohick. The hostler who appeared had a gray look of chronic apprehension invading the ebony of his once jolly countenance; and mine host, who of old had swaggered out to meet and pledge each new-comer, kept to himself behind the ill-supplied bar counter, the tide of his courteous verbosity curbed, and leaking out only in necessary monosyllables. The tavern folk, and those few who appeared upon the thoroughfare, were all guarded, suspicious, anxious, furtive. Newbold's hardly veiled eagerness of inquiry for news of the family at Crow's Nest met with evasive answers. They gave him such plain food and drink as they could furnish, and left him to himself in the long, chill dining-room, with its last summer's decoration of fly-specked paper-garlands still pendent from the ceiling. Newbold's appetite was not unduly tempted by the cold ham and scrambled eggs, the adulterated coffee and

sharp green pickles set before him. He rose up in a moment or two and strolled out into the stable-yard, to give an order concerning his horse.

Here he was confronted by an odd object he vaguely remembered to have seen before. It was a crippled negro, old and bent, who, broom in hand, was sweeping out the stalls. At Newbold's greeting, the old fellow looked at him, first curiously, then with sudden intelligence in his eyes.

"I knows you, marse, shua 'nuff; but you're fleshier and more conformabler den you was. 'Spect you disremembers Sam! You hain't forgot Crow's Nes', has ye? I'se Unk' Pilate's brer, wha' ye gin a quarter to, de day ye sont me cross Black Jack to open de red gate."

Like a flash the time alluded to came back. Newbold recalled the race on horseback to which Pink had challenged him—the quaint old fellow gathering underbrush along the roadside. The warm balsamic air of the pine woods seemed to blow upon him. He saw again the perfect poise of her light figure in the saddle. Her ringing laugh echoed in his ear.

"Sam, you're a trump," he said, with returning spirits. "Here's a dollar to keep the quarter company. Now tell me all you know about the Crow's Nest family, and how you came to be wandering off here to foreign parts."

The old negro looked around him apprehensively, as his long claws closed upon the greenback, and, shuffling, he led the way into a disused stall.

"Mighty curus times dese, marse. Can't tell yer right hand w'at yer lef' han's scrabblin' arter, 'pears to me."

Here he paused, coughed, looked wistfully into Newbold's face, and, extending his lean forefinger, touched the young man's shoulder-strap.

"Ye would'n' do no hurt, sir, to my ole marse, if ye does wear dis?"

"I wouldn't be fit to wear it if I did, Sam. I was a stranger and he took me in, remember," Newbold answered heartily. "Come, old man, out with your story. They are well, I hope. She—they have not been troubled in their home?"

"Dey's only tol'able, Marse Newbole," Sam said, scratching his head dejectedly. "When de wah fus' bruk out, 'pears like ole marse kinder disbelieved de news. He'd set dere in de office day in and day out, and w'en de papers cum twicet a week, he'd git kinder riled, and den 'pear like he forgit all 'bout it. De young marsters dey kep' gittin' mo' an' mo' oneasy. Dey confabulated 'mongst deyselves—ole marse he kep' on disbelievin'—twel one mornin' de boys dess tuk an' lipt ober de fence, so to speak, an' jined de army ober yonder at Manassy Junction. Ole marse felt bad den, I reckon, w'en he found der worn't nobody to fill de ole house 'cep' little mistis and Marse Dolph. He tuk to walkin' up an' down de flo', and dar's whar he is now, I specs. Little mistis, her eyes tuk to shinin' brighter'n lightnin'-bugs, en she and Marse Dolph never rested widout dey knowed wot was goin' on in de camp. Dem two chillun 'ud ride down to de Junction ebery chance dey got. Little mistis 'ud keep all hands at wuk, sewin', knittin', en cookin' for de sojers. Dey warn't nuthin' talked 'bout but marchin' and drillin' and paradin', en how Gineral Beauregard was a-gwine to save de Souf. Bymeby cum a day wha nobody down our way ain't a-gwine ter forgit dis side de Judgmen'. 'Twas hot summer wedder—de groun' a bakin' wid de sun—and w'en we fust heerd dat rumblin' long de groun', bress yer soul, sir, we tuk it fur de las' trump. Ef de fus' clap did'en bounce dat ole headen Si outen his cheer, en turn loose de wust skeertes' nigger on our plantashun!

"Den dey wuz mo' rumblin', en a lot of sharp cracklin' sounds way off to de norf of us. De fus we know, dar was little mistis runnin' out in de sun widout no hat, en her cheeks as red as peonies. Marse Dolph followed arter her, and tuk her hand. Ole marse kem out en stood on de poach, lookin' like he walkin' in he sleep. De cracklin' set in louder den befo', en little mistis she screech right out to her par dat de battle was begun. She looked peart enough to 'a' fit herself, bress yer soul, and de boy he stand dere wid his head up, en his ears cocked like a blood hoss w'en he hear a cone drop off de pine-trees. 'Twas a monsus long day, Marse Newbole; en w'en night kem nobody on dat plantation darsn't go to bed a-waitin' for de news. Bymeby a sojer rode up de wood road. He sot his hoss sorter droopy, en w'en one o' de boys run down to de hoss-block, dar it wuz Marse Noblet's own sorrel, and dat wuz Marse Noblet ridin' him. He med out so ez to walk to de poach, wha old marse kem out to meet him. Den Marse Noblet bruk down like a baby, en if Unk' Jupe hadn' bin dar to ketch him, he'd a-tumbled flat. 'De res' ob 'em is safe, father,' wuz what he med out fur to say, sir, 'but I'se hit in de side,' en den he fainted, en we kerried him into de charmber wha ole miss useter sleep, en dere he died fo' mornin'. 'Twas de blood-flow det finished him, de doctah 'lowed. Dat wuz only de beginnin', sir. Marse Noblet died o' Saturday, en o' Sunday de noise o' de guns begun ag'in bright en arly; en all day it kept rippin' en tearin'

like mad. Ole marse set wid his head on his bres by Marse Noblet's body, en dem chilluns did all de orderin' dey wuz to be did. Sun up, nex' mornin', shua ez you baun, sir, ef dar worn't one o' dem sort o' sick hearses a-turnin' in de red gate, en w'at you spose in it? Marse Bushrod en Marse Catlett *bof*, sir. Dey wuz shot dead a-fightin' side by side."

Sam paused, gave a gulp, of which he tried to seem ashamed, while in spite of him two large tears ran down his cheeks. These he quickly brushed away, using a wisp of hay for the purpose, and resumed his story.

"Well, sir, Mammy Lucy she laid 'em out, en we buried dem free alongside dere ma in de cedar patch; en little mistis she sont into Pohick en bought some black stuff en had Mammy Psyche make a frock for her. Ole marse quit readin' den, en tuk to walkin' up en down de flo'. Marse Dolph he seemed fit to bust, kase ther worn't no chance fer him to git inter de scrimmage on his own account. He en little miss couldn' ride about like dey useter, w'en de Yankees begun to scout aroun' permiscus; en dey was fearful restless en oneasy. Dar ent no use in me tekkin' up your time, Marse Newbole, wid tellin' you all 'bout de way things got a-runnin' down on de ole plantashun de secun year o' de wah. Arter de young marsters quit, dere worn't nobody to run de machine. Ole marse got one oberseer, po' white from de Coat-House, en he stole en cheated; den anudder feller, he cheated en stole. Byme-by, hog-meat gittin' skerser, craps failin', ole marse sent fur all han's to 'semble in de yard. Dar wuz we, in our Sunday bes'; dar wuz he in dat ole study-gound en his little cap; little mistis behine him, all pale en showed she'd bin a-cryin'; Marse Dolph holdin' on to her, en whisperin' now en then. 'Boys,' ole marse sez, speakin' perticular to Pilate, Jupe, en me, cos we wuz de oldest, 'you all see how 'tis wid me. Ye's sarved me true en faithful, en it's powerful hard to say it, but I hain't no call fer to starve my father's people, en so I'll give ye leave to go. We'er that near to Wash'n't'n it'll be easy fer them as wants ter to git through de lines. Them as has families to take wid 'em I'll give a little money to start 'em on de way, and what I can I'll do fur all on ye.'

"Dem niggers acted mighty queer, Marse Newbole. It cum as nateral as breathin' to want to holler out at dat. Dat wuz *freedom*, sir, dat wuz! But de sight o' our ole marse standin' up in de ole poach so feeble like, en dem po' young things behine him, wuz mo' stronger; en we jist kep' still as if it wuz in preachin'! Den Mammy Psyche gin de fust wud by squealin' out en throwin' her arms aroun' dem two, Miss Pink en Marse Dolph, en prayin' ole marse, for God's sake, not to send her off from her lambs, her precious babies. Ole Unk Jupe put his hand on one o' de do' poses, en he sez: 'Tek dis here away, marse, but leave ole Jupiter.' En dat sorter bruk down de ceremony ob de 'cashun. De wimmen folks en de chillun cried en hollered, en de men stood on de groun' ez if dey wuz bin havin' der dogger-types tuk."

Again Sam had recourse to the wisp of straw. Newbold stood in silence beside him, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I'd like to tell you 'bout little mistis, sir," the old negro said, confidingly, after a time. "She waited a minnit to see ef her pa wuz gwine to say enny mo', en seein' him settle down like he wuz dreamin', she dess run out on de grass amongs' us, sir, wid dat same face she had w'en she wuz a-listenin' to de guns at Manassy; it wuz proud, an den agin it wuzn't.

"'I wornts you all to know dat my father en my brother en I loves you jes' ez well en trusses you jes' de same ez ever,' war what she say; 'en ef any one 'mongs' ye wornts to stay en share our poverty, he's welcome; en ef any one of ye wornts to come back to Crow's Nes', he's welcome. I've growed up here amongs' ye, en I knows ye, big en little, ole en young. It's like pullin' my heart-strings out to see ye go away, en de ole place go to ruin. But ef it's got to be, my dear, dear frien's, I know you'll help——'"

At this point of his narrative, Sam made no further attempt to stem the current of fast-welling tears that streamed down the channels of his withered face. Presently he abandoned the wisp of hay as inadequate to the occasion, and took from his pocket a handkerchief emblazoned with the United States flag in all its bravery of colors.

"Dat was de beginnin' of de eend, Marse Newbole," he said. "De Crow's Nes' niggers cl'ared out arter dat, do de mos' ob 'em was mighty hard to stir. Unk Jupe en Mammy Psyche dey staid, o' co'rse, en dey kep' a couple o' boys to hope in de gyarden. Aunt Lucy she went off to nuss in de hosspittle at Culpeper. Aunt Judy,—she dat wuz housekeeper, sir,—why, she's cook at Marse Secretary ——'s, dis minnit, in Wash'n't'n, en Unk Pilate, her husban', he drives de kerridge. Ole Unk Si he tuk his savin's en made tracks, fust off. Hain't nebber heerd o' enny cullud gentleman wha's runnin' fo' Presiden', down

dar, has ye, sir? De way dat nigger baambilated off, ye'd a-thought he warn' gwine ter 'low Marse Linkum no chance, no how. Sum' on 'em has writ letters beggin' marse to take 'em home ag'in; some on 'em we ain't never heerd on. I'm a kyinder old tarrypin myself; en w'en little mistis 'vised me to be a-movin', I dess crawled dis fur, en 'ere I stopped. I gets my cawn-bread en my bacon en a bed to sleep on by de wuk I does fur Marse Jim Peters, wha' keeps dis here hotel; but dey's a mons'us difference. 'Pears like I ent got no self-respec', to be waitin' on po' whites, nohow; en de longes' I live, sir, I ent seen money tuk befo' fur a stranger's bode en lodgin'."

Thus far Newbold had heard without wishing to interrupt the simple old narrator, but a great longing to know more of her, toward whom his heart had been drawn during years of separation, overmastered him. He wrung Sam's hand, greatly to that worthy's astonishment, leaving in the horny palm another greenback — an act of beneficence that almost defeated his object by depriving the now smiling negro of his powers of speech.

"Your young mistress, Sam, how does she look? how does she bear her changed fortunes?"

"She's grow'd like a hickory saplin', Marse Newbole, en it's dess a wonder her sperret ent bruk, wid de pore eatin,' en de worriment, en de hard work. I ent tole you, sir, dat Marse Peachey got killed at Malvern Hill, en Mas'r Ludwell lay down dere in the hosspittle at Richmond all las' summer, 'fo' he died o' de wounds he got at Seven Pines. W'en Marse Raish kem a-limpin' home on crutches wid one laig gone, en took to settin' on de back poach all de day (underneath de water-bucket wha de gourd hangs, sir, you 'members it?), en gev hisself up to bein' drefful onsperreted, seems like dat wuz de las' straw! Ole marse looked at him kinder far off, en he sez, sez he, 'I'm an old tree, en dey've lopt off all my branches; pretty soon de trunk'll fall, please God.' Den Marse Dolph en Miss Pink dey tuk de whole fambly in charge. Marse Raish allus was de perjinketest ob all de boys, en he's give 'em lots o' trouble sence, en ole marse 'pears to get childish like. Dat boy Dolph ez only fifteen, sir; but ef you'll b'leeve me, he's breakin' his heart to go enter de wah; en Miss Pink she wants de wust way ter please him, en but fer his pa I b'leeve he'd be off like a shot. . . . Dey 's powerful po', sir," he added, with reluctant admission. "All dat lan' 's no good to marse, en de Yankees hez cut down acres o' his timber. But dey's great folks still, sir. Dey's Hunters, ebbery inch, en dey don't gib up."

Newbold rode back to headquarters, turning over in his mind a variety of projects by which he could bring himself into communication with, and if possible aid, the family at Crow's Nest. A day or two afterward, he met his old friend Hoyt, now captain of New York volunteers, and, like himself, recently stationed in the Three Forks neighborhood. They dined together at Newbold's mess, and after dinner Newbold resolved to make an effort to break an awkward kind of reserve that his own feeling had established between them in regard to the visit at Crow's Nest. He gave Hoyt an outline of Sam's story.

"By Jove, it's too bad," Hoyt responded, heartily. "Of course we should do something; but what? Our hands are tied. Very likely they'd bar the door against us, and the girl would hurl secession eloquence at our heads from the upper windows. What a pretty creature she was, Newbold! Do you know, I believe my wife is to this day a trifle jealous of the spooney way I used to go on about old Virginia after our visit there. I sent Miss Hunter a lot of books and engravings, and wrote her a half-dozen rather sentimental letters from Europe that summer — and there the thing cooled off. You remember, it was just before I became engaged to Lilian ——"

"I haven't forgotten anything about that time," Newbold said, with a sort of effort. "Perhaps I never told you, Hoyt, that I myself fell as irretrievably in love with Miss Hunter as an idiot could. I wrote and told her so, and asked her leave to revisit Crow's Nest in a different capacity. But ——"

"She didn't agree with you, old fellow?" Hoyt said serenely. "Well, that's a chapter that comes in most of our lives, isn't it? I am so well set up in that matter that I can afford to sympathize with you old bachelors."

"Unfortunately, as you will agree," Newbold added, after a moment's deliberation, "I have a provoking way of not changing when I once make up my mind. I find myself today more than ever fixed in my regard for her. The story that old darky tells of her pluck and her endurance has filled me with a rash and unmanageable desire to go to her rescue."

Hoyt whistled.

"Excuse me, old fellow, but really — I — It's such an immense joke, don't you see? Why can't you have the common sense to know that now she would never look at you? These Southern girls are the very devil! Perhaps you'd better try it, though, if you are going in for a cure; or else wait awhile till we have settled this rebellion business, and affairs

assume a different complexion. For my part, I stand ready to do the Hunters any kindness or any courtesy that may be possible, if a chance presents. How Lilian will laugh when she hears I've run upon the Virginia flame again!"

Once again upon the banks of the Aspen River our two friends came to a halt. This time it was no May-day pleasuring beneath the flowery arches of the wood. Hoyt was in command of a scouting expedition, which Newbold, out of the very restlessness of his spirit, had volunteered to accompany. The long winter of inactivity made an opportunity like this a godsend to both men and officers. It was now toward the end of March, and, by one of the coquetries of Virginia climate at that season, a brisk snow-storm had set in, driving Hoyt's party into the shelter of a close growth of pine-trees for their noonday bivouac. Gathered round a tiny fire, whose thin blue curl of smoke they would have hidden from outside observation, they sat eating and chatting merrily — their horses tethered close at hand, comfortably munching provender beneath a thatch of snow.

Suddenly the soldier on guard without gave a note of warning to his comrades. In an instant every man's hand was on his rifle. In the dead silence that ensued, they could hear the long, even stride of horses galloping on the far side of the river-bank. From their ambush they saw a party of Confederates emerge from the undergrowth opposite and sweep down the steep descent to the ford. Their steeds plunged into the stream and rioted with the swift yellow current, wading breast-high, now swimming, again striking bottom, and so until the hoofs of their leader struck the shore immediately beneath the wooded height where lurked their foe.

What followed was the work of a moment. Newbold, looking out with a thrill of eager anticipation, saw the gray coats fare gayly forward to their certain doom — saw in the midst of them, first to breast the current, waving his arm aloft in boyish pride — joyous, gallant, and alert — good God! could this be little Dolph?

"Fire!" came the ring of Hoyt's clear voice.

Newbold was conscious of a mad movement of protest. Before the smoke attending the deadly volley had scattered, the ranks of the rebel cavalry were seen to split asunder. Two or three bodies plunged heavily from their saddles to the ground. In the skirmish that ensued the rest of them, surprised and outnumbered, made desperate fight in vain. Those not slain or captured on the spot turned back to cross the ford, a rain of bullets following. More than one succeeded in crossing unhurt; some sank wounded on the far bank; and one poor fellow, struck in midstream, sat his horse gallantly until he had well-nigh mastered the buffeting of the flood, then, falling like a column, was lost to sight beneath the angry tide.

It was short work to look for Dolph. The boy lay by the roadside, his fair face looking heavenward, a bullet through his heart.

Hoyt, having a severe thigh-wound for his own share of the encounter, was carried by his men into the shelter they had recently quitted and laid on a bed made of leaves and blankets, while a messenger, accompanying the prisoners sent back under guard, was dispatched to headquarters in search of a surgeon. Into this retreat, where the wounded of both sides were lying, Newbold had caused Dolph's body to be borne. A faint hope, too soon extinguished, nerved him to continued efforts at resuscitation. Hoyt, on discovering the object of his friend's solicitude, was beyond measure shocked and grieved. In the intervals of his acute attacks of suffering, he would ask impatiently if nothing could be done to save the boy. From one of the wounded Confederates Newbold ascertained that this was young Hunter's first military service since his recent enlistment; and that the party, at his request, had stopped overnight at Colonel Hunter's house, where it was more than probable some one of the retreating men had even now borne the news of the lad's fate.

"But I reckon I'd rather be here as I am, than in his boots that tells the news," the soldier added, between gasps of pain.

Newbold, having done what he could for the sufferers, paced up and down the road in front of his improvised hospital, a prey, for once in his life, to blank uncertainty. While he strode back and forth, a soldier on the outpost signaled him, pointing in the direction of the far bank of the river. Going down the steep path, Newbold saw through the mist of swiftly falling snow the black hulk of the old ferry-boat push out from the opposite shore.

"There are only two people aboard, sir," the sentry said. "They've a white flag up. It's a woman and a nigger man, I guess."

Newbold's heart was filled with foreboding. He could make no answer; he could only watch and wait. The boat drew nearer. What he feared was realized. A gaunt old negro handled the ropes of the ferry-boat, and at his side a young girl stood directing him. A moment more, and Pink, her large eyes fixed and staring, no tear upon the white-

ness of her cheek, sprang to the shore and came swiftly up the bank.

"I have come to claim my dead," she said, in tones so strange and sad that, instinctively, every man who heard her doffed his cap and stood bareheaded in the snow-flakes. Newbold dared not answer; he could not tell whether she recognized him or not. In silence he led her, followed by old Jupiter, whose shambling steps found it difficult to make a footing, along the slippery path. Dolph's body had been removed a little apart from the others and laid on the moss at the foot of a tree. Newbold hesitated for a moment; then, drawing aside the sweeping bough that veiled it from their sight, he motioned the young girl to pass before him. He saw her swoop downward, like a mother-bird to its young, and then could look no more. She came out presently, the same marble creature who had entered there. Hoyt had aroused from his benumbed condition, and, dimly comprehending what had come to pass, begged Newbold to call her to his side.

"I must say — a word — you know. She may feel more kindly to see me — in this state."

He had raised himself upon his elbow and looked appealingly toward her. Pink's eyes met his. To Newbold's utter surprise, the young girl's face kindled with a momentary glow that was astonishment and joy and tenderness combined. She made a quick motion in Hoyt's direction, then as suddenly put both hands before her eyes and drew back.

"Pray speak to him, Miss Hunter," Newbold urged, in a voice that did not seem his own. "He is badly wounded, as you see, and your — sorrow — is the one disturbing thought he can't dismiss from his wandering brain. Surely, you will be merciful; surely, you will believe that this terrible day's work was one neither he nor I would have consciously wrought."

As he spoke, the girl trembled pitiably; through her clasped hands he could see a stain of vivid carmine dye her cheek, then vanish, leaving it pale as before. With sudden impulse, she crossed to Hoyt's side and bent down to him; but the wounded man, exhausted by his efforts, had already fallen back in a stupor that might mean death.

Pink knelt for a moment gazing at him; then, rising, turned away. Newbold caught the murmur that escaped her lips.

"Better so," she whispered drearily.

"Better so," he echoed in his heart. "She will perhaps be spared a deeper pang."

Dolph's body was wrapped in his soldier's blanket; but, when the moment came to bear him forth, Newbold and the men who offered to assist were motioned back by the lean arm of Jupiter, who, mute and solemn, kept watch beside the dead.

"I ax yer pardon, sir, but dis is *my* place, and I has my mistis' orders," the old man said; and, lifting the body tenderly to his breast, he walked with majestic tread along the path — the girl, erect and tearless, following.

A cloth laid over the boy's face fluttered back. Those who in silent awe looked after the sad procession till it passed from view saw the gleam of his golden curls nestling in the protecting arms of Jupiter, even as the ferry-boat pushed out from shore. Midway in the stream Newbold caught his last glimpse of them: the girl at her old place by the ropes, battling with wind and tide; the negro, on his knees beside her, striving to shield his burden from the storm. Then a mist came over the watcher's eyes; that and the falling snow blotted her forever from his sight.

. . . . .

A LITTLE while ago, Hoyt's young daughter, an airy fairy Lilian of seventeen, asked her father why their friend Mr. Newbold had never chanced to marry.

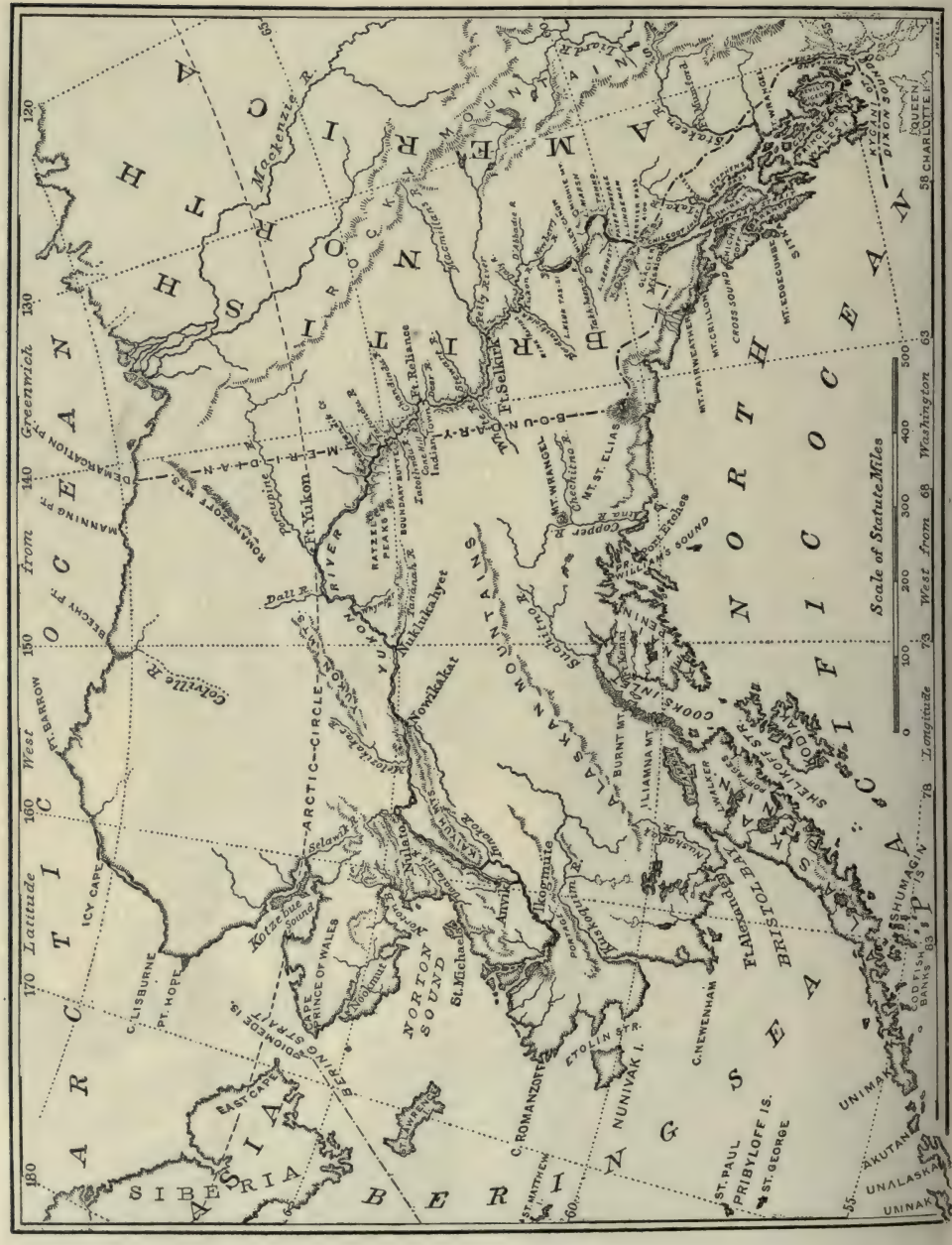
"He seems so solitary, papa," she said, from her favorite perch on the arm of Hoyt's library chair; "and sometimes, when he is here and we are all so happy, I can't help fancying it makes him sad to see us. I would like him to be happy too papa, for he is the kindest, truest ——"

"Yes, that is it, Lilian. If such a thing can be, he is too true."

And there, in the twilight, Hoyt told to his darling the story I have told to you.

C. C. Harrison.

"I COME TO CLAIM MY DEAD."



MAP OF ALASKA AND PART OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING THE YUKON RIVER FROM ITS SOURCE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA TO ITS MOUTH IN ALASKA, BEING THE COURSE OF LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA'S RAFT-JOURNEY IN 1883.

THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA.

EXPLORING THE UPPER YUKON.*

THE Yukon River naturally divides itself into three portions: the Upper Yukon, measuring about five hundred miles, and reaching from its source to Fort Selkirk, where it is joined by the Pelly; the Middle Yukon, extending from Fort Selkirk for another five hundred miles to Fort Yukon, at the junction of the Porcupine or Rat River; and the Lower Yukon, nearly a thousand miles in length, reaching from Fort Yukon to the river's many mouths in Bering Sea and Norton Sound. The middle and lower rivers had been traversed by Russian navigators or in the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company, thus completing the exploration of three-fourths of the Nile of Alaska; but the upper river was still unknown till the early summer of 1883. To describe briefly the Yukon and its exploration from Selkirk to its source, thus completing the chain, is the object of this article. Or, speaking more correctly, from its source to Fort Selkirk; for it was with the current that my little party floated on a raft over this part of the river. That Alaskan Indians of various tribes had broken through the different passes in the glacier-clad mountains which separate the Pacific from the head-waters of the Yukon, in order to trade with the Indians there, has been known for over a century. Why this route had not been picked out long ago by some explorer, who could thereby traverse the whole river in a single summer instead of combating its swift current from its mouth, seems singular, and can only be explained by supposing that those who would place sufficient reliance on the Indian reports to put in their maps the gross inaccuracies that fill even all our Government charts of the Yukon's source, would be very likely to place reliance on the same Indians; and these, from time immemorial, have united in pronouncing this part of the river unnavigable even by canoes, filled as it is with rapids, whirlpools, and cascades.

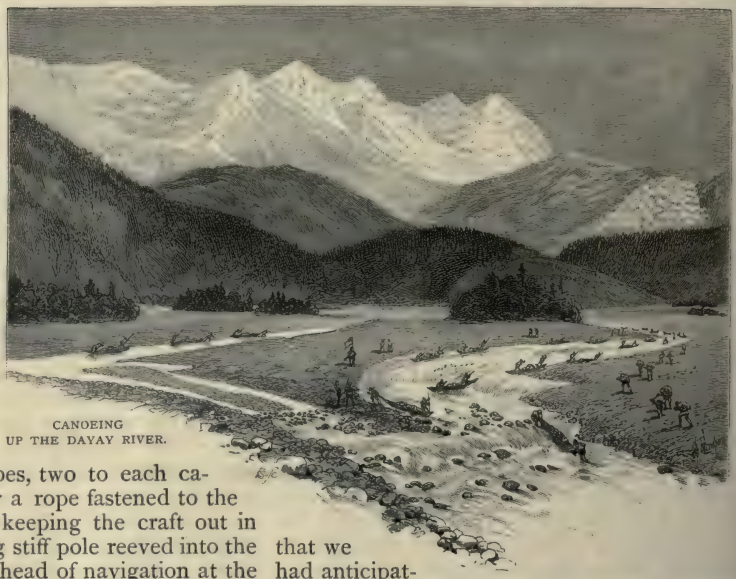
Arriving in Chilkat early in June, 1883, I found that miners had pioneered the way some distance down the river in search of gold, but no white person had as yet explored this part of the river; and when I humbly suggested a raft as my future conveyance, and hoped to make the whole river in a summer's dash, I was hooted at and ridiculed by natives and white men alike.

There are four passes known to the Indians leading over from salt water to the sources of the Yukon. The one by way of Lynn Channel and Chilkoot Inlet is the best of all, and is the one that was undertaken by my party. For many years this pass had been monopolized by the Chilkoot Indians, who did not even allow their half-brothers, the Chilkats, to use it. Both bands united in opposing the migration of the interior tribes to the coast for trading purposes, wholly monopolizing this Alpine commerce. I used numbers of each of these three bands of Indians in packing my effects over the mountains. As I have intimated, the journey began on the 7th of June, when we left Chilkat with thirteen canoes, I believe, towed in a long, continuous string by a little steam-launch kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. Spuhn, the manager of the Northwest Trading Company. They formed a pretty sight as they were towed down the Lynn Channel and up the Chilkoot Inlet, some twenty miles to the Chilkoot mission, where four or five canoes full of the latter tribe of Indians were added to the already long chain. Leaving the Chilkoot Inlet and entering another that the Indians called the Dayay, we could fairly say that our explorations had begun.

This inlet, like so many in Alaska, has more the appearance of a large river than a salt-water estuary,— flanked on either side by immense precipitous mountains, covered nearly to their tops with a dense growth of spruce and pine and capped with snow-white glacier ice, which feeds a thousand silvery waterfalls, whose gleaming stripes down the shaggy mountain-side give a beautiful relief to the deep, somber green of the foliage. The mouth of the Dayay was reached that evening, and our effects of some three or four tons were lightered ashore by means of the Indian canoes;

* Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition to Alaska and the British Northwest Territory in 1883 had for its object the seeking of military information regarding the Indian tribes of those regions. A subordinate purpose was geographical exploration. The party consisted of seven white men — two officers, four soldiers, and one citizen (Lieutenant Schwatka, Dr. Wilson, Topographical Assistant Homan, Sergeant Gloster, Corporal Shircliff, Private Roth, and Mr. McIntosh) — and such Indians as were added from time to time during the journey. —EDITOR.

the launch steamed out of sight, and my little party of seven white men were left alone with nearly ten times that number of Indian allies, to fight our way over the mountain range whose eastern slopes feed the great river that we desired to explore. Up the swift current of the Dayay, only thirty to forty yards in width, the Indians transported the load in canoes, two to each canoe, one pulling by a rope fastened to the bow and the other keeping the craft out in the stream by a long stiff pole reeved into the rope. Reaching the head of navigation at the foot of a boiling cascade, the canoes were unloaded and drawn out of water, and placed under cover of the dense willows that line the banks of this stream. Each human pack-mule now adjusted his load for the struggle ahead, the average weight of a pack being over a hundred pounds for the adults, one Indian carrying as much as one hundred and thirty-seven pounds; boys of fourteen or fifteen, who had eagerly solicited "a pack," carried from thirty to seventy pounds.



CANOEING UP THE DAYAY RIVER.

We followed the trail which led to the very head of the Dayay, where its waters poured beneath bridges and banks of snow, until we stood at the base of the pass, towering some three thousand to three thousand five hundred feet above us, capped with snow, and with long finger-like glaciers of clear blue ice extending down the granite gulches to our very level. Early on the morning of the 11th the pass was essayed, and it was an interesting sight to see our sixty odd packers strung out along the steep snow-covered mountain-side. In many places the ascent seemed almost perpendicular, the Indians using their hands and knees, and laying hold of the stunted juniper and spruce roots that stuck through the thin covering of snow. Along the steep drifts, where a misstep would have hurled them down the mountain-side, the foot-tracks of the leaders were made deep and inclining inward so as to give a firm foothold, and many of the party used rough alpenstocks to aid them. At the top of the pass, four thousand feet and more above the level of the sea, we were in the drifting fog that forever hangs over these vast fields of elevated ice, and which cut off the fine view that we had anticipated from such a favorable height. The descent from Perrier Pass, as I called it, is very rapid for a few hundred yards, but it is a pleasant walk compared with the toilsome struggle to its summit. I noticed that the Indians in following a course on the snow, up-hill or on a level, or even on a slight descent, always step in each other's tracks, so that my sixty odd Indians made a trail that looked as if only five or six had passed that way; when going down a steep descent, however, each one would follow a separate course, and they would scatter out over many yards. I could not help being impressed with the idea that this would be worth remembering if one ever had occasion to estimate the number of a party of Indians that had traveled over a fresh trail.

Passing by a number of small lakes on our left, some few of which yet contained floating ice in small quantities, we sighted the main lake late in the afternoon, and in a couple of hours found ourselves upon its banks at the mouth of a beautiful clear stream, boiling down from the mountain-sides. This lake, which I named Lake Lindeman, was a beautiful sheet of water, some ten or twelve miles long, and looked not unlike a limited area of one of the broad inland passages traversed by the steamers plying to Alaskan ports farther south. Fish were very scarce in these cold glacier-fed streams and lakes, but we managed to vary the stereotyped fare of Government bacon with a few dusky grouse and equally tough ducks, for it was now getting to be the breeding season of all the feathered tribe. Flowers were in bloom on all sides, and the deciduous trees had long since put on their

spring and summer fashions, and robins and many other singing birds fluttered through the foliage, while gulls and tern hovered over the waters of the lake.

PERRIER PASS.

Here we commenced building our raft. The logs were of the smallest kind, consisting of dwarfed spruce and contorted pine, and it was a question whether a raft 15x30 would carry our effects and all our party, white and Indian,—a question which was finally settled in the negative, by sending only three persons and a little over half the material on the first voyage of the raft, a Government tent serving the purpose of a sail, which was amply filled by a southern gale that in other respects made navigation quite hazardous.

On the 16th we steered the raft through the mile of rapids and cascades that make up the short river that connects Lake Lindeman with the lake to the north, called by me Lake Bennett. Once we were jammed between a protruding rock and the shore in a narrow boiling cascade, but a few minutes' hard work sufficed to pry the raft off; and as we brought up on the gravelly beach in the still waters of Lake Bennett, we all felt grateful that the safe passage had saved us a few days' hard work. But it was a necessity to remodel the raft on a larger plan in order to carry all that must find passage on its corduroy decks. Larger logs were found near the Payer Portage, and our raft was built on the plan of 15x40, although really nearer 16x42. Two decks were built up, fore and aft, leaving spaces at the ends for bow and stern oars, while the central part of the raft between the decks gave working-room for two side oars, with which the unwieldy craft could be rowed on still water at the rate of about three-quarters of a mile an hour. Behind the forward decks was a strong nine-foot mast, and the sail was a wall-tent with its ridge-pole for a yard, and the projecting poles of the deck gave lashing-points for the ends of the tent as we trimmed

sail to vary our course before the wind; for, rude as our raft was, we could sail her for two or three points (about 40°) to the right or left from a straight-away course before the wind. Not one of the smallest discomforts of the trip was the necessity of standing all day in the water while building the raft. The water in the lake was icy, having just poured down from the glaciers and snow-fields that crown the surrounding mountains; ice-water and mosquitoes were a singular combination of discomforts. Caribou and bear tracks were found not far from the shores, but the animals themselves were never seen.

The morning of the 19th of June the new craft cast off bow and stern lines, and rowing a few hundred yards we set our primitive sail; and as the never-ceasing southern wind grew with the sun, we soon found ourselves lubbering over the beautiful lake at a speed of from two to two and a half miles an hour. Through the ice-fields capping the timbered mountains to the east protruded many a dull red rock and ridge surmounted again by the everlasting white fog. Specimens of this rock found in the terminal moraines of the little glaciers showed iron, and I named this bold range after that metal. By three in the afternoon the wind had increased to a gale, and the huge waves of the lake were sweeping the rear space of the stern oarsmen, and even at times breaking over the pole-deck itself; but still our faith in the queer sailer was sufficient to hold her head straight for the north. For two long hours we held our course, for a favorable wind over the lakes must be utilized to the last second possible; but the gale increased to a cyclone and threatened to carry away our mast; the white-capped seas swept both decks and deluged between so as to make rowing impossible; and the two ends of the craft worked like a hinged gate in the huge waves, for there was not a single log that extended much farther than half-way of the raft. When a few of the pins commenced snapping and a little sheltered cove was seen to our right, we turned the raft's head to the eastern shore, and in a little while were threatened with destruction in the seething breakers that broke upon the rough granite beach. A line was carried ashore by the Indians in a canoe, and with some to hold her off by means of stiff poles, the rest of us "tracked" or towed her back to the shelter of the cove. Here we remained a day and repaired the raft; four fine logs were found which would reach her whole length, and by their size so increased her strength and buoyancy that we thought she might be able to carry a name, and so dubbed her the *Resolute*, though I doubt if the name was heard half a dozen times afterwards.

The next afternoon by five o'clock we had

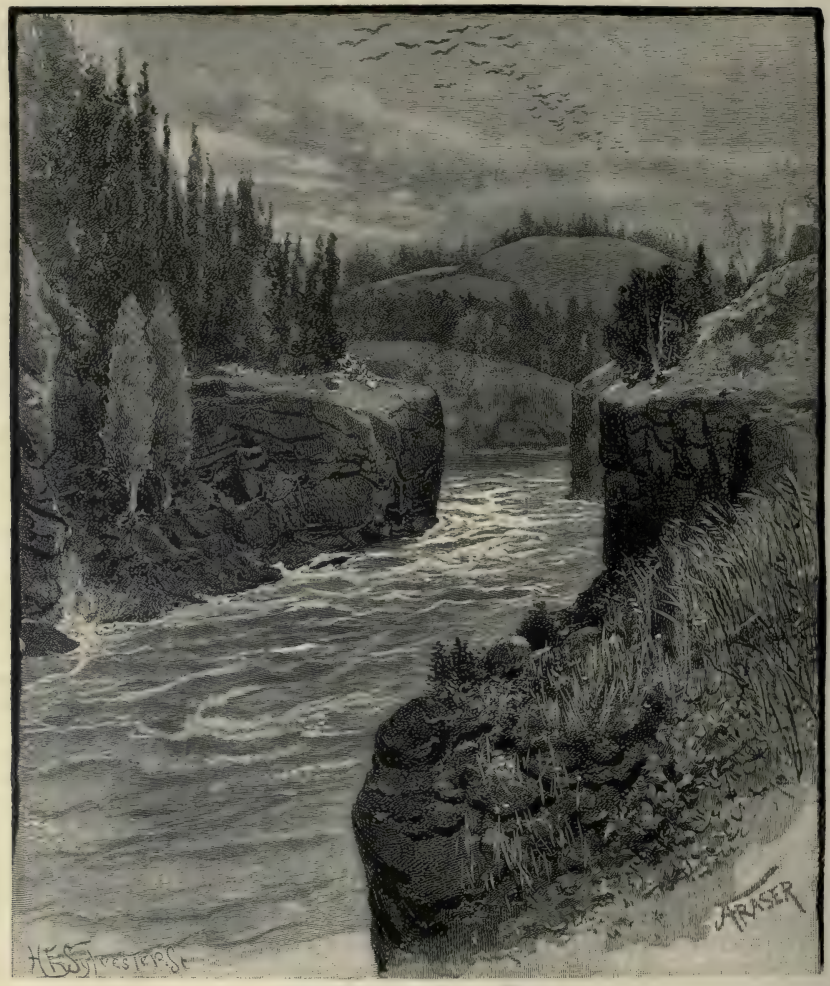
CREEPING THROUGH THE FOG.

reached the north end of Lake Bennett, thirty miles long, and entered a short river that gave us a taste of the fact that drifting with the current also had its difficulties, for we were two hours prying the *Resolute* off a sand-bar at the mouth of this short river. This limited stream is known to the Tahk-heesh Indians as "the place where the caribou cross," and in certain seasons of the year many of these animals ford its wide, shallow current. The general trend of the new lake into which the river emptied was towards the east, and our old friend the south wind was of but little use; and though there were only three or four miles to traverse, it was three days before we got a favorable wind that carried us across. This little lake (Lake Nares), whose entire outline could be viewed from the high hills on the north, was the prettiest one we found nestling in these northern hills. The country was perceptibly opening, many level places could be seen, the hills were less steep, and the snow was disappearing from their crests. Many roses and wild violets were in bloom, and wild onions lined the lake shore in profusion and gave us a fair substitute for the vegetable diet that we had left behind; and everywhere there was a general change of verdure for the better. Grand terraces that looked like stairways for giants, symmetrical on opposite sides of the lake, showed its ancient and subsiding levels. These, too, in a less conspicuous

manner, had been noticed on the northern shores of Lake Bennett. Grouse abounded everywhere, and the little broods were met every few yards in walking over the hills, the tiny ones scampering off in the weeds while the mothers walked along, clucking anxiously, often only a few feet ahead of the intruder. Once out of the little lake through a short river of a hundred yards, we entered another lake, still trending to the east, and eight or nine miles long, which I called Lake Bove, and on whose limited shore-line I was compelled to make two camps and half a dozen landings, so baffling was our motive power, the wind.

At one time, when we had rowed ashore to avoid a sudden head-breeze, our Indians carelessly set fire to some of the dry dead spruce timber, and the flames, enveloping the living trees for hours afterwards, sent upward dense volumes of smoke that we saw from many miles beyond. Toward evening, some fifteen or twenty miles ahead, a smoke was seen curling upward, and our Indians told us that it was an answer to the one we had accidentally made on Lake Bove. These signal-smokes were quite common between the Chilkats and Tahk-heesh Indians, the former thus announcing to the latter that they had crossed the mountains and were in their country for trading purposes. An old trader on the Middle and Lower Yukon told me that this Chilkat-Tahk-heesh traffic was so great some years ago, that as many as eighty of the former tribe have been known to cross the Kotusk mountains by the Chilkat and Chilkoot trails twice a year; or, in brief, eight tons of trading material found its way over Perrier Pass and, ramifying from this as a center, spread over the whole north-west. Fort Selkirk, for a brief period a Hudson's Bay Company post, interfered with this commerce; but a war party of Chilkats in 1851 extended their trading tour five hundred miles in order to burn it to the ground, and the blackened chimneys still standing in a thick grove of poplars are monuments that attest how well they did their work. We had an immense volume with us purporting to be an authority on Alaskan matters, and as we read that it was but two days' journey ("nay, hardly a day and a half") for the Indians from here to Selkirk in their swift birch canoes, we thought that possibly the worst of our journey was behind us; until our Indians, some of whom had grown gray-headed traveling this country as traders, dashed our hopes with the information that there were three rapids aggregating five or six miles in length ahead of us, that the Indians here never used birch-bark canoes, and that the journey took them nearly two weeks in their cottonwood ones and would take us three, if we ever got through with the raft at all; for though their wavering faith had been strengthened by the actions of the *Resolute* in the past, they were not yet perfectly settled. Instead of being one hundred and twenty miles from Tah-ko to Selkirk, as guessed at, it was four hundred and thirty-three. A roughly built Tahk-heesh house stood upon the banks, and is the only one on this part of the Yukon River for hundreds of miles on either side. The next lake is nearly thirty miles in length, and proportionally much broader than any we had passed. I called it Lake Marsh, after the well-known scientist of our country. The waters of this lake were much warmer than those we had passed, and we all refreshed ourselves with a few minutes' bathing on its shores. Nearing the beach at Lake Marsh during the two or three camps we made on it, we found it impossible to get much closer than fifty to one hundred yards, owing to the huge deposits of "glacier-mud" that had been brought down by the streams whose waters at their sources came out from under these colossal pulverizers of the mountain flanks. The *Resolute* drew about twenty inches, and the stage of water was just such that we were compelled to pack our camping material this distance through a species of mud that almost pulled our rubber boots from our feet as we floundered through its tenacious mass.

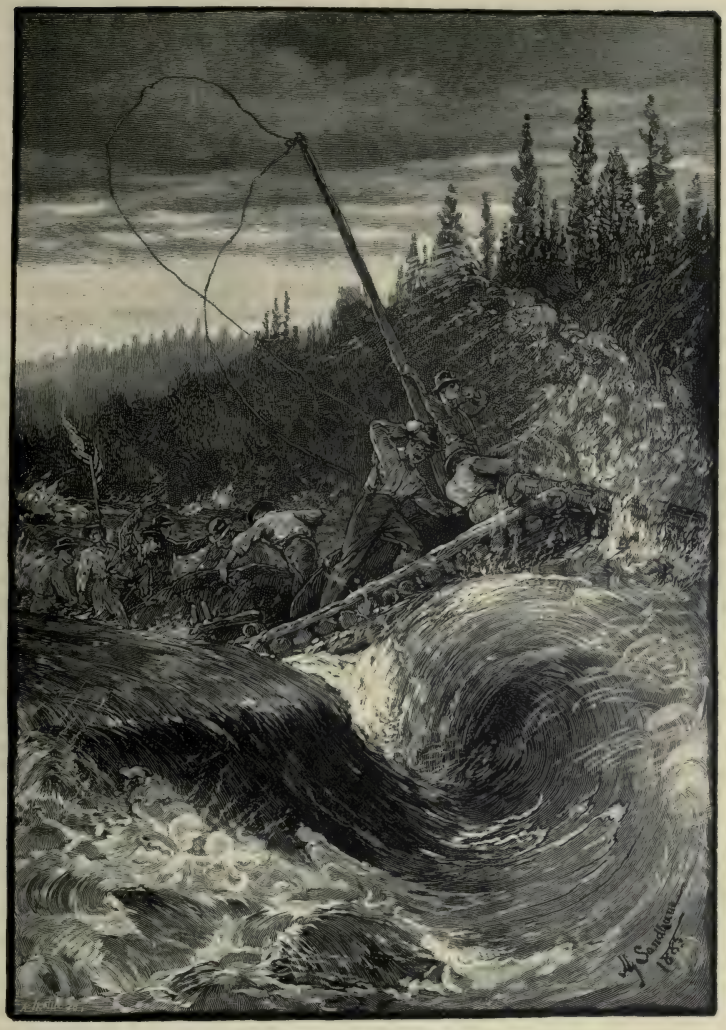
We were now having our longest days, and so close were we to the arctic circle that type like that of THE CENTURY Magazine could easily be read at midnight. On the night of the 28th of June we sailed till after midnight, so imperative was it to take advantage of every favorable breeze, and at that time but one star in the cloudless sky could be seen, which was made out to be Venus. Faint signs of terraces were still observable on the hill-sides, but they were lower, nearer together, and not so well marked. The trees on Lake Marsh, as had been often noticed before on the upper waters of the Yukon, all leaned, in more or less conspicuous inclinations, toward the north, or down-stream, thus plainly showing the prevailing direction of the stronger winds. About noon on the 28th, while sailing on Lake Marsh, we had an energetic thunder-shower, which lasted till past two in the afternoon, and which is worth noticing as the first thunder-shower ever recorded on the Yukon, they being unknown on the lower river. Many of the flat, level places on the eastern hills were still covered with last year's dense growth of dead yellow grass, that from the lake, as we slowly sailed by, looked strangely like stubble-fields of oats or wheat. The outlet from Lake Marsh was very annoying to our mode of navigation with its endless banks of "glacier-mud," most



THE GRAND CAÑON, UPPER YUKON.

of which was probably brought down by a large river—the McClintock — that here comes in from the east; a river so large that we were in some doubt as to its being the outlet, until its swift current settled all conjectures by swinging us around into the proper stream. This new river that we entered was much more picturesque than any we had so far met on this journey, and strongly resembled many of the streams of more favored climes. Its hillsides were covered with pine, hemlock, and spruce, with here and there little grass-covered prairies, while the valley was fringed with poplars and willows in the densest profusion. In fact these latter were so impenetrable and grew so close to the very water's edge that we were often baffled in finding good camping-places, unless some friendly ridge from the hills threw out a pine-covered spur to the river-bank, that would allow a tent or two to be pitched under the evergreens, or at least give us room to bivouac and spread our blankets. The deck of the raft itself was preferred by many to the variety of uncomfortable beds that this country can offer to the traveler.

The exact location of the great rapids ahead of us was not known to our Indians, and we were in a nervous state of anxiety caused by watching for them in a craft that we could not get to shore for a landing in less than three hundred or four hundred yards run, and possibly a mile, if combinations should be unfavorable. The persistent fishing of the doctor and some of the men had occasionally been rewarded with success, and a few lake trout and graylings had been added to our slim fare. On the last



CASCADE NEAR THE END OF THE GRAND RAPIDS.

day of June, as we rounded a high bold bluff, we heard rapids ahead and saw that the current was getting swifter and the water much more shallow; and we ran our raft on shore with more haste than discretion, for an examination showed the rapids to be of the lightest character, with the worst part of them in the shape of a rocky reef some thirty or forty yards directly in front of the raft. It was, of course, impossible to clear this impediment when we cast loose, and so we floated against it, depending on a series of swingings outward until its end was reached and passed. As the raft brought up on the reef and the water was seething through the logs and the men preparing to get overboard to pry her around, a most energetic splashing was heard on the farther side of the craft, and much to our astonishment a large grayling was seen floundering on the end of a fish-line that some one had left hanging over the raft in the hurry of more important duties. This was our initiation into the grayling fishing-grounds that gave us some four or five hundred of these delicious and "gamy" fellows in the next few days, until we actually tired of them. The fish caught that evening in the ripples along the river-banks were of two distinct sizes, with very few that could be called intermediate, the larger weighing about a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half and the smaller about one-fourth as much. The next day, the

1st of July, with a Tahk-heesh Indian whom we had picked up as a guide, we approached the great rapids of which we had heard so much. Our guide in his canoe had told us that he would inform us of their proximity in time enough to reach the shore, but we could not help fearing that he considered our craft about as easy to handle as one of their canoes and would give his information accordingly,—a supposition that we found to be correct, for had we not closely followed at considerable labor the eastern bank, which we knew to be the one on which we must camp, it is more than probable we would have gone through the cañon without warning and been wrecked. Even when the conspicuous mouth of the cañon was descried but a little distance ahead, our fate hung on a quarter-inch halliard with which we suddenly fastened our craft to a poplar-tree on the bank. The line fairly sang like a harp-string as the swift water poured over the logs and the huge craft swung slowly into the bank, where we were a very few seconds in making it snug and secure.

An inspection of the rapids showed them to be nearly five miles long, in places narrow and deep, then shoaling out and exposing dangerous rocks. The first quarter of a mile the swift river pours in boiling foam through a cañon fifty or sixty feet deep, and but little greater in width, the sides of the chute being regularly laid basaltic columns that in places rival human workmanship. It then widens out into a large basaltic basin full of seething whirlpools and curling eddies, and then again for a third of a mile passes through another cañon the exact duplicate of the first. The current again spreads out some quarter of a mile into shallow rapids, looking much less dangerous than the cañon, but being really much more so with its countless bowlders and swift-dancing current. After running along for three or four miles in this manner, it again courses through basaltic columns hardly twenty feet high and narrowed to a cascade not over thirty feet wide, with waves running four or five feet high. As we descended through this chute the banks grew higher, and so swift was the current and so narrow the passage that the water would run up these banks for a long distance on either side and pour back in solid sheets into the foaming current below, making veritable horse-shoe falls. A rafting party of three were sent ahead next morning to be stationed below the cascade and give assistance when the raft came by; and at 11:25 that morning we turned the *Resolute's* head toward the upper end of the Grand Cañon of the Yukon. After spinning around four or five minutes in an eddy, as if fully comprehending and dreading the dangerous trip, she at last swung slowly into the current and then shot forward with its swift waters. We soon entered the narrow cañon, going at a rate and urged by a power that a dozen giants could not have controlled had they been aboard. The raft's first encounter was with the perpendicular western wall, striking a fearful blow that tore the inner log from the side; and like the philosophical experiment with the suspended ivory balls, the outer log shot far away with an echoing snap. It took the craft but a mere moment to swing on her basaltic pivot, and down again she started in the race. Nearly down to the fearful chute a couple of my Indians jumped on the flying raft from a canoe in which they had paddled out from the shore, and in a few seconds more the cascade was reached. First the clumsy bow was buried in the boiling foam and waves, and the next instant it was reared high in the air, the whole body of the craft standing at the angle of a fixed bayonet as it shot through the narrow neck and slowly subsided in the bubbling waters beyond. A rope was soon gotten to the shore, and although the first time it was fastened it snapped with a twang, the second effort was successful. For two days we were repairing and strengthening the raft, and putting on a couple of new decks made from the fine slender pine poles that were here abundant, and dry and light as pipe-stems, the result of a fire that had swept through them probably two or three years before. Like all the coniferæ growing in dense masses, these timber districts have their periodical devastations of fire that feed on their resinous foliage, burning the bark to a blackened crisp; and when the first severe gale comes from the south, the roots having been weakened by rotting, they are thrown prostrate, making a perfect labyrinth of matted limbs and tempest-torn trunks that have not half decayed nor ceased to be impassable *chevaux-de-frise* before the next generation has sprung up and grown sufficiently high to add confusion to disorder. A sort of poplar chaparral borders the ravines that cut across the trails, to vary the misery and keep it from getting monotonous. In and around the Grand Rapids the grayling are numerous beyond computation, and it was but the work of a few minutes to catch a plentiful mess for even our party of over twenty whites and Indians; and most singular of all, this was done despite the fact that myriads of small brown moths or millers filled the air during our fishing-days, while their bodies often floated by thousands down the river, to be food for the graylings. The trout flies we used were often the "brown miller" and "brown hackle." While the

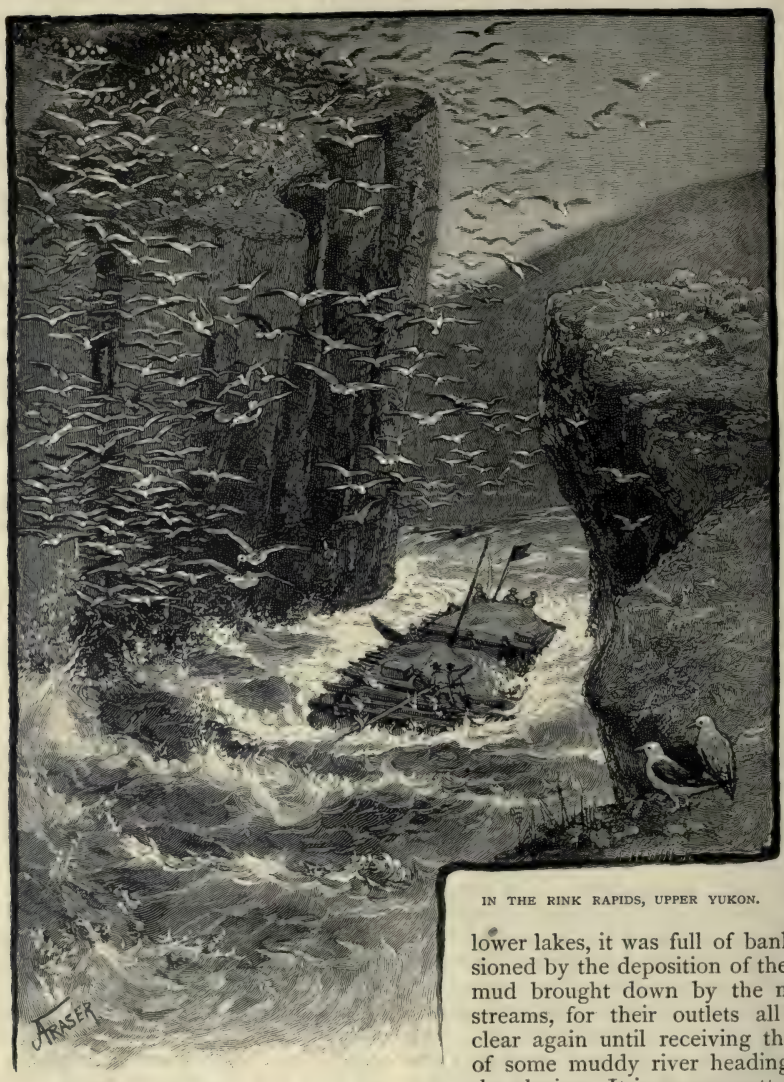
graylings could be caught at any time, they would bite more freely during cloudy weather.

We had employed a few Tahk-heesh Indians to carry over the portage our valuable effects that we had taken from the raft to lighten it, and for safety in such a dangerous rapid. I could not but contrast the kindness they showed each other, and especially their women, with the ungenerous conduct of the more warlike Chilkats in their mutual intercourse. The latter when canoeing on the Dayay, after having left the launch and before reaching the head of canoe navigation, had a certain number, including even the boys, who were not provided with canoes; and although it would have added little to the labor of the canoemen to take the burdens of the others into their boats, they refused to do so. Those without canoes had to carry their loads on their backs, some ten or eleven miles. Nay, they would not ferry the porters across the rushing river in its serpentine windings from bluff to bluff, but forced them to wade the streams, often up to their middle, or make extended detours that would lengthen the direct ten miles to double that distance. Many other similar acts, shown even in cases of sickness, did much to strengthen this unfavorable impression. The mosquitoes were now thick beyond anything I have ever seen. As we crossed boggy places or the marshy rims of the numerous inland lakes, they rose in dense swarms. Hunting, the only object one could have in inland excursions, became impossible on account of these insects. Their stings could not be endured, and in looking through such swarms it was not possible to take sure sight at the game. The vigorous exercise needed to defend oneself was enough to fatigue the strongest to the verge of exhaustion; besides, these gesticulations would frighten the game. I believe this part of the Yukon country to be scarcely habitable in the summer on account of these pests, and think their numbers to be sufficient reason for the complete absence of game during that part of the year. On the lower river, beyond Fort Yukon, their numbers appreciably decrease; but as they are reënforced by the little black gnats and sand-flies, life for the traveler even there is not pleasant. It is not until the first severe frost comes, about the first of September, that this annoyance is abated completely, although for a short time before this the hopeful wanderer in these wilds thinks he notices a falling off in the census. Captain Petersen, a trader on the lower river, a person whom I found not given to exaggeration in any particular, says he has known Eskimo dogs to be killed by mosquitoes; and the Indians tell him, and he says he has no reason to doubt them, that even the brown bear of Alaska, almost the peer of the grizzly, has been known in rare instances to be slain by them when he ventured into their swampy haunts. Captain Petersen and the Indians account for this by supposing, as the bodies show, that the bear, instead of securing safety by precipitate retreat from such places, fights them, bear style, reared up on his hind-quarters, until the stings near his eyes close them, and he is kept in this condition until starvation eventually causes death.

About eight o'clock in the evening, while camped a quarter of a mile below the cascades in the Grand Rapids, we could hear heavy concussions in single blows at two and three minute intervals. It was noticed by more than one, and thought by some to be distant thunder, although it sounded strangely unlike that noisy element in other climes, and there were no signs of a storm in the sky. A very light series of earthquakes also seemed a poor theory, and there was little or nothing else to which it could be attributed except the cascades, which I believe have been known to cause earth-tremblings and analogous phenomena.

The 5th of July we bade adieu to the worst cañon and rapids on the Yukon River. About noon we passed the mouth of the Tahk River (the Tahk-heen'-ah of the Chilkats), which measured probably two-thirds the size of the Yukon proper. It was flowing muddy water at the time, and our surmise that this would spoil our splendid grayling fishing proved to be correct. While the Tahk-heen'-ah noticeably flows less water than the Yukon, and therefore is not entitled to be called the river proper, its bed seems to correspond with the general characteristics of the Yukon from its mouth on. From the Grand Cañon to the Tahk River (*heen'-ah* in Chilkat signifying river) the banks of the Yukon are high and bold, and often broken into perpendicular bluffs of white sandy clay, while from here on the shores are much lower, similar to those of the Tahk-heen'-ah, and wooded to the water's edge.

We reached the last lake about five in the afternoon, and had the misfortune to stick in the apex of an acute-angled sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and this with a fair wind in our favor to help us over the like. Two hours and a half's steady work swung the *Resolute* clear of her sandy anchor, and we went into camp alongside our lightered cargo, wearier, wetter, and wiser men,—certainly wiser in the fact that a sand-bar was a much more formidable obstacle to our peculiar craft than a gravel-bar of equal depth. On the latter it was necessary only to be able to lift the raft by a series

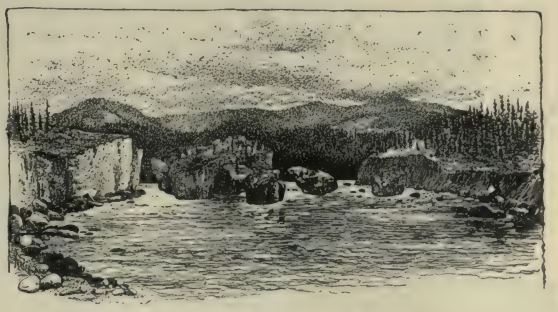


IN THE RINK RAPIDS, UPPER YUKON.

of combined efforts, the swift current carrying it forward over even the widest bars, while with the former the raft would rapidly settle during the short rests that were rendered necessary by such fatiguing work, and could be pried forward only the short distance the current had cut out the sand ahead of the logs. On sand-bars a series of laborious swingings of the raft, end for end, even against the current, until the ponderous concern was clear, was generally the quickest solution of the problem, while the raft could be pried over gravel-bars with ten inches of water, although it drew double that amount. The new lake was called by my Indians the Kluk-tas'-si. Like all the lower lakes, it was full of banks, occasioned by the deposition of the glacier-mud brought down by the mountain streams, for their outlets all become clear again until receiving the waters of some muddy river heading among the glaciers. It is a mere matter of geological time when these lakes will be filled by these deposits, and nothing but a river left coursing through bottom-lands. Such ancient lakes are noticeable on the course of the great stream farther on.

The right bank of Lake Kluk-tas'-si is composed of rounded cliffs of gray limestone, the gullies between being filled in with foliage, especially spruce and pine, and from the opposite side of the lake this effect is quite pretty and peculiar. On the west bank of the lake great towering red rocks culminate in what appears to be a picturesque island of this material, but an Indian with us says that these are part of the mainland; and near this comes

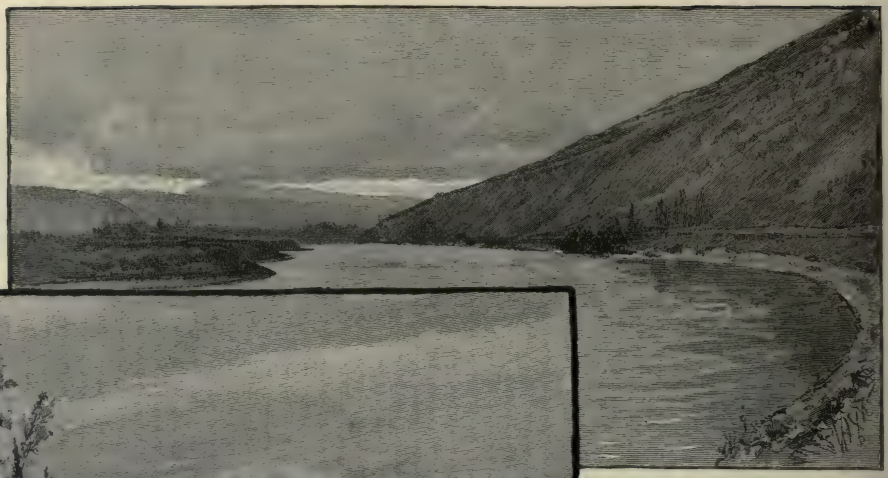
in a large river whose whole course is flanked by such scenes, from which the Indians give it the name of Red River. Not desiring to add another Red River to the geography of the world, I called these the Richthofen Rocks and River, although the latter we were not able to make out from our position on the lake as we sailed by, and the former from all points seemed strangely like an island. Quite a number of salmon-trout fell victims to our pot-hunting trout-lines, one of which weighed over eight pounds, the limit of the doctor's fish-scales.



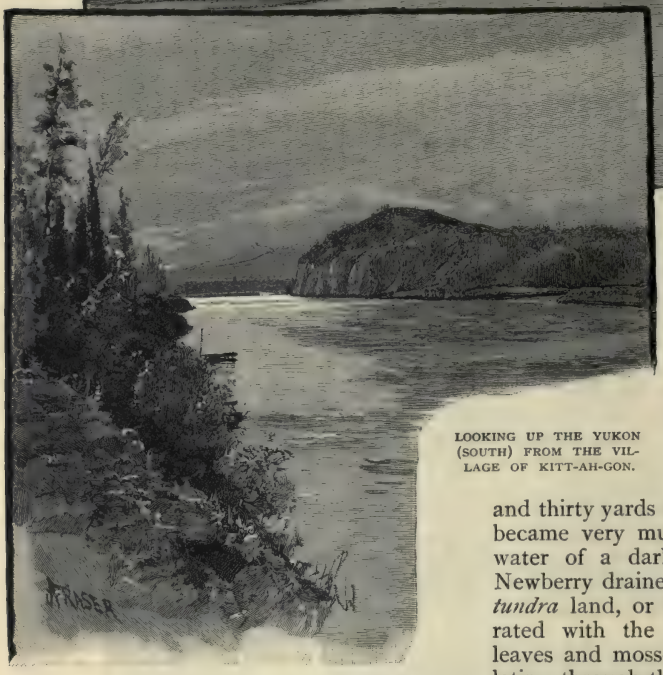
GENERAL VIEW OF THE RINK RAPIDS.

The 9th of July saw us sail out of Kluk-tas'-si, the last of the lakes, and as we hauled down the old wall-tent that had done us double duty as a sail and a tent, I think we were all light-hearted enough to make the *Resolute* draw an inch less water. The river was now very shallow, wide, and swift, and we were constantly grating over bars of gravel, and occasionally sticking on one, but so rapid was the current that merely jumping off the raft was sufficient to start it forward and override the most of these. On both sides of the river the forest fires had done considerable damage to the timber, and on every side were stumps of all shades of darkness, from the blackened crisp of this year's conflagration to the light-brown ones covered with moss and rotting to the earth's level. "How closely that one resembles a big grizzly bear!" remarked one of the party, pointing to a huge shaggy brown stump some six or seven hundred yards ahead of us on the edge of a high clay-bank overlooking the river. The likeness to this animal was close, and as we rapidly floated down towards it and it came walking down the edge of the cliff, the resemblance was sufficient to produce two or three guns from their cases. At four hundred yards the "stump" got one good look at the formidable raft, evidently just bursting on his vision, and before we could fully realize how quickly he had done it, he disappeared in a grove of spruce, and we never saw him again. Every living thing avoided us as if we were a known pestilence, and grizzlies, the worst terror of the Indians in all this country, never felt satisfied until they had put a glacier or two between us. Rounding a bend a young lark, sitting on an overhanging bush turned its head, and in its hurry "to do something mighty quick," fell into the water and drowned.

THE RAFT.



LOOKING DOWN THE YUKON (NORTH) FROM THE VILLAGE OF KITT-AH-GON.



LOOKING UP THE YUKON (SOUTH) FROM THE VILLAGE OF KITT-AH-GON.

We were all congratulating ourselves on the swift current which was carrying us so speedily on, until along in the evening, when the subject of camping came up. Then we found the current too rapid to make a landing without possibly tearing a log or two off the shore side of the raft. The river was of a perfectly uniform width that would have done credit to a canal, and consequently not an eddy was to be found in which we could retard our motion; while a rank growth of willows springing from marshy ground, stretching for miles along the river, gave us but little desire to camp, even were it possible. We now instituted a system of "down-brakes" with the *Resolute*, which consisted in keeping the stern of the raft dragging along the shore with the rear oar, while the head was kept well out with the bow oar. Had she been struck bow first in such a current, it would have converted her shape into that of a lozenge at the expense of a log or two; while scraping along had no bad effect, and often slowed our gait to half its usual rate, until a line ashore would complete our stoppage and allow us to go into camp.

On the 9th we passed the mouth of the Newberry River, about one hundred and thirty yards wide, and the Yukon at once became very much deeper, swifter, and the water of a darker hue, showing that the Newberry drained a considerable amount of *tundra* land, or land where the water, saturated with the dyes extracted from dead leaves and mosses, is prevented from percolating through the soil by an impervious substratum of ice, and is carried off superficially directly into the draining rivers. The 10th, forty miles farther on, we passed the mouth of D'Abbadie River, over one hundred and fifty yards wide at this point, and said to be over two hundred and fifty miles long to its head. The D'Abbadie is important in an economical sense as marking the point on the Yukon at which gold in placer deposits commences. From here on nearly to the mouth or mouths of the great Yukon, a panful of dirt taken from almost any bar or bank with any discretion will give several "colors," in miners' parlance. The Yukon, now widening out, was studded with numerous islands. It also became quite tortuous in its windings, and at one place where a grand river came in from the west (which I called Nordenskjöld) a bald prominent butte was seen no less than seven different times, directly ahead of the raft, on different stretches of the river. Tanta-

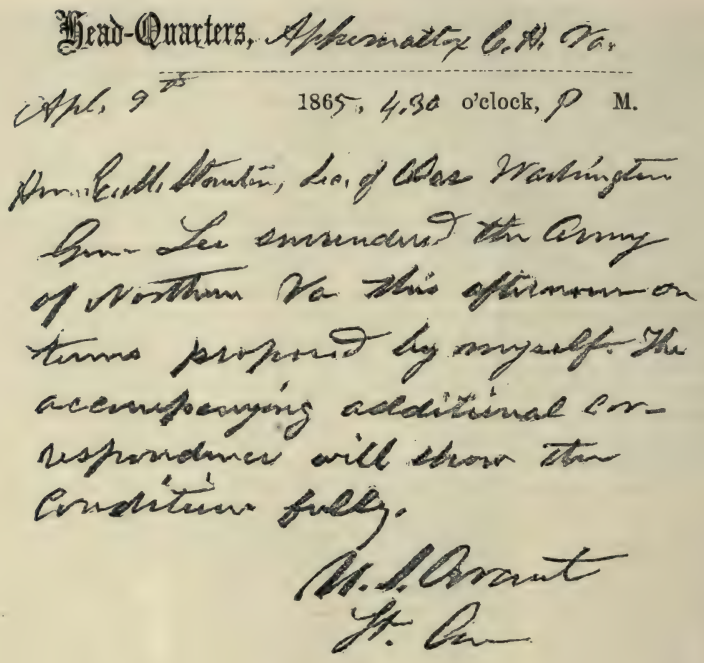
lus Butte marks the spot on the map. The very few Indians we now saw along the river were of the most abject appearance, living in houses formed of three poles, one of which, being much longer than the rest, was used as a support for a couple of well-ventilated caribou skins; and this dilapidated but simple arrangement was their residence in a country that abounded with good timber for log-cabins. The only use to which this timber was put, besides fuel, was in the construction of small rafts, canoes being almost unknown from the Grand Cañon to old Fort Selkirk. Their winter quarters are just above the latter point, and when in the spring they sally up the river to their hunting and fishing grounds, their household effects are of so simple a nature that they can be readily carried upon their backs. Returning in the fall, they build a small raft to carry the meager addition accumulated by the summer's hunt. Moose, caribou, black bear, and salmon form their principal diet. These rafts are collected from the dry drift-logs that accumulate on the upper end of each island in wooden bastions from ten to fifteen feet high, deposited during the spring (June) freshets. So uniform are these driftwood deposits that, in the many archipelagoes through which we had to pass, the islands would present an entirely different aspect as one looked up or down stream at them, having quite a pretty appearance in the former and looking like tumble-down and abandoned wood-yards in the latter case.

On the 11th one of my Indians told me that the next day we would have to shoot our fourth and last serious rapid; and while he had known Indians to accomplish this with their little rafts of a few small logs, he felt anxious regarding our ponderous craft. There were three channels through the rocks, the middle one being the widest and for most craft the best, but it had the serious disadvantage of having a sharp right-angled turn about half-way through and a projecting rock in its center. The rapids could be heard (on the 12th) quite a while before we reached them, and beaching the raft a few hundred yards above them, they were given an inspection of a hurried nature. This disclosed a most picturesque gorge with perpendicular columns of rocks forty or fifty feet high, standing in three or four groups in the very midst of the narrow rapid. The right-hand channel was the straightest, although quite narrow, and the waves were running high enough to make us fear they might sweep something from the decks. When we did finally essay this passage, it was amongst the greatest clattering of gulls, young and old, that one would care to hear. The summits of the rock islands were splendidly protected from the invasions of any land animals, and hundreds of gulls had selected these fortresses of nature as their breeding-places, and we were saluted as we shot through as intruders of the worst character.

This right channel of the Rink Rapids, as I named them, is situated within a sharp bend of the river; so that a steam-windlass operated from a river steamer's deck could be worked to the very best advantage in ascending these rapids. Counting on such ascent, the Grand Cañon would be the true head of navigation on the Yukon, and thus the great river would be passable for light-draught river boats for eighteen hundred and sixty-six miles from the Aphoon or northern mouth, being the greatest length of uninterrupted navigation in any stream emptying into the Pacific Ocean.

On the 12th our first moose was seen,—a great awkward-looking animal that came rushing through the willows, his palmated horns making the first observer believe that it was an Indian swinging his arms in the air. We occasionally caught sight of these broad antlers and his brown sides, and I saved my reputation as a shot by the gun not going off when the hammer fell. That night we camped on the eastern bank of the river at the first true Indian village we had so far encountered, and even this was deserted, the inhabitants being up the river fishing and hunting, as already explained. It is in a most picturesque position, and is called Kitt-ah-gon, meaning "the town between two cañons." On one side comes in a small creek that drains a conspicuous and beautiful valley among high hills, and one which looks as if it would support a much larger stream than the twenty-yard creek that empties near Kitt-ah-gon. The village itself consists of but one log-house about 18x30 and a dozen or more of three-sided camping-places of poles and brush, which are houses to be covered in with skins. The next twenty miles, through an archipelago of islands which hardly gave us a chance to know our distance from the two banks, brought us to old Fort Selkirk, which we found on the left bank, despite the fact that the five or six maps we had consulted placed it at the junction of the Yukon and Pelly, a large stream that here comes in from the east. Its blackened chimneys, three in number, still held out against the elements after a third of a century, and were now almost lost in a little grove of poplars that had taken root since this frontier post of the Hudson's Bay Company had been burned to the ground in 1851. We were now on ground familiar to white men. Our journey to Fort Yukon, five hundred miles farther on, and thence to the river's mouth will be described in another article.

Frederick Schwatka.


Head-Quarters, Appomattox C.H. Va.

Apl. 9th 1865, 4.30 o'clock, P M.

Hon. Edwd. Stanton, Sec. of War Washington

Gen. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Va this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. Grant
Lt. Gen.

By Command of

FAC-SIMILE OF GENERAL GRANT'S DISPATCH ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

At the request of the Editor, General Badeau has given the history of the dispatch in the following letter:

"On Sunday afternoon, the 9th of April, 1865, as General Grant was riding to his headquarters from the farm-house in which he had received the surrender of Lee, it occurred to him that he had made no report of the event to the Government. He halted at once and dismounted, with his staff, in a rough field, within the National lines. Sitting on a stone, he asked for paper. I happened to be near, and offered him my memorandum-book, such as staff-officers often carry for orders or reports in the field. He laid the book on his knee and wrote the above dispatch in pencil; he handed it to me and told me to send it to the telegraph operator. I asked him if I might copy the dispatch for the operator and retain the original. He assented and I rewrote the paper, the original of which is in the keeping of THE CENTURY magazine.

"TANNERSVILLE, N. Y., July 10, 1885. *Adam Badeau.*"

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT.*

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

THE city of Vicksburg was important to the Confederates on account of its railroad connections; the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad connecting it with all the Southern Confederacy east of the Mississippi river, and the Vicksburg and Shreveport railroad connecting it with all their country west of that great stream. It was important to the North because it commanded the river itself, the natural outlet to the sea of the commerce of all the Northwest.

The Mississippi flows through a low alluvial valley many miles in width, and is very tortuous in its course, running to all points of the compass sometimes within a few miles. This valley is bounded on the east side by a range of high lands rising in some places more than two hundred feet above the general level of the valley. Running from side to side of the valley, the river occasionally washes the base of the high land, or even cuts into it, forming elevated and precipitous bluffs. On the first of these south of Memphis, and some four hundred miles distant by the windings of the river from that city, stands the city of Vicksburg.

On account of its importance to both North and South, Vicksburg became the objective point of the Army of the Tennessee in the fall of 1862. It is generally regarded as an axiom

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in war that all great armies in an enemy's country should start from a base of supplies, which should be fortified and guarded, and to which the army should fall back in case of disaster. The first movement looking to Vicksburg as an objective point was begun early in November, 1862, and conformed to this axiom. It followed the line of the Mississippi Central railroad, with Columbus, Kentucky, as a base; and soon after it started a coöperating column was moved down the river in transports, with Memphis as its base. Both of these movements failing, the entire Army of the Tennessee was transferred to the neighborhood of Vicksburg and landed on the opposite side of the river at Milliken's Bend.

Here, after spending about three months trying to get upon the high land, and also waiting for the waters of the Mississippi, which were very high this winter, to recede, I determined to march below Vicksburg, take Grand Gulf, hold it, and operate with the aid of Banks's army against Port Hudson, using New Orleans as my base of supplies; then to return against Vicksburg with the combined armies, retaining New Orleans as our base.

In pursuance of this determination, the army was marched to a point below Vicksburg on the Louisiana side, and the batteries were run by the fleet and some of the transports.

On the 29th of April the troops were at Hard Times, and the fleet, under Admiral Porter, made an attack upon Grand Gulf, while I reconnoitered the position of the enemy on a tug, to see if it was possible to make a landing. Finding that place too strong, I moved the army below Grand Gulf to De Shroon's, running the batteries there as we had done at Vicksburg. Learning here from an old negro that there was a good road from Bruinsburg up to Port Gibson, I determined to cross and move upon Grand Gulf from the rear.

April 30th was spent in transporting troops across the river. These troops were moved out towards Port Gibson as fast as they were landed. On the 1st of May the advance met the enemy under Bowen about four miles west of Port Gibson, where quite a severe battle was fought, resulting in the defeat of the enemy, who were driven from the field. On May 2d our troops moved into Port Gibson, and, finding that the bridges over Bayou Pierre were destroyed, spent the balance of the day in rebuilding and crossing them, and marching to the North Fork, where we encamped for the night. During the night we rebuilt the bridge across the North Fork, which had also been destroyed, and the next day (the 3d) pushed on, and, after considerable skirmishing, reached the Big Black, near Hankinson's Ferry, and the Mississippi at Grand Gulf.

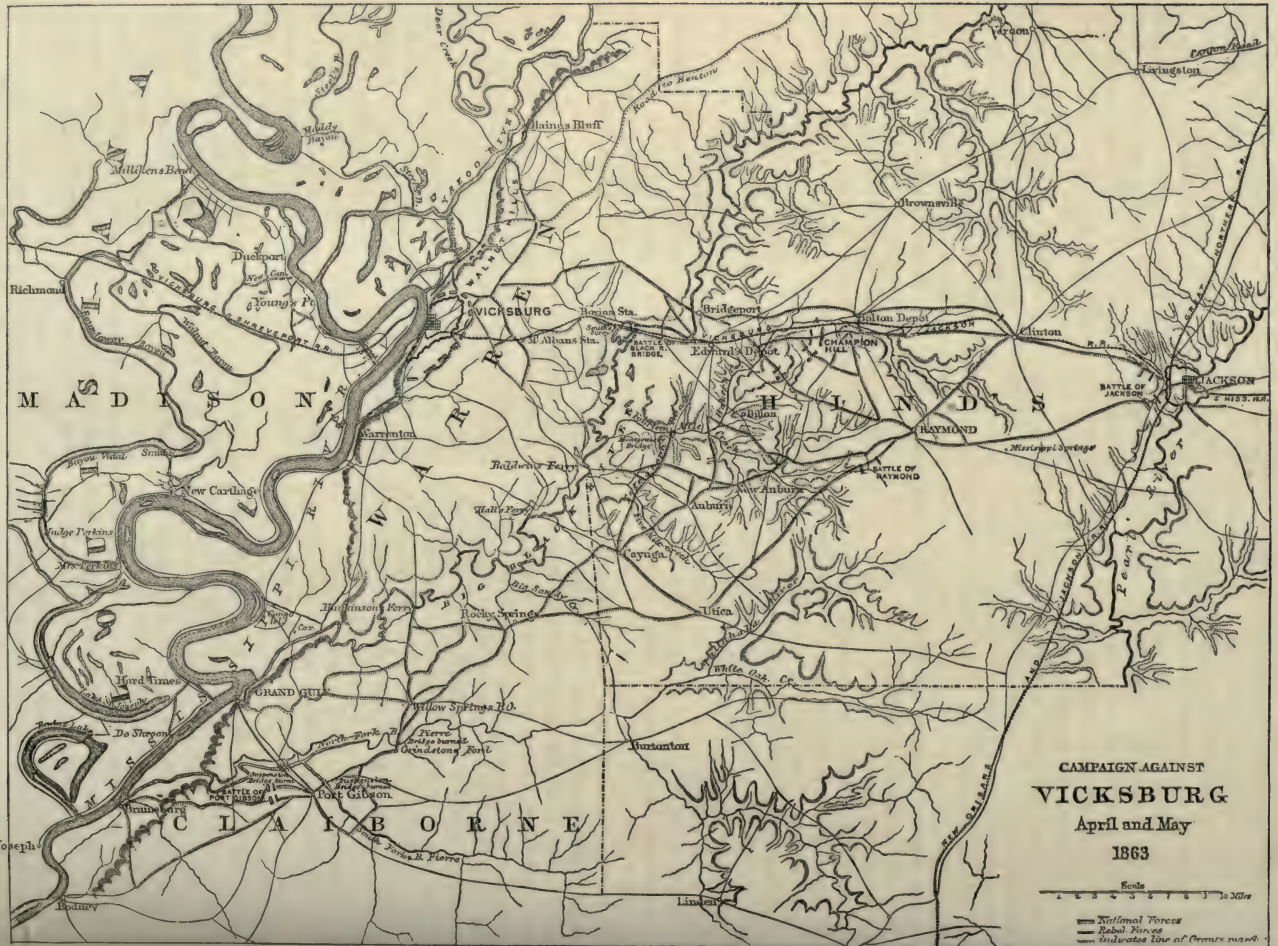
On the 3d I went into Grand Gulf, and spent the afternoon and until late that night in writing letters to Washington and orders for the next movement of the army. Here I also received a letter from Banks stating that he could not be at Port Hudson for some days, and then with an army of only fifteen thousand men. As I did not regard this force of as much value as the time which would be lost in waiting for it, I determined to move on to Vicksburg.

The 4th, 5th, and 6th of May were spent in reconnoitering towards Vicksburg, and also in crossing Sherman's troops over to Grand Gulf. On the 7th, Sherman having joined the main body of the army, the troops across the Big Black were withdrawn, and the movement was commenced to get in position on the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad so as to attack Vicksburg from the rear. This occupied the army from the 7th to the 12th, when our position was near Fourteen Mile creek, Raymond being our right flank, our left resting on the Big Black. To obtain this position we fought the battle of Raymond, where Logan's and Crocker's divisions of McPherson's corps defeated the Confederates under General Gregg, driving him back on Jackson; Sherman and McClernand both having some skirmishing where they crossed Fourteen Mile creek.

As the army under Pemberton was on my left flank, and that under General Joseph E. Johnston on my right at Jackson, I determined to move the army rapidly on Jackson, capturing and destroying that place as a military depot; then turn west and destroy the army under Pemberton, or drive it back into Vicksburg. The 13th was spent in making the first of these moves. On the 14th Jackson was attacked with Sherman's and McPherson's corps. The place was taken, and all supplies that could be of service to the enemy were destroyed, as well as the railroad bridge.

On the 15th the troops were faced to the west and marched towards Pemberton, who was near Edwards's Station. The next day, the 16th, we met the enemy at Champion's Hill, and, after a hard-fought battle, defeated and drove him back towards Vicksburg, capturing eighteen guns and nearly three thousand men. This was the hardest-fought battle of the campaign.

On the 17th we reached the Big Black, where we found the enemy intrenched. After a battle of two or three hours' duration we succeeded in carrying their works by storm, capturing much artillery and about twelve hundred men. In their flight the enemy de-



From General Badeau's "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant": D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. (At the request of the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.)

stroyed the bridge across the Big Black, so that the balance of the day and night was spent in building bridges across that stream.

We crossed on the morning of the 18th, and the outworks of Vicksburg were reached before night, the army taking position in their front. On the 19th there was continuous skirmishing with the enemy while we were getting into better positions. The enemy's troops had been much demoralized by their defeats at Champion's Hill and the Big Black, and I believed he would not make much of an effort to hold Vicksburg. Accordingly at two o'clock I ordered an assault. It resulted in securing more advanced positions for all our troops, where they were fully covered from the fire of the enemy, and the siege of Vicksburg began.

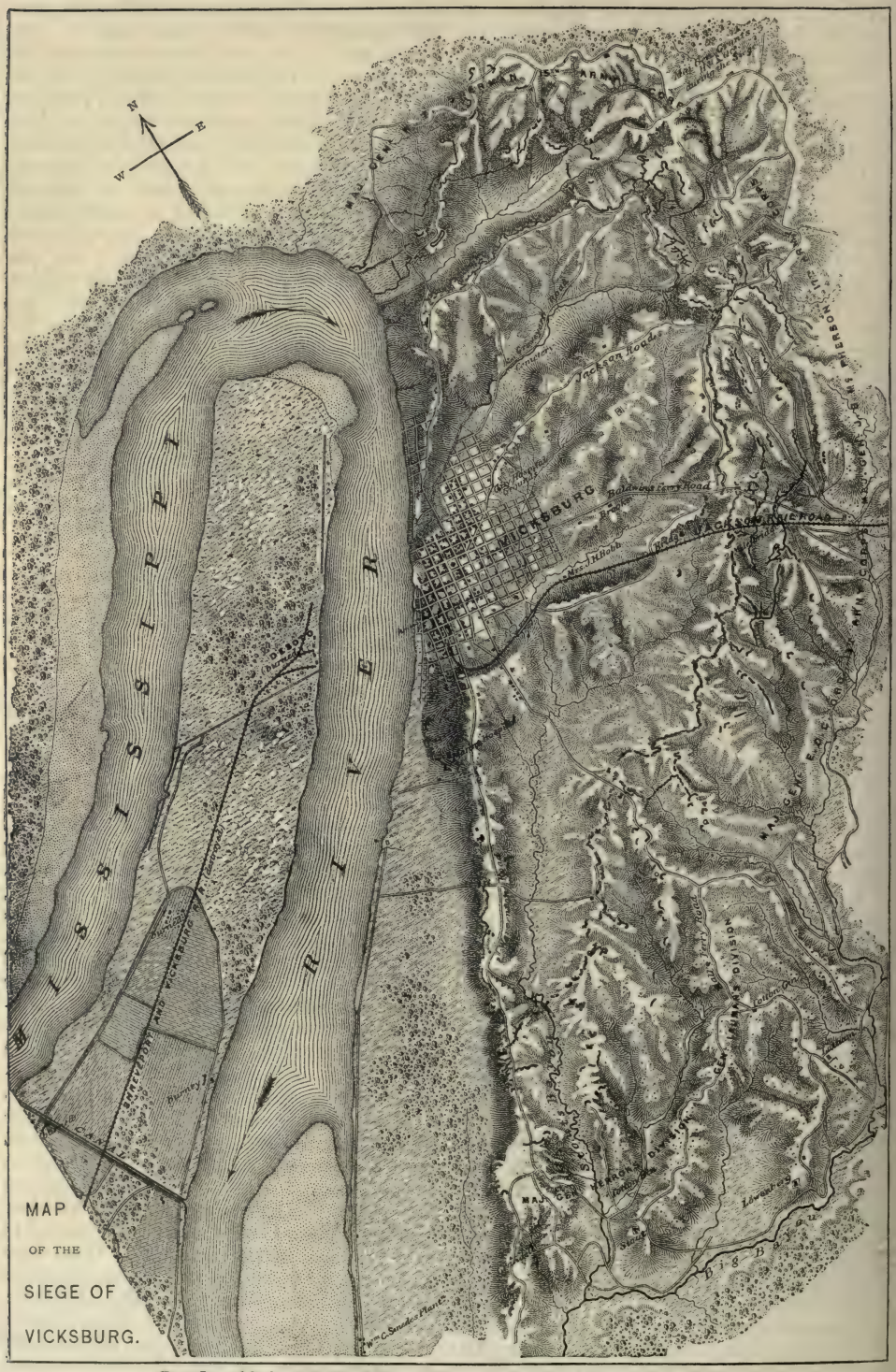
The 20th and 21st were spent in strengthening our position, and in making roads in rear of the army, from Yazoo river or Chickasaw bayou. Most of the army had now been for three weeks with only five days' rations issued by the commissary. They had had an abundance of food, however, but had begun to feel the want of bread. I remember that, in passing around to the left of the line on the 21st, a soldier, recognizing me, said in rather a low voice, but yet so that I heard him, "*Hard-tack.*" In a moment the cry was taken up all along the line, "*Hard-tack! hard-tack!*" I told the men nearest to me that we had been engaged ever since the arrival of the troops in building a road over which to supply them with everything they needed. The cry was instantly changed to cheers. By the night of the 21st full rations were issued to all the troops. The bread and coffee were highly appreciated.

I now determined on a second assault. Johnston was in my rear, only fifty miles away, with an army not much inferior in numbers to the one I had with me, and I knew he was being reënforced. There was danger of his coming to the assistance of Pemberton, and after all he might defeat my anticipations of capturing the garrison, if, indeed, he did not prevent the capture of the city. The immediate capture of Vicksburg would save sending me the reënforcements which were so much wanted elsewhere, and would set free the army under me to drive Johnston from the State. But the first consideration of all was that the troops believed they could carry the works in their front, and would not have worked so patiently in the trenches if they had not been allowed to try.

The attack was ordered to commence on all parts of the line at ten o'clock A. M. on the 22d with a furious cannonade from every battery in position. All the corps commanders set their time by mine, so that all might open the engagement at the same minute. The attack was gallant, and portions of each of the three corps succeeded in getting up to the very parapets of the enemy, and in planting their battle-flags upon them; but at no place were we able to enter. General McClernand reported that he had gained the enemy's intrenchments at several points, and wanted reënforcements. I occupied a position from which I believed I could see as well as he what took place in his front, and I did not see the success he reported. But his request for reënforcements being repeated, I could not ignore it, and sent him Quinby's division of the Seventeenth Corps. Sherman and McPherson were both ordered to renew their assaults as a diversion in favor of McClernand. This last attack only served to increase our casualties, without giving any benefit whatever. As soon as it was dark our troops that had reached the enemy's line and had been obliged to remain there for security all day were withdrawn, and thus ended the last assault on Vicksburg.

A regular siege was now determined upon,—to "out-camp the enemy," as it were, and to incur no more losses. The experience of the 22d convinced officers and men that this was best, and they went to work on the defenses and approaches with a will. With the navy holding the river, the investment of Vicksburg was complete. As long as we could hold our position, the enemy was limited in supplies of food, men, and munitions of war, to what he had on hand. These could not last always.

The crossing of troops at Bruinsburg had commenced April 30th. On the 18th of May the army was in rear of Vicksburg. On the 19th, just twenty days after the movement began, the city was completely invested and an assault had been made. Five distinct battles—besides continuous skirmishing—had been fought and won by the Union forces; the capital of the State had fallen, and its arsenals, military manufactories, and everything useful for military purposes, had been destroyed; an average of about one hundred and eighty miles had been marched by the troops engaged; but five days' rations had been issued, and no forage; over 6000 prisoners had been captured, and as many more of the enemy had been killed or wounded; twenty-seven heavy cannon and sixty-one field-pieces had fallen into our hands; and four hundred miles of the river, from Vicksburg to Port Hudson, had become ours. The Union force that had crossed the Mississippi river up to this time was less than forty-three thousand men. One division of these, Blair's, only arrived in time to take part in the battle of Champion's Hill, but was not engaged



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there, and one brigade, Ransom's, of McPherson's corps reached the field after the battle. The enemy had at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Jackson, and on the roads between these places, quite sixty thousand men. They were in their own country, where no rear-guards were necessary. The country was admirable for defense, but difficult to conduct an offensive campaign in. All their troops had to be met. We were fortunate, to say the least, in meeting them in detail: at Port Gibson, seven or eight thousand; at Raymond, five thousand; at Jackson, from eight to eleven thousand; at Champion's Hill, twenty-five thousand; at the Big Black, four thousand. A part of those met at Jackson were all that was left of those encountered at Raymond. They were beaten in detail by a force smaller than their own, upon their own ground. Our losses up to this time had been:

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*
Port Gibson	131	719	25
South Fork, Bayou Pierre		1	
Skirmishes May 3	1	9	
Fourteen Mile Creek	6	24	
Raymond	66	339	37
Jackson	42	251	7
Champion's Hill	410	1844	187
Big Black	39	237	3
Bridgeport		1	
Total	695	3425	259

Of the wounded many were but slightly so, and continued on duty. Not half of them were disabled for any length of time.*

After the unsuccessful assault of the 22d, the work of the regular siege began. Sherman occupied the right, starting from the river above Vicksburg; McPherson the center (McArthur's division now with him); and McClernand the left, holding the road south to Warrenton. Lauman's division arrived at this time, and was placed on the extreme left of the line.

In the interval between the assaults of the 19th and 22d, roads had been constructed from the Yazoo river and Chickasaw Bayou, around the rear of the army, to enable us to bring up supplies of food and ammunition; ground had been selected and cleared on which the troops were to be encamped, and tents and cooking utensils were brought up. The troops had been without these from the time of crossing the Mississippi up to this time. All was now ready for the pick and spade. Prentiss and Hurlbut were ordered to send forward every man that could be spared. Cavalry especially was wanted to watch the fords along the Big Black, and to observe Johnston. I knew that Johnston was receiving reënforcements from Bragg, who was confronting Rosecrans in Tennessee. Vicksburg was so important to the enemy that I believed he would make the most strenuous efforts to raise the siege, even at the risk of losing ground elsewhere.

My line was more than fifteen miles long, extending from Haines's Bluff to Vicksburg, thence to Warrenton. The line of the enemy was about seven. In addition to this, having an enemy at Canton and Jackson in our rear, who was being constantly reënforced, we required a second line of defense facing the other way. I had not troops enough under my command to man this. General Halleck appreciated the situation and, without being asked for reënforcements, forwarded them with all possible dispatch.

The ground about Vicksburg is admirable for defense. On the north it is about two hundred feet above the Mississippi river at the highest point, and is very much cut up by the washing rains; the ravines were grown up with cane and underbrush, while the sides and tops were covered with a dense forest. Farther south the ground flattens out somewhat, and was in cultivation; but here, too, it was cut by ravines and small streams. The enemy's line of defense followed the crest of a ridge, from the river north of the city, eastward, then southerly around to the Jackson road, full three miles back of the city. Deep ravines of the description given lay in front of these defenses. As there is a succession of gullies, cut out by rains, along the side of the ridge, the line was necessarily very irregular. To follow each of these spurs with intrenchments, so as to command the slopes on either side, would have lengthened their line very much. Generally, therefore, or in many places, their line would run from near the head of one gully nearly straight to the head of another, and an outer work, triangular in shape, generally open in the rear, was thrown up on the point. With a few men in this outer work, they commanded the approaches to the main line completely.

The work to be done to make our position as strong against the enemy as his was against us, was very great. The problem was also complicated by our wanting our line as near that of the enemy as possible. We had but four engineer officers with us. Captain Prime, of the Engineer Corps, was the chief, and the work at the beginning was mainly directed by him. His health, however, soon gave out, when he was succeeded by Captain Comstock, also of the Engineer Corps. To

* The official revised statements of losses soon to be published by Colonel Robert N. Scott of the War Records Office (of which the above table is a part), show that the aggregate Union losses from May 1 to July 4, were: killed, 1514; wounded, 7395; captured or missing, 453; —total, 9362— EDITOR.

provide assistants on such a long line, I directed that all officers who were graduates at West Point, where they had necessarily to study military engineering, should, in addition to their other duties, assist in the work. The chief quartermaster and the chief commissary were graduates. The chief commissary, now the commissary-general of the army, begged off, however, saying that there was nothing in engineering that he was good for, unless he would do for a sap-roller. As soldiers require rations while working in the ditches as well as when marching and fighting, and as we should be sure to lose him if he was used as a sap-roller, I let him off. The general is a large man,— weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, and is not tall.

We had no siege-guns except six thirty-two pounders, and there were none at the West to draw from. Admiral Porter, however, supplied us with a battery of navy-guns of large caliber, and with these, and the field-artillery used in the campaign, the siege began. The first thing to do was to get the artillery in batteries where they would occupy commanding positions; then, to establish the camps, under cover from the fire of the enemy, but as near up as possible; and then to construct rifle-pits and covered ways, to connect the entire command by the shortest route. The enemy did not harass us much while we were constructing our batteries. Probably their artillery ammunition was short, and their infantry was kept down by our sharp-shooters, who were always on the alert and ready to fire at a head whenever it showed itself above the rebel works.

In no place were our lines more than six hundred yards from the enemy. It was necessary, therefore, to cover our men by something more than the ordinary parapet. To give additional protection, sand-bags, bullet-proof, were placed along the tops of the parapets, far enough apart to make loopholes for musketry. On top of these, logs were put. By these means the men were enabled to walk about erect when off duty, without fear of annoyance from sharp-shooters. The enemy used in their defense explosive musket-balls, thinking, no doubt, that, bursting over our men in the trenches, they would do some execution. I do not remember a single case where a man was injured by a piece of one of these shells. When they were hit, and the ball exploded, the wound was terrible. In these cases a solid ball would have hit as well. Their use is barbarous, because they produce increased suffering without any corresponding advantage to those using them.

The enemy could not resort to our method to protect their men, because we had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition to draw upon, and used it freely. Splinters from the timber would have made havoc among their men behind.

There were no mortars with the besiegers, except those that the navy had in front of the city; but wooden ones were made by taking logs of the toughest wood that could be found, boring them out for six or twelve pounder shells, and binding them with strong iron bands. These answered as coehorns, and shells were successfully thrown from them into the trenches of the enemy.

The labor of building the batteries and of intrenching was largely done by the pioneers, assisted by negroes who came within our lines and who were paid for their work; but details from the line had often to be made. The work was pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and when an advanced position was secured and covered from the fire of the enemy, the batteries were advanced. By the 30th of June there were two hundred and twenty guns in position, mostly light field-pieces, besides a battery of heavy guns belonging to, and manned and commanded by, the navy. We were now as strong for defense against the garrison of Vicksburg as they were against us; but I knew that Johnston was in our rear, and was receiving constant reënforcements from the East. He had at this time a larger force than I had had at any time prior to the battle of Champion's Hill.

As soon as the news of the arrival of the Union army behind Vicksburg reached the North, floods of visitors began to pour in. Some came to gratify curiosity; some to see sons or brothers who had passed through the terrible ordeal; members of the Christian and Sanitary commissions came to minister to the wants of the sick and the wounded. Often those coming to see a son or brother would bring a dozen or two of poultry. They did not know how little the gift would be appreciated. The soldiers had lived so much on chickens, ducks, and turkeys, without bread, during the march, that the sight of poultry, if they could get bacon, almost took away their appetite.

Among the earliest arrivals was the Governor of Illinois, with most of the State officers. I naturally wanted to show them what there was of most interest. In Sherman's front the ground was the most broken and most wooded, and more was to be seen without exposure. I therefore took them to Sherman's headquarters and presented them. Before starting out to look at the lines — possibly while Sherman's horse was being saddled — there were many questions asked about the late campaign, about which the North had been so imperfectly informed. There was a

little knot around Sherman, and another around me, and I heard Sherman repeating in the most animated manner, "Grant is entitled to every bit of the credit for the campaign. I opposed it. I wrote him a letter opposing it." But for this speech it is not likely that Sherman's opposition would have ever been heard of. His untiring energy and great efficiency during the campaign entitled him to a full share of all the credit due for its success. He could not have done more if the plan had been his own.

On the 26th of May I sent Blair's division up the Yazoo to drive out a force of the enemy supposed to be between the Big Black and the Yazoo. The country was rich, and full of supplies of both food and forage. Blair was instructed to take all of it. The cattle were to be driven in for the use of our army, and the food and forage to be consumed by our troops or by fire; all bridges were to be destroyed, and the roads rendered as nearly impassable as possible. Blair went forty-five miles, and was gone nearly a week. His work was effectually done. I requested Admiral Porter at this time to send the Marine Brigade, a floating nondescript force which had been assigned to his command, and which proved very useful, up to Haines's Bluff to hold it until reënforcements could be sent.

On the 26th I received a letter from Banks, asking me to reënforce him with ten thousand men at Port Hudson. Of course I could not comply with his request, nor did I think he needed them. He was in no danger of an attack by the garrison in his front, and there was no army organizing in his rear to raise the siege.

On the 3d of June a brigade from Hurlbut's command arrived, General Nathan Kimball commanding. It was sent to Mechanicsburg, some miles north-east of Haines's Bluff, and about midway between the Big Black and the Yazoo. A brigade of Blair's division and twelve hundred cavalry had already, on Blair's return from up the Yazoo, been sent to the same place with instructions to watch the crossings of the Big Black river, to destroy the roads in his (Blair's) front, and to gather or destroy all supplies.

On the 7th of June our little force of colored and white troops across the Mississippi, at Milliken's Bend, were attacked by about three thousand men from Richard Taylor's trans-Mississippi command. With the aid of the gun-boats the enemy were speedily repelled. I sent Mower's brigade over with instructions to drive the Confederates beyond the Tensas Bayou, and we had no further trouble in that quarter during the siege. This was the first important engagement of the war in which colored troops were under fire. These men were very raw, having all been enlisted since the beginning of the siege, but they behaved well.

On the 8th of June a full division arrived from Hurlbut's command, under General Sooy Smith. It was sent immediately to Haines's Bluff, and General C. C. Washburn was assigned to the general command at that point.

On the 11th a strong division arrived from the Department of the Missouri under General Herron, which was placed on our left. This cut off the last possible chance of communication between Pemberton and Johnston, as it enabled Lauman to close up on McClernand's left, while Herron intrenched from Lauman to the water's edge. At this point the water recedes a few hundred yards from the high land. Through this opening, no doubt, the Confederate commanders had been able to get messengers under cover of night.

On the 14th General Parke arrived with two divisions of Burnside's corps, and was immediately dispatched to Haines's Bluff. These latter troops — Herron's and Parke's — were the reënforcements, already spoken of, sent by Halleck in anticipation of their being needed. They arrived none too soon.

I now had about seventy-one thousand men. More than half were disposed across the peninsula between the Yazoo, at Haines's Bluff, and the Big Black; while the division of Osterhaus was watching the crossings of the latter river farther south, from the crossing of the Jackson road to Baldwin's Ferry, and below.

There were eight roads leading into Vicksburg, along which, and to their immediate sides, our work was specially pushed and batteries were advanced; but no commanding point within range of the enemy was neglected.

On the 17th I received letters from Generals Sherman and McPherson, saying that their respective commands had complained to them of a fulsome congratulatory order, published by General McClernand to the Thirteenth Corps, which did great injustice to the other troops engaged in the campaign. This order had been sent north and published, and now papers containing it had reached our camps. The order had not been heard of by me, and certainly not by troops outside of McClernand's command, until brought in this way. I wrote at once to McClernand, directing him to send me a copy of this order. He did so, and I immediately relieved him from the command of the Thirteenth Army Corps, and ordered him back to Springfield, Illinois. The publication of his order in the press was in violation of War Department orders and also of mine.

On the 22d of June positive information was received that Johnston had crossed the Big Black river for the purpose of attacking our rear, to raise the siege and release Pemberton. The correspondence between Johnston and

Pemberton shows that all expectation of holding Vicksburg had by this time passed from Johnston's mind. I immediately ordered Sherman to the command of all the forces from Haines's Bluff to the Big Black river. These amounted now to quite half the troops about Vicksburg. Besides these, Herron's and A. J. Smith's divisions were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to reënforce Sherman. Haines's Bluff had been strongly fortified on the land side, and on all commanding points from there to the Big Black at the railroad crossing batteries had been constructed. The work of connecting by rifle-pits, when this was not already done, was an easy task for the troops that were to defend them.

Johnston evidently took in the situation, and wisely, I think, abstained from making an assault on us, because it would simply have inflicted loss on both sides without accomplishing any result. We were strong enough to have taken the offensive against him; but I did not feel disposed to take any risk of loosing our hold upon Pemberton's army, while I would have rejoiced at the opportunity of defending ourselves against an attack by Johnston.

From the 23d of May the work of fortifying, and pushing forward our position nearer to the enemy, had been steadily progressing. At the point on the Jackson road in front of Ransom's brigade a sap was run up to the enemy's parapet, and by the 25th of June we had it undermined and the mine charged. The enemy had countermined, but did not succeed in reaching our mine. At this particular point the hill on which stood the rebel work rises abruptly. Our sap ran close up to the outside of the enemy's parapet. In fact this parapet was also our protection. The soldiers of the two sides occasionally conversed pleasantly across this barrier: sometimes they would exchange the hard bread of the Union soldiers for the tobacco of the Confederates, and at other times they threw over hand-grenades, the rebels throwing them first, and our men often catching them in their hands and returning them.

Our mine had been started some distance back down the hill; consequently, when it had extended as far as the parapet, it was many feet below it. This caused the failure of the enemy in his search to find and destroy it. On the 25th of June, at 3 o'clock, all being ready, the mine was exploded. A heavy artillery fire all along the line had been ordered to open with the explosion. The effect was to blow the top of the hill off and make a crater where it stood. The breach was not sufficient to enable us to pass a column of attack through. In fact, the enemy, having failed to reach our mine, had thrown up a line farther back, where most of the men guarding that point were placed. There were a few men, however, left at the advance line, and others were working in the counter-mine, which was still being pushed to find ours. All that were there were thrown into the air, some of them coming down on our side, still alive. I remember one colored man who, having been under-ground at work when the explosion took place, was thrown to our side. He was not much hurt, but terribly frightened. Some one asked him how high he had gone up. "Dun no, massa, but t'ink 'bout t'ree mile," was his reply. General Logan commanded at this point, and took this colored man to his quarters, where he did service to the end of the siege.

As soon as the explosion took place the crater was seized by two regiments of our troops who were near by, under cover, where they had been placed for the express purpose. The enemy made a desperate effort to expel them, but failed, and soon retired behind his new line. From here, however, they threw hand-grenades, which did some execution. The compliment was returned by our men, but not with so much effect. The enemy could lay their grenades on the parapet, which alone divided the contestants, and roll them down upon us; while from our side they had to be thrown over the parapet, which was at considerable elevation. During the night we made efforts to secure our position in the crater against the missiles of the enemy, so as to run trenches along the outer base of their parapet, right and left; but the enemy continued throwing their grenades, and brought boxes of field ammunition (shells), the fuses of which they would light with port-fires, and throw them by hand into our ranks. We found it impossible to continue this work. Another mine was consequently started, which was exploded on the 1st of July, destroying an entire redan, killing and wounding a considerable number of its occupants, and leaving an immense chasm where it stood. No attempt to charge was made this time, the experience of the 25th admonishing us. Our loss in the first affair was about thirty killed and wounded. The enemy must have lost more in the two explosions than we did in the first. We lost none in the second.

From this time forward the work of mining and pushing our position nearer to the enemy was prosecuted with vigor, and I determined to explode no more mines until we were ready to explode a number at different points and assault immediately after. We were up now at three different points, one in front of each corps, to where only the parapet of the enemy divided us.

About this time an intercepted dispatch from Johnston to Pemberton informed me that

Johnston intended to make a determined attack upon us, in order to relieve the garrison of Vicksburg. I knew the garrison would make no formidable effort to relieve itself. The picket lines were so close to each other — where there was space enough between the lines to post pickets — that the men could converse. On the 21st of June I was informed, through this means, that Pemberton was preparing to escape by crossing to the Louisiana side under cover of night; that he had employed workmen in making boats for that purpose; that the men had been canvassed to ascertain if they would make an assault on the "Yankees" to cut their way out; that they had refused, and had almost mutinied because their commander would not surrender and relieve their sufferings, and had only been pacified by the assurance that boats enough would be finished in a week to carry them all over. The rebel pickets also said that houses in the city had been pulled down to get material to build these boats with. Afterwards this story was verified. On entering the city we found a large number of very rudely constructed boats.

All necessary steps were at once taken to render such an attempt abortive. Our pickets were doubled; Admiral Porter was informed, so that the river might be more closely watched; material was collected on the west bank of the river with which to light it up if the attempt was made; and batteries were established along the levee crossing the peninsula on the Louisiana side. Had the attempt been made, the garrison of Vicksburg would have been drowned, or made prisoners on the Louisiana side. General Richard Taylor was expected on the west bank to coöperate in this movement, I believe; but he did not come, nor could he have done so with a force sufficient to be of service. The river was now in our possession, from its source to its mouth, except in the immediate front of Vicksburg and of Port Hudson. We had pretty nearly exhausted the country, from a line drawn from Lake Providence to opposite Bruinsburg. The roads west were not of a character to draw supplies over for any considerable force.

By the 1st of July our approaches had reached the enemy's ditch at a number of places. At ten points we could move under cover to within from five to one hundred yards of the enemy. Orders were given to make all preparations for assault on the 6th of July. The debouches were ordered widened, to afford easy egress, while the approaches were also to be widened to admit the troops to pass through four abreast. Plank, and bags filled with cotton packed in tightly, were ordered prepared, to enable the troops to cross the ditches.

On the night of the 1st of July Johnston was between Brownsville and the Big Black, and wrote Pemberton from there that about the 7th of the month an attempt would be made to create a diversion to enable him to cut his way out. Pemberton was a prisoner before this message reached him.

On July 1st Pemberton, seeing no hope of outside relief, addressed the following letter to each of his four division commanders:

"Unless the siege of Vicksburg is raised, or supplies are thrown in, it will become necessary very shortly to evacuate the place. I see no prospect of the former, and there are many great, if not insuperable, obstacles in the way of the latter. You are, therefore, requested to inform me with as little delay as possible as to the condition of your troops, and their ability to make the marches and undergo the fatigues necessary to accomplish a successful evacuation."

Two of his generals suggested surrender, and the other two practically did the same. They expressed the opinion that an attempt to evacuate would fail. Pemberton had previously got a message to Johnston suggesting that he should try to negotiate with me for a release of the garrison with their arms. The latter replied that it would be a confession of weakness for him to do so; but he authorized Pemberton to use his name in making such an arrangement.

On the 3d, about ten o'clock A. M., white flags appeared on a portion of the rebel works. Hostilities along that part of the line ceased at once. Soon two persons were seen coming towards our lines bearing a white flag. They proved to be General Bowen, a division commander, and Colonel Montgomery, aide-de-camp to Pemberton, bearing the following letter to me:

"I have the honor to propose an armistice for ——— hours, with the view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners, to meet a like number to be named by yourself, at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed you, under a flag of truce, by Major-General John S. Bowen."

It was a glorious sight to officers and soldiers on the line where these white flags were visible, and the news soon spread to all parts of the command. The troops felt that their long and weary marches, hard fighting, ceaseless watching by night and day in a hot climate, exposure to all sorts of weather, to diseases, and worst of all, to the gibes of many Northern papers that came to them saying that all their suffering was in vain — that Vicksburg would never be taken — were at

last at an end, and the Union was sure to be saved.

Bowen was received by General A. J. Smith, and asked to see me. I had been a neighbor of Bowen's in Missouri, and knew him well and favorably, before the war; but his request was refused. He then suggested that I should meet Pemberton. To this I sent a verbal message saying that, if Pemberton desired it, I would meet him in front of McPherson's corps at three o'clock that afternoon. I also sent the following written reply to Pemberton's letter:

"Your note of this date is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners, to be appointed, etc. The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose, by the unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

At three o'clock Pemberton appeared at the point suggested in my verbal message, accompanied by the same officers who had borne his letter of the morning. Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan, A. J. Smith, and several officers of my staff, accompanied me. Our place of meeting was on a hillside within a few hundred feet of the rebel lines. Near by stood a stunted oak-tree, which was made historical by the event. It was but a short time before the last vestige of its body, root, and limbs had disappeared, the fragments being taken as trophies. Since then the same tree, like "the true cross," has furnished many cords of wood in the shape of trophies.

Pemberton and I had served in the same division in a part of the Mexican war. I knew him very well, therefore, and greeted him as an old acquaintance. He soon asked what terms I proposed to give his army if it surrendered. My answer was, "The same as proposed in my reply to your letter." Pemberton then said, rather snappishly, "The conference might as well end," and turned abruptly as if to leave. I said, "Very well." General Bowen, I saw, was very anxious that the surrender should be consummated. His manner and remarks while Pemberton and I were talking showed this. He now proposed that he and one of our generals should have a conference. I had no objection to this, as nothing could be made binding upon me that they might propose. Smith and Bowen accordingly had a conference, during which Pemberton and I were in conversation, moving a short distance away towards the enemy's lines. After a while Bowen suggested that the Confederate army should be allowed to march out with the honors of war, carrying their small arms and field artillery. This was promptly and unceremoniously rejected. The interview then ended, I agreeing, however, to send a letter giving final terms by ten o'clock that night.

Word was sent to Admiral Porter soon after the correspondence with Pemberton commenced, so that hostilities might be stopped on the part of both army and navy. It was agreed on my parting with Pemberton that they should not be renewed until our correspondence ceased.

When I returned to my headquarters I sent for all the corps and division commanders who were with the army immediately confronting Vicksburg. Half the army was from eight to twelve miles off, waiting for Johnston. I informed these officers of the contents of Pemberton's letter, of my reply, and the substance of the interview, and told them I was ready to hear any suggestion, but would hold the power of deciding entirely in my own hands, even against a unanimous judgment. This was the nearest to a "council of war" I ever held. Against the general, almost unanimous, judgment of the council I sent the following letter:

"In conformity with agreement this afternoon, I will submit the following proposition for the surrender of the city of Vicksburg, public stores, etc. On your accepting the terms proposed I will march in one division as a guard, and take possession at 8 A.M. to-morrow. As soon as rolls can be made out and paroles be signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two two-horse or mule teams as one, will be allowed to transport such articles as cannot be carried along. The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present authorized to sign the roll of prisoners."

By the terms of the cartel then in force prisoners captured by either army were required to be forwarded, as soon as possible, to either Aiken's Landing below Dutch Gap, on the James river, or to Vicksburg, there to be exchanged, or paroled until they could be exchanged. There was a Confederate commissioner at Vicksburg, authorized to make the exchange. I did not propose to take him prisoner, but to leave him free to perform the functions of his office. Had I insisted upon an unconditional surrender, there would have been over thirty thousand men to trans-

port up to Cairo, very much to the inconvenience of the army on the Mississippi; thence the prisoners would have had to be transported by rail to Washington or Baltimore; thence again by steamer to Aiken's, at very great expense. At Aiken's they would have had to be paroled, because the Confederates did not have Union prisoners to give in exchange. Then again Pemberton's army was largely composed of men whose homes were in the south-west. I knew many of them were tired of the war, and would get home just as soon as they could. A large number of them had voluntarily come into our lines during the siege, and had requested to be sent north where they could get employment until the war was over and they could go to their homes.

Late at night I received the following reply to my last letter:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, proposing terms of capitulation for this garrison and post. In the main, your terms are accepted; but, in justice both to the honor and spirit of my troops, manifested in the defense of Vicksburg, I have to submit the following amendments, which, if acceded to by you, will perfect the agreement between us. At ten o'clock A.M. to-morrow, I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command, by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession. Officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected."

This was received after midnight; my reply was as follows:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of 3d July. The amendment proposed by you cannot be acceded to in full. It will be necessary to furnish every officer and man with a parole signed by himself, which, with the completion of the roll of prisoners, will necessarily take some time. Again, I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. While I do not propose to cause them any undue annoyance or loss, I cannot consent to leave myself under any restraint by stipulations. The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition of last evening; that is, officers will be allowed their private baggage and side-arms, and mounted officers one horse each. If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the lines now occupied by it, and stack arms at ten o'clock A. M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it. Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by nine o'clock A. M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly. Should these terms be accepted, white flags should be displayed along your lines to prevent such of my troops as may not have been notified, from firing upon your men."

These terms Pemberton promptly accepted.

During the siege there had been a good deal of friendly sparring between the soldiers of the two armies on picket and where the lines were close together. All rebels were known as "Johnnies," all Union troops as "Yanks." Often "Johnny" would call, "Well, Yank, when are you coming into town?" The reply was sometimes, "We propose to celebrate the 4th of July there." Sometimes it would be, "We always treat our prisoners with kindness and do not want to hurt them"; or "We are holding you as prisoners of war while you are feeding yourselves," etc. The garrison, from the commanding general down, undoubtedly expected an assault on the 4th. They knew from the temper of their men that it would be successful when made, and that would be a greater humiliation than to surrender. Besides, it would be attended with severe loss to them. The Vicksburg paper (which we received regularly through the courtesy of the rebel pickets) said prior to the 4th, in speaking of the Yankee boast that they would take dinner in Vicksburg that day, that the best receipt for cooking a rabbit was, "First ketch your rabbit." The paper at this time, and for some time prior, was printed on the plain side of wall paper. The last edition was issued on the 4th, and announced that we had "caught our rabbit."

I have no doubt that Pemberton commenced his correspondence on the 3d for a twofold purpose: first, to avoid an assault, which he knew would be successful; and second, to prevent the capture taking place on the great national holiday. Holding out for better terms, as he did, defeated his aim in the latter particular.

Pemberton says in his report: "If it should be asked why the 4th of July was selected as the day for surrender, the answer is obvious. I believed that upon that day I should obtain better terms. Well aware of the vanity of our foe, I knew they would attach vast importance to the entrance on the 4th of July into the stronghold of the great river, and that, to gratify their national vanity, they would yield then what could not be extorted from them at any other time." This does not support my view of his reasons for selecting the day he did for surrendering. It must be recollected that his first letter asking terms was received about ten o'clock A. M., July 3d. It then could hardly be expected that it would take twenty-four hours to effect a surrender. He knew that Johnston was in our rear for the purpose of raising the siege, and he naturally would want to hold out as long as he could. He knew his men would not resist an assault, and one was expected on the 4th. In our interview he told me he had rations enough to hold out for some time — my recollection is two weeks. It was this statement that induced me to insert in the terms that he was to draw rations for his men from his own supplies.

On the 3d, as soon as negotiations were commenced, I notified Sherman, and directed him to be ready to take the offensive against John-

ston, drive him out of the State, and destroy his army if he could. Steele and Ord were directed at the same time to be in readiness to join Sherman as soon as the surrender should take place, and of this Sherman was notified.

On the 4th, at the appointed hour, the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of their works, formed line in front, stacked arms, and marched back in good order. Our whole army present witnessed this scene without cheering, and without a single offensive remark that I ever heard of. Logan's division, which had approached nearest the rebel works, was the first to march in, and the flag of one of the regiments of his division was soon floating over the court-house. Our men were no sooner inside the lines than the two armies began to fraternize. We had had full rations from the time the siege commenced to the close. The enemy had been suffering, particularly towards the last. I myself saw our men taking bread from their haversacks and giving it to those whom they had so recently been engaged in *starving out*. It was accepted with avidity and with thanks.

I rode into Vicksburg with the troops, and went to the river to exchange congratulations with the navy upon our joint victory. At that time I found that many of the citizens had been living under-ground. The ridges upon which Vicksburg is built, and those back to the Big Black, are composed of a deep-yellow clay, of great tenacity. When roads and streets are cut through, perpendicular banks are left, and stand as well as if composed of stone. The magazines of the enemy were made by mining passageways into this clay, at places where there were deep cuts. Many citizens secured places of safety for their families by carving out rooms in these embankments. A doorway, in these cases, would be cut in a high bank, starting from the level of the road or street, and after running it in a few feet, a room of the size required would be carved out of the clay, the dirt being removed by the doorway. In some instances I saw where two rooms were cut out for a single family, with a doorway in the clay wall separating them. Some of these were carpeted and furnished with considerable elaboration. In these the occupants were fully secure from the shells of their enemy, which were dropped into the city night and day, without intermission.

In the afternoon I returned to my old headquarters outside, and did not move them into the town until the 6th. My dispatch announcing our victory to the Government was started for Cairo, by a dispatch boat (to be telegraphed from there), on the evening of the 4th. It was as follows:

"The enemy surrendered this morning. The only terms allowed is their parole as prisoners of war. This I regard as a great advantage to us at this moment. It saves, probably, several days in the capture, and leaves troops and transports ready for immediate service. Sherman, with a large force, moves immediately on Johnston, to drive him from the State. I will send troops to the relief of Banks, and return the Ninth Army Corps to Burnside."

At the same time I notified Banks, now before Port Hudson, of the capture and terms, and offered to send him all the troops he wanted. Banks had my letter printed, and through the kind offices of the pickets got several copies into the rebel lines. A copy getting into the hands of the commanding officer, General Gardner, he asked to have it authenticated and its reliability substantiated; this being done, he would deem it useless to hold out longer. Banks assured him that the surrender had taken place, and Gardner capitulated unconditionally.

Pemberton and his army were kept in Vicksburg until the whole could be paroled. The paroles were in duplicate, by organization, one copy for each, Nationals and Confederates, signed by the commanding officers of the companies or regiments. Duplicates were also made for each soldier, and signed by each individually, one to be retained by the soldier signing, and one to be retained by us. Several hundred refused to sign their paroles, preferring to be sent to the North as prisoners to being sent back to fight again. Others again kept out of the way, hoping to escape both alternatives.

Pemberton appealed to me in person to compel these men to sign their paroles, but I declined. It also leaked out that many of the men who had signed their paroles intended to desert and go to their homes as soon as they were out of our lines. Pemberton, hearing this, again appealed to me to assist him. He wanted arms for a battalion, to act as guards in keeping his men together while being marched to a camp of instruction, where he expected to keep them until exchanged. This request was also declined. It was precisely what I had expected and hoped that they would do. I told him, however, that I would see that they marched beyond our lines in good order. By the 11th, just one week after the surrender, the paroles were completed, and the rebel garrison marched out. Many deserted, and fewer of them were ever returned to the ranks to fight again than would have been the case had the surrender been unconditional and had the prisoners been sent to the James river to be paroled.

As soon as our troops took possession of the city, guards were established along the whole line of parapet, from the river above to

the river below. The prisoners were allowed to occupy their old camps behind the intrenchments. No restraint was put upon them, except by their own commanders. They were rationed about the same as our own men, and from our supplies. The men of the two armies fraternized as if they had been fighting for the same cause. When they passed out of the works they had so long and so gallantly defended, between lines of their late antagonists, not a cheer went up, not a retort was made that would give pain. Really, I believe there was a feeling of sadness just then in the breasts of most of the Union soldiers, at seeing the dejection of their late antagonists.

The day before the departure the following order was issued:

"Paroled prisoners will be sent out here to-morrow. They will be authorized to cross at the railroad-bridge and move from there to Edwards Ferry, and on by way of Raymond. Instruct the commands to be orderly and quiet as these prisoners pass, to make no offensive remarks, and not to harbor any who fall out of ranks after they have passed."

On the 8th a dispatch was sent from Washington by General Halleck, saying:

"I fear your paroling the prisoners at Vicksburg without actual delivery to a proper agent, as required by the seventh article of the cartel, may be construed into an absolute release, and that the men will immediately be placed in the ranks of the enemy. Such has been the case elsewhere. If these prisoners have not been allowed to depart, you will detain them until further orders."

Halleck did not know that they had already been delivered into the hands of Major Watts, Confederate commissioner for the exchange of prisoners.

At Vicksburg thirty-one thousand six hundred prisoners were surrendered, together with one hundred and seventy-two cannon, sixty thousand muskets, and a large amount of ammunition. The small arms of the enemy were far superior to the bulk of ours. Up to this time our troops at the West had been limited to the old United States flint-lock changed into percussion, the Belgian musket imported early in the war—almost as dangerous to the person firing it as to the one aimed at—and a few new and improved arms. These were of many different calibers, thus causing much trouble in distributing ammunition during an engagement. The enemy had generally new arms, which had run the blockade, and were of uniform caliber. After the surrender I authorized all colonels whose regiments were armed with inferior muskets to place them in the stack of captured arms, and to replace them with the latter. A large number of arms, turned in to the Ordnance Department as captured, were arms that had really been used by the Union army in the capture of Vicksburg.

In this narration I have not made the mention I should of officers, dead and alive, whose services entitle them to special mention. Neither have I made that mention of the navy which its services deserve. I could not do justice to both in the limits of a magazine article. But suffice it to say, the close of the siege of Vicksburg found us with an army unsurpassed, in proportion to its numbers, taken as a whole, officers and men. A military education was acquired which no other school could have given. Men who thought a company was quite enough for them to command properly at the beginning, would have made good regimental or brigade commanders; most of the brigade commanders were equal to the command of a division, and one, Ransom, would have been equal to the command of a corps at least. Logan and Crocker ended the campaign fitted for independent commands.

General F. P. Blair, who commanded a division in the campaign, joined me at Milliken's Bend a full-fledged general, without having served in a lower grade. I had known Blair in Missouri, where I had voted against him for Congress in 1858. I knew him as a frank, positive, and generous man, true to his friends even to a fault, but always a leader. I dreaded his coming; I knew from experience that it is more difficult to command two generals desiring to be leaders than to command an army officered intelligently and with subordination. It affords me the greatest pleasure to record now my agreeable disappointment in his character. There was no man braver than he, nor was there any who obeyed all orders of his superior in rank with more unquestioning alacrity. He was one man as a soldier, another as a politician.

The navy, under Porter, was all it could be during the entire campaign. Without its assistance the campaign could not have been successfully made with twice the number of men engaged. It could not have been made at all, in the way it was, with any number of men without such assistance. The most perfect harmony reigned between the two arms of the service. There never was a request made, that I am aware of, either of the flag-officer or any of his subordinates, that was not promptly complied with.

The campaign of Vicksburg was suggested and developed by circumstances; and it now looks as though Providence had directed its course, while the Army of the Tennessee executed the decree.

U. S. Grant.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" DISPATCH.

In THE CENTURY for December, 1884, was printed a fac-simile of a copy of the famous "Unconditional Surrender" dispatch. That copy was written by General Grant for reproduction in the magazine, and bore the additional words, "copied by me October 20, 1884.—U. S. G.," so that it might not be mistaken for the original, which was supposed to be lost. But the publication of the copy called out information of the original, which is owned by the publishers of the "Memoirs." They obtained it from Dr. James K. Wallace, of Litchfield, Conn., who received it November 28, 1868, from his relative by marriage, General John A. Rawlins, who, as chief of staff to General Grant, had the custody, after the capture, of General Buckner's papers. General Rawlins told Dr. Wallace that he was receiving the original dispatch, and advised him to take good care of it, as it might become valuable. The above is an exact reproduction of the original dispatch in every particular, except that, in order to adapt it to the width of the page, the word "Sir," has been lowered to the line beneath, and the words, "I am, sir, very respectfully," have been raised to the line above.—EDITOR.

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Hd Qrs, Army in the Field

Camp near Donelson, Feb'y 16th 1862

Gen. S. B. Buckner,

Confed. Army

Sir, Yours of this date proposing Armistice, and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of Capitulation is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately upon your works. I am Sir, very respectfully

Your obt. Svt.

U. S. Grant

Brig. Gen.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

JUST a quarter of a century ago a young lady of New Orleans found herself an alien and an enemy to the sentiments of the community about her. Surrounded by friends and social companions, she was nevertheless painfully alone. In her enforced silence she began a diary intended solely for her own eye. A betrothed lover came suddenly from a neighboring State, claimed her hand in haste, and bore her away, a happy bride. Happy, yet anxious. The war was now fairly upon the land, and her husband, like herself, cherished sympathies whose discovery would have brought jeopardy of life, ruin, and exile. In the South, those days, all life was romantic. Theirs was full of adventure. At length they were shut up in Vicksburg. I hope some day to publish the whole diary; but the following portion is specially appropriate to the great panorama of battle in which a nation of readers is just now so interested. I shall not delay the reader to tell how I came by the manuscript, but only to say that I have not molested its original text. The name of the writer is withheld at her own request.

Geo. W. Cable.

UNDER FIRE FROM THE GUNBOATS.

WE reached Vicksburg that night and went to H——'s room. Next morning the cook he had engaged arrived, and we moved into this house. Martha's ignorance keeps me busy, and H—— is kept close at his office.

January 7th, 1863.—I have had little to record here recently, for we have lived to ourselves, not visiting or visited. Every one H—— knows is absent, and I know no one but the family we staid with at first, and they are now absent. H—— tells me of the added triumph since the repulse of Sherman in December, and the one paper published here, shouts victory as much as its gradually diminishing size will allow. Paper is a serious want. There is a great demand for envelopes in the office where H—— is. He found and bought a lot of *thick and smooth colored paper*, cut a tin pattern, and we have whiled away some long evenings cutting envelopes and making them up. I have put away a package of the best to look at when we are old. The books I brought from Arkansas have proved a treasure, but we can get no more. I went to the only book-store open; there were none but Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." The clerk said I could have that cheap, because he couldn't sell her books, so I got it and am reading it now. The monotony has only been broken by letters from friends here and there in the Confederacy. One of these letters tells of a Federal raid to their place, and says, "But the worst thing was, they would take every tooth-brush in the house, because we can't buy any more; and one cavalryman put my sister's new bonnet on his horse, and said 'Get up, Jack,' and her bonnet was gone."

February 25th.—A long gap in my journal, because H—— has been ill unto death with typhoid fever, and I nearly broke down from loss of sleep, there being no one to relieve me. I never understood before how terrible it was to be alone at night with a patient in delirium, and no one within call. To wake Martha was simply impossible. I got the best doctor here, but when convalescence began the question of food was a trial. I got with great difficulty two chickens. The doctor made the drug-store sell two of their six bottles of port; he said his patient's life depended on it. An egg is a rare and precious thing. Meanwhile the Federal fleet has been gathering, has anchored at the bend, and shells are thrown in at intervals.

March 20th.—The slow shelling of Vicksburg goes on all the time, and we have grown indifferent. It does not at present interrupt or interfere with daily avocations, but I suspect they are only getting the range of different points; and when they have them all complete, showers of shot will rain on us all at once. Non-combatants have been ordered to leave or prepare accordingly. Those who are to stay are having caves built. Cave-digging has become a regular business; prices range from twenty to fifty dollars, according to size of cave. Two diggers worked at ours a week and charged thirty dollars. It is well made in the hill that slopes just in the rear of the house, and well propped with thick posts, as they all are. It has a shelf, also, for holding a light or water. When we went in this evening and sat down, the earthy, suffocating feeling, as of a living tomb, was dreadful to me. I fear I shall risk death outside rather than melt in that dark furnace. The hills are so honeycombed with caves that the streets look like avenues in a cemetery. The hill called the Sky-parlor has become quite a fashionable resort for the few upper-circle families left here. Some officers are quartered there, and there is a band and a field-glass. Last evening we also climbed the hill to watch the shelling, but found the view

not so good as on a quiet hill nearer home. Soon a lady began to talk to one of the officers: "It is such folly for them to waste their ammunition like that. How can they ever take a town that has such advantages for defense and protection as this? We'll just burrow into these hills and let them batter away as hard as they please."

"You are right, madam; and besides, when our women are so willing to brave death and endure discomfort, how can we ever be conquered?"

Soon she looked over with significant glances to where we stood, and began to talk at H——.

"The only drawback," she said, "are the contemptible men who are staying at home in comfort, when they ought to be in the army if they had a spark of honor."

I cannot repeat all, but it was the usual tirade. It is strange I have met no one yet who seems to comprehend an honest difference of opinion, and stranger yet that the ordinary rules of good breeding are now so entirely ignored. As the spring comes one has the craving for fresh, green food that a monotonous diet produces. There was a bed of radishes and onions in the garden, that were a real blessing. An onion salad, dressed only with salt, vinegar, and pepper, seemed a dish fit for a king, but last night the soldiers quartered near made a raid on the garden and took them all.

April 2d.—We have had to move, and thus lost our cave. The owner of the house suddenly returned and notified us that he intended to bring his family back; didn't think there'd be any siege. The cost of the cave could go for the rent. That means he has got tired of the Confederacy and means to stay here and thus get out of it. This house was the only one to be had. It was built by ex-Senator G——, and is so large our tiny household is lost in it. We only use the lower floor. The bell is often rung by persons who take it for a hotel and come beseeching food at any price. To-day one came who would not be denied. "We do not keep a hotel, but would willingly feed hungry soldiers if we had the food." "I have been traveling all night and am starving; will pay any price for just bread." I went to the dining-room and found some biscuits, and set out two, with a large piece of corn-bread, a small piece of bacon, some nice sirup, and a pitcher of water. I locked the door of the safe and left him to enjoy his lunch. After he left I found he had broken open the safe and taken the remaining biscuits.

April 28th.—I never understood before the full force of those questions — What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? We have no prophet of the Lord at whose prayer the meal and oil will not waste. Such minute attention must be given the wardrobe to preserve it that I have learned to darn like an artist. Making shoes is now another accomplishment. Mine were in tatters. H—— came across a moth-eaten pair that he bought me, giving ten dollars, I think, and they fell into rags when I tried to wear them; but the soles were good, and that has helped me to shoes. A pair of old coat-sleeves saved — nothing is thrown away now—was in my trunk. I cut an exact pattern from my old shoes, laid it on the sleeves, and cut out thus good uppers and sewed them carefully; then soaked the soles and sewed the cloth to them. I am so proud of these home-made shoes, think I'll put them in a glass case when the war is over, as an heirloom. H—— says he has come to have an abiding faith that everything he needs to wear will come out of that trunk while the war lasts. It is like a fairy-casket. I have but a dozen pins remaining, so many I gave away. Every time these are used they are straightened and kept from rust. All these curious labors are performed while the shells are leisurely screaming through the air; but as long as we are out of range we don't worry. For many nights we have had but little sleep, because the Federal gun-boats have been running past the batteries. The uproar when this is happening is phenomenal. The first night the thundering artillery burst the bars of sleep, we thought it an attack by the river. To get into garments and rush upstairs was the work of a moment. From the upper gallery we have a fine view of the river, and soon a red glare lit up the scene and showed a small boat towing two large barges, gliding by. The Confederates had set fire to a house near the bank. Another night, eight boats ran by, throwing a shower of shot, and two burning houses made the river clear as day. One of the batteries has a remarkable gun they call "Whistling Dick," because of the screeching, whistling sound it gives, and certainly it does sound like a tortured thing. Added to all this is the indescribable Confederate yell, which is a soul-harrowing sound to hear. I have gained respect for the mechanism of the human ear, which stands it all without injury. The streets are seldom quiet at night; even the dragging about of cannon makes a din in these echoing gullies. The other night we were on the gallery till the last of the eight boats got by. Next day a friend said to H——, "It was a wonder you didn't have your heads taken off last night. I passed and saw them stretched over the gallery, and grape-shot were whizzing up the street just on a level with you." The double roar of batteries and boats was so great, we never noticed the whizzing. Yesterday the *Cincinnati* attempted to go by in daylight,

but was disabled and sunk. It was a pitiful sight; we could not see the finale, though we saw her rendered helpless.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE.

Vicksburg, May 1st, 1863.—It is settled at last that we shall spend the time of siege in Vicksburg. Ever since we were deprived of our cave, I had been dreading that H—— would suggest sending me to the country, where his relatives lived. As he could not leave his position and go also without being conscripted, and as I felt certain an army would get between us, it was no part of my plan to be obedient. A shell from one of the practicing mortars brought the point to an issue yesterday and settled it. Sitting at work as usual, listening to the distant sound of bursting shells, apparently aimed at the court-house, there suddenly came a nearer explosion; the house shook, and a tearing sound was followed by terrified screams from the kitchen. I rushed thither, but met in the hall the cook's little girl America, bleeding from a wound in the forehead, and fairly dancing with fright and pain, while she uttered fearful yells. I stopped to examine the wound, and her mother bounded in, her black face ashy from terror. "Oh! Miss V——, my child is killed and the kitchen tore up." Seeing America was too lively to be a killed subject, I consoled Martha and hastened to the kitchen. Evidently a shell had exploded just outside, sending three or four pieces through. When order was restored I endeavored to impress on Martha's mind the necessity for calmness and the uselessness of such excitement. Looking round at the close of the lecture, there stood a group of Confederate soldiers laughing heartily at my sermon and the promising audience I had. They chimed in with a parting chorus:

"Yes, it's no use hollerin, old lady."

"Oh! H——," I exclaimed, as he entered soon after, "America is wounded."

"That is no news; she has been wounded by traitors long ago."

"Oh, this is real, living, little, black America; I am not talking in symbols. Here are the pieces of shell, the first bolt of the coming siege."

"Now you see," he replied, "that this house will be but paper to mortar-shells. You must go in the country."

The argument was long, but when a woman is obstinate and eloquent, she generally conquers. I came off victorious, and we finished preparations for the siege to-day. Hiring a man to assist, we descended to the wine-cellar, where the accumulated bottles told of the "banquet-hall deserted," the spirit and glow of the festive hours whose lights and garlands were dead, and the last guest long since departed. To empty this cellar was the work of many hours. Then in the safest corner a platform was laid for our bed, and in another portion one arranged for Martha. The dungeon, as I call it, is lighted only by a trap-door, and is so damp it will be necessary to remove the bedding and mosquito-bars every day. The next question was of supplies. I had nothing left but a sack of rice-flour, and no manner of cooking I had heard or invented contrived to make it eatable. A column of recipes for making delicious preparations of it had been going the rounds of Confederate papers. I tried them all; they resulted only in brick-bats, or sticky paste. H—— sallied out on a hunt for provisions, and when he returned the disproportionate quantity of the different articles obtained provoked a smile. There was a *hogshead* of sugar, a barrel of sirup, ten pounds of bacon and peas, four pounds of wheat-flour, and a small sack of corn-meal, a little vinegar, and actually some spice! The wheat-flour he purchased for ten dollars as a special favor from the sole remaining barrel for sale. We decided that must be kept for sickness. The sack of meal, he said, was a case of corruption, through a special providence to us. There is no more for sale at any price, but, said he, "a soldier who was hauling some of the Government sacks to the hospital offered me this for five dollars, if I could keep a secret. When the meal is exhausted perhaps we can keep alive on sugar. Here are some wax candles; hoard them like gold." He handed me a parcel containing about two pounds of candles, and left me to arrange my treasures. It would be hard for me to picture the memories those candles called up. The long years melted away, and I

> "Trod again my childhood's track
> And felt its very gladness."

In those childish days, whenever came dreams of household splendor or festal rooms or gay illuminations, the lights in my vision were always wax candles burning with a soft radiance that enchanted every scene. * * * And, lo! here on this spring day of '63, with war raging through the land, I was in a fine house, and had my wax candles sure enough, but, alas! they were neither cerulean blue nor rose-tinted, but dirty brown; and when I lighted one, it spluttered and wasted like any vulgar tallow thing, and lighted only a desolate scene in the vast handsome room. They were not so good as the waxen rope we had made in Arkansas. So, with a long sigh for the dreams of youth, I return to the stern present in this besieged town, my only consolation to remember the old axiom, "A city besieged is a city taken,"—so if we live through it we shall be out of the Confederacy. H—— is

very tired of having to carry a pass around in his pocket and go every now and then to have it renewed. We have been so very free in America, these restrictions are irksome.

May 9th.— This morning the door-bell rang a startling peal. Martha being busy, I answered it. An orderly in gray stood with an official envelope in his hand.

"Who lives here?"

"Mr. L——."

Very imperiously — "Which Mr. L——?"

"Mr. H—— L——."

"Is he here?"

"No."

"Where can he be found?"

"At the office of Deputy ——."

"I'm not going there. This is an order from General Pemberton for you to move out of this house in two hours. He has selected it for headquarters. He will furnish you with wagons."

"Will he furnish another house also?"

"Of course not."

"Has the owner been consulted?"

"He has not; that is of no consequence; it has been taken. Take this order."

"I shall not take it, and I shall not move, as there is no place to move to but the street."

"Then I'll take it to Mr. L——."

"Very well, do so."

As soon as Mr Impertine walked off I locked, bolted, and barred every door and window. In ten minutes H—— came home.

"Hold the fort till I've seen the owner and the general," he said, as I locked him out.

Then Dr. B——'s remark in New Orleans about the effect of Dr. C——'s fine presence on the Confederate officials there came to mind. They are just the people to be influenced in that way, I thought. I look rather shabby now; I will dress I made an elaborate toilet, put on the best and most becoming dress I had, the richest lace, the handsomest ornaments, taking care that all should be appropriate to a morning visit; dressed my hair in the stateliest braids, and took a seat in the parlor ready for the fray. H—— came to the window and said:

"Landlord says,' Keep them out. Wouldn't let them have his house at any price.' He is just riding off to the country and can't help us now. Now I'm going to see Major C——, who sent the order."

Next came an officer, banged at the door till tired, and walked away. Then the orderly came again and beat the door — same result. Next, four officers with bundles and lunch-baskets, followed by a wagon-load of furniture. They went round the house, tried every door, peeped in the windows, pounded and rapped, while I watched them through the blind-slats. Presently the fattest one, a real Falstaffian man, came back to the front door and rung a thundering peal. I saw the chance for fun and for putting on their own grandiloquent style. Stealing on tiptoe to the door, I turned the key and bolt noiselessly, and suddenly threw wide back the door and appeared behind it. He had been leaning on it, and nearly pitched forward with an "Oh! what's this!" Then seeing me as he straightened up, "Ah, madam!" almost stuttering from surprise and anger, "are you aware I had the right to break down this door if you hadn't opened it?"

"That would make no difference to me. I'm not the owner. You or the landlord would pay the bill for the repairs."

"Why didn't you open the door?"

"Have I not done so as soon as you rung? A lady does not open the door to men who beat on it. Gentlemen usually ring; I thought it might be stragglers pounding."

"Well," growing much blander, "we are going to send you some wagons to move; you must get ready."

"With pleasure, if you have selected a house for me. This is too large; it does not suit me."

"No, I didn't find a house for you."

"You surely don't expect *me* to run about in the dust and shelling to look for it, and Mr. L—— is too busy."

"Well, madam, then we must share the house. We will take the lower floor."

"I prefer to keep the lower floor myself; you surely don't expect *me* to go up and down stairs when you are so light and more able to do it."

He walked through the hall, trying the doors. "What room is that?" — "The parlor." "And this?"— "My bedroom." "And this?"—"The dining-room."

"Well, madam, we'll find you a house and then come and take this."

"Thank you, colonel; I shall be ready when you find the house Good-morning, sir."

I heard him say as he ran down the steps, "We must go back, captain; you see I didn't know they were this kind of people."

Of course the orderly had lied in the beginning to scare me, for General P—— is too far away from Vicksburg to send an order. He is looking about for General Grant. We are told he has gone out to meet Johnston; and together they expect to annihilate Grant's army and free Vicksburg forever. There is now a general hospital opposite this house and a small-pox hospital next door. War, famine, pestilence, and fire surround us. Every day the band plays in front of the small-pox hospital. I wonder if it is to keep up their spirits? One would suppose quiet would be more cheering.

May 17th.— Hardly was our scanty breakfast over this morning when a hurried ring drew

us both to the door. Mr. J——, one of H——'s assistants, stood there in high excitement.

"Well, Mr. L——, they are upon us; the Yankees will be here by this evening."

"What do you mean?"

"That Pemberton has been whipped at Baker's Creek and Big Black, and his army are running back here as fast as they can come and the Yanks after them, in such numbers nothing can stop them. Hasn't Pemberton acted like a fool?"

"He may not be the only one to blame," replied H——.

"They're coming along the Big B. road, and my folks went down there to be safe, you know; now they're right in it. I hear you can't see the armies for the dust; never was anything else known like it. But I must go and try to bring my folks back here."

What struck us both was the absence of that concern to be expected, and a sort of relief or suppressed pleasure. After twelve some worn-out-looking men sat down under the window.

"What is the news?" I inquired.

"Ritreat, ritreat!" they said, in broken English — they were Louisiana Acadians.

About three o'clock the rush began. I shall never forget that woful sight of a beaten, demoralized army that came rushing back,— humanity in the last throes of endurance. Wan, hollow-eyed, ragged, footsore, bloody, the men limped along unarmed, but followed by siege-guns, ambulances, gun-carriages, and wagons in aimless confusion. At twilight two or three bands on the court-house hill and other points began playing Dixie, Bonnie Blue Flag, and so on, and drums began to beat all about; I suppose they were rallying the scattered army.

May 28th.— Since that day the regular siege has continued. We are utterly cut off from the world, surrounded by a circle of fire. Would it be wise like the scorpion to sting ourselves to death? The fiery shower of shells goes on day and night. H——'s occupation, of course, is gone, his office closed. Every man has to carry a pass in his pocket. People do nothing but eat what they can get, sleep when they can, and dodge the shells. There are three intervals when the shelling stops, either for the guns to cool or for the gunners' meals, I suppose,— about eight in the morning, the same in the evening, and at noon. In that time we have both to prepare and eat ours. Clothing cannot be washed or anything else done. On the 19th and 22d, when the assaults were made on the lines, I watched the soldiers cooking on the green opposite. The half-spent balls coming all the way from those lines were flying so thick that they were obliged to dodge at every turn. At all the caves I could see from my high perch, people were sitting, eating their poor suppers at the cave doors, ready to plunge in again. As the first shell again flew they dived, and not a human being was visible. The sharp crackle of the musketry-firing was a strong contrast to the scream of the bombs. I think all the dogs and cats must be killed or starved, we don't see any more pitiful animals prowling around. * * * The cellar is so damp and musty the bedding has to be carried out and laid in the sun every day, with the forecast that it may be demolished at any moment. The confinement is dreadful. To sit and listen as if waiting for death in a horrible manner would drive me insane. I don't know what others do, but we read when I am not scribbling in this. H—— borrowed somewhere a lot of Dickens's novels, and we reread them by the dim light in the cellar. When the shelling abates H—— goes to walk about a little or get the "Daily Citizen," which is still issuing a tiny sheet at twenty-five and fifty cents a copy. It is, of course, but a rehash of speculations which amuses a half hour. To-day he heard while out that expert swimmers are crossing the Mississippi on logs at night to bring and carry news to Johnston. I am so tired of corn-bread, which I never liked, that I eat it with tears in my eyes. We are lucky to get a quart of milk daily from a family near who have a cow they hourly expect to be killed. I send five dollars to market each morning, and it buys a small piece of mule-meat. Rice and milk is my main food; I can't eat the mule-meat. We boil the rice and eat it cold with milk for supper. Martha runs the gauntlet to buy the meat and milk once a day in a perfect terror. The shells seem to have many different names; I hear the soldiers say, "That's a mortar-shell. There goes a Parrott. That's a rifle-shell." They are all equally terrible. A pair of chimney-swallows have built in the parlor chimney. The concussion of the house often sends down parts of their nest, which they patiently pick up and reascend with.

Friday, June 5th. In the cellar.—Wednesday evening H—— said he must take a little walk, and went while the shelling had stopped. He never leaves me alone for long, and when an hour had passed without his return I grew anxious; and when two hours, and the shelling had grown terrific, I momentarily expected to see his mangled body. All sorts of horrors fill the mind now, and I am so desolate here; not a friend. When he came he said that passing a cave where there were no others near, he heard groans, and found a shell had struck above and caused the cave to fall in on the man within. He could not extricate him alone, and had to get help and dig him

out. He was badly hurt, but not mortally, and I felt fairly sick from the suspense.

Yesterday morning a note was brought H—— from a bachelor uncle out in the trenches, saying he had been taken ill with fever, and could we receive him if he came? H—— sent to tell him to come, and I arranged one of the parlors as a dressing-room for him, and laid a pallet that he could move back and forth to the cellar. He did not arrive, however. It is our custom in the evening to sit in the front room a little while in the dark, with matches and candle held ready in hand, and watch the shells, whose course at night is shown by the fuse. H—— was at the window and suddenly sprang up, crying, "Run!"—"Where?"—"*Back!*"

I started through the back room, H—— after me. I was just within the door when the crash came that threw me to the floor. It was the most appalling sensation I'd ever known. Worse than an earthquake, which I've also experienced. Shaken and deafened I picked myself up; H—— had struck a light to find me. I lighted mine, and the smoke guided us to the parlor I had fixed for Uncle J——. The candles were useless in the dense smoke, and it was many minutes before we could see. Then we found the entire side of the room torn out. The soldiers who had rushed in said, "This is an eighty-pound Parrott." It had entered through the front, burst on the pallet-bed, which was in tatters; the toilet service and everything else in the room smashed. The soldiers assisted H—— to board up the break with planks to keep out prowlers, and we went to bed in the cellar as usual. This morning the yard is partially plowed by a couple that fell there in the night. I think this house, so large and prominent from the river, is perhaps taken for headquarters and specially shelled. As we descend at night to the lower regions, I think of the evening hymn that grandmother taught me when a child:

> "Lord, keep us safe this night,
> Secure from all our fears;
> May angels guard us while we sleep,
> Till morning light appears."

Surely, if there are heavenly guardians we need them now.

June 7th. In the cellar.—There is one thing I feel especially grateful for, that amid these horrors we have been spared that of suffering for water. The weather has been dry a long time, and we hear of others dipping up the water from ditches and mud-holes. This place has two large underground cisterns of good cool water, and every night in my subterranean dressing-room a tub of cold water is the nerve-calmer that sends me to sleep in spite of the roar. One cistern I had to give up to the soldiers, who swarm about like hungry animals seeking something to devour. Poor fellows! my heart bleeds for them. They have nothing but spoiled, greasy bacon, and bread made of musty pea-flour, and but little of that. The sick ones can't bolt it. They come into the kitchen when Martha puts the pan of corn-bread in the stove, and beg for the bowl she mixed it in. They shake up the scrapings with water, put in their bacon, and boil the mixture into a kind of soup, which is easier to swallow than pea-bread. When I happen in, they look so ashamed of their poor clothes. I know we saved the lives of two by giving a few meals. To-day one crawled on the gallery to lie in the breeze. He looked as if shells had lost their terrors for his dumb and famished misery. I've taught Martha to make first-rate corn-meal gruel, because I can eat meal easier that way than in hoe-cake, and I fixed him a saucerful, put milk and sugar and nutmeg — I've actually got a nutmeg. When he ate it the tears ran from his eyes. "Oh, madam, there was never anything so good! I shall get better."

June 9th.—The churches are a great resort for those who have no caves. People fancy they are not shelled so much, and they are substantial and the pews good to sleep in. We had to leave this house last night, they were shelling our quarter so heavily. The night before, Martha forsook the cellar for a church. We went to H——'s office, which was comparatively quiet last night. H—— carried the bank box; I the case of matches; Martha the blankets and pillows, keeping an eye on the shells. We slept on piles of old newspapers. In the streets the roar seems so much more confusing, I feel sure I shall run right in the way of a shell. They seem to have five different sounds from the second of throwing them to the hollow echo wandering among the hills, and that sounds the most blood-curdling of all.

June 13th.— Shell burst just over the roof this morning. Pieces tore through both floors down into the dining-room. The entire ceiling of that room fell in a mass. We had just left it. Every piece of crockery on the table was smashed up. The "Daily Citizen" to-day is a foot and a half long and six inches wide. It has a long letter from a Federal officer, P. P. Hill, who was on the gun-boat *Cincinnati*, that was sunk May 27th. Says it was found in his floating trunk. The editorial says, "The utmost confidence is felt that we can maintain our position until succor comes from outside. The undaunted Johnston is at hand."

June 18th.— To-day the "Citizen" is printed on wall paper; therefore has grown a little in size. It says, "But a few days more and Johnston will be here"; also that "Kirby Smith has

driven Banks from Port Hudson," and that "the enemy are throwing incendiary shells in."

June 20th.—The gentleman who took our cave came yesterday to invite us to come to it, because, he said, "it's going to be very bad to-day." I don't know why he thought so. We went, and found his own and another family in it; sat outside and watched the shells till we concluded the cellar was as good a place as that hill-side. I fear the want of good food is breaking down H——. I know from my own feelings of weakness, but mine is not an American constitution and has a recuperative power that his has not.

June 21st.—I had gone upstairs to-day during the interregnum to enjoy a rest on my bed and read the reliable items in the "Citizen," when a shell burst right outside the window in front of me. Pieces flew in, striking all round me, tearing down masses of plaster that came tumbling over me. When H—— rushed in I was crawling out of the plaster, digging it out of my eyes and hair. When he picked up a piece large as a saucer beside my pillow, I realized my narrow escape. The window-frame began to smoke, and we saw the house was on fire. H—— ran for a hatchet and I for water, and we put it out. Another [shell] came crashing near, and I snatched up my comb and brush and ran down here. It has taken all the afternoon to get the plaster out of my hair, for my hands were rather shaky.

June 25th.—A horrible day. The most horrible yet to me, because I've lost my nerve. We were all in the cellar, when a shell came tearing through the roof, burst upstairs, tore up that room, and the pieces coming through both floors down into the cellar. One of them tore open the leg of H——'s pantaloons. This was tangible proof the cellar was no place of protection from them. On the heels of this came Mr. J——, to tell us that young Mrs. P—— had had her thigh-bone crushed. When Martha went for the milk she came back horror-stricken to tell us the black girl there had her arm taken off by a shell. For the first time I quailed. I do not think people who are physically brave deserve much credit for it; it is a matter of nerves. In this way I am constitutionally brave, and seldom think of danger till it is over; and death has not the terrors for me it has for some others. Every night I had lain down expecting death, and every morning rose to the same prospect, without being unnerved. It was for H—— I trembled. But now I first seemed to realize that something worse than death might come; I might be crippled, and not killed. Life, without all one's powers and limbs, was a thought that broke down my courage. I said to H——, "You must get me out of this horrible place; I cannot stay; I know I shall be crippled." Now the regret comes that I lost control, because H—— is worried, and has lost his composure, because my coolness has broken down.

July 1st.—Some months ago, thinking it might be useful, I obtained from the consul of my birthplace, by sending to another town, a passport for foreign parts. H—— said if we went out to the lines we might be permitted to get through on that. So we packed the trunks, got a carriage, and on the 30th drove out there. General V—— offered us seats in his tent. The rifle-bullets were whizzing so *zip, zip* from the sharp-shooters on the Federal lines that involuntarily I moved on my chair. He said, "Don't be alarmed; you are out of range. They are firing at our mules yonder." His horse, tied by the tent door, was quivering all over, the most intense exhibition of fear I'd ever seen in an animal. General V—— sent out a flag of truce to the Federal headquarters, and while we waited wrote on a piece of silk paper a few words. Then he said, "My wife is in Tennessee. If you get through the lines, send her this. They will search you, so I will put it in this toothpick." He crammed the silk paper into a quill toothpick, and handed it to H——. It was completely concealed. The flag-of-truce officer came back flushed and angry. "General Grant says no human being shall pass out of Vicksburg; but the lady may feel sure danger will soon be over. Vicksburg will surrender on the 4th."

"Is that so, general?" inquired H——. "Are arrangements for surrender made?"

"We know nothing of the kind. Vicksburg will not surrender."

"Those were General Grant's exact words, sir," said the flag-officer. "Of course it is nothing but their brag."

We went back sadly enough, but to-day H—— says he will cross the river to General Porter's lines and try there; I shall not be disappointed.

July 3d.—H—— was going to headquarters for the requisite pass, and he saw General Pemberton crawling out of a cave, for the shelling has been as hot as ever. He got the pass, but did not act with his usual caution, for the boat he secured was a miserable, leaky one—a mere trough. Leaving Martha in charge, we went to the river, had our trunks put in the boat, and embarked; but the boat became utterly unmanageable, and began to fill with water rapidly. H—— saw that we could not cross in it and turned to come back; yet in spite of that the pickets at the battery fired on us. H—— raised the white flag he had, yet they fired again, and I gave a cry of horror that none of these dreadful things had wrung from me. I thought H—— was struck. When we

landed H—— showed the pass, and said that the officer had told him the battery would be notified we were to cross. The officer apologized and said they were not notified. He furnished a cart to get home, and to-day we are down in the cellar again, shells flying as thick as ever. Provisions so nearly gone, except the hogshead of sugar, that a few more days will bring us to starvation indeed. Martha says rats are hanging dressed in the market for sale with mule meat,— there is nothing else. The officer at the battery told me he had eaten one yesterday. We have tried to leave this Tophet and failed, and if the siege continues I must summon that higher kind of courage— moral bravery— to subdue my fears of possible mutilation.

July 4th.— It is evening. All is still. Silence and night are once more united. I can sit at the table in the parlor and write. Two candles are lighted. I would like a dozen. We have had wheat supper and wheat bread once more. H—— is leaning back in the rocking-chair; he says:

"G——, it seems to me I can hear the silence, and feel it, too. It wraps me like a soft garment; how else can I express this peace?"

But I must write the history of the last twenty-four hours. About five yesterday afternoon, Mr. J——, H——'s assistant, who, having no wife to keep him in, dodges about at every change and brings us the news, came to H—— and said:

"Mr. L——, you must both come to our cave to-night. I hear that to-night the shelling is to surpass everything yet. An assault will be made in front and rear. You know we have a double cave; there is room for you in mine, and mother and sister will make a place for Mrs. L——. Come right up; the ball will open about seven."

We got ready, shut up the house, told Martha to go to the church again if she preferred it to the cellar, and walked up to Mr. J——'s. When supper was eaten, all secure, and ladies in their cave night toilet, it was just six, and we crossed the street to the cave opposite. As I crossed a mighty shell flew screaming right over my head. It was the last thrown into Vicksburg. We lay on our pallets waiting for the expected roar, but no sound came except the chatter from neighboring caves, and at last we dropped asleep. I woke at dawn stiff. A draught from the funnel-shaped opening had been blowing on me all night. Every one was expressing surprise at the quiet. We started for home and met the editor of the "Daily Citizen." H—— said:

"This is strangely quiet, Mr. L——."

"Ah, sir," shaking his head gloomily, "I'm afraid (?) the last shell has been thrown into Vicksburg."

"Why do you fear so?"

"It is surrender. At six last evening a man went down to the river and blew a truce signal; the shelling stopped at once."

When I entered the kitchen a soldier was there waiting for the bowl of scrapings (they took turns for it).

"Good-morning, madam," he said; "we won't bother you much longer. We can't thank you enough for letting us come, for getting this soup boiled has helped some of us to keep alive, but now all this is over."

"Is it true about the surrender?"

"Yes; we have had no official notice, but they are paroling out at the lines now, and the men in Vicksburg will never forgive Pemberton. An old granny! A child would have known better than to shut men up in this cursed trap to starve to death like useless vermin." His eyes flashed with an insane fire as he spoke. "Haven't I seen my friends carted out three or four in a box, that had died of starvation! Nothing else, madam! Starved to death because we had a fool for a general."

"Don't you think you're rather hard on Pemberton? He thought it his duty to wait for Johnston."

"Some people may excuse him, ma'am, but we'll curse him to our dying day. Anyhow, you'll see the blue-coats directly."

Breakfast dispatched, we went on the upper gallery. What I expected to see was files of soldiers marching in, but it was very different. The street was deserted, save by a few people carrying home bedding from their caves. Among these was a group taking home a little creature, born in a cave a few days previous, and its wan-looking mother. About eleven o'clock a man in blue came sauntering along, looking about curiously. Then two followed him, then another.

"H——, do you think these can be the Federal soldiers?"

"Why, yes; here come more up the street."

Soon a group appeared on the court-house hill, and the flag began slowly to rise to the top of the staff. As the breeze caught it, and it sprang out like a live thing exultant, H—— drew a long breath of contentment.

"Now I feel once more at home in mine own country."

In an hour more a grand rush of people setting toward the river began,— foremost among them the gentleman who took our cave; all were flying as if for life.

"What can this mean, H——? Are the populace turning out to greet the despised conquerors?"

"Oh," said H——, springing up, "look! It is the boats coming around the bend."

Truly, it was a fine spectacle to see that fleet of transports sweep around the curve and anchor in the teeth of the batteries so lately vomiting fire. Presently Mr. J—— passed and called:

"Aren't you coming, Mr. L——? There's provisions on those boats: coffee and flour. 'First come, first served,' you know."

"Yes, I'll be there pretty soon," replied H——.

But now the new-comers began to swarm into our yard, asking H—— if he had coin to sell for greenbacks. He had some, and a little bartering went on with the new greenbacks. H—— went out to get provisions. When he returned a Confederate officer came with him. H—— went to the box of Confederate money and took out four hundred dollars, and the officer took off his watch, a plain gold one, and laid it on the table, saying, "We have not been paid, and I must get home to my family." H—— added a five-dollar greenback to the pile, and wished him a happy meeting. The townsfolk continued to dash through the streets with their arms full, canned goods predominating. Towards five Mr. J—— passed again. "Keep on the lookout," he said; "the army of occupation is coming along," and in a few minutes the head of the column appeared. What a contrast to the suffering creatures we had seen so long were these stalwart, well-fed men, so splendidly set up and accoutered. Sleek horses, polished arms, bright plumes,—this was the pride and panoply of war. Civilization, discipline, and order seemed to enter with the measured tramp of those marching columns; and the heart turned with throbs of added pity to the worn men in gray, who were being blindly dashed against this embodiment of modern power. And now this "silence that is golden" indeed is over all, and my limbs are unhurt, and I suppose if I were Catholic, in my fervent gratitude, I would hie me with a rich offering to the shrine of "our Lady of Mercy."

July 7th.—I did not enjoy quiet long. First came Martha, who announced her intention of going to search for her sons, as she was free now. I was hardly able to stand since the severe cold taken in the cave that night, but she would not wait a day. A colored woman came in and said she had asked her mistress for wages and she had turned her out (wanting a place). I was in no condition to stand upon ceremony then, and engaged her at once, but hear to-day that I am thoroughly pulled to pieces in Vicksburg circles; there is no more salvation for me. Next came two Federal officers and wanted rooms and board. To have some protection was a necessity; both armies were still in town, and for the past three days every Confederate soldier I see has a cracker in his hand. There is hardly any water in town, no prospect of rain, and the soldiers have emptied one cistern in the yard already and begun on the other. The colonel put a guard at the gate to limit the water given. Next came the owner of the house and said we must move; he wanted the house, but it was so big he'd just bring his family in; we could stay till we got one. They brought boarders with them too, and children. Men are at work all over the house shoveling up the plaster before repairing. Upstairs they are pouring it by bucketfuls through the windows. Colonel D—— brought work for H—— to help with from headquarters. Making out the paroles and copying them has taken so long they wanted help. I am surprised and mortified to find that two-thirds of all the men who have signed made their mark; they cannot write. I never thought there was so much ignorance in the South. One of the men at headquarters took a fancy to H—— and presented him with a portfolio, that he said he had captured when the Confederates evacuated their headquarters at Jackson. It contained mostly family letters written in French, and a few official papers. Among them was the following note, which I will copy here, and file away the original as a curiosity when the war is over.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF TENN.
TUPELO, Aug. 6, 1862.

CAPT: The Major-General Commanding directs me to say that he submits it altogether to your own discretion whether you make the attempt to capture General Grant or not. While the exploit would be very brilliant if successful, you must remember that failure might be disastrous to you and your men. The General commends your activity and energy and expects you to continue to show these qualities.

I am, very respectfully, yr. obt. svt.
Thomas L. Snead, A. A. G.

CAPT. GEO. L. BAXTER,
Commanding Beauregard Scouts.

I would like to know if he tried it and came to grief or abandoned the project. As letters can now get through to New Orleans I wrote there.

July 14th.—Moved yesterday into a house I call "Fair Rosamond's bower" because it would take a clue of thread to go through it without getting lost. One room has five doors opening into the house, and no windows. The stairs are like ladders, and the colonel's contraband valet won't risk his neck taking down water, but pours it through the windows on people's heads. We sha'n't stay in it. Men are at work closing up the caves; they had become hiding-places for trash. Vicksburg is now like one vast hospital—every one is getting sick or is sick. My cook was taken to-day with bilious fever, and nothing but will keeps me up.

July 23d.—We moved again two days ago.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Lew Wallace and General McCook at Shiloh.

SINCE the publication in THE CENTURY of my article on "The Battle of Shiloh" I have received from Mrs. W. H. L. Wallace, widow of the gallant general who was killed in the first day's fight at that battle, a letter from General Lew Wallace to him, dated the morning of the 5th. At the date of this letter it was well known that the Confederates had troops out along the Mobile & Ohio railroad west of Crump's landing and Pittsburg landing, and were also collecting near Shiloh. This letter shows that at that time General Lew Wallace was making preparations for the emergency that might happen for the passing of reënforcements between Shiloh and his position, extending from Crump's landing westward; and he sends the letter over the road running from Adamsville to the Pittsburg landing and Purdy road. These two roads intersect nearly a mile west of the crossing of the latter over Owl creek, where our right rested. In this letter General Lew Wallace advises General W. H. L. Wallace that he will send "to-morrow" (and his letter also says "April 5th," which is the same day the letter was dated and which, therefore, must have been written on the 4th) some cavalry to report to him at his headquarters, and suggesting the propriety of General W. H. L. Wallace's sending a company back with them for the purpose of having the cavalry at the two landings familiarize themselves with the road, so that they could "act promptly in case of emergency as guides to and from the different camps."

This modifies very materially what I have said, and what has been said by others, of the conduct of General Lew Wallace at the battle of Shiloh. It shows that he naturally, with no more experience than he had at the time in the profession of arms, would take the particular road that he did start upon in the absence of orders to move by a different road.

The mistake he made, and which probably caused his apparent dilatoriness, was that of having advanced some distance after he had found that the firing, which would be at first directly to his front and then off to the left, had fallen back until it had got very much in rear of the position of his advance. This falling back had taken place before I sent General Wallace orders to move up to Pittsburg landing, and, naturally, my order was to follow the road nearest the river. But my order was verbal, and to a staff-officer who was to deliver it to General Wallace, so that I am not competent to say just what order the general actually received.

General Wallace's division was stationed, the First brigade at Crump's landing, the Second out two miles, and the Third two and a half miles out. Hearing the sounds of battle, General Wallace early ordered his First and Third brigades to concentrate on the Second. If the position of our front had not changed, the road which Wallace took would have been somewhat shorter to our right than the River road.

In this article I state that General McCook, who commanded a division of Buell's army, expressed some unwillingness to pursue the enemy on Monday, April 7th, because of the condition of his troops. General Badeau, in his history, also makes the same statement, on my authority. Out of justice to General McCook and his command, I must say that they left a point twenty-two miles east of Savannah on the morning of the 6th. From the heavy rains of a few days previous and the passage of trains and artillery, the roads were necessarily deep in mud, which made marching slow. The division had not only marched through this mud the day before, but it had been in the rain all night without rest. It was engaged in the battle of the second day, and did as good service as its position allowed. In fact an opportunity occurred for it to perform a conspicuous act of gallantry which elicited the highest commendation from division commanders in the army of the Tennessee. General Sherman in both his memoirs and reports makes mention of this fact. General McCook himself belongs to a family which furnished many volunteers to the army. I refer to these circumstances with minuteness because I did General McCook injustice in the article, though not to the extent one would suppose from the public press. I am not willing to do any one an injustice, and if convinced that I have done one, I am always willing to make the fullest admission.

U. S. Grant.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., June 22, 1885.

Who Projected the Canal at Island Number Ten?

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1885, I have read Colonel J. W. Bissell's article on the "Sawing out a Channel above Island Number Ten." I desire to call attention to what he says:

"Some officer present making some suggestion about a 'canal,' I immediately pulled out my memorandum-book, and showing the sketch, said the whole thing was provided for."

This on the evening of March 19, 1862, which is the date of General Pope's letter to which Colonel Bissell refers in a foot-note, saying he did not receive the letter because he (Colonel Bissell) was on his return from the reconnaissance he had been ordered to make. To the public this reads as though the plan originated with Colonel Bissell, while I am ready to show that while the colonel directed the work, "some officer," as he says,— or, to be exact, I myself,— was the sole inventor of the project. My own official report, dated Headquarters Second Division Army of the Mississippi, Pittsburg Landing, April 22, 1862 (See "Rebellion Records," Vol. VIII., pages 101–105), reads as follows:

"Transports having reached us through a *channel* cut with enormous labor under the direction of Colonel Bissell, on a suggestion advanced by the subscriber, March 17, 1862, the Second Division embarked on them, April 7, to cross the Mississippi, which was accomplished in gallant style, but without opposition, the gun-boats *Carondelet* and *Pittsburgh*, under Captain Walke, having in dashing style silenced the enemy's shore batteries."

In the same volume, pages 78, 79, General Pope wrote to General Halleck, under date New Madrid, Mo., April 9, 1862:

"The canal across the peninsula opposite Island Number Ten, and for the idea of which I am indebted to General Schuyler Hamilton, was completed by Colonel Bissell's Engineer Regiment, and four steamers brought through on the night of the 6th."

General Pope again, in his official report to General Halleck (same volume, pages 85–87), dated "Headquarters Army of the Mississippi, camp five miles from Corinth, Mississippi, May 2, 1862," writes:

"On the 16th of March I received your dispatch, directing me, if possible, to construct a road through the swamps to a point on the Missouri shore opposite Island No. 10, and transfer a portion of my force sufficient to erect batteries at that point to assist in the artillery practice on the enemy's batteries. I accordingly dispatched Col. J. W. Bissell, Engineer Regiment, to examine the country with this view, directing him at the same time, if he found it impracticable to build a road through the swamps and overflow of the river, to ascertain whether it were possible to dig a canal across the peninsula from some point above Island No. 10 to New Madrid, in order that steam transports might be brought to me, which would enable my command to cross the river. The idea of the canal was suggested to me by General Schuyler Hamilton in a conversation upon the necessity of crossing the river and assailing the enemy's batteries near Island No. 10 in the rear.

The New York "Herald," in its issue of April 13, 1862, published an article in reference to this channel, entitled "The Schuyler Hamilton Canal."

Schuyler Hamilton,
Late Major-General of Volunteers.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1885.

The Charge of Cooke's Cavalry at Gaines's Mill.

IN THE CENTURY for June there is an article on the battle of Gaines's Mill, signed by Fitz John Porter, in which appear singular errors of statement regarding the action of the "Cavalry Reserve," affecting also the conduct and reputation of its commander. They are chiefly found at pp. 322–3:

"We lost in all twenty-two cannon; some of these broke down while we were withdrawing, and some ran off the bridges at night while we were crossing to the south bank of the Chickahominy. The loss of the guns* was due to the fact that some of Cooke's cavalry which had been directed to be kept, under all circumstances, in the valley of the Chickahominy, had been sent to resist an attack of the enemy upon our left. The charge, executed in the face of a withering fire of infantry, and in the midst of our heavy cannonading, as well as that of the enemy, resulted, as should have been expected, in confusion. The bewildered and uncontrollable horses wheeled about, and dashing through the batteries, satisfied the gunners that they were charged by the enemy. To this alone I always attributed the failure on our part to longer hold the battle-field, and to bring off all our guns in an orderly retreat. Most unaccountably this cavalry was not used to cover our retreat or gather the stragglers, but was peremptorily ordered to cross to the south bank of the river." [Foot-note: "See 'War of the Rebellion — Official Records,' Vol. XI., Part II., pp. 43, 223, 273, 272.— F. J. P."]

To silence forever the injurious statements and insinuation of the last sentence, I give here evidence of two witnesses who were present, and whose high character is known to all. Major General W. Merritt, colonel Fifth Cavalry, superintendent United States Military Academy, writes me, April 8, 1885:

"The cavalry remained, with you in immediate command, on that portion of the field, until after midnight on the 27th of June, 1862. It provided litter-bearers and lantern-bearers for our surgeons who went over the field of battle, succoring and attending the wounded. . . . The cavalry was the last force to leave the field and to cross the Chickahominy, and the bridge on which it crossed, between 12 midnight on the 27th and 2 A. M. on the 28th of June, was, I think, rendered impassable by your order."

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Martin, assistant adjutant-general United States Army, wrote me from Fort Leavenworth, April 30, 1885:

"The artillery did not drive the enemy from his front; the enemy was not driven from his front, but the charge of your cavalry did *stop the advance* of the enemy, and this enabled Porter's troops to get off the field. I am by no means alone in the belief that the charge of the cavalry at Gaines's Mill, on June 27, 1862, *saved Fitz John Porter's corps from destruction.* . . . You *did not* direct your command at once to cross the river. There were no frightened men in your vicinity. All the frightened men were far to your right; you could not have reached the retiring crowd; and if *you* could have stopped them, you could have done more than Porter himself did do, and he was amidst them, for I saw him. Your command, at least a part of it, was the very last to cross the river. . . . Your reputation is made, and the afterthought of a defeated commander can never smirch it."

It should be observed that in the short extract from THE CENTURY, above, General Porter repeats the assertion that the cavalry caused the loss of the (22) guns,— emphasizes, makes plainer the meaning of the opening sentence: to the charge "*alone* I always attributed the failure on our part to longer hold the battle-field, and to bring off *all* our guns in an orderly retreat."

Captain Weeden, commanding battery C., Rhode Island Artillery, reports, page 282, "Rebellion Records," the loss of a section by stress of the enemy's attacks; the two other sections "held in support in rear of Griffin's brigade" opened fire; "the smoke had filled the whole field to the woods, and it was impossible to direct the fire. The batteries were limbering to the *rear* in good order" when, he says, the cavalry fugitives ran through them, but he only lost one more piece "mired in the woods." But General Griffin reports that the artillery "opened fire upon the enemy advancing upon our left; but it was too late; our infantry had already commenced to fall back, and nothing being left to give confidence to the artillerymen, it was impossible to make them stand to their work." And that was just when the cavalry did go in and give confidence to the three batteries on the left, and the saving work was done.

I have examined the "Official Records" and found reports of about twenty batteries engaged in the battle, and the above is the only mention of the cavalry fugitives to be found in them; their losses are attributed to other causes. Here I will give the account of the loss of whole batteries:

General Seymour reports, p. 402, of Captain Easton, "This gallant gentleman fell and his battery was lost with him."

Captain Mark Kerns was wounded, but "loaded and fired the last shots himself, and brought *four* of the guns off the field." Of another battery he reports, "No efforts could now repel the rush of a successful foe, under whose fire rider and horse went down and guns lay immovable on the field."

Captain I. H. Cooper, battery B., Pennsylvania Artillery, reports, p. 410:

* One is reminded of the mournful fate of the famous skaters,— "It so fell out they all fell in — the rest, they ran away." "We lost in all twenty-two cannon"; "the loss of the guns was due" "to Cooke's cavalry:" the *rest* "ran off the bridges," or "broke down."—P. St. G. C.

"The remaining infantry falling back, we were compelled to retire from our guns. The charge being too sudden and overpowering, it was impossible to remove them, many of the horses being killed by the enemy's fire."

Was General Porter prevented from bringing off *all these* guns by the cavalry charge?

General Porter says, p. 322:

"Just *preceding* this break" (in Morell's line) "I saw cavalry, which I recognized as ours, rushing in numbers through our lines on the left."

All the evidence goes to disprove this very deliberate statement, and that all the infantry on the left had broken and was fast disappearing before the first advance of the cavalry. Again he says:

"General Cooke was instructed to take position, with cavalry, under the hills in the valley of the Chickahominy — there with the aid of artillery to guard our left flank. He was especially enjoined to intercept, gather, and hold all stragglers, and under no circumstances to leave the valley for the purpose of coming upon the hill held by our infantry, or pass in front of our line on the left."

What strange folly of self-contradiction is betrayed between this order "to guard our left flank" and the violent condemnation in the first extract, which we have been considering, of the march "to resist an attack of the enemy on our left . . ." in a "charge executed in the face of a withering fire of infantry, and in the midst of our heavy cannonading as well as that of the enemy." Could a poet laureate say more?

> "Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them
> Volley'd and thundered —
> . . . . . .
> Then they rode back — "

Ay, there's the rub.

When I reported to General Porter before the battle, I remember that he proposed that I should take post in the narrow open meadow on the extreme left. I urged that that flank of the army was virtually covered by the Chickahominy; that, moreover, it was covered by three reserve batteries, and three twenty-pounder batteries on the opposite side of the river; while the position I had taken on the hill-slope was within view, and also within cavalry striking distance. If I had gone there, I should not have been able, when the time came, to *face*, and, with artillery aid, to stop the enemy in the flush of his success. To some such objections which I made General Porter evidently yielded, instead of "enjoining" me; for the cavalry *remained* quite near his first station, Adams's house; and I was there with him repeatedly. An order "under no circumstances to leave the valley for the purpose of coming on the hill" would have been to a general officer not only unprecedented, but insulting.

How strange, to military ears, would sound an order "to intercept, gather, and hold all stragglers," on the extreme front and flank! — and the warning not to "pass in *front* of our line on the left!" Such extravagance of action — marching with no earthly object, between two lines of fire — is seldom thus forestalled! Seriously, this passes the bounds of sanity. But it is emphasized by his map which represents my cavalry as actually making a flank march between the lines of battle,— Morell's and Longstreet's.

It seems necessary to add the statements of eye-witnesses, from different points of view,— men of well-known high character,— to corroborate my assertions and my corrections of the misrepresentations of the part played by the cavalry and myself in the battle, as found in THE CENTURY article.

Next morning at Savage's Station the Prince de Joinville approached me with both hands extended, saying with *empressement*, "I saw you make your *charge*, yesterday"; and next day he wrote to the Duc d'Aumale [see "New York Times," August 13, 1862:]

. . . "Those fresh troops rush in good order upon our left, which falters, flies, and passing through the artillery draws on in disorder the troops of our center. The enemy advances rapidly. The fusillade and cannonade are so violent that the projectiles striking the ground raise a permanent cloud of dust. At that moment General Cooke charged at the head of his cavalry; but that movement does not succeed, and his horsemen on their return only increase the disorder. He makes every effort, aided by all who felt a little courage, to stop the panic, but in vain."

The Comte de Paris wrote to me, February 2, 1877:

. . . "I was with De Hart's battery on the crest of the hill when you advanced on our left. . . . The sacrifice of some of the bravest of the cavalry certainly saved a part of our artillery; as did, on a larger scale, the Austrian cavalry on the evening of Sadowa. . . . The main fact is, that with your cavalry you did all that cavalry could do to stop the rout."

General W. Merritt wrote me, February 2, 1877:

"I thought at the time, and subsequent experience has convinced me, that your cavalry and the audacity of its conduct at that time, together with the rapid firing of canister at short range by the battery mentioned, did much, if not everything, towards preventing the entire destruction of the Union army at Gaines's Mill. The circumstances were these:

"The enemy had emerged from a wood, where his ranks were more or less disorganized, into an open field. Instead of finding the way clear before him he was met by a determined charge of cavalry and a heavy artillery fire. In his mind a new line of fresh troops were before him. It was but natural, at that stage of our military experience, that he should hesitate and halt, to prepare for a new emergency. He did so; and that night the cavalry bivouacked as near the scene of these events as the enemy did."

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Martin wrote to me, March 24, 1870:

"It is my opinion that but for the charge of the Fifth Cavalry on that day, the loss in the command of General Fitz John Porter would have been immensely greater than it was; indeed, I believe that the charge, more than any other thing, was instrumental in saving that part of the army on the north bank of the Chickahominy.

"You were the last general officer of General Porter's command on the field on the left, General Porter himself leaving before you did; you had, therefore, an excellent opportunity of seeing what was going on."

Colonel G. A. H. Blake, United States Army, wrote me, June 16, 1879:

"About sundown you advanced the brigade under a warm fire and I deployed the Fifth and First cavalry in two lines, and a little to the rear of (the interval of) reserve batteries of artillery, which had opened a rapid fire. The infantry of the left wing had then disappeared from the top of the hill. You then rode off to a battery further to the left, where Rush's lancers had been ordered. The Fifth Cavalry soon charged, and I saw no more of them. You had ordered me to support them; there was a warm fire, and the smoke and dust made everything obscure. I saw none of the Fifth after it was broken, pass through the battery, which was very near. It was soon forced to retire, and was followed by the First in its rear."

Finally, General William N. Grier, United States Army, wrote me, July 19, 1879:

"The reserve was stationed on the hill . . . in full view of the slopes of the hill, down to the timber through which the enemy debouched in large numbers. The

United States batteries were on the slope of the hill, a little to our right front. You ordered the Fifth to make a charge, directing me to make a second charge after the Fifth would rally. I never saw that regiment again on that day, after it was enveloped in a cloud of dust, making the charge — but soon after saw a battery or two emerge from the dust . . . withdrawing from the contest. I then wheeled my squadrons into column of fours, at a trot along the top of the hill, until getting in rear of the batteries — receiving the enemy's fire at a loss of an officer and many men and horses — and, as I then supposed, saving the batteries from further loss."

The orders actually given were to support the batteries to the last moment, and then charge, if necessary, to save them.

P. St. George Cooke.
Brigadier and Brevet Major-General.
United States Army, Retired.

DETROIT, June, 1885.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARTICIPANT IN THE CHARGE.

Remembering clearly the incidents connected with the cavalry charge, I wish to clear up a point in regard to that charge, so far as the regiment (the Fifth Regular Cavalry) with which I had the honor of being connected was concerned.

The battle did not begin till noon. We were stationed on the left of our position. As the hours of the day passed by, the battle became more and more furious. At about five o'clock in the afternoon we were moved up near to the crest of the hill on our left, and within some twenty rods of the five or six batteries planted on the crest of the hill.

It was something marvelous to watch those brave men handle their guns; never a man flinched or was dismayed, though a most withering fire of musketry and artillery was poured upon them.

Just before dark, when we could tell by the sound of the musketry fire, and by the constantly advancing yells of the charging foe, that he was getting near the guns in our front, General Philip St. George Cooke, commanding the cavalry, rode to our front. I was on the right of the front line of the first squadron, and I heard his order to Captain Whiting, commanding the five companies of our regiment that were present on the field. He said, "Captain, as soon as you see the advancing line of the enemy, rising the crest of the hill, charge at once, without any further orders, to enable the artillery to bring off their guns." General Cooke then rode back around the right of our squadron.

Captain Whiting turned to us and said, "Cavalry! Attention! Draw saber!" then added something to the effect, "Boys, we must charge in five minutes." Almost immediately the bayonets of the advancing foe were seen, just beyond our cannon, probably not fifty rods from us. Captain Whiting at once gave the order, "Trot! March!" and as soon as we were fully under way he shouted, "Charge!"

We dashed forward with a wild cheer, in solid column of squadron front; but our formation was almost instantly broken by the necessity of opening to right and left to pass our guns. So furiously were our brave gunners fighting that I noticed this incident: The gun directly in my front had just been loaded; every man had fallen before it could be fired. As I bore to the right to pass this gun, I saw the man at the breech, who was evidently shot through the body, drawing himself up by the spokes of the wheel, and reaching for the lanyard, and I said, "He will fire that gun," and so kept to the right, and almost immediately felt the shock of the explosion. Then I closed in to re-form the line, but could find no one at my left, so completely had our line been shattered by the musketry fire in front and the artillery fire in our rear. I rushed on, and almost instantly my horse reared upright in front of a line of bayonets, held by a few men upon whom I had dashed. My horse came down in front of the line, and ran away partly to our rear, perfectly uncontrollable. I dropped my saber, which hung to my waist by the saber-knot, and so fiercely tugged at my horse's bit as to cause the blood to flow from her mouth, yet could not check her. The gun I had passed, now limbered up, was being hauled off at a gallop. I could direct my horse a little to right or left, and so directed her toward the gun. As she did not attempt to leap the gun, I gained control of her, and at once turned about and started back upon my charge. After riding a short distance I paused. The firing of artillery and infantry behind and of infantry in front was terrific. None but the dead and wounded were around me. It hardly seemed that I could drive Lee's battle-scarred veterans alone, and so I rode slowly off the field. My regiment had only about two hundred and fifty men in action. Our commissioned officer was the only one not wounded, except some who were captured. Only about one hundred returned from that bloody field for duty the next day. Some were captured, but a large number fell in that terrible charge, and sleep with the many heroes who on that day gave their lives for the Union. So far as those of the Fifth Regular Cavalry present in this charge were concerned, we certainly did our whole duty, just as we were ordered. We saved *some* guns, and tried to save all.

Rev. W. H. Hitchcock.

FAIRVIEW, ILL., June 13, 1885.

"General Beauregard's Courier at Bull Run."

THE effort of Mr. Robert R. Hemphill (in the July CENTURY) to clear up the obscurity surrounding the fate of General Beauregard's missing courier at the First Battle of Manassas, only deepens the mystery which attaches to that now interesting person.

Mr. Hemphill thinks that he saw this courier, disabled by a fall from his horse, "lying helpless in rear of the (Confederate) line at Mitchell's Ford, badly used up and bleeding."

How is this possible? General Beauregard says that the courier started about 8 A. M. from "Camp Pickens, the headquarters," to go first to Holmes, then to Ewell. To seek either Holmes or Ewell by way of Mitchell's Ford would be nearly like going from New York to Brazil by way of London.

At a later hour General Beauregard rode from his headquarters to a hill in rear of Mitchell's Ford, and thence, near noon, a staff officer, accompanied by a courier, set out to go to Ewell with an order to move to the support of our left. Meeting with some accident, he sent the courier ahead to deliver the order. It was perhaps this officer whom Mr. Hemphill saw.

Campbell Brown.

SPRING HILL, TENN., July 5, 1885.

IN the third week of January, 1833, the editor of the Boston "Liberator" received the following letter from a village in Windham County, Connecticut:

CANTERBURY, January 18th, 1833.

MR. GARRISON:

I am to you, sir, I presume, an entire stranger, and you are indeed so to me save through the medium of the public print. I am by no means fond of egotism, but the circumstances under which I labor forbid my asking a friend to write for me; therefore I will tell you who I am, and for what purpose I write. I am, sir, through the blessing of Divine Providence, permitted to be the Principal of the Canterbury (Conn.) Female Boarding School. I received a considerable part of my education at the Friends' Boarding School, Providence, R. I. In 1831 I purchased a large dwelling-house in the center of this village, and opened the school above mentioned. Since I commenced I have met with all the encouragement I ever anticipated, and now have a flourishing school.

Now I will tell you why I write you, and the object is this: I wish to know your opinion respecting changing white scholars for colored ones. I have been for some months past determined if possible during the remaining part of my life to benefit the people of color. I do not dare tell any one of my neighbors anything about the contemplated change in my school, and I beg of you, sir, that you will not expose it to any one; for if it was known, I have no reason to expect but it would ruin my present school. Will you be so kind as to write by the next mail, and give me your opinion on the subject; and if you consider it possible to obtain twenty or twenty-five young ladies of color to enter the school for the term of one year at the rate of $25 per quarter, including board, washing, and tuition, I will come to Boston in a few days and make some arrangements about it. I do not suppose that number can be obtained in Boston alone; but from all the large cities in the several States I thought perhaps they might be gathered.

I must once more beg you not to expose this matter until we see how the case will be determined.

Yours, with the greatest respect,

PRUDENCE CRANDALL.

The response must have been favorable, for, ten days later, a note was placed in Mr. Garrison's hands, which ran thus:

BOSTON, January 29th, 1833.

MR. GARRISON:

The lady that wrote you a short time since would inform you that she is now in town, and should be very thankful if you would call at Mr. Barker's Hotel and see her a few moments this evening at 6 o'clock.

Yours, with the greatest respect,

P. CRANDALL.

The nature of this interview may be inferred from a third letter:

CANTERBURY, February 12th, 1833.

MR. GARRISON:

I can inform you that I had a very pleasant passage home. Arrived here Saturday evening about 8 o'clock; saw Mr. Packer on Monday; told him the object of my visit to Boston.

He said he thought the object to be praiseworthy, but he was very much troubled about the result. He is fearful that I cannot be supplied with scholars at the close of one year, and therefore he thinks I shall injure myself in the undertaking.

If you have not yet sent on to New York the information you intend, I would thank you if you would do it immediately, for I am expecting to take the next boat for New York, and shall be in the city early on Friday morning. I have not the least acquaintance there, but a friend of mine will give me an introductory letter to Mr. Miller, one of the colored ministers in the city.

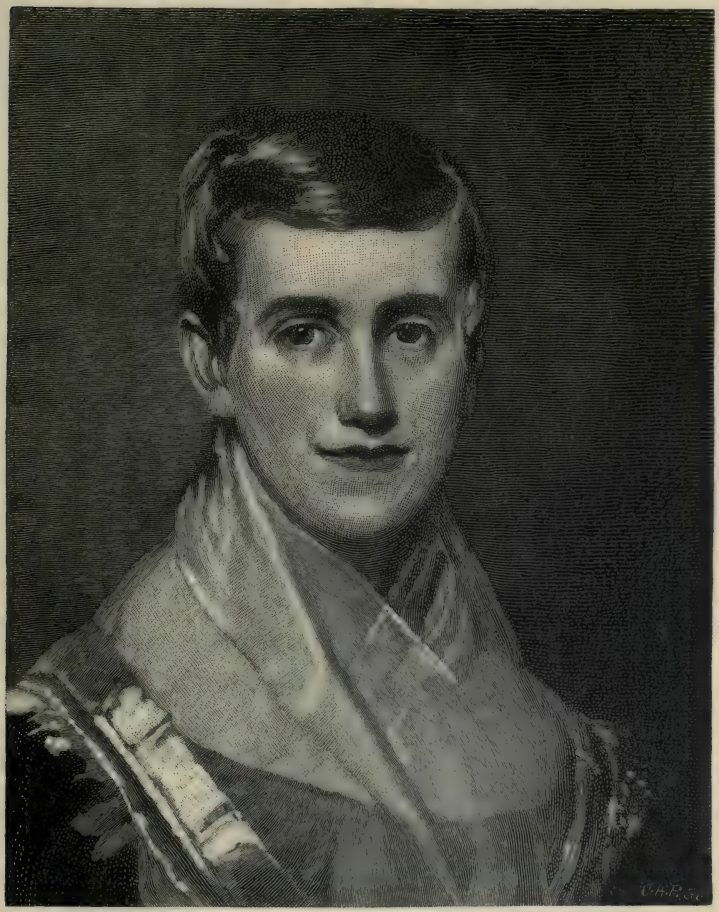
The evening after I left Boston I called on Mrs. Hammond, who soon collected some of her friends, among whom were Mr. George W. Benson and a brother of his, who appeared to possess hearts warmed with fellow-feeling and awake to the cause of humanity. They engaged to do all for me in their power, and I have no doubt they will. Saturday morning, called on Mrs. H. again, and she walked with me to the residence of three families of color, with whom I was much pleased. They seemed to feel much for the education of their children, and I think I shall be able to obtain six scholars from Providence. When I return from N. Y., I think I shall be able to lay the subject before the public. Yours, etc.,

P. CRANDALL.

Why did Miss Crandall contemplate so revolutionary a step, and why did she seek counsel, before all others, of William Lloyd Garrison? Her own account is as follows:*

"The reason for changing my school of white pupils for a school for colored pupils is as follows: I had a nice colored girl, now Mrs. Charles Harris, as help in my family, and her intended husband regularly received the 'Liberator.' The girl took the paper from the office and loaned it to me. In that the condition of the colored people, both slaves and free, was truthfully portrayed, the double-dealing and manifest deception of the Colonization Society were faithfully exposed, and the question of Immediate Emancipation of the millions of slaves in the United States boldly advocated. Having been taught from early childhood the sin of slavery, my sympathies were greatly aroused. Sarah Harris, a respectable young woman and a member of the church (now Mrs. Fairweather, and sister to the before-named intended husband), called often to see her friend Marcia, my family assistant. In some of her calls I ascertained that she wished to attend my school, and board at her own father's house at some little distance from the village. I allowed her to enter as one of my pupils. By this act I gave great offense. The wife of an Episcopal clergyman who lived in the village told me that if I continued that colored girl in my school, it could not be sustained. I replied to her, *That it might sink, then, for I should not turn her out!* I very soon found that some of my school would leave not to return if the colored girl was retained. Under these circumstances I made up my mind that if it were possible I would teach colored girls exclusively."

* The extract is from a private letter dated May 15, 1869, addressed to Miss Larned, author of the "History of Windham County, Connecticut." Mrs. Prudence Crandall Philleo is still living, in the full vigor of her faculties, at Elk Falls, Kansas.



PRUDENCE CRANDALL. FROM THE OIL-PAINTING, BY F. ALEXANDER (1838), IN THE LIBRARY OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

[In the latter part of March, 1838, at the suggestion of William Lloyd Garrison, the managers of the New England Anti-Slavery Society voted to request Miss Crandall to sit for her likeness. This she did in April, the painter being F. Alexander. A very inadequate steel engraving was afterwards made from the canvas by W. L. Ormsby, of which the plate is now in the possession of Mr. F. J. Garrison. The oil-portrait ultimately passed into the possession of the late Rev. Samuel J. May. Concerning its transfer to Cornell University, where it now is, President White kindly furnishes the following particulars:

"I first knew the portrait, as perhaps you did, when it hung in the parlor of Mr. May's old house at the top of James street hill in Syracuse. He had an especial affection for it, and told me the story of it, I being then in my boyhood. * * * On the last afternoon of Mr. May's life I called upon him. He was very cheerful, insisting that he had but a short time to live, that he was very glad of it, that he had seen slavery abolished, that his work was done, and that he would confess to some curiosity as to 'the beyond.' I insisted that we could not spare him for ten years yet, and in a jocose way he asked me if I could not compromise on from three to five years. He then called his daughter, and pointing to the picture above him, told her that when he was gone that picture must be sent to me at Cornell University. The next morning, to my great surprise, news came that he was no longer living. * * *

"When Professor von Holst, of the University of Freiburg, the author of the well-known history of the United States, was in this country, I invited some gentlemen to meet him at dinner in New York, and next him sat the Honorable Lafayette S. Foster, formerly President of the United States Senate, and at one time, I think, Governor of Connecticut,— a man, as you will remember, very much respected throughout the country for his character and ability. In the course of our conversation he said something about Windsor in Connecticut, whereupon I asked him if he had ever known anything about the Prudence Crandall case. He smiled as he answered that he was her junior counsel, and gave me some interesting details regarding the matter. Thereupon I turned to von Holst and said, 'There is one point in American history which, I dare say, you never heard of,' when to my great surprise he showed me that he knew the whole case thoroughly in its details and bearings. I never realized till then how minute the knowledge of a German professor in his chosen department could be made. * * * "

—W. P. G.]

PRUDENCE CRANDALL,

PRINCIPAL OF THE CANTERBURY, (CONN.) FEMALE

BOARDING SCHOOL.

RETURNS her most sincere thanks to those who have patronized her School, and would give information that on the first Monday of April next, her School will be opened for the reception of young Ladies and little Misses of color. The branches taught are as follows:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, History, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Drawing and Painting, Music on the Piano, together with the French language.

☞The terms, including board, washing, and tuition, are $25 per quarter, one half paid in advance.

☞Books and Stationary will be furnished on the most reasonable terms.

For information respecting the School, reference may be made to the following gentlemen, viz.—

ARTHUR TAPPAN, Esq.
Rev. PETER WILLIAMS,
Rev. THEODORE RAYMOND
Rev. THEODORE WRIGHT,
Rev. SAMUEL C. CORNISH,
Rev. GEORGE BOURNE,
Rev. Mr HAYBORN,
} N. YORK CITY.

Mr JAMES FORTEN,
Mr JOSEPH CASSEY,
} PHILADELPHIA.

Rev. S. J. MAY,—BROOKLYN, CT.
Rev. Mr BEMAN,—MIDDLETOWN, CT.
Rev. S. S. JOCELYN,—NEW-HAVEN, CT.

Wm. LLOYD GARRISON
ARNOLD BUFFUM,
} BOSTON, MASS.
GEORGE BENSON,—PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Canterbury, Ct. Feb. 25, 1833.

The first publication of the intended change was made in the "Liberator" of March 2, 1833, when the editor announced, "with a rush of pleasurable emotions," the insertion of "the advertisement of Miss P. Crandall (a white lady), of Canterbury, Conn., for a High School for young colored Ladies and Misses. This is," he continued, "a seasonable auxiliary to the contemplated Manual Labor School for Colored Youth. An interview with Miss C. has satisfied us that she richly deserves the patronage and confidence of the people of color; and we doubt not they will give her both."

Already, however, the town of Canterbury had been thrown into an uproar by the news not only that Miss Crandall would not dismiss Sarah Harris, but would practically dismiss her white pupils instead, and make Canterbury the seat of the higher education of "niggers." "The good people of Canterbury," wrote Arnold Buffum from Providence, on March 4, "I learn, have had three town meetings last week, to devise ways and means to suppress P. Crandall's school, and I am informed that the excitement is so great that it would not be safe for me to appear there. George W. Benson, however, has ventured and gone there on Saturday afternoon last, to see what can be done in the case." Mr. Benson found that Miss Crandall had already been visited by a committee of gentlemen, who represented "that by putting her design into execution she would bring disgrace upon them all." They "professed to feel a real regard for the colored people, and were perfectly willing they should be educated, provided it could be effected *in some other place!*—a sentiment," adds Mr. Benson, "you will say, worthy of a true colonizationist." He also learned of the calling of another town meeting for the 9th instant, at which the Rev. Samuel J. May, of the adjacent village of Brooklyn, had promised to be present as Miss Crandall's attorney, and his own services in the same capacity were gladly accepted. They were subsequently reënforced by Arnold Buffum. On the eve of the meeting Mr. Garrison wrote from Boston to Mr. Benson:

"Although distracted with cares, I must seize my pen to express my admiration of your generous and prompt defense of Miss Crandall from her pitiful assailants. In view of their outrageous conduct, my indignation kindles intensely. What will be the result? If possible, Miss C. must be sustained at all hazards. If we suffer the school to be put down in Canterbury, other places will partake of the panic, and also prevent its introduction in their vicinity. We may as well, 'first as last,' meet this proscriptive spirit, *and conquer it.* We—*i. e.*, all true friends of the cause—must make this a common concern. The New Haven excitement has furnished a bad precedent; a second must not be given, or I know not what we can do to raise up the colored population in a manner which their intellectual and moral necessities demand. In Boston we are all excited at the Canterbury affair. Colonizationists are rejoicing, and abolitionists looking sternly.

ARNOLD BUFFUM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN GAY'S GALLERY OF ART FROM A PAINTING MADE IN ENGLAND IN 1824.

"The result of the meeting to be held in C. to-morrow will be waited for by us with great anxiety. Our brother May deserves much credit for venturing to expostulate with the conspirators. If any one can make them ashamed of their conduct, he is the man. May the Lord give him courage, wisdom, and success!"

The result of the meeting was reported to the "Liberator" of March 16 by Henry E. Benson, in a letter to which Mr. Garrison gave the caption, "Heathenism Outdone," and prefixed a brief comment, saying:

"We put the names of the principal disturbers in black letters — black as the infamy which will attach to them as long as there exists any recollection of the colored race. To colonize these shameless enemies of their species in some desert country would be a relief and blessing to society. This scandalous excitement is one of the genuine flowers of the colonization garden."

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MISS LUCY THAXTER, BOSTON.

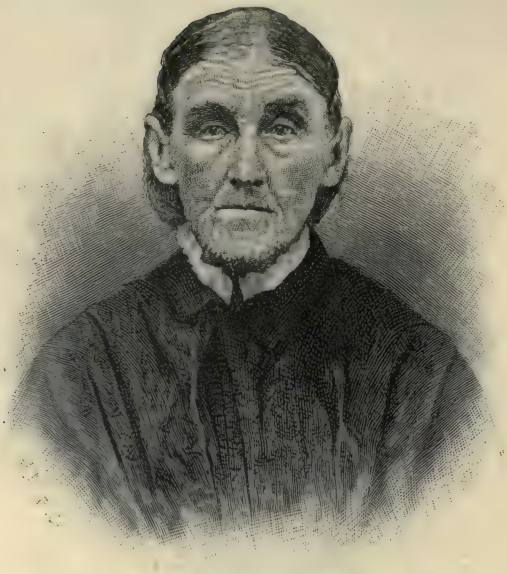
The meeting, refusing to allow Messrs. May and Buffum to be heard on Miss Crandall's behalf, on the ground of their being foreigners and interlopers, voted unanimously their disapprobation of the school, and pledged the town to oppose it at all hazards.

The story of this remarkable case cannot be pursued here except in brief. It has been fully related in easily accessible works, and from this point Mr. Garrison's connection with the progress of events ceased from force of circumstances. It will be enough to say that the struggle between the modest and heroic young Quaker woman and the town lasted for nearly two years; that the school was opened in April; that attempts were immediately made under the law to frighten the pupils away, and to fine Miss Crandall for harboring them; that in May an act prohibiting private schools for non-resident colored persons, and providing for the expulsion of the latter, was procured from the Legislature, amid the greatest rejoicing in Canterbury (even to the ringing of church bells); that, under this act, Miss Crandall was in June arrested and temporarily imprisoned in the county jail, twice tried (August and October) and convicted; that her case was carried up to the Supreme Court of Errors, and her persecutors defeated on a technicality (July, 1834); and that pending this litigation the most vindictive and inhuman measures were taken to isolate the school from the countenance and even the physical support of the townspeople. The shops and the meeting-house were closed against teacher and pupils; carriage in the public conveyances was denied them; physicians would not wait upon them; Miss Crandall's own family and friends were forbidden under penalty of heavy fines to visit her; the well was filled with manure, and water from other sources refused; the house itself was smeared with filth, assailed with rotten eggs and stones, and finally set on fire.

Such conduct on the part of a civilized and Christian community — the most respectable coöperating with the vilest citizens — was, after all, faintly described by Mr. Garrison's phrase, "heathenism outdone," applied, and justly applied, only to the initial proceedings. It was his last comment upon the affair, and very short, but the severity of it touched the Canterbury persecutors to the quick, particularly the five men whose names were printed in black letters — the magnates of the little village. "Your remarks in the last 'Liberator' were awfully cutting," wrote Henry Benson; and Miss Crandall herself interposed with a prudential consideration:

"Permit me to entreat you to handle the prejudices of the people of Canterbury with all the *mildness* possible, as everything severe tends merely to heighten the flame of malignity amongst them. 'Soft words turn away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' Mr. May and many others of your warm-hearted friends feel very much on this subject, and it is our opinion that you and the cause will gain many friends in this town and vicinity if you treat the matter with perfect mildness."

Mr. Garrison was, however, making war on the common enemy, and his "harsh language" was still in order. He had also put his finger



PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLEO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE (1882) BY WILLIAM HADDOCK.

on the right spot when he declared the Canterbury mania to be "one of the genuine flowers of the colonization garden." "Be it so," cried Andrew T. Judson, one of the five, and then or shortly afterwards a life member of the American Colonization Society, as was also Dr. Andrew Harris, of the same black list. "Be it so," said Squire Judson, in an address to the Colonization Society signed by the civil authority and selectmen under date of March 22, 1833. "We appeal to the American Colonization Society, to which our statement is addressed — we appeal to every philanthropist, to every Christian — we appeal to the enlightened citizens of our native State and the friends of our country; and in making that appeal we assure them all that they may rely upon the facts here stated, and we ask them to apply to these facts those wholesome principles which we believe are unanimously cherished in New England, and the issue we will abide." He declared that the "school was to become an auxiliary in the work of *immediate abolition*," with the "Liberator" for its mouth-piece; that Miss Crandall had denounced colonization as a fraud; and that "once open this door, and New England will become the Liberia of America." As town clerk he recorded the vote of the town meeting on April 1 to petition for a law against the bringing of colored people from other towns and States for any purpose, "and more especially for the purpose of disseminating the principles and doctrines opposed to the benevolent colonization scheme;" and as one of the committee he drew up the petition. He was, in fact, the soul of the persecution, for which he boldly invoked and secured the complicity of a Society whose hostility to any attempt to raise the condition of the colored people in the land of their nativity was once more shiningly demonstrated. It was his mission, also, in the pursuit of professional and political advancement, to illustrate the malevolence towards Mr. Garrison which now began, on the part of the Colonization managers, to assume a murderous intensity.

In February the Colonization agent, Danforth, in the midst of a public debate with Arnold Buffum at Lyceum Hall, Salem, taunted Mr. Garrison with not going South to preach to the slaveholders, and, recalling the handsome rewards offered for him, pointed him out in the audience, "with a significant gesture," as "this same William Lloyd Garrison" for whom he himself had been offered ten thousand dollars by an individual. This incentive to kidnapping was not a harmless device to throw odium on an adversary. Mr. Amasa Walker reported, at the annual meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, that "he had lately heard all abolitionists denounced in State Street as mischievous men, and one had lately said to him that he wished he had the editor of the 'Liberator' in an iron cage — he would send him to the Governor of Georgia, who would know what to do with him." Nor did Danforth's malice end there. In a letter written from Boston under date of March 28, 1833, to Colonel William L. Stone, editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," and chairman of the executive committee of the Colonization Society in that city, he used the following still more "significant" language:

> "In the midst of all these successful endeavors [to found Liberia and people it], there appears a young man within the last two years, of the name of Garrison, whose pen is so venomous that the laws enacted for the peace of the community and the protection of private character have, in one instance, actually confined him in jail, as they would a lunatic. This man, who, according to his own account, has only since 1830 turned against the Colonization cause, in favor of which he delivered his sentiments in public twelve years after the Society was formed; this man, who is considered such a disturber of the tranquillity of Southern society that $10,000 reward have been offered me for his person, and the most touching appeals as well as official demands made to us in this region that he should be publicly discountenanced and even given up to justice; who is, in fact, this moment in danger of being surrendered to the civil authorities of some one of the Southern States; this man, in

connection with a few like-minded spirits, has been engaged in forming what they call 'The New England Anti-Slavery Society,' one object of which is, 'to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States.' . . .

"I have conversed freely with the Governor of this Commonwealth, and other leading men, on this subject, and they express a decided disapprobation of Garrison's course. For a while he tried the effect of his 'Liberator' upon the Governor by sending it to him. His Excellency, however, did not think it worth the postage, and ordered it stopped. Garrison is now preparing to go to England, doubtless to repeat *viva voce* the defamation of the South and the Colonization Society which has been already sent over in print, and reëchoed in this country as authentic British opinions."

The sequel will show that this clerical instigation to a forcible detention of Mr. Garrison, if nothing worse, was kept in mind by the colonizationists. The mission to England had been talked of during his tour in Maine the previous year, and hastily concluded upon, but was perforce postponed till the following spring. On Friday, April 5, Mr. Garrison set out from Boston to take ship in New York. His journey proved a sort of hegira. Henry Benson writes from Providence, on April 9, to Mr. Garrison's partner, Isaac Knapp:

"We had a very short but delightful visit from Mr. Garrison last week, though for the life of me I could not help feeling sorrowful on reflecting he was about to leave us for so long a period. On Friday evening he delivered a most excellent address before a large and highly respectable audience of our colored inhabitants, in which he took an affecting leave of them all. After the meeting the poor creatures wept and sobbed like children; they gathered round him anxious to express their gratitude for what he had done for them, and tell him how well they loved him. . . .

"On Saturday morning your partner and my brother started for Brooklyn, from whence he probably departed on Monday for Hartford. . . .

"P. S. My brother has returned; says our friend delivered a highly satisfactory address in Mr. May's meeting-house on Saturday evening, and has removed a mountain of prejudice. After he left Brooklyn on Monday noon, a sheriff came up from Canterbury with a writ. Do not know whether they proceeded to Hartford after him or not; brother said he could not ascertain. Believe they are going to take him up for the heading put to the letter of March 12th, respecting the town meeting, on the ground that it is libellous. My father says he will see that he has bonds (if necessary) to any amount required. Miss Crandall was at Brooklyn, and is in excellent spirits."

On April 11 Mr. Garrison writes from New Haven to Isaac Knapp:

"On Saturday friend G. W. Benson took me to Brooklyn in a chaise, where I tarried until Monday under the hospitable roof of his parents. My excellent brother May was delighted to see me, and my pleasure was equally great in taking him by the hand. I did not expect to deliver an address in B., but could not easily avoid a compliance with the wishes of my friends. Accordingly, I occupied Mr. May's pulpit on Saturday evening last. . . .

"Miss Crandall, having obtained information that I was to hold forth, came up from Canterbury with her sister (a beautiful girl, by the way). She is a wonderful woman, as undaunted as if she had the whole world on her side. She has opened her school, and is resolved to persevere. I wish brother [Oliver] Johnson to state this fact, particularly, in the next 'Liberator,' and urge all those who intend to send their children thither to do so without delay.

"The stage for Hartford on Monday morning neglected to call for me; and half an hour had elapsed, after its departure, before I was aware of the fact. As time was precious, I took a common wagon, and followed on in pursuit, and at the end of the seventh mile overtook the stage. I was in a wretched plight, covered over with mud, and wet — for it rained heavily. I arrived in Hartford late that evening, and the next morning thought of starting for New Haven; but, at the urgent solicitations of the colored friends, I gave them an address in the evening in their church."

From Philadelphia, six days later, but on the same sheet, Mr. Garrison continues:

"I saw brother [Simeon S.] Jocelyn in New York. He showed me a letter which he had just received from Miss Crandall, in which she stated that I had not left Brooklyn more than half an hour before a sheriff from Canterbury drove up to the door of Mr. Benson at full speed, having five writs against me from Andrew T. Judson and company; and, finding that I had gone, he pursued after me for several miles, but had to give up the chase. No doubt the Colonization party will resort to some base measures to prevent, if possible, my departure for England. . . ."

To Miss Harriet Minot, on April 22, also from Philadelphia, Mr. Garrison wrote:

"On Friday afternoon I arrived in New York from this city, and had the pleasure of receiving your favor of the 9th inst. I was immediately told that the enemies of the abolition cause had formed a conspiracy to seize my body by legal writs on some false pretenses, with the sole intention to convey me South and deliver me up to the authorities of Georgia,— or, in other words, to abduct and destroy me. The agent who was to carry this murderous design into operation had been in New York several days, waiting my appearance. As a packet was to sail the next day for Liverpool from Philadelphia, my friends advised me to start early the next morning for this city, in the steamboat, hoping I might arrive in season to take passage therein, and thus baffle the vigilance of the enemy — but the ship sailed in the morning, and I did not get here till the afternoon; consequently, I failed to accomplish my purpose. My only alternative, therefore, is to return to New York to-morrow evening, and stealthily get away, if possible, in the Liverpool packet that sails the next morning. Probably I shall not start in the ship, but go down the river in a pilot-boat and overtake her.

"My friends are full of apprehension and disquietude, but I *cannot* know fear. I feel that it is impossible for danger to awe me. I tremble at nothing but my own delinquencies, as one who is bound to be perfect, even as my heavenly Father is perfect."

Returning to New York with some time still on his hands before sailing, Mr. Garrison passed to New Haven, where he sat for his portrait during three days to Nathaniel Jocelyn. All this time he was kept shut up by the artist in a room adjoining the studio, so arranged that in case of an attempt to seize him he could make a safe exit. Without such

precautions, in a city swarming with colonizationists and where his person was known to many, it would have been foolhardy to venture within reach of the truculent Judson, whom he may well have passed on the way thither. "I hope," writes Almira Crandall to Henry Benson from Canterbury, on April 30, "that our friend Garrison will be enabled to escape the fury of his pursuers. Our anxieties for him were very great at the time Judson went to New York, as we expected his business was to take Mr. G." Despite this and all other dangers, the time was consumed without molestation until the packet was ready to be boarded. On May 1, from New York harbor, Mr. Garrison wrote again to Miss Harriet Minot:

"I am now fairly embarked for Liverpool, on board the ship *Hibernia*, Captain Maxwell. We lie about ten miles below the city, at anchor; and here we must remain twenty-four hours. . . .

"Since the transmission of my last letter, I have been journeying from place to place, rather for the purpose of defeating the designs of my enemies than from choice. I expected to have sailed in the packet of the 24th ult., but applied too late, as every berth had been previously engaged. I do not now regret the detention, as it enabled the artist at New Haven to complete my portrait; and I think he has succeeded in making a very tolerable likeness. To be sure, those who imagine that I am a monster, on seeing it, will doubt or deny its accuracy, seeing no horns about the head; but my friends, I think, will recognize it easily. . . .

"Last evening I had a large audience of colored persons in the Methodist African Church in New York, who came to hear my farewell address. Alas, that the value of my labors in their behalf bears so small a proportion to their unbounded gratitude and love! — Mr. Finley, the General Agent of the Colonization Society, was present, and witnessed a tremendous assault upon his darling scheme."

The pursuit was not given over till the last moment. "About two and a half hours after friend Garrison went on board the ship," reports Arnold Buffum, who had gone to New York to see him off, "inquiry was made for him by a lad from a lawyer's office, from which we conclude that the distinguished gentlemen of Canterbury were in pursuit of him; but they happened to be a little too late."

For the moment, Mr. Garrison was safe from his persecutors; but on his return to his native land in the autumn, having ventured to revisit Brooklyn and Canterbury, he was overtaken. What befell him he thus reported in the "Liberator":

"ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Just before midnight, on Sabbath evening last, in Brooklyn, Connecticut, the Deputy Sheriff of Windham County, in behalf of those zealous patrons of colored schools, those plain, independent republicans, those high-minded patriots, those practical Christians,

ANDREW T. JUDSON,
RUFUS ADAMS,
SOLOMON PAINE,
CAPT. RICHARD FENNER,
DR. HARRIS,

presented me with five indictments for a panegyric upon their virtuous and magnanimous actions, in relation to Miss Crandall's *nigger school* in Canterbury, inserted in the 'Liberator' of March 16, 1833. I shall readily comply with their polite and urgent invitation to appear at the Windham County Court on the second Tuesday of December, to show cause why, &c., &c. As they have generously given me *precept upon precept*, I shall give them in return *line upon line — here* (in the 'Liberator') a little, and *there* (in the court-room) a great deal."

These suits were never brought to trial.

Wendell Phillips Garrison.

NEW WINE.

AGAIN my hill-side reddens with the Fall:
Where woodland ivy swings to every breeze,
From the rude trellis of encroaching trees,
The ruddy grapes are bursting on the wall.
Those fertile vines hang heavy to my hand;
A wild aroma makes the morning sweet,
As, slowly purpling in the kindly heat,
Their fruity bunches crown the temperate land.

Give me no wine, for pleasure mixed with pains,—
A draught of fire that brings a thousand fears —
Too hot a cup for woman's earliest years,
When passion never played upon her veins.
I dare not drink to such a dangerous end:
A little yet the dizzy hour delay!
Give me no love to sweep my pride away,
But give me happy friendship, O my friend!

Dora Read Goodale.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS.

IN writing upon the leaders of American song, I have sought to make our various studies as comprehensive as possible within due bounds. That they might be both critical and sympathetic, and afford new illustrations of the poetic principle and the temperament of poets, it has been my effort to approach the subject of each from his own ground,— to comprehend his motive and judge him at his best; at the same time, to see where he has failed of that standard and of the true spirit of ideal expression. Such an effort requires to be taken as a whole. Isolated phrases, and even sections, at times may have been misconstrued as unfair stricture or, on the other hand, as if biased by personal considerations. Yet, in the course of each study, I have tried to draw a just portrait, and so to analyze the work of its original as to obtain at least an approximately correct resultant.

For the present essay,—relating to various persons and questions of the time, and necessarily less cohesive and animate than those which it supplements,—I would ask that its parts be weighed together, if at all. It has a distinct purpose,—to glance at the existing condition of our poetry, and to speculate concerning the near future. Not to prophesy— we scarcely can forecast next month's weather from the numberless shifting currents of to-day. Yet one may hopefully surmise, for example, that a dull spell will not last beyond all reason and experience. The past teaches us what signs indicate the change,— where blue sky will first appear,— and that, if the wind "backs," or proves fickle, a brightening will be temporary and delusive. In the mood of a cautious weather-sage, then, let us examine the late reports from the signal-stations that together show the probabilities. In reviewing the poetry of England, the general drift was indicated more plainly by the choir at large than by the solos of a few striking and independent voices.

I.

WHEN some of our elder poets, their careers felicitously rounded, were taken from us, there soon arose a cry of foreboding. Who, it was asked, are to occupy the places of Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson? What younger men can equal the work executed by those pioneers when the latter were of corresponding age? A period of decline has been predicted. It may be noted, as we seek to determine whether the prediction is well based, that a similar cry is heard from across the sea. The work of Tennyson and the Brownings, in their prime, is contrasted with that of their juniors, and critics are not boastful as to the promise of another sängerfest. I venture to recall that ten years ago I saw the beginning of a poetic dusk, and expressed a belief in its temporary continuance. It is now generally perceived and lamented; nevertheless it seems to me that it is near an end, and that we may begin to look for a new day. If this is to differ from the last,— if we who enjoyed the old fashion shall find it hard to accustom ourselves to the new,—the young will speedily interpret it for us. Their estimate of relative values will have its own gauge.

The rise of Poetry in America, its first noteworthy and somewhat original endeavor, was clearly marked, and singularly coincident with that of the Victorian School abroad. Before long, our poetry took its place with standard literature; its authors won the interest, even the affection, of an attentive public. The close of the term involved may not have been so clear to us. Literary periods shift with mingled sounds, like those of bands following one another at intervals in a procession. But, as in the case of the similar term abroad, it was defined sufficiently for us now to look back and recognize it. The influences to which was due a diversion of interest, and which brought poetic aims and methods into doubt, may be briefly recapitulated. They include all that we have seen prevailing throughout Christendom and resulting from its accelerated evolution of knowledge and energy: the radical change in the course of imagination, enforced by the advance of science,— the disturbance of tradition and convictions,— the leap from romance to realism. We must allow, too, for the diversion of genius to material conquests, adventure, the creation of fortunes; and for the growth of journalism, and of prose fiction answering to the demands of the time. All the resulting influences are fully as dynamic here as in the Old World, and some of them far more so. But other factors, peculiar to this country, must not be overlooked. The civil war was a general absorbent at the crisis when a second group of poets began to form. Their generation pledged itself to the most heroic struggle of the century. The conflict not only checked the rise of a new school, but was followed by a time of languor in which the songs

of Apollo seemed trivial to those who had listened to the shout of Mars. A manly reaction, from the taste for rhetoric and sentiment which existed before the war, degenerated into the indifferentism lately affected by our clever youths. Those whose lyrical instinct survived through all conditions, and still impelled them to sing, found themselves subject to a novel disadvantage. The favorite senior bards were still in voice; their very longevity, fitting and beautiful as it was, restrained the zeal and postponed the opportunities of pupils who held them in honor. Our common and becoming reverence prevented both the younger writers and the people from suspecting that these veterans were running in grooves and supplying little new; finally, when this was realized, and there was a more open field, it became evident that the public was satiated with verse and craved a change not merely of poets, but to some new form of imaginative literature. Original genius will find an outlet through all hindrances; be the air as it may, its flight will be the eagle's; but it will be apt, at such a time, to take some other direction than that of its predecessors. All in all, the subsequent incitement to lyrical effort was not so effective, nor was the opening so clear, as in the period that favored the rise of Longfellow and his compeers.

In the course of these studies I have referred at some length to a few poets next succeeding those veterans,—some who now, but for the regard shown them by younger contestants, would scarcely realize how surely they are becoming veterans themselves. Thus age succeeds to age, and still Poesy,

> "blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
> . . . leads generations on."

It only remains for us to take an outlook, and make note of what poetic activity is discoverable at the present time. With respect to my near associates, and to the increasing circle of fresh recruits, whose chances are all before them, I repeat my statement that it would be out of taste and purpose for me to assume the functions of a critical censor or appraiser. The situation can be studied, and some conjecture made of the future, upon a simple *record* of what a representative number of these have done and are doing, and I do not think our conclusions can be so well reached in any other way.

II.

WHITTIER and Holmes, the two oldest survivors of their group, find their audience still extending with the rapid spread of culture in this land. Their eyes are scarcely dimmed, and their natural strength serves them for periodic flights of song. Lowell's apparent retirement in favor of younger writers, though doubtless only temporary, is the one courtesy they desire him to forego. From Whitman, more picturesque than ever, we have now and then some passing, half-broken, yet harmonic strain, striving to capture the substance of things seen and unseen. I have already written of Taylor, Stoddard, Boker, and their comrades, with whom our poetry began to show less of the ethical and polemic fervor that brought their predecessors into repute. No new cause required the lifting up of hands, and they meditated the Muse from simple love of beauty and song. Stoddard, although a hard-worked man of letters, has been true to his early vows, and adds to our songs of summer in the autumn of his life. Occasionally he writes, with his old finish and tranquil power, one of those sustained and characteristic blank-verse poems in which his faculty is at its highest. Of poets a decade younger, Hayne, Aldrich, Winter, Piatt, Howells, and a few others, still remain. It was their lot to begin at just the time when the country had forsworn peace and its pipings; but they none the less took heart, and did good service in keeping our minstrel line unbroken through good and evil days alike.

Winter's extreme poetic temperament, and his loyalty to an ideal, have made his frequent sketches of travel very charming, and have imparted to his dramatic criticisms the grace and proportion for which they are distinguished. The melody, ease, and sincere feeling of his personal tributes and occasional pieces for delivery, render them quite unique. The poem read at the dedication of the monument to Poe is an elevated production. His best lyrics have caught the spirit of the early English muse.

To Aldrich, now in his sunny prime,— the most pointed and exquisite of our lyrical craftsmen,— justly is awarded a place at the head of the younger art-school. He is a poet of inborn taste, a votary of the beautiful, and many of his delicately conceived pieces, that are unexcelled by modern work, were composed in a ruder time, and thus a forecast of the present technical advance. They illustrate the American instinct which unites a Saxon honesty of feeling to that artistic subtilty in which the French surpass the world. Though successful in a few poems of a more heroic cast, his essential skill and genius are found in briefer lyrics comparable to faultless specimens of the antique graver's art. Such pieces as the "Palabras Cariñosas" and the lines "On an Intaglio Head of Minerva" have a high-bred quality that still keeps them at the

head of our *vers de société;* nor is their author dependent for his effect on novel and elaborate forms. Apparently spontaneous, they are perfected with the touch of a Gautier. His quatrains and trifles expressive of fleeting moods rank with the best of our time. Aldrich's restraint in verse is a notable contrast to the sudden wit and fancy of his speech; as a writer, he never has stood in need of the injunction,—

> "O Poet, then forbear
> The loosely sandalled verse,
> Choose rather thou to wear
> The buskin straight and terse."

His shorter tales and sketches are finished like so many poems in prose, sparklingly original, and delightful for the airy by-play, the refined *nuances*, of a captivating literary style.

Fawcett's verse displays tendencies which class him with the art-school, and an inclination to profit by the Gallic taste and motive. The poems in his two volumes are selected, I presume, from a copious store, as he has been from youth a prolific writer. In "Fantasy and Passion" were many cabinet pictures in rhyme, drawn with fastidious care, and an occasional lyric, like "The Meeting," upon a weird theme and suggestively wrought. The leading pieces in "Song and Story" have fewer mannerisms,— a less fanciful, a freer and more imaginative, treatment. Mr. Fawcett's versatility leads him to essay almost every form of inventive, satirical, and critical literature, and as a playwright he has made not the least successful of his ventures. Two of our prominent New York authors seem, aside from their professional work as journalists, to have devoted themselves without reserve to poetry. Their characteristics are very dissimilar. Of Gilder I cannot speak here. The other, Charles de Kay, is conspicuous for height of aim, and certainly for a most resolute purpose. In these days it is bracing to see a man of his ability in earnest as a poet. It would be premature to judge of the strange, affluent and broadly handled Visions, "Nimrod" and "Esther," at this near view, or until completed by the final section of their trilogy. "Hesperus" and the "Poems of Barnaval" show his impassioned and more subjective moods, and his resources for a prodigal display of varied, uneven, but often strongly effective lyrical work.

The deaths of Arnold and Dorgan, at ages when practice-work ended and individual traits began to appear, stilled two voices of no little promise. Among our Northern poets there are some whose verse is the expression of their choicest impulses rather than the most substantial portion of their literary outcome. Lathrop's too infrequent lyrics give token of sensitive feeling and a beautiful poetic vein. Professor Boyesen's verse, like his prose, belongs so thoroughly to his adopted language, and is so fresh and classic, that we scarcely think of him as a Norwegian. The Oriental songs of Edward King are healthy and virile, and add variety to our recent product. Sill, Benton, Dr. Powers, Weir Mitchell, Professor Beers, Riordan, S. H. Thayer, W. S. Shurtleff, McKay, Abbey, Duffield, Blood, Proudfit, Saltus, Tilton, the late Robert Weeks, among our well-known writers of lyrical verse, represent widely different grades of motive and execution. Of the late Henry Work, that instinctive composer of songs (and their music) for the people, I have spoken elsewhere. Robert Grant has a frolic talent for satire, and something like that masterhood of current styles for which we still read Frere and Aytoun. Houghton's "St. Olaf's Kirk" is a good romantic poem, in the Tennysonian manner, finished with much care. Maurice Thompson's "Songs of Fair Weather" are well named; in breezy, out-of-door feeling he is a kinsman of Walter Mitchell, who wrote "Tacking Ship off Shore." It is chiefly through a close observation of nature that the influence of the elder poets, especially of Emerson, is prolonged by the new choir. "Monte Rosa," Nichols's long descriptive poem, is a not unworthy counterpart to "The Brook" — for which the late Dr. Wright is held in recollection. The transcendental instinct that follows upon nature's elusive and spiritual trails, survives in the thoughtful lines of her born communicant, John Albee, whose individuality is none the less apparent. Cheney's lyrics of nature and emotion have kindred yet distinct traits. McKnight's volume of sonnets on "Life and Faith" is fraught with poetic meditation. Montgomery and "Paul Hermes," the former avowedly, are inspired by the marvels of the new learning, and find no surer tonic for the imagination than modern scientific discovery. Emerson's song was a verification of Wordsworth's faith in the identity of philosopher and poet. Our future imagery will shape itself unconsciously, without much need of a poet's willful effort, and will be his adjunct and vehicle rather than the object of his aim. Montgomery's command of rhythm is finely evident, and the young author of "Hermes" seems to have good service within his power.

Boyle O'Reilly attests his Irish blood by the *verve* and readiness of his ballads. He may be more justly claimed as an American than the late Dr. Joyce, whose "Deirdre" fulfilled the promise of a bard who in youth wrote the "Ballads of Irish Chivalry." Among other and recent Celtic poets of this greater

Ireland, besides Maurice Egan, a sweet and true poet, have been the gallant O'Brien and Halpine, John Savage, and Father Ryan— whose emotional strains reach a larger audience than that which more studied verse is wont to gain.

A Scotch critic, whose resources as our literary historian are confined mostly to periods before the civil war, repeats an old fling at "the plague of American poetesses." This *vieux garçon* of letters, if acquainted with their work, might beseech us, like Benedick, not to flout at him for what he had said against them. Our daughters of song outnumber those in England, and some of them, like some of their brethren, have thin voices; but it is as just as true that much genuine poetry is composed by others, and that, while we have none whose notes equal those of at least one Englishwoman, in average merit they are not behind their fair rivals. Their lyrics, sonnets, ballads, are feminine and spontaneous, and often highly artistic. To be sure, our aspirants of either sex are attempting few works of invention; where all are sonneteering, it is not strange that women should hold their own. Yet their advance in discipline and range is apparent also in novels and other prose-work; they know more than of old, their thought is deeper, their feeling more healthy. The morale of their verse is always elevating; in other respects it fluently adapts itself to the conventions of the day.

Among these sweet-voiced singers, to some of whom I have alluded heretofore, Miss Larcom, with her orchard notes, well retains her popularity. Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Stoddard are too seldom heard,— each so original, so true in verse and prose to characteristic types. The former's poetry always has been admired for motive and execution; Mrs. Stoddard's, though less in amount, has the condensed power and vivid coloring that render it difficult to mistake the source of anything from her hand. The work of Mrs. Jackson is more smoothly finished, though perhaps it sings the less for its union of intellectuality with a subtle feeling whose intenseness is realized only by degrees. Mrs. Spofford's various lyrics are rich in cadence; she has a fine choice of measures, and always interests us both with her theme and its treatment. Her passion is genuine, and unusual resources of diction, color, effect, are brought to play in her poems. Mrs. Fields, the most objective of these writers, veils her personality, except as it becomes revealed by a free rhythmical method, and an obvious inclination toward the classical and antique. The zest, the enchanting glamour, of Northern coast-life are known to Celia Thaxter, our daughter of the isles. Her sprayey stanzas give us the dip of the sea-bird's wing, the foam and tangle of ocean, soulful interpretations of clambering sunrise mists and evening's fiery cloud above the main. Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Moulton, Nora Perry, Miss Coolbrith and Miss Shinn of California, are natural singers, in their several degrees. The stanzas of Mrs. Moulton and Mrs. Dodge are marked by charming fancy, and always tender and sweet. Miss Perry is an instinctive melodist, with a sure ear for the telling, original refrains that heighten the effect of such lyrics as "Cressid" and "Riding Down."

Our best-known Western poetess, Mrs. Piatt, though often obscure, has traits resembling those of Miss Rossetti,— a vivid consciousness of the mystery of life and death, a conjuring indirectness of style, and a gift, which she shares with Mrs. Dodge, of seeing into the hearts of children. She will not, however, be rightly measured by one who reads the wrong volume of her poems, or the wrong poem. Miss Phelps's deeply religious nature, warring with its own doubts, leads her on adventurous paths. That she is essentially a poet was evident from her prose, long before she made a collection of verse. She is the modern vine from a Puritan stock, subject to inherited tendencies, but yielding blossoms of feminine grace and aspiration. The names of the late Mrs. Hudson, of Mrs. Bradley, Marian Douglas, Mrs. Sangster, Miss Bushnell, Miss Woolsey, Mrs. Searing, Miss Bates, Mrs. Smith, Miss Bloede, Miss de Vere, Ella Dietz, Mrs. Rollins, Miss Proctor, Miss Osgood, and Miss Cone, may be cited in a list of those whose notes are pleasantly familiar. Miss Lazarus, to whose translations of Heine I have referred elsewhere, is on her own ground in rendering the Hebrew poets of old Spain; her minor pieces are written with a firm hand, and her tragedy, "The Dance of Death," is a work of much power. "Owen Innsley" has gained the favor of those who care for poetry of an artistic type, and Miss Thomas, that delightful confidante, yet betrayer, of the secrets of the nymphs and muses, has given us a volume of great beauty. The "Songs and Lyrics" of Miss Hutchinson, and even more her later pieces, striking for their melody, imagination, and unique sense of design, assure us that if she allots to poetry the devotion that has enriched her work in other fields, its very greenest wreath is at her command. There are still younger voices that give us fresh music — like Miss Guiney's, or, like those of the Goodale sisters, artless ditties of the woods and fields, and from which maturer notes are not unlikely to be heard.

In the South, we have Mrs. Preston's works, of an ambitious cast and strengthened by dramatic purpose and expression. Like Mrs.

Webster in England, she may be called a pupil of Browning. Local color, and much suggestion of the far Southern atmosphere and sentiment, are found in the volumes of Mrs. Townsend, of Louisiana.

These poets mostly sing for expression's sake, and therefore without affectation. They often excel the sterner sex in perception of the finer details of life and nature. The critic would be a renegade who, after paying his tribute to feminine genius in England, should not recognize with satisfaction what has been achieved by his own countrywomen. They have their shortcomings, not the least of which in some of them is that even perfection which is in itself a fault; but a general advance is just as evident in their poetry as in the prose fiction for which they now are held in honor throughout the English-speaking world.

A phase of our verse, illustrating its present station, reflects the new London vogue, and has been mentioned in comparison with Dr. Holmes's lighter vein. I refer to the plenitude of metrical trifles, society-verse, *belles choses* in the French forms that are so taking. Various new-comers make their entrance accordingly; scarcely one but turns you off his rondeau or ballade, and very cleverly withal. Ditties written gracefully, like those of Sherman, Minturn Peck, etc., are more agreeable than the prentice-work of sentimentalists. A sprightly Mercutio is better company than your juvenile Harold or Werter. They serve very well, moreover, for the travesties and "satire harming not" of the boulevard press. Our young collegians, of whom Loring, who died in his adventurous youth, was the precursor, are apt at such devices. It is curious to receive the same kind of rhymes from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Cambridge, England, and Mr. Scollard's are just as well turned as Mr. Ropes's, and are not without signs of good omen. The line of advance for a poet, who is apt in this way, has been exemplified by the author of "Airs from Arcady." Bunner's verse, whether of the gayer kind, or rising to the merit of his more ideal lyrics and sonnets, is a hopeful inscription at the parting of the ways. It already commends itself to those who look for feeling under grace, and shows that he, also, can make his standing with the muse depend upon the constancy of his devotion.

Before discussing further the latest tendencies, let us see what is doing in those precincts to which we naturally turn for literature of a specific flavor. The South, once so ambitious, has been very barren of poetry during the last thirty years, either mindful of Poe's conviction that there was no equal chance for her native writers, or feeling that they were too remote from the world to keep up with its progressive changes. I think that standard literature, including poetry, is read with more interest in the South than here, and oratory there is still more than a tradition. But the South has been unfortunate in the loss of promising writers. One such was Timrod, whose handiwork was skillful and often imaginative and strong. Timrod's "Cotton Boll" was a forerunner of the method of a still finer poet than he, whose career was equally pathetic. The name of Sidney Lanier brings him clearly to recollection — as I saw him more than once in the study of our lamented Deukalion; the host so buoyant and sympathetic; the Southerner nervous and eager, with dark hair and silken beard, features delicately molded, pallid complexion, hands of the slender, white, artistic type. The final collection of his writings, with an adequate and feeling memoir by Dr. Ward, confirms me in an already expressed belief that Lanier's difficulties were explained by the very traits which made his genius unique. His musical faculty was compulsive; it inclined him to override Lessing's law of the distinctions of art, and to essay in language feats that only the gamut can render possible. For all this, one now sees clearly that he was a poet, and bent upon no middle flight. He magnified his office, and took a prophetic view of its restored supremacy. The juvenile pieces here first brought together, although his biographer apologizes for them, have little in common with ordinary verse of the time. "Nirvâna," "Resurrection," and the songs for "The Jacquerie," are such as herald a new voice; and later efforts of the kind also show his gift unadulterated by meditations on rhythmical structure. Among these are the "Song of the Chattahoochee," almost as haunting as "Ulalume," — "The Revenge of Hamish," than which there are few stronger ballads,— "The Mocking Bird," "Tampa Robins," "The Stirrup-Cup," "The Bee," and "The Ship of Earth." But turn to the productions which he deemed far more significant, in view of their composition upon a new and symphonic method. In time he doubtless might have wrought out something to which these would seem but preliminary experiments. The Centennial cantata was written to be sung, and when rendered accordingly no longer appeared grotesque. We may surmise that the adaptation not of melody alone, but also of harmony and counterpoint, to the uses of the poet, was Lanier's ultimate design. Nor is it safe to gainsay the belief that he would have accomplished this more nearly, but for his early death and the hindrances of sickness and embarrassment that long preceded it. Compositions suggestive

and reverberant as "Sunrise" and "The Marshes of Glynn" go far toward vindicating his method. Yet even in these there is a surplusage, and an occasional failure to make not only outlines but impressions decidedly clear. "The Symphony," "Corn," and other over-praised ventures on the same plan, seem to me nebulous, and often mere recitative. The danger of too curious speculation is suggested by the strained effect of several ambitious failures, contrasted with the beauty of his unstudied work. An old foe, didacticism, creeps in by stealth when work upon a theoretical system is attempted. Let critics deduce what laws they may; it is not for the poet deliberately to set about illustrating them. The formulas devised by Poe and others often are found to suit, designedly or not, their inventor's personal capabilities. Lanier's movement to enlarge the scope of verse was directly in the line of his own endowment; he has left hints for successors who may avoid his chief mistake — that of wandering along in improvisation like some facile, dreamy master of the key-board. That remarkable piece of analysis, "The Science of English Verse," serves little purpose except, like Coleridge's metaphysics, to give us further respect for its author's intellectual powers.

Hayne's vitality, courage, and native lyrical impulse have kept him in voice, and his people regard him with a tenderness which, if a commensurate largesse were added, should make him feel less solitary among his pines. Various Southern poets,— Randall, Burns Wilson, Boner, and others, open vistas of the life of their region. Townsend's ballads, in their sturdy, careless way, speak for the poetic side of a peculiarly American writer, true to memories of a boyhood on "the Eastern shore." His tales, and the strongly dramatic fiction of Cable, Miss Murfree, Page, Johnston, etc., more clearly betoken the revived imagination of a glowing clime. The great heart of the generous and lonely South, too long restrained,— of the South once so prodigal of romance, eloquence, gallant aspiration,— once more has found expression. It enables us to know it, having begun at last to comprehend its true self.

That the public is always on the alert for what is both good and novel was illustrated by Bret Harte's leap into favor with his portraitures of a new and scenic world. His prose idyls of the camp and coast, even more than his ballads, were the vouchers of a poet; familiar as the verse at once became, it is far less creative than the stories. The serious portion of it, excepting a few dialect pieces,—"Jim," "In the Tunnel," etc.,— is much like the verse of Longfellow, Whittier, and Taylor; the humorous poems, though never wanting in some touch of nature, are apt to be what we do not recognize as American. But of either class it may be said that it is, like the rhyming of his master, Thackeray, the overflow of a rare genius, whose work must be counted among the treasures of the language. Mr. Harte may be termed the founder, and thus far has been the most brilliant exemplar, of our transcontinental school. Joaquin Miller is, first of all, a poet, if one may judge from the relative merits of his verse and prose,— the latter of which does not show his spirit and invention at their best. The "Songs of the Sierras," as a first book, was no ordinary production. Its metrical romances, notwithstanding obvious crudities and affectations, gave a pleasurable thrill to the reader. Here was something like the Byronic imagination, set aglow by the freedom and splendor of the Western ranges, or by turns creating with at least a sensuous *vraisemblance* an ideal of the tropics which so many Northern minstrels have dreamed of and sung. Miller still has years before him, and often lyrics from his pen suggest that, if he would add a reasonable modicum of purpose to his sense of the beautiful, the world would profit by the result. Among other poets of the Pacific Slope, Warren Stoddard and Phelps seem more indifferent to local flavor, and refine their work in the usual manner of the Eastern school.

Surveying the broad central region of tilth and traffic between the Mississippi River and the Appalachian Range,— the most fertile land on earth, and tenanted by a people whose average culture exceeds that of any race numerically equal,— we find it sensitive to music and art, but not yet fruitful of that poesy which, as Sidney declared, alone can outvie nature, and "make the too-much-loved earth more lovely." The Ohio valley lost two poets,— one in battle, the other after he had lived to write our most effective ballad of the war,— Lytle and Forceythe Willson, each of whom had unquestionable lyrical talent. John Piatt, the laureate of prairie and homestead life, has won a just reputation for his reflective and idyllic verse. He has a Wordsworthian sympathy with nature, and knowledge of its forms, and a sincere purpose. He transmits with much simplicity the air and bloom of the prairie, the fire-light in the settler's home, and the human endeavor of the great inland States he knows so well. Will Carleton struck a natural vein by instinct, in his farm-ballads, and has been rewarded for the tenacity with which he has pursued it. Others, like Venable and Harney, find their way to the households of a rural constituency; they have the merit of presenting that to which they are wonted — they know whereof they affirm.

John Hay, whose writings are at once fine and strong, has been so engrossed by a rare experience of "cities, ... councils, governments," as scarcely to have done full justice to his brilliant gifts. With his taste, mental vigor and mastery of style, he may well be taken to task for neglecting a faculty exceptionally his own. The uncompromising dialect-pieces, which made a hit as easily as they were thrown off, are the mere excess of his pathos and humor. Such poetry as the blank-verse impromptu on Liberty shows the higher worth of a man who should rise above indifference, and the hindrance of his mood, and in these spiritless times take up the lyre again, nor fitfully touch the strings.

In places remote from the literary market, we often discover signs of hopeful energy. The best models are read by isolated poets, whose seclusion the capricious standards of the town oracles fail to influence. Mr. Snider's "Delphic Days," for example, a charming idyl in the elegiac distich, was printed in St. Louis, through a singular coincidence, at the same date with Munby's "Dorothy" in England,— the two being the only prolonged specimens of this measure, if I mistake not, which our language affords. "Agamemnon's Daughter," by the same hand, is another contrast to the narrow bounds of every-day song. Leighton's sterling dramas, "The Sons of Godwin" and "At the Court of King Edwin," are creditable to our literature. Their romantic themes, by inheritance and the liberties of art, plainly are within the usufruct of an American poet. A drama of like cast, and successfully adapted to the stage, is "Pendragon," the work of an Illinoisian, William Young.

The department of translation, which (as well as that of devotional verse) has been noted in a former article, is at present somewhat neglected, though there are minor contributions by Lea, Peterson, Mrs. Conant, and others. Perhaps the most suggestive of the late efforts in this field are Miss Preston's charming translations from the Provençal and her version of the Georgics. Howland's Æneid is rude and elegant by turns, but of interest to those who believe with me that the English accentuate hexameter is on the whole our best instrument for literal and lineal rendering of the classical measure. The translation of Virgil's complete works, by Wilstach, is more elaborate. It is written in flexible blank-verse, and enriched with copious and scholarly notes and a review of former English versions. This student is now translating "The Divine Comedy," upon a metrical system hitherto unessayed.

Few dialects of our tongue except those of Scotland, Lancashire and Dorset, have been more cleverly handled for metrical effect than those peculiar to the United States. The Atlantic varieties have been used to good purpose, as we have seen, from the time of Fessenden's "Country Lovers" to that wherein are recorded the exploits of Hans Breitmann. Harte's and Hay's successes in a corresponding line increased the popular regard for their better work. Riley's Hoosier lyrics often are more terse and pointed than the numerous ballads of Carleton. Some of the most attractive and piquant of American folk-songs are in the dialect of our African population, North and South. Stephen Foster, the pioneer of "minstrel" song-writers, whose touching or humorous ditties were wedded to genuine melody, deserves remembrance. A group, with the author of "Uncle Remus" included, has diligently cultivated the art of writing plantation-verse. Mrs. Preston, Sidney and Clifford Lanier, the late Mrs. McDowell and Irwin Russell, Miss McLean, Macon, and many others, have contributed to this quaint anthology, which — at its extremes of humor, as in "Reb'rend Quacko Strong," or of melody and devotional pathos, as in "De Sheepfol'" — certainly is an original outgrowth of the cis-Atlantic muse.

III.

Such is a fairly representative list of those to whom our recent poetry owes its being. A protest against so free a range of selection may be entered by some, who fail to consider that for each name here found a score of others could be cited. Doubtless many of the latter have equal claims to notice, this summary having been made with no design of completeness, but as a sufficient basis for remarks on the weakness, quite as much as on the strength, of our present movement, and on the chances of the near future.

At the outset it can be honestly asserted, in behalf of the writers named, that as a whole they do not show less favorably than the corresponding modern choir of Great Britain. It would be difficult to assort them in groups such as we have observed abroad: — apart from local differences of style they bear an almost monotonous relationship to one another. This common likeness, however, is an illusive something which renders their productions American. If their verse presents few absolutely novel types, it is more charged with national sentiment than that of the late English poets. It pays little regard to pseudo-classicism, middle-age restorations, and to themes borrowed from other lands and languages. It is sincere and impulsive, and has a New World mode of looking at things and considering them. Finally, the work of the most expert among these writers, both sexes included, is often as inter-

esting for technical merit as that of their distant compeers, although it may be that we have fewer in number who reach a faultless standard.

Granting or claiming thus much, a reviewer must put the question directly to his conscience — How does the most of this recent verse impress you? Upon the foregoing summary, what can one honestly declare of its force and significance? Its achievements have been noted; the side on which it is trivial or deficient must be as plainly shown, lest the narrator be forced hereafter to regret that he withheld his convictions. Nor is it easy to gloss over the dynamic insufficiency of our present metrical literature. The belief scarcely can be resisted that there is, if not a decadence, at least a poetic interregnum, as compared with the past and measuring our advance in sundry fields of activity. As I have said, the first influence is ended; there is a pause before the start and triumph of another. This may be frankly acknowledged; in fact, the situation is merely correlative with that observed, ten years ago, in our look across the sea. It is none the less one on which neither our poets nor their countrymen have much reason to plume themselves. If our poetry, since the time of Longfellow, has not kept pace with our general movement, this of itself implies an interregnum. I suspect that it is of less relative importance than if it had held the point already gained. Its new leaders, at all events, are not invested with the authority of those to whom these essays chiefly have been devoted. Their volumes scarcely receive the welcome — nor have they the bearing and import as an indispensable part of literature — that appertained to the "Poems of the Seaside and Fireside," "Evangeline," the "Voices of Freedom," "Snow-Bound," "The Biglow Papers," "Under the Willows," "Poems of the Orient," and the "Poems" of the Concord sage. To the careful eye they seem less suggestive of changes and results than were "The Raven and other Poems," "Songs of Summer," and "Leaves of Grass." They do not, like some of the books here named, supply either lay or professional classes with the most essential portion of their reading. We see that this is partly due to conditions which it is just as well should obtain for a season, and which the poets are not able to avert. Before recurring to this difficulty, let us see how far they are their own bafflers and justly to be held responsible.

Some of them have given such evidence of the faculty divine as to be sure of enrolment in the Parnassian registry. Others have composed charming bits of verse,— pledges, as yet unfulfilled, of something larger and more creative. We do not ask for masterpieces, but how few the recent poems which approach in breadth and interest those of the veteran school! Do our poets really trust their calling, in defiance of temporal conditions, however discouraging? Do they not share in a measure the sentiment which regards ideality as an amiable weakness, the relic of a Quixotic period, and thus feel half-ashamed of their birthright? Few of them, at the best, cultivate the latter seriously, as their avowed means of expression; and of these few the majority perhaps are women. There are some who will be ungracious enough to say that a time when religion and poesy are sustained by the graceful, devoted, but distinctly minor services of women, is not one of supremacy for either the pulpit or the lyre. Those who demur to this, and who refer to the authors of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and "Romola," will be told that Mrs. Browning and George Eliot were forerunners, not exemplars, of a golden era when it shall be no longer true.

Even if our poets are doing the best within their power, their misconception of relative values is much the same as that recently noted of the minor English school. To our predecessors the spirit of a work was all in all; the form was often marred by careless execution. It took years of Keats, Tennyson, and the study of their masters, to rectify this, and then the drift set quite too far in an opposite direction; until at last a Neo-Romantic group wreaked its thoughts upon details of sound and color, placed decoration above construction, the form of verse above its motive,— thus missing the impulsive cadence, the more ethereal structure, to which the evasive spirit of poetry mysteriously inclines. Heine's assertion, that a poet must have natural tones in his lyrics and characters in his narrative or dramatic efforts, was sustained by the impotency of our own verse-makers before the time of Whittier and Longfellow. With them and their comrades American poetry took on at least the merit of being natural, and gained a foothold; but this merit is less apparent in our later verse, whose forms, though neatly mastered, breed a temper as artificial as their own. In brief, our lyrics of the past had the virtue of simplicity, but were less noteworthy for imagination; those which have succeeded them fail equally in poetry's highest attribute, and their interest is due less to simplicity than to art — the art which, being a substitute for imaginative vitality, runs into artifices and mere technique. Over-refinement, through a strict interpretation of that excellent canon, "Art for Art's sake," is a vice of the period. Art is a language, and a seemingly careless workman may be a truer artist than his painstaking fellow. When one has little to say, his technics are a kind of pedantry, while

a faulty poem or picture may be great because a great thought or character is in it. The best workman is he who adapts means to the noblest end, and we tire of those who, with no message to deliver, elaborate their style. The oldest races have discovered that no labor is artistic, unless strictly to the purpose; a few sure lines, and the result may be attained. We see, however, that technical experts, though devoid of imagination, often have a sudden following among new men. This is because their skill is addressed to the profession rather than to the public, and also because the young recognize the dexterity which they must acquire, while the creative genius of true masters as yet escapes them. Hence the instant vogue of novel forms, requiring adroitness for their perfection, and so elegant as to conciliate even those they do not capture. When real additions to our English method, they will bear use and reproduction. But, after a few men of exquisite talents have employed them to advantage, the public grows weary of modes so peculiar that we are compelled to dwell upon the form and not the thought.

Thus we have in view, if not precisely a mob of gentlemen who write with ease, an increased number of those writing with the profusion of ease and the pain of curious labor, and often at a loss of individual distinction. Lyrics, sonnets, canzonets, are produced on every hand. The average is so good that, despite the beauty of an occasional piece, few can be said to stand out boldly from the rest. Considering the accumulated wealth of English poetry, it is questionable whether more sonnets, etc., are a real addition to it, and if a place worth having can be earned by polishing the countless facets of gems dependent on the fanciful analysis of love and other emotions. Again, some of our poets, like certain painters, avoid continued effort, and satisfy themselves with sketch-work — a facile way of keeping up expectation. Having mastered one's vocation, why not practice it with a determined hand? Too much assurance was the fault of our earlier period, but the ambition that went with it stimulated a few to real achievements. It is hard to account for our easy modern contentment. In older countries the mines have been so well worked that there is an excuse for resorting to the "tailings," but here there should be the broadest encouragement for prospectors. No doubt our reaction from the old-fashioned conceit has its effect on able men, and makes them cleave to ground of which they have no fear. Too much credit is awarded now to the knowledge of one's limitations. A poet, most of all, should not believe in limitations; by ignoring them, a few will reach the heights. But our aspirants seem to feel that nothing better can be done than to amuse readers who consider poetry a diversion, and they either fear to put their fate to the touch "to gain or lose it all," or utterly fail to realize the chance at this moment existing. And so, if poetry has lost its hold, it is to this extent because no brilliant leader compels attention to it, devoting himself to the hazard of arduous and bravely ventured song.

The time, then, is not one of transition, save in the sense that all periods are transitional. It is intercalary, yet as well defined as the middle ring of Saturn, gaining its light and substance from a multitude of little quantities,— notable, in fact, for the profusion and excellence of its minor verse. And here it must be borne in mind that not a few of our idealists are directing their main efforts to prose composition. For example, one of the finest elegiac poems of recent years, "The North Shore Watch," is privately printed by Mr. Woodberry, who thus far has permitted the ordinary reader to know him only as a biographer and critical essayist. Among the chief Victorian writers, we found but two or three that might be classified as novelist-poets. Hood was almost the only journalist-poet of note, a true vocalist, jaded by hackwork. Nowadays, the conditions are reversed, the rhythmic art is more frequently an avocation. Among our novelists, however, Aldrich always seems the poet,— an author with whom song has the precedence. His tales are the prose of a poetic artist and owe to this fact their airy charm. Howells furnishes an instance of the apt recognition of existing tendencies. The wisdom he has displayed "in his generation" goes far to justify the diversion we are observing. His early verse, issued conjointly with that of his friend Piatt, bore unusual marks of promise, nor has he quite broken with the muse or ceased to hold her image in his heart. Otherwise his bent, like Mr. James's, was that of a critic, scholar, analyst; and the determined evolution of a masterly novel-writer, from a youth of the qualifications involved, might serve as a text for homilies on the power of the human will. His pen being his fortune, his chosen profession that of a man of letters, he manfully trained himself to the production of literature that he foresaw would be welcome and remunerative; this, in a series of works,— at first descriptive, then inventive,— constantly advancing in perception, in management of incident and character, until he now stands where we find him, in the front rank of those who impress observers with a sense of our literary progress. His poetic gift serves him well in translation, dramatic adaptation, and with respect to the feeling and artistic effect

of his tenderest episodes. Waiving discussion of Mr. Howells's method as a novelist, who can question that he has judged wisely, and has done far better for the public than if he had pursued the art that was his early choice?

By such examples more light is cast upon the reduced importance of our song-makers, and ground discovered for a belief that this is transitory and that a fresh departure will anon be made. Fancy and imagination are still rife, but their energy finds vent in new directions. Accomplished craftsmen, some of whom thirty years ago might have been numbered among the poets, now supply the public with its imaginative rations in the guise of prose fiction and romance. Through instinct or judgment, they have occupied the gap in our literature. The time has been opportune; famous innings were made by the elder minstrels; our school of fiction had been represented only by a few rare and exceptional names. So keen has been the new impulse, that the young neophyte of to-day, instead of shaping his vague conceptions into rhythm and imitating the poets within his knowledge, longs to emulate the foremost novelists. In the flush of our latest conquest, the rank and file naturally overrate the relative worth of prose fiction, which, at its best,— as will appear on a brief consideration of the world's literary master-pieces,— is not a more vital and enduring creation than the poet's song. Yet the movement has resulted in a decided gain to the prestige of our national authorship. With a staff of novelists and romancers well equipped in both invention and style,— Howells, Aldrich, Julian Hawthorne, Eggleston, Cable, James, Harte, Crawford, Bishop, Lathrop, Mrs. Stoddard, Miss Jewett, Miss Woolson, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Murfree, Miss Howard, Mrs. Foote, and others who also are adequate to cope with the transatlantic experts,— in view of the results already obtained from the field in which these popular authors are so active, none can assume that the diversion of creative energy thus exemplified has not brought with it a measurable compensation.

IV.

Both exterior and subjective conditions having thus determined the present office of the imagination, the breathing-spell of poetry is not without promise of a stronger utterance than ever when its voice shall be renewed. We shall have more poets yet, and some of those who have been named will contribute, I doubt not, to the hastening of that renewal. They can derive from our fiction itself a shrewd lesson for their guidance. Their predecessors fully met the need for idyllic verse, relating to home, patriotism, religion, and the workaday life of an orderly people. They did not scrutinize, and vividly present, the coils of individual being. Our people have outgrown their juvenescence, tested their manhood, and now demand a lustier regimen. They crave the sensations of mature and cosmopolitan experience, and are bent upon what we are told is the proper study of mankind. The rise of our novelists was the answer to this craving; they depict *Life* as it is, though rarely as yet in its intenser phases. Those who, besides meeting Mr. James's requirement that "the mind of the producer shall be displayed," do reflect life in something more than a commonplace aspect, are the chroniclers, chiefly, of provincial episodes, confined to sections so narrow that it is scarcely needful to linger in them throughout the narrative of a sustained work. Their welcome is partly due to the fact that their studies are bolder and more dramatic than those of the restrained Eastern school. The muster-roll of the latter has increased somewhat more rapidly than its market. We have seen poetry out of demand; the same thing begins to be observed of prose fiction. Renewed attention is given to history, memoirs, travels; but many signs declare that there never was a time when a live and glowing poet would have a better chance than now. In the multitude of ambitious novelists, distinction is less easily gained. Only the poet can excite the subtlest thrills, the most abiding sensations. The promise of his return lies in the truth that our spiritual nature does abhor a vacuum,— the need insures the supply. Though our public has resorted to prose literature for its wants, it now and then still reads a poem with avidity. The sudden popularity of Arnold's "Light of Asia" — the work of a scholar and enthusiast rather than of a strongly original hand — was of real significance. That production gave a sensuous and legendary idealization of the religious feeling of an impressible body of readers; it appealed to an existing sentiment; it focalized the rays in which the faiths of the East and the West are blending throughout the modern world. In short, it was most timely, and it was both attractive and dimensional. If, then, the people care little for current poetry, is it not because that poetry cares little for the people and fails to assume its vantage-ground? Busying itself with intricacies of form and sound and imagery, it scarcely deigns to reach the general heart. Your skill is admirable, say the people, and of interest to your own guild, but we ask that it shall be used to some purpose. Convey to us the intellect and passion wherewith poets are thought to be endowed, the gloom and glory of human life, the national aspiration, the pride of the past and vision of the future.

Rhythmical productions will be acceptable that compare with those of the past, as vigorous figure-paintings with the canvases of our elder artists. Even in landscape we have reached the stage where human feeling, and that American, pervades the most favored work. Nor will it be enough to depict life in aggregated and general types. Whitman has achieved this, conveying a national spirit in his symphonic echoes of the murmuring towns and forests and ocean-waves. He gives us life and movement, but the specific character, the personal movement, seldom animate his pages. Individuals, men and women, various and real, must be set before us in being and action,—above all, in that mutual play upon one another's destinies which results from what we term the dramatic purport of life. Thus rising above mere introspection and analysis, poetry must be not so much a criticism, as the objective portrayal and illumination, of life itself,—and that not only along the uneventful, quiescent flow of rural existence, but upon the tides of circumstance where men are striving for intense sensations and continuous development.

In other words, the time has come for poetry, in any form, that shall be essentially *dramatic*. This kind has rounded each recurring cycle in other literatures than our own. It is a symptom of maturity, and we, in our turn, approach the age when life attains fire and color and is full of experiences that give tone to art. I think that our future efforts will result in dramatic verse, and even in actual dramas for both the closet and the stage. I am aware that this belief has been entertained before, and prematurely; it was as strong in the time of Tyler and Dunlap and Payne, nor would our own experiments be much more significant than theirs, were it not for the recent and encouraging efforts of our younger authors, several of whom are among the poets already named. Playwrights still feel compelled to offer rudimentary work to their audiences. The primary and denominative element of the actor's art, that of action, with every aid of scenic effect, just now is all in all. The text is but an adjunct to the pantomime. Realism, also, is as conspicuous in our theaters as in the latest French and English novels. It was desirable to get beyond stale and absurd conventionality, yet certain conventions are indispensable to art; there is nothing ideal in a slavish, mechanical reproduction of speech and manners. Unduly favored as the text once may have been, we now err as plainly in the opposite way. A poet turns playwright, and there begins the inevitable conflict with the stage itself. He yields to the conviction of actor and manager that the text will never regain the critical interest of audiences. I make bold to think otherwise; to hold that belief is to overlook the recorded equipoise of text and action at every epoch when the theater has been preëminent. The sentiment of the hour may be against the production of what are termed literary plays; yet nothing, after all, is surer to draw than some familiar tragedy or comedy of the great dramatic poets. In Italy, France, Germany, it is the same. The people want amusement, and in all times they prefer the best offered; when there were none but poetic dramas, they sustained them, and intelligently traversed the rendering of dialogue and phrase. On the other hand, wretched mounting and acting will make the finest text wearisome. The whole dispute turns largely upon circumstance and fashion. Notwithstanding Tennyson's undramatic cast of genius, he has succeeded,—but only, as was predicted long ago, after successive trials and by a *tour de force*,—in producing an excellent drama. "Becket," with respect to action, plot, and language, is greatly superior to many plays of the Knowles and Talfourd period, which still hold the stage; and yet the public, and various theatrical critics, will have none of it. The time has been simply unpropitious. Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" waited twenty-five years for an actor and a manager fully to utilize its possibilities.

We see that for the development of an ideal drama the public taste and sentiment must rise accordingly. The stage reflects these; but it also can anticipate and help to form them, through works of genius which the people in the end will appreciate. The ambitious playwright, on his part, must realize that his faculty is the greater when adaptable and inventive. Writer, actor, theater and public, must unite to give effect to any drama. Brander Matthews says that, "for a poetic play to have a success, it must be the work of one who is both poet and playwright; who is, in fact, playwright first and poet after,"—and cites the examples of Molière and Shakspere and Hugo, and of lesser men. Playwrights not familiar with the stage from youth have succeeded only after failures. Our dramatists are likely to spring from those who, if not used to theatrical "business" and people, are thoroughly acquainted with town life. We know the retardant effect of society upon artists of exalted sensibility. Liszt's rival declares that social distractions have prevented the Abbé from being a great composer; that Bach's seclusion and Beethoven's deafness protected them from outside voices and made them hear the voice of God within. Yet the dramatist, whose theme is human action, must have observed that action under the excitements, and among the contrasted types of

civic life. The increase of our cities itself betokens a change from idyllic to dramatic methods in literary art.

But I have allowed my faith in the need of such a change to lead me into surmises concerning the rise of the stage-drama in America. The latter certainly would give a rapid impulse to the former. As it is, a young playwright like Mr. Carleton finds it prudent to adapt his labors to the immediate requirements of the stage, after testing his literary faculty by the composition of a metrical drama, "Memnon," a work indebted to Elizabethan models in its rhetoric and emblazonry, and not devoid of fine diction and poetic glow. Among the numerous plays offered to the managers, there probably are some of an elevated class that would be available under conditions which I think will not be long delayed. Meanwhile, under existing conditions, our few playwrights who combine tact with refinement,— and Bronson Howard should have the credit due to a pioneer who still works among the foremost,— probably have done the best that could be done, with a sense of what is now practicable, and a hopeful willingness to prepare the way for their successors, poetic or otherwise, in the early future. Time is all that is needed to give us the heroic temper and coadequate themes. Of the two, tradition is less essential to romance and the drama than a favoring atmosphere. The wreath must be held out by a public that delights in the Pythian games, and won by contestants worthy to receive it.

v.

THERE are questions that come home to one who would aid in speeding the return of "the Muse, disgusted at" the "age and clime." Can I, he asks, be reckoned with the promoters of her new reign? Yes, it will be answered, if your effort is in earnest and if you are in truth a poet. To doubt of this is almost the doubt's own confirmation. That writer to whom rhythmic phrases come as the natural utterance of his extremest hope, regret, devotion, is a poet of some degree. At the rarest crises he finds that, without and even beyond his will, life and death, and all things dear and sacred, are made auxiliary to the compulsive purpose of his art; just as in the passion for science, as if to verify the terrible irony of Balzac and Wordsworth, the alchemist will analyze his wife's tears, the Linnæan will botanize even upon his mother's grave:

> "Alas, and hast thou then so soon forgot
> The bond that with thy gift of song did go—
> Severe as fate, fixed and unchangeable?
> Dost thou not know this is the poet's lot!"

If, when his brain is in working humor, its chambers filled with imaged pageantry, the same form of utterance becomes his tricksy servant, then he is a poet indeed. But if he has a dexterous metrical faculty, and hunts for theme and motive,— or if his verse does not say what otherwise cannot be said at all,— then he is a mere artisan in words, and less than those whose thought and feeling are too deep for speech. The true poet is haunted by his gift, even in hours of drudgery and enforced prosaic life. He cannot escape it. After spells of dejection and weariness, when it has seemed to leave for ever, it always, always, returns again — perishable only with himself.

Again he will ask, What are my opportunities? What is the final appraisement of the time and situation? We have noted those latter-day conditions that vex the poet's mind. Yet art is the precious outcome of all conditions; there are none that may not be transmuted in its crucible. Science, whose iconoclasm had to be considered, first of all, in our study of the Victorian period, has forced us to adjust ourselves to its dispensation. A scientific conflict with tradition always has been in progress, though never so determinedly as now. But the poet and artist keep pace with it, even forestall it, so that each new wonder leads to greater things, and the so-called doom of art is a victorious transition:

> "If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

As to material conditions, we find that the practical eagerness of the age, and of our own people before all, has so nearly satisfied its motive as to beget the intellectual and æsthetic needs to which beauty is the purveyor. As heretofore in Venice and other commonwealths, first nationality, then riches, then the rise of poetry and the arts.— After materialism and the scientific stress, the demands of journalism have been the chief counter-sway to poetic activity. But our journals are now the adjuvants of imaginative effort in prose and verse; the best of them are conducted by writers who have the literary spirit, and who make room for ideal literature, even if it does not swell their lists so rapidly as that of another kind. The poet can get a hearing; our Chattertons need not starve in their garrets; there never was a better market for the wares of Apollo,— their tuneful venders need not hope for wealth, but if one cannot make his genius something more than its own exceeding great reward, it is because he mistakes the period or scorns to address himself fitly to his readers. Finally, criticism is at once more catholic and more discriminating than of old. Can it make a poet, or teach him his mission?

Hardly; but it can spur him to his best, and point out the heresies from which he must free himself or address the oracle in vain.

Such being our opportunities, we have seen that the personal requirements are coequal, and their summing-up may well be the conclusion of the whole matter. Warmth, action, genuine human interest, must vivify the minstrel's art; the world will receive him if he in truth comes into his own. Taste and adroitness can no longer win by novelty. Natural emotion is the soul of poetry, as melody is of music; the same faults are engendered by over-study of either art; there is a lack of sincerity, of irresistible impulse, in both the poet and the composer. The decorative vogue has reached its lowest grade — that of assumption for burlesque and persiflage; just as Pre-Raphaelitism, at first a reform in art, extended to poetry, to architecture, to wall-decoration, to stage-setting, finally to the dress of moon-struck blue-stockings and literary dandies. What has been gained in new design will survive. But henceforth the sense of beauty must have something "far more deeply interfused": the ideal, which, though not made with hands of artificers, is eternal on the earth as in the heavens, because it is inherent in the soul. There is also one prerequisite upon which stress was laid by Dr. Storrs, in his application to modern art of Goethe's reservation as to the worth of certain engravings; "Still, something is wanting in all these pictures — the Manly. . . The pictures lack a certain urgent power, etc." Culture, I have said, will make a poet draw ahead of his unstudious fellows, but the resolve born of conviction is needed to sustain the advance. The lecturer rightly declared that only "courageous work will suit America, whose race is essentially courageous and stoical." Our key-note assuredly should be that of freshness and joy; the sadness of declining races, only, has the beauty of natural pathos. There is no cause for morbidly introspective verse,—no need, I hope, for dillettanteism,— in this brave country of ours for centuries to come.

I think, too, we may claim that there is no better ideal of manhood than the American ideal, derived from an aggregation of characteristic types. Our future verse should be more native than that of the past, in having a flavor more plainly distinct from the motherland. Not that our former contingent misrepresented the America of its time. Even Longfellow's work, with so much of imported theme and treatment, conveyed a sentiment that came, say what we will, from no foreign source. The reason that a decidedly autochthonous kind was not then proffered, unless by Whitman, was that a distinction between the conditions of England and America was not more strongly established. Since the war our novitiate has ended. We welcome home-productions; our servility to foreign judgment has lessened, and we apply with considerable self-poise our own standards of criticism to things abroad. We have outlived the greed of a childhood that depends on sustenance furnished by its elders, and are far indeed from the senile atrophy which also must borrow to recruit its wasting powers. Our debt to acute foreign critics is none the less memorable. They, in truth, were the first to counsel us that we should lean upon ourselves; to insist that we ought at least to escape Old World limitations,— the first to recognize so heartily anything purely American, even our sectional humor, as to bring about our discovery that it was not necessarily "a poor thing," although our "own."

It is agreed that sectional types, which thus have lent their raciness to various productions, are subsidiary to the formation of one that shall be national. A character formed of mingling components must undergo the phases of defective hybridity; our own is just beginning to assume a coherence that is the promise of a similar adjustment in art. As local types disappear there may be special losses, yet a general gain. The lifting of the Japanese embargo was harmful to the purity of the insular art, but added something to the arts of the world at large. Even now our English cousins, seeking for what they term Americanism in our literature, begin to find its flavor stealthily added to their own.

Nothing will strengthen more rapidly the native bias of our literature than its increase of dramatic tone. Speech, action, and passion will be derived from life as here seen, from factors near at hand and stuff of which the writer himself is moulded. Our playwrights are now encouraged by a copyright royalty. All classes of literary workmen, however, still endure the disadvantage of a market drugged with stolen goods. Shameless as is our legal plundering of foreign authors, our blood is most stirred by the consequent injury to home literature,— by the wrongs, the poverty, the discouragement to which the foes of International Copyright subject our own writers. The nerve and vitality of the latter can have no stronger demonstration than by the progress which they make while loaded with an almost insufferable burden. When this shall at last be lifted, their forward movement may answer to the most sanguine conjecture. Of two things they already are assured: First, the perception, the inborn taste, of their countrymen stands in need of less tutorage than that of transatlantic Saxon races. Our people have blundered from isolation; confront them

with the models of older lands, and they quickly learn to choose the fit and beautiful, and the time is now reached when the finest models are widely attainable. Secondly, our inheritance is a language that is relatively the greatest treasure-house of the world's literature: at once the most laconic and the most copious of tongues,— the sturdiest in its foundations of emotion and utility, the most varied by appropriation of synonyms from all languages, new and old; the youngest and most occidental of the great modes of speech, steadily diffusing itself about the globe, with no possible supplanter or successor except itself at further stages of maturity; finally, elastic and copious most of all in the land which adds to it new idioms, of cisatlantic growth, or assimilated from the dialects of many races that here contribute their diction to its own. A language whose glory is that even corruptions serve to speed its growth, and whose fine achievement long has been to make the neologism, even the solecisms, of one generation the classicism of the next. This is the potent and sonorous instrument which our poet has at his command, and the genius of his country, like Ariel, bids him

> " — take
> This slave of music, for my sake."

THE twilight of the poets, succeeding to the brightness of their first diurnal course, is a favorable interval at which to review the careers of those whose work therewith is ended. Although at such a time public interest may set in other directions, I have adhered to a task so arduous, yet so fascinating to the critical and poetic student. When the luster of a still more auspicious day shall yield, in its turn, to the recurring dusk, a new chronicler will have the range of noble imaginations to consider, heightened in significance by comparison with the field of these prior excursions. But, if I have not wholly erred in respect to the lessons derivable from the past, he will not go far beyond them. The canons are not subject to change; he, in turn, will deduce the same elements appertaining to the chief of arts, and test his poets and their bequests by the same unswerving laws. And concerning the dawn which may soon break upon us unawares, as we make conjecture of the future of American song, it is difficult to keep the level of restraint — to avoid "rising on the wings of prophecy." Who can doubt that it will correspond to the future of the land itself,— of America now wholly free and interblending, with not one but a score of civic capitals, each an emulative center of taste and invention, a focus of energetic life, ceaseless in action, radiant with the glow of beauty and creative power?

Edmund C. Stedman.

ABIGAIL BECKER.

[OFF LONG POINT ISLAND, CANADA, NOV. 24TH, 1854.]

THE wind, the wind where Erie plunged,
Blew, blew nor'-east from land to land;
The wandering schooner dipped and lunged,—
Long Point was close at hand.

Long Point — a swampy island-slant,
Where, busy in their grassy homes,
Woodcock and snipe the hollows haunt,
And musk-rats build their domes;

Where gulls and eagles rest at need,
Where either side, by lake or sound,
Kingfishers, cranes, and divers feed,
And mallard ducks abound.

The lowering night shut out the sight:
Careened the vessel, pitched and veered,—
Raved, raved the wind with main and might;
The sunken reef she neared.

She pounded over, lurched and sank:
Between two sand-bars settling fast,
Her leaky hull the waters drank,
And she had sailed her last.

Into the rigging, quick as thought,
Captain and mate and sailors sprung,
Clambered for life, some vantage caught,
And there all night they swung.

And it was cold — oh, it was cold!
The pinching cold was like a vise:
Spoondrift flew freezing,— fold on fold
It coated them with ice.

Now when the dawn began to break,
Light up the sand-path drenched and brown,
To fill her bucket from the lake,
Came Mother Becker down.

From where her cabin crowned the bank
Came Abigail Becker tall and strong;
She dipped, and lo! a broken plank
Came rocking close along!

She poised her glass with anxious ken:
The schooner's top she spied from far,
And there she counted seven men
That clung to mast and spar.

And oh, the gale! the rout and roar!
The blinding drift, the mounting wave
A good half-mile from wreck to shore,
With seven men to save!

Sped Mother Becker: "Children! wake!
A ship's gone down! they're needing me!
Your father's off on shore; the lake
Is just a raging sea!

"Get wood, cook fish, make ready all."
She snatched her stores, she fled with haste,
In cotton gown and tattered shawl,
Barefoot across the waste,

Through sinking sands, through quaggy lands,
And nearer, nearer, full in view,
When shouting through her hollowed hands:
"Courage! we'll get you through!"

Ran to and fro, made cheery signs,
Her bonfire lighted, steeped her tea,
Brought drift-wood, watched Canadian lines
Her husband's boat to see.

Cold, cold it was — oh, it was cold!
The bitter cold made watching vain:
With ice the channel laboring rolled,—
No skiff could stand the strain.

On all that isle, from outer swell
To strait between the landings shut,
Was never place where man might dwell,
Save trapper Becker's hut.

And it was twelve and one and two,
And it was three o'clock and more.
She called: "Come on! there's nought to do,
But leap and swim ashore!"

Blew, blew the gale; they did not hear:
She waded in the shallow sea;
She waved her hands, made signals clear,
"Swim! swim, and trust to me!"

"My men," the captain cried, "I'll try:
The woman's judgment may be right;
For, swim or sink, seven men must die
If here we swing to-night."

Far out he marked the gathering surge;
Across the bar he watched it pour,
Let go, and on its topmost verge
Came riding in to shore.

It struck the breaker's foamy track,—
Majestic wave on wave up-hurled,
Went grandly toppling, tumbling back,
As loath to flood the world.

There blindly whirling, shorn of strength,
The captain drifted, sure to drown;
Dragged seaward half a cable's length,
Like sinking lead went down.

Ah, well for him that on the strand
Had Mother Becker waited long!
And well for him her grasping hand
And grappling arm were strong!

And well for him that wind and sun,
And daily toil for scanty gains,
Had made such daring blood to run
Within such generous veins!

For what to do but plunge and swim?
Out on the sinking billow cast,
She toiled, she dived, she groped for him,
She found and clutched him fast.

She climbed the reef, she brought him up,
She laid him gasping on the sands;
Built high the fire and filled the cup,—
Stood up and waved her hands!

Oh, life is dear! The mate leaped in.
"I know," the captain said, "right well,
Not twice can any woman win
A soul from yonder hell.

"I'll start and meet him in the wave."
"Keep back!" she bade: "what strength have you?
And I shall have you both to save,—
Must work to pull you through!"

But out he went. Up shallow sweeps
Raced the long white-caps, comb on comb:
The wind, the wind that lashed the deeps,
Far, far it blew the foam.

The frozen foam went scudding by,—
Before the wind, a seething throng,
The waves, the waves came towering high,
They flung the mate along.

The waves came towering high and white,
They burst in clouds of flying spray:
There mate and captain sank from sight,
And, clinching, rolled away.

Oh, Mother Becker, seas are dread,
  Their treacherous paths are deep and blind!
But widows twain shall mourn their dead
  If thou art slow to find.

She sought them near, she sought them far,
  Three fathoms down she gripped them tight;
With both together up the bar
  She staggered into sight.

Beside the fire her burdens fell:
  She paused the cheering draught to pour,
Then waved her hands: "All's well! all's well!
  Come on! swim! swim ashore!"

Sure, life is dear, and men are brave:
  They came,—they dropped from mast and spar;
And who but she could breast the wave,
  And dive beyond the bar?

Dark grew the sky from east to west,
  And darker, darker grew the world:
Each man from off the breaker's crest
  To gloomier deeps was hurled.

And still the gale went shrieking on,
  And still the wrecking fury grew;
And still the woman, worn and wan,
  Those gates of Death went through,—

As Christ were walking on the waves,
  And heavenly radiance shone about,—
All fearless trod that gulf of graves,
  And bore the sailors out.

Down came the night, but far and bright,
  Despite the wind and flying foam,
The bonfire flamed to give them light
  To trapper Becker's home.

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet!
  And sweet is rest in hut or hall:
One story Life and Death repeat,—
  God's mercy over all.

. . . . .

Next day men heard, put out from shore,
  Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find
Seven gallant fellows sick and sore,
  A tender nurse and kind;

Shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy-glad;
  Cried: "Never yet, on land or sea,
Poor dying, drowning sailors had
  A better friend than she.

"Billows may tumble, winds may roar,
  Strong hands the wrecked from Death may snatch:
But never, never, nevermore
  This deed shall mortal match!"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,
  She blushed as girls when lovers woo:
"I have not done a thing," she said,
  "More than I ought to do."

Amanda T. Jones.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Huddling in the Town and Living in the Country.

HOW can the tide of population be turned back from the cities to the farms? The economists have been diligently warning the country people against the cities now these twenty years; but in spite of their exhortations the cities are constantly growing at the expense of the country districts. In several of our most prosperous cities during the last winter, one-tenth of the population received charitable aid from voluntary associations or from the city authorities; and a considerable proportion of those who were thus started on the road to pauperism were formerly living in comfort in country places. The knowledge of this fact will not greatly check the movement toward the cities. The prospect of starvation does not daunt those who are tired of the loneliness of rural life, and long for the stir and contact of the denser populations. The spectacles, the diversions, the splendors, the excitements of city life furnish an irresistible attraction; they would rather live on a crust in a city garret than fare plenteously in a farmer's kitchen. It is not from the hard labor of the farm that they flee, for they are ready to work harder in the city and with smaller remuneration: the force that draws them is the craving for society. Against this tendency of human nature it is not easy to set up an effectual barrier. It would seem that long periods of enforced idleness and frequent interviews with the bony specter of want would disenchant such persons, but they do not appear to be greatly affected by these experiences. Few of the poorest people in the cities are ready to remove to the farms. The Knights of Labor have a scheme on foot in some of the Western States by which tracts of land are to be purchased by the State, divided into small parcels, and distributed to any poor families that will accept and occupy them,—the title of the land remaining in the State, and the occupier having the right to dis-

pose of his improvements only. This socialistic experiment is not likely to be tried; but if it should be, two obstacles would be encountered — lack of capital to provide necessary buildings and implements, and unwillingness to leave the city. Not one in five of the families reported every winter as destitute in the cities could be induced to return to the country. The great majority of them are indeed wholly inexperienced in agriculture and fruit-culture, and could not gain a livelihood from the land if it were put into their hands well stocked and furnished. Those who have come into the city from the farms might successfully avail themselves of such an opportunity; but most of them would refuse it if it were offered them.

In England a great National Land Company has recently been formed, the object of which is to purchase large tracts of land and sell it in small holdings on easy terms, to actual settlers, assisting them also in obtaining the necessary outfit for occupancy and cultivation. This project has enlisted the best of the aristocracy, and the funds necessary for purchasing the land seem to be forthcoming. The reason of the movement is partly charitable and partly patriotic; it springs from a desire to help the poor people of the cities to obtain better homes in the country, and from a conviction, which is just now obtaining a strong hold of the minds of intelligent Englishmen, that the safety of society will be greatly promoted by a large increase in the number of land-holders. So much has come from Mr. Henry George's visit to England.

The basis on which the nobles of England are proceeding is much more practicable than that proposed by our Western Knights of Labor. They ask nothing from the state; their scheme is partly mercantile and partly benevolent, but not at all political. Whether they will find the crowded and starving denizens of the cities ready to avail themselves of the privileges they offer remains to be seen. The prospect of a ready response to such an overture is undoubtedly better in England than in this country, partly because the pressure of population upon subsistence is heavier in English cities than in our own, and partly because the charm of landed property is greater to an Englishman than to an American. Whatever may be the outcome, there is nothing to criticise, but everything to praise, in such voluntary organizations whose object is to bring the poor of the cities back to the healthier and homelier life of the country. The project is but another proof that the English aristocracy is trying to deserve its high calling, and that it is not wholly unmindful of the obligations of privilege and power.

The working of this English experiment should be watched and studied by American philanthropists. Nothing is clearer than that the poor of the cities cannot be removed to the country without wise encouragement and organized assistance. It is possible that increasing want and suffering may, after a while, make some of them willing to go; but the change cannot be made by those who most need to make it, unless they receive substantial help. The state cannot help them without infringing sound policy; but their case affords a great opportunity for philanthropic effort.

One enterprise which looks in this direction has been set on foot among the colored refugees of Kansas. Two hundred families of these refugees were found huddled together in great destitution in Morris County. For their relief a school was planted among them, in which the young receive instruction, both intellectual and industrial. Not only are the children taught in the school, but the teachers, as the missionaries of domestic economy, go about among the people and give instruction in the practical arts of husbandry and housewifery. No mendicancy is encouraged; the old clothes contributed for their relief are not given, but sold to them; for everything they receive, except their schooling, they are expected to return a full equivalent of service. The projectors of this charity have purchased a tract of land in the vicinity of the school, and are selling it in five and ten acre lots to those who will buy. Living thus in close neighborhood and cultivating but small areas, it is found that a few teams and plows will serve many families; those who own the teams being remunerated either in work or in produce for the use of them in breaking up the ground. The charitable effort expended on these poor people has proved to be productive; they are learning thrift and industry and the methods of agriculture, and the steady improvement in the condition of many of them inspires all with hope. But the purpose of the leaders in this movement reaches beyond the people of this colony. They hope to organize a community here so prosperous and happy that the poorest class of blacks in the cities will be attracted toward it. They wish to gain possession of considerable land, to be resold in small lots, on easy terms, to those who will come out from the cities and join them. They hope that the school will prove to be the organizing center of the community; and that by its libraries, its free instruction, its active interest in the general welfare of the people and the promotion of a more stimulating social life, it will furnish an element in which rural life is generally wanting. Doubtless the work done by the founders of this school and the promoters of this colony must rest on a philanthropic basis; but is it not a wise and productive kind of philanthropy? If the helpless and wretched people of the cities, white and black, the class from which most of our criminals and paupers come, could by any means be attracted to the country, assisted in obtaining a footing on the land, taught the simpler methods of agriculture, and trained in self-help, would not this be a fruitful sort of missionary work?

Some Causes of the Present Depression.

THERE seems to be no reason whatever why this country should not now be continuously prosperous. Our acres are broad, our soil is productive, our mines are rich in all the minerals, our means of communication are ample, our factories are supplied with all the most improved machinery: why should we not have universal and uninterrupted plenty? Doubtless the idle and the improvident would suffer and ought to suffer in the most prosperous seasons; but it ought not to be possible to find in this country at the present time any considerable number of persons who are willing to work and who are suffering for the lack of employment. With such resources as we possess all our industrious people ought to be living in comfort, and the wheels of our industrial machine ought to move steadily and smoothly forward. This consum-

mation, so devoutly to be wished and so reasonably to be expected, keeps far from us. Occasionally a brief era of prosperity returns, when all willing workers find employment, when all our mills are running and all our mines are working, and our merchants report ready sales and satisfactory profits; but this is quickly succeeded by a long period of stagnation and stringency, when the machinery stops, and the freight-cars wait empty on the sidings, and the grain is heaped up in the elevators, and there is no demand for the fruits of the soil or the products of the factory, and the mechanics and operatives stand idle by thousands all the day long in the market-place because no man will hire them. The periods of prosperity seem to come less frequently, and the periods of stringency to be more protracted, as our civilization ripens.

What a strange spectacle this country presents at this very hour! Money is plenty,— fifty or sixty millions on deposit in the banks of New York city alone! Food is plenty; the granaries at the West are full of old wheat, and though the wheat crop of the present year does not promise well, the corn crop is likely to be larger than ever before; there is no fear of scarcity. Manufactured goods are plenty; the storehouses of the manufacturers and the shelves of the merchants are crowded with them. Labor is plenty; five hundred thousand idle men are asking for work. Yet in the midst of this abundance a great industrial and commercial depression has overtaken us. At the time of writing this, workmen are selling their labor at the lowest prices, and many are unable to sell it at any price; merchants and manufacturers find a dull market for their wares; the railroads report losses instead of gains; failures multiply.

The situation is not only pitiful, it is absurd. What is the explanation of it? Who is responsible for it? Is it the protectionists or the free-traders? Is it the "silver barons" or the "gold bugs"? Is it the freight-poolers or the iron-puddlers? Why should industry be crippled and trade paralyzed, and capital fettered and labor starved in America to-day? Who will read for us the riddle of our civilization? Three or four years ago our industries were busy and our trade was prosperous, but the stream of plenty suddenly began to diminish and disappear, like the Dry Fork of the Cheat River in midsummer. This condition of things is not natural. The action of the economical forces is morbid. There must be a remedy for these disorders. Who will discover and proclaim it? Somebody is bent on killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Who is it, and how shall he be brought to justice?

To all these questions many answers might be given; for several classes, we suspect, are engaged in this stupid conspiracy; we will content ourselves at this time with pointing out two of them.

The workmen who strike when the market is stagnant, and when there are but small profits of production to divide, may be safely reckoned among these witless destroyers. To shut up the mill or the mine that yields them a livelihood because it will yield them *only* a livelihood, when the condition of trade is such that additional expense of production means bankruptcy to the employer, is a species of fatuity quite too common among workingmen. The rightfulness of strikes is not contested; but the strike which wrecks an enterprise out of which the workmen were getting a living, and the employer was getting no more, is a flagrant case of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Strikes, like revolutions, are justified by success. They may sometimes fail when they deserve to succeed; but they are very often undertaken when there are no possibilities of success, when the conditions of business are such that the demands of the workmen would ruin the enterprise. In all such cases they belong in the class of blunders that are akin to crime.

It is also a question for economists whether such strong combinations of capital as now exist, using their accumulated power, are not actually forcing the rate of wages down to a point at which all trade is injuriously affected; whether, indeed, the present depression of business is not partly due to this cause. Cheap labor may be a doubtful boon, after all, to the manufacturer. Doubtless he thinks it vitally important for him to buy his own labor in the cheapest market; but he can also see that it would be for his great advantage if all the rest of the workmen could sell their labor in the dearest market. If they could, they would have plenty of money to spend, and there would be a demand for his wares. Wage-workers are consumers of goods, and they constitute a considerable share of the population. Is it not for the interest of the producers of goods that there should be as large a class of consumers as possible, with plenty of money in their pockets? When labor is poorly paid trade must be dull. Combinations of capital to force down wages are thus avenged, to a certain extent, by the losses of trade. To what extent this occurs we are not wise enough to tell; it is clear, however, that a reaction of this sort constitutes no insignificant factor of the present depression.

Thus it becomes evident that selfishness, whether of capitalists or laborers, overreaches itself. He that will save his life shall lose it; and if in saving his own life he cares not how many other lives he destroys, he deserves to lose it. Some of the political economists have told us, how eloquently! that sheer selfishness is a beautiful and beneficent force; that it blesses him that grabs more than him that gives; that as soon as every man is as selfish as he can be, all men will come to their own. It begins to look as though there might be a screw loose in this logic. The general adoption, under the tutelage of certain canny economists, by employers and laborers alike, of "the good old rule" of Rob Roy,—

> "the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"—

does not seem to bring the millennium so speedily as was expected.

The Sensitiveness of Cities.

CITIES have always been sensitive. Mr. Howells mentions, in his August "Panforte di Siena," a tribute to this sensitiveness on the part of an official of Siena. This gentleman delicately reminded the inviting Florentines that Florence might not, after all, like to have the Sienese deputation actually present within her walls, on account of "that affair of Montaperto,"

where the Florentines had been so soundly thrashed by the aforesaid Sienese,—a matter of six hundred years before. But in fact the history of wars, the chronicles of civilization in general, abound in instances of the jealousies, the suspicions, the sensitiveness of communities—large and small. It is not only cities, it is villages as well; it is the subdivisions, the social-geographical districts of all communities that illustrate this ancient and proverbial sensitiveness.

Here—in this peaceful country neighborhood where these lines are penned—there are an Upper and a Lower Landing not without their traditional jealousies and sensitiveness to the criticism of native or alien. Should these gentle undulations, deep woods, and quiet waters ever be so happy (or so unfortunate) as to produce a local novelist; and should that child of genius draw upon the life about him for suggestion and inspiration; and should he by direct intention or supposed implication dwell too obviously upon such points of character, manners, and scenery as were not, in the opinion of the Upper Landing, to be exposed to the gaze of the Lower, or were not, in the opinion of the Lower, to be rudely presented to the wide world of the Upper Landing and circumjacent villages: then we verily believe it would be better for that child of genius never to have been born—at either Landing.

These remarks were suggested by reflecting upon the tone of local criticism anent three novels, published serially in this magazine, whose scenes were laid in three widely different sections of this extremely wide and various country—one in the South, one in the West, one in the Far East. May that "good angel" who is supposed to preside over THE CENTURY, as over every other laudable enterprise, preserve us from coming any nearer to naming names than this! We will not mention, within a thousand miles at least, the precise locality of either of these three worthy and world-renowned communities. If they were sensitive, they were only exhibiting one distinguishing attribute of all organized communities; indeed, the more complete the organization, naturally the more delicate, so to speak, its nervous system. And again, it may not have been exclusively a matter of nerves. It was, we are sure, in each case, a question of art also; and as in these latter days, in the minds of many, art is nothing if not scientific, it was also a question of science. We know, in fact, nothing more interesting in modern literature than the sudden, almost in some cases violent, exhibition of the scientific temper displayed by one or two of the cities alluded to in their discussion of the niceties of dialect, the truths of history, and the *nuances* of social propriety and what not else, involved in the composition of these works of the imagination.

Nothing can be more stimulating to an author than this way of taking him in high seriousness, especially when there is no personal or political taint, and nothing in any way ill-tempered, in the criticism. The fact that the critics—we do not allude now to the formal and official criticisms of the press, but rather to the open academy of the club, the parlor, or the street—the fact, we say, that those serious and scientific critics may avow that they have never read, and, Heaven helping, never will read one line of the work criticised, or any other work by the same writer, would seem only to show how the subtle principles both of art and of science in these latter days permeate the very atmosphere, and make laborious plodding over the printed page simply a work of supererogation.

On the whole, the sensitiveness of cities not only in literary and other art, but in the realm of politics and of social reform generally, is a valuable factor in the evolution of society. The streets of not many of our large towns are clean; but if it were not for the sensitiveness of cities, how much more unclean would they be! What if a few authors *are* occasionally sacrificed to the critical exactions of their anxious and righteously rigorous fellow townsmen?

General Grant's Papers in the War Series.

IN the present number we print the second of the four papers written for THE CENTURY by General Grant, the "Shiloh" having appeared in the number for February, 1885. The papers on "Chattanooga" and the "Wilderness Campaign" will be published, at intervals, during the coming winter and spring.

For the first time in the course of the series, it is necessary that we should make explanation of a departure from our published promises concerning its scope. General Grant's second paper, it was announced, would deal in detail with the campaign, as well as the siege, of Vicksburg. This announcement was made in good faith, for, as originally written and as delivered to us, such was the plan of the paper. General Grant's illness, however, having prevented him from elaborating this part of his military service for his forthcoming "Memoirs," at his special request we have consented to accept as a substitute for the first half of his paper the *résumé* which precedes the description of the siege now printed, leaving the fuller narrative of the campaign for first publication in his volume. In order to accommodate General Grant's wishes for an early publication of his memoirs (of which in substance the contributions to THE CENTURY form a part), it is necessary that these papers should be printed in advance of their chronological order, and, as a consequence, without illustrations, which must be deferred to supplementary papers on the same topics.

In thus departing, for such a reason, from our original plans we have reckoned on the considerate indulgence of our readers; and, to judge from our correspondence, we are not reckoning in vain. From many and diverse sources come to us expressions of the sympathy and gratitude everywhere felt for the great soldier,—to whom, with Abraham Lincoln, the world is most indebted for the preservation of our national unity. No American can be indifferent to the requests of one who has deserved so well of the republic, and whose long suffering has been to his countrymen a daily source of personal grief, as the heroism with which he has met it will be an enduring source of national pride.

[July 23.—As these last pages of the September number are going to press, word comes of the end of General Grant's remarkable career, which, in some of its aspects, will be described and illustrated in the October CENTURY.]

OPEN LETTERS.

Family Religion.

THE increase of divorce has become a matter of great popular concern, and many have taken in hand to set forth the causes and the remedies of this social disorder. Disorder it surely is; to this even the evolutionists bear witness. The monogamous household is the social organism that has been developed out of all sorts of social experiments; this one has survived because it was fittest to survive; because in societies so organized the strongest and best men were bred; in the struggle for existence they prevailed. To attempt to reorganize society on the basis of polygamy or polyandry, or any sort of promiscuity, would be, therefore, to revert to a worn-out type,—to bring back a form of social life which Nature herself has discarded. Thus evolution confirms revelation. Any loss of sacredness or permanence suffered by the monogamous family is, therefore, a social calamity. No wonder, then, that the truest instincts and the strongest convictions of the most thoughtful men are in arms against the foes of the household now so numerous and so strenuous, and for the time being so successful in their warfare.

The reasons of this insurrection against the family are not easily expressed. Some of the more obvious among them have been frequently mentioned, but it is not at all clear that this ominous phenomenon has been fully accounted for. One of the more apparent causes is the decay of home life among the people of our cities. The proportion of married people who live in homes of their own has been steadily decreasing. The growing difficulty of obtaining competent domestic service partly explains this; the new fashion of commerce, which keeps a great army of salesmen constantly on the road, is a more important reason. The burden of housekeeping falls heavily upon the wife, when the husband is but an occasional visitor in his own house.

To a great multitude of the active business men of this country no true family life is possible under the present conditions. The steady rise in the scale of domestic expenditure makes it difficult also for young people of the middle classes to begin housekeeping. To set up an establishment that would seem at all adequate would require an outlay that is far beyond the means of many of them. They lack the courage to begin in a homely and frugal way; they are not ready to be dropped from the circles in which they have been moving. Confronting this problem which baffles their wit and breaks their resolution, many young men and women indefinitely postpone marriage; most of those who venture betake themselves to boarding-houses. Veritable caves of Adullam are many of these boarding-houses; those that are in distress and those that are in debt and those that are discontented find refuge in them; the woman who cannot afford to keep house, and the woman who has been worsted in the warfare with inefficient servants, and the woman whose husband spends his life on the highway, and the woman who is naturally indolent and inefficient, and the woman whose soul is satisfied with reading Ouida and retailing gossip,—all these and various other types are thrown together in a promiscuous way for many idle hours, and brought into association every day with all sorts and conditions of men. Who could expect that the family life would be healthfully developed under such conditions? Who can wonder that the family bond is often sorely strained and finally broken?

Nothing is more evident than that family life requires for its best development the shelter and the privacy of the home.

If the Divorce Reform Leagues could secure the depopulation of the boarding-houses and the hotels, and the return of the families now herded together in them to some kind of home life, they would probably find their reform making considerable progress. It is not the solitary, in these days, that need to be set in families, so much as it is the flocks and droves of human beings that are losing, in their too gregarious life, those essential virtues which take root and flourish nowhere else but in the safe inclosure of the home.

To restore the home life, then, so far as it can be done; to give to it, in our teaching and our testimony, the honor and praise that belong to it; to discourage the breaking up of homes through indolence; to bestow our heartiest commendation on those young people who have courage to begin housekeeping in a small way, and to show them that they gain rather than lose respect by such a brave adjustment of themselves to their circumstances,—this is the duty of the hour. But the rehabilitation of the home in our social life will not be complete and permanent until some deeper sense of its sacredness shall be impressed upon the minds of the people. The foundations of the home must be laid in religion. The relations that constitute the home deserve the sanction and the consecration of religion. Marriage may not be a sacrament of the church, but it is the sacrament of the home; and what is begun with prayer ought to continue as it is begun. The solemn obligations of parentage—who can assume them without the divine guidance? It is in these relations of the home, when we turn away from the competitions of the world and enter the realm of unselfish affection, that we feel the power of those deeper motives through which religion appeals to us. In this human love, as in a mirror, darkly, we begin to discern something of the glory of the divine love. How strongly all this is said in a noble passage of Dr. Martineau's:

> "All the pathetic appeals and reverent usages of life, the patient love, the costly pity, love shed on sorrow and infirmity, all the graceful ceremonies of the affections at the birth, the marriage, and the funeral assume that everywhere more *is* than *seems;* that whatever happens has holier meanings than we can tell; that the characters written on the screen are flung out by light behind. Take away the divine symbolism from our material existence, and let it stand only for what it can make good on its own account, and what is there to redeem it from selfishness and insignificance? The home sinks into a house, the meal into a mess, the grave into a pit; honor and veracity are appreciated chiefly as instruments of trade;

purity and temperance as necessities of health; justice as the condition of social equilibrium; mercy as the price of a quiet time. Does this literal aspect really satisfy you? Does it give any adequate account of your natural feeling towards these several elements of life? If this were all, would they stir you with such passion of love, of awe, of admiration, as sometimes carries you off your feet? No; we are not made upon this pattern; and in our composition are colors mingled which are native to no earthly clay."

Now, it is in the home more clearly than anywhere else that the good man perceives the pattern on which his life is made, and feels the force of those intimate impulses which move him to lay hold on things unseen and eternal. A home that is destitute of all this "divine symbolism," of which Dr. Martineau speaks; in which life has no holier or deeper meanings than those common utilities which appear upon the surface of it; in which no word of prayer is ever heard, and no recognition of the Giver from whom all bounty comes, lacks the strongest bond of permanence. This exclusion of religion from the family life is in the deepest sense unnatural. It is only by a willful repression of the holiest instincts of our nature that it can be accomplished. The fatal effect of this exclusion may be seen in many broken households; and they who desire to preserve the home and to make it a source of lasting benefit to the household and to society should seek to emphasize those holier meanings by which all its relations are sanctified, and to keep the fire always burning on its altar. Family worship — is the phrase old-fashioned? Even so, it describes a custom by which the life of every household should be consecrated. Doubtless the failure to maintain it is due, not seldom, to a feeling of diffidence on the part of the heads of the family,— to a fancied inability to express with propriety and clearness the daily wants and aspirations of the household. For these there are manifold helps,— the beautiful volume, entitled "Home Worship," lately published by A. C. Armstrong & Company of this city, in which Scripture and comment and song and prayer are happily combined, being one of the best. The reverent use of some such manual daily would introduce into many homes an element in which they are now sadly deficient; it would make the family discipline easier to maintain; it would lighten the inevitable trouble; it would strengthen the bond by which the family is held together. The only radical cure for the evils that now threaten the foundations of society is that which makes the home the temple of pure and undefiled religion.

Washington Gladden.

Political Education: What It Should Be.

A DEEPER study of political subjects is clearly shown by the present state of affairs in this country, and, indeed, throughout the world. There has never been a time when so many important questions were presented for thought, and so many problems for solution, as now; and these questions and problems go down to the very depths of social life, and involve the most important interests of humanity. Some of them are strictly political in character, while others are rather moral and religious; yet even these latter must eventually influence, in various ways, the politics of the world. Some of them, too, are of such a kind that an early solution is urgently needed; for, so long as they remain unsettled, they must continually disturb the peaceful current of affairs.

Again, while such matters require treatment at the hands of our public authorities, the men who wield authority have thus far shown themselves little capable of dealing even with the simpler questions of the time; and the disparity thus revealed between the work to be done and the agents we have for doing it, is fitted to awaken solicitude in the minds of thoughtful men. It must be remembered, too, that it is in this country, probably, that the political problems of the future will have to be solved; for it is here that the forces now at work in society are most untrammeled in their action. For these reasons I heartily agree with those who call for a deeper study of the social sciences and the problems of practical politics.

But I cannot but think that those who have undertaken to supply the demand show an inadequate sense of the work needing to be done. The courses of political study that have been opened in some of the colleges consist mainly of constitutional history and political economy,— subjects of great importance, no doubt, but forming but a small part of political or social science. Economical questions, indeed, can hardly be studied too thoroughly, and I would by no means detract from their importance; but I think there are other aspects of affairs more important than the economical which our political educators are in danger of neglecting. The moral aspect of every question is by far the most important, and moral considerations are entitled to the precedence in all political action; hence, it would seem that the study of politics should be based on moral philosophy.

It may be urged, perhaps, that there are different schools of moral philosophy, who disagree as to what the foundation of morals really is, and that the young student would only be confused by the study of such conflicting theories, without obtaining from them any guide to practical action. But, though writers on ethics are not agreed as to the ultimate basis of morals, they all agree substantially as to the chief duties of man, both public and private; and it is only by studying the subject philosophically that one can arrive at a clear perception of moral principles and a realizing sense of their supreme importance in political affairs. To neglect such study, therefore, and give the precedence to economical science, is to place the material interests of society above the moral, the very thing which the colleges ought especially to avoid doing.

Again, the study of history, if properly pursued, is one of the most essential parts of political education; but if confined, as it is apt to be, to the history and analysis of political institutions, its usefulness must be very materially diminished. Such studies have their interest and their importance, but they are by no means the most essential parts of historical science, nor have they much connection with the practical questions of the time. We Americans are not likely to make any essential change in our form of government, and whatever changes we do make can only be in the way of further developments of our present system; and hence the study of older systems, or those of foreign countries, is of little use to us for

practical guidance. The study of history, in order to be really useful, ought to be directed to tracing the progress of civilization, not in political forms merely, but still more in those underlying principles, moral, philosophical, and others, which really shape and control political affairs themselves. If properly pursued, too, historical study is admirably fitted to inspire the student with the spirit of progress, and with that regard for justice and the common weal which is so essential to the right conduct of public affairs.

But there is a further consideration which seems to have escaped the notice of most of the advocates of political education. It seems to be thought by those who have planned courses of study in political science, that a knowledge of political economy and political history and a few related subjects is sufficient to fit a man for statesmanship, or for acting as a public counselor in political affairs; but is not this a mistake? The politician, whether leader or counselor, has his specialties, of course; but if he is nothing but a specialist, he is by no means fitted for the conduct of affairs. What he needs above all, after a spirit of justice, is a true conception of human life and of the relative value of the different elements that go to make up civilization. If he has been so superficially taught that he regards material good as the chief object of human endeavor, he will be wholly incompetent to govern a nation in the way most conducive to its well-being; for the end of life is not to amass and display wealth, but to cultivate those higher interests of science and art, literature, morals, and religion, which give to humanity all its dignity and worth.

How narrow and uncultivated men, if they happen to become legislators, may treat the higher interests of mankind, we have practical illustration in the conduct of our own Congress toward literature and art. Artists and others petition to have the tariff on works of art repealed, but Congress contemptuously increases the tariff. The same spirit is seen in the persistent refusal of our national authorities to secure an international copyright, while inventors of machinery are fully protected, and have their just rights in all civilized lands.

The truth is, the work of statesmanship is so broad and multifarious that no narrow special training can be an adequate preparation for it. A good general education ought to be added to the special one; and the political studies themselves ought to be so broadened as to include ethics especially, and such a study of history as will show the student the real springs of civilization, and the effects of good and bad government on the higher interests of mankind.

J. B. Peterson.

On the Printing of "The Century."

QUESTIONS have been asked and suggestions offered concerning the printing of THE CENTURY, which call for long explanations. May I ask you to print this as a general reply? These questions and suggestions are substantially:

1. Why do you not print THE CENTURY on the rough, hand-made papers now largely used for choice books? Etchings are well printed by Salmon on Whatman and Van Gelder papers. Why can't you print wood-cuts on the same or similar papers?

2. Why do you go to the other extreme and print on dry and smooth paper, which has, at times, an unpleasant glitter, and which does not hold ink as well as damp paper?

Hand-made paper cannot be used because it costs too much. The unprinted paper for one number of the magazine would cost much more than the thirty-five cents now paid for the printed and bound number. All publishers of books ask for copies on hand-made papers from three to five times more than for copies on smooth ordinary paper.

Rough-faced or plain-surfaced machine-made papers could be used for plain type-work, but not for printing the wood-cuts. A print on sail-cloth must be coarser than on satin; a print on rough paper cannot show the fine lines of relief engraving as well as a print on smooth paper. Seen through a magnifying glass, rough or plain paper has a surface on either side made up of fuzzy elevations and depressions, not unlike that of cotton cloth, but on a smaller scale. It is not a truly flat surface. But every wood-cut is as flat and smooth as skill can make it. A light impression against a wood-cut allows the elevations only of the rough paper to touch the cut. This makes the broken or "rotten" lines and spotty or "measly" blacks detested of all engravers. Full impression presses these elevations around the lines; it jams the paper in the cut; it thickens light lines, chokes white lines, and muddies color everywhere.

American printers of wood-cuts do but follow the lead of engravers on wood, who should be permitted to decide what kind and state of paper is best fitted to show their work. Whether printed on India paper by rubbing or on plate paper by press, the paper for the engraver's or "artist's" proof is always smooth and dry. American type-founders prefer to have their specimens of types printed on dry, smooth paper.

The reference to the successful use of Whatman's paper by Salmon is not to the point. Salmon's method, the copper-plate process, is entirely different. The etching is printed on a small sheet at the rate of six an hour; the profusely illustrated magazine sheet, more than four times as large, at the rate of six hundred an hour. The etching is printed from lines sunk below the surface of the copper-plate; the wood-cut from lines raised above the surface. The ink that makes the print in an etching is confined in little ditches that will not allow it to escape under pressure; the ink that makes the print of a wood-cut is spread in a thin film over the surface of the cut, and will spread or get thick from over-pressure.

The relative values of papers cannot be determined by their roughness or smoothness. The teachings of Art on this subject, as expounded by amateurs of printing, are contradictory. The rough, half-bleached, but honest linen papers in the books of the early Flemish and German printers were not esteemed in their own time. The book-buyers of the fifteenth century judged them vastly inferior to the smooth vellum of old manuscript books; and buyers of this day prefer the smoother paper and printing of the old Venetian printers and the French printers of missals and devotional books. At the end of the last century the Whatman mill was making excellent paper, but there were English bibliophiles who went to Bodoni

of Italy to get smooth paper and printing which they thought could not be had in England. The papers in the books of Baskerville, as well as in those of Dibdin and the Roxburghe Club, are below the standard of roughness now in fashion. When rough papers were common, the smooth paper was preferred. Now the tide has turned. Smooth papers being common enough, rough paper is "artistic." Price has something to do with artistic preferences. A spotty and cloudy smooth Japan paper is of more value than the rough hand-made linen; the wriggling vellum, too often greasily smooth, is highest of all in price. Is it the perception of really meritorious qualities in paper, or the intent to have what few can get, that makes the buyer at one time prefer, and at another reject, a smooth surface?

The opinion that dry paper does not hold ink as firmly as damp paper must have been obtained from some special or unfair experiment. Under the unwise and entirely unnecessary process of dampening the leaves (which will make them stick together), and of scrubbing or scraping these leaves together by violent beating under the book-binder's hammer, the ink will set off. Under this treatment any strongly printed work will lose its color, smear, or set off. But this is not a fault of printing, but of book-binding. Before leaving the bindery each copy of THE CENTURY magazine is tested by a direct (not a scraping) pressure of not less than a thousand pounds to every square inch of surface. Under this pressure any moisture or oiliness in the ink would at once be apparent. Twenty years ago the few black wood-cuts in books and magazines were faced with tissue paper to prevent smear. This tissue paper is no longer needed, although black wood-cuts are more frequently used, and are always printed with more ink and more clearness.

The best results are had from dry printing. Prejudice has nothing to do with this conclusion. The printers whose experience teaches them that dry and smooth paper has the best surface for wood-cut printing prefer dampening when the cuts are to be printed on rough paper. If an American printer were required to produce a facsimile of an early book on rough paper, he would surely dampen it. But the water that softens a rough paper is injurious to smooth paper.

The dampening of any paper is a practical admission that it is, in its dry state, unfit for press-work. Then come the questions: Why should it be unfit? Is it not possible to make paper printable by giving it from the beginning a faultlessly smooth surface? These questions have been fairly answered by the paper-makers of THE CENTURY. The paper they furnish is printed without dampening, yet with a sharpness of line on cuts and type, with a fullness of black, and a uniformity and firmness of color, impossible on damp paper.

Wood-cuts of unusual fineness and shallowness, with a delicacy of silvery tint heretofore rated as "unprintable," have been shown in this magazine (see pages 701–720 of the last volume of THE CENTURY), with the blackest of backgrounds, and without any loss of engraved work. If there be any printer who thinks he can get as good a result from damp paper, I am sure that I can not.

The publisher selects smooth paper, not because he thinks it luxurious, but because it yields better prints. He gets from it the result he seeks. It enables him to show a breadth, a beauty, and variety of engraving that cannot be shown by any other paper. He accepts the gloss on it in the same spirit that the book-collector accepts the specks and dinginess of India paper, the smoky cloudiness of Japan paper, the uneven thickness and variable color of vellum. He cannot get all the good qualities in any one fabric. He does not seek gloss. If he could get smoothness without gloss, he would have it.

Theodore L. De Vinne.

Recent Inventions.

IN the application of electricity to industry the tendency of recent work appears to be towards the construction of new forms of self-acting or self-controlling appliances. The opening or closing of a circuit at one point may cause the movement of an armature at a distant point in the same circuit. This is the underlying idea of the telegraph, fire and burglar alarms, and many other industrial applications of electricity, and a great number of inventions have been brought out seeking either to make the closing or breaking of the circuit at the transmitting end of the line, or the movement of the armature at the receiving end, automatic — self-acting, self-controlling, or self-recording. For instance, the rise of the mercury in a thermometer may close a circuit by touching a wire suspended in the upper part of the tube of the thermometer, and thus sound an alarm-bell. This idea is used in several forms of thermal alarms, and for another purpose in thermostats. The thermometer may be in a dry room or cold-storage warehouse, and the bell in a distant office, and serve a good purpose in reporting a dangerous rise in the temperature. The objection to such an alarm system is that it is too narrow in its range. It only reports the rise of the temperature to a known point, and tells nothing of the movements of the mercury above or below that point. One of the most recent inventions in this field seeks to make a self-reporting thermal indicator that shall give on a dial every movement of a thermometer at a distance.

For this purpose a metallic thermometer is used. It consists of a bar composed of two metals, having different rates of expansion and contraction, brazed together and twisted into the form of a spiral spring. By means of simple mechanism the bending of the bar, under the influence of heat and cold, is made to turn an index on a dial marked with the ordinary thermometer scale. In converting such a thermometer into an electrical apparatus for transmitting indications of the thermometer to a distance, a shaft moved by the variations in the instrument carries at one end a short arm. A sleeve, slipped over the shaft, carries the index of the thermometer, and also two arms placed one on each side of the arm on the shaft, and each connected with the line wire leading to the distant receiving station. There is also on the sleeve a toothed wheel, the arms and the wheel being insulated from the shaft. The receiving instrument consists of a shaft carrying a toothed wheel of the same size as the first, and also an index moving over a dial having a thermometer scale. On each side of the toothed wheel in each instrument are electro-magnets having armatures, that

by means of levers and pawls control the movements of the wheels. While at rest the arm on the shaft of the thermometer or transmitter stands between the two arms of the sleeve and insulated from each, the circuit being open. If now there is any movement in the thermometer, caused by a change in the temperature, the arm on the shaft will move in one direction or the other, strike one of the arms beside, it and close the circuit. Three magnets are then brought into play, one after the other. The first magnet attracts its armature, and its movement first closes a shunt round the two arms, that have just met to close the circuit, and secondly operates the pawl and moves the wheel one step. Instantly after, the magnet at the receiving station is affected, and its armature, by means of the pawl, advances the wheel one step in the same direction. A third magnet is then brought into play to open the circuit and restore everything to its normal condition. As the two wheels thus move together one step, the index on each points on the dials to the same figure of the scale, and both report the same movement of the thermometer, however wide apart they may be placed. The advance of the wheel in the transmitter also serves to draw the arms apart and restore the instrument to its normal position, ready for the next movement in either direction. It will be seen that the system, while apparently complex, is based upon a simple mechanical movement. The turning of the shaft in either direction moves the wheel of the distant receiving instrument, and its index shows continually on the dial every movement of the shaft, and consequently every change in the thermometer. The shaft may in like manner be made to turn under any mechanical movement, be it the rise or fall of a barometer, the movement of a weather-vane, the rise or fall of the tide, the changing pressure of steam, gas, or air, or any physical force that it may be desirable to measure or record. In the instruments examined, the apparatus was employed in connection with a thermometer, a barometer, a steam-gauge, and a float in a water-tank, the transmitting instrument being in each instance at a greater or less distance from the receiver. In all except the barometer, the index of the receiver appeared to respond with precision to every movement of the transmitter. The instruments were also all fitted with a device for signaling on a bell whenever the maximum or minimum points of pressure, height of water, etc., were reached. The mechanism for this part of the system is made adjustable, so that the bell can be made to ring at any point desired. This system of indicating at a distance physical changes, however large or small, promises to be of great scientific and commercial value, because it makes it possible to observe and record variations in temperature, pressure, and even work at a distance. It can be used to record in a ship's cabin every variation in the wind, the temperature of the sea, the pressure of the steam, the speed of the vessel and her direction; to give variations of pressure in compressors, caissons, steam-boilers, vacuum-tanks, etc.; to indicate the quantities of water or other liquids in tanks and vats; and to show any changes in speed or out-put of machines, however great, or however minute. By the addition of any form of recording apparatus, the system can also be used to record automatically every movement at the distant transmitting station.

Among new school appliances is a clock designed to show the time at any given moment in all parts of the world. The clock does not differ in mechanism from any other clock, the novel feature being the arrangement of the figures on the dials. Two dials are used, one over the other, the smaller being in the form of a ring, and moving over the other dial in unison with the hour-hand. The larger dial covers the whole clock-face, and is marked with four systems of figures. The first system, in Arabic numerals, stands next to the edge of the dial, and begins at the beginning of the universal day, or midnight. The first number is at the left of the lowest point of the dial, and the others are arranged at regular intervals around the dial to 24 o'clock, or midnight. Midday, or 12 o'clock, is at the top of the dial, all the numbers to the left being marked A. M., and all to the right, or from 13 to 24 o'clock, being marked P. M. Within the circle of figures is a circle of Roman numerals, beginning also at the same point, or midnight, and marking XII figures to midday, and then XII more till midnight. Within this circle is another circle of 60 figures and points to mark the minutes for the hour-hand. Within this circle is also another system of figures giving 15 degrees of longitude, or one hour, and divided into 60 parts. The second dial moves over the larger dial with the hour-hand, and is marked with the degrees of longitude east or west in groups of 15 degrees. The hour-hand is in two parts, a single hand pointing to the minutes, and a series of fifteen minor hands that move with it. Supposing the clock is to be used at some point, say on the 75th degree west of Greenwich, the smaller dial is adjusted so that the figure 75 is opposite the hour-hand. The dial now moves with the hour-hand, and to find the hour at any degree of longitude it is only necessary to find the hour opposite that degree. The minute-hand will also give the time before or after that hour. If the place at which it is desired to know the time is not on one of the numbered degrees of longitude, and is either east or west of these, the time, faster or slower, can be estimated from the supplementary minute-hands and the inner circle of figures on the dial. This dial system explains a number of interesting geographical and time questions, and will, no doubt, prove of value in schools.

Charles Barnard.

A Plea for National Aid to Education.

THE movement to give national aid to elementary education, which originated with the National Aid Association a few years ago, nearly reached a successful culmination in the Blair Bill, passed by the Senate, and now awaiting the assembling of the next Congress. As a living issue of national importance and a measure of public safety, it ought to receive the general attention of the press. The larger journals and magazines have set a good example, but the network of local publications, through which the masses are best reached, have barely touched upon the subject. It has engaged the support of some of the greatest minds in this country, and literature on the subject is not wanting, but the means of distributing the data already available is sadly lacking.

Of course, the South will receive the most direct

benefit if this appropriation is granted, because they have the most illiterates; but if ever our sister States needed help, it is now. The war left the South so desperately poor, that a tax equal to, and in many cases greater than, the Northern school tax barely keeps their schools open three months in the year; and to this fund the colored man, who receives over one-half the benefit, contributes next to nothing. It is no new idea that we owe the colored man an education. He is with us to stay, and we have made him a citizen, and as such he is entitled to an education, whether he contributes one cent to the school fund or not. The duty is a national one, but the burden now rests on the shoulders of the South, and the appropriation merely proposes to distribute the load. The essence of the measure is contained in the proposition, Shall we as a nation assume the burden, or shall we continue to shirk it on to the South?

A direct remedy lies in a thorough discussion of the subject by the thousands of newspapers and journals scattered throughout the land. We at the North are geographically too far removed to appreciate the necessity of extending this aid; but once let it be fully understood, the North will arise as a unit and demand that a measure so just be speedily carried into effect. But the benefits conferred will not be on the colored man alone. The framers of the Blair Bill anticipated the objections of the selfish few, who for the sake of a few pence would let ignorance inhabit and till the fairest fields of this country. The appropriation will be impartial to each State in proportion to the illiteracy within her limits, without regard to race.

Major R. Bingham, in his masterly paper entitled "The New South" (published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., in the proceedings of the meeting in February, 1884, of the superintendent's department National Education Association, and in the proceedings of the National Education Association, which met in Madison, Wisconsin, in July, 1884), has set forth the needs of our sister States far more forcibly and appropriately than I can, for he speaks whereof he knows. Widespread circulation of the sentiments contained in his paper, coming as they do from a prominent Southern educator, would do much; and as the day draws near when this cause shall live or die, I hope to see the press of our land, mustered under the banner of justice, prepare our people to give the Blair Bill, or some similar measure, when passed by our next Congress, a cordial reception.

C. N. Jenkins.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

Women and Finance.

WE have just heard of the girl whose father had opened a bank account for her and given her a check-book, and who said she couldn't tell what the former was till she had written through the latter. And, long since, we knew her married sister, who always destroyed a receipt, "to make sure the bill wouldn't come up again." But while the wise virgins have smiled at these vagaries of the feminine mind, a hundred foolish ones have lifted innocent eyes at our hilarity. It is always a little difficult, knowing a thing one's self, to imagine a general ignorance of the subject; but one may safely put at the lowest the average feminine intelligence on business matters. Even among self-supporting women, a head for finance is the exception. They are usually the resigned victims of their male relatives who relieve them of the trouble of investments, and are apt, sooner or later, with the best intentions and the most affectionate dispositions, to lose their savings for them. "The most upright men will take advantage of a woman," a victim of a brother-in-law's wiles once said; but it was because of ignorance that she suspected treachery. On the other hand, the most upright men do not enjoy managing women's affairs, sure, early or late, to be confounded by feminine inconsequence or reproached by ignorance so dense that it seems to them intentional stupidity. For, though your fair friend knows all about Greek literature and Renaissance art, the music of the future and the proper thing in prayer-rugs, you are talking an unknown tongue when you hold forth on first and second mortgages, foreclosures and consolidations, incomes and "watered stock." She does not know, she hates to ask; and if she does, your explanations presuppose information she has not, and so are of no use to her. She has a vague sense that she has been cheated if your efforts do not bring that ready money which is to her the most comprehensible fact of business transactions. If she be a saint, she says nothing and forgives a wrong she never received. If a she have a temper, she quarrels, not with destiny and the trick of trade which sent those investments down instead of up, as prophesied, but with her unhappy agent.

When she takes matters in her own hand, she does not fare much better. She falls a victim to Mrs. Howe, the banker, and learns in the dear school of experience the simple first lesson that profit is in direct ratio to risk. Or she learns wisdom at a Woman's Exchange, whose methods may be exactly calculated to play upon her ignorance and develop all her superstitions as to the little god of Luck who rules in business. For intuitions break down before the laws of trade, and the finest feminine instincts prove poor guides in that unknown world.

Now, cannot something be done in the schools to remedy the ignorance which lies at the base of all this? Is it not possible to impress on the mind, at a time when all impressions are vivid and lasting, some first principles of business and the legal forms connected therewith? The law is a terror to women, and an understanding of its certainties alone frees them from their fear. And it is not a dull subject when clearly explained, and with proper treatment may be made almost as fascinating as its underlying delight, money-getting and money-spending. We may be told, of course, that women have no head for business, and that therefore all exertions are thrown away; but we have heard the same story about so many things which, on trial, proved not beyond the feminine mind. We are getting all sorts of things into the schools now; political economy, the Constitution, and physical culture being modest side-dishes in the intellectual feast. Let us have now lessons in the logic of business, duly seasoned with clearly explained law, and garnished with common sense as to the spending of money and keeping account thereof.

And, to the same purpose, one must put in a word on the injustice which brings up the daughters of the

rich in irresponsible spending of ready money, or that more irresponsible "making of bills" which gives such a pleasing sense of having all one wants. It is not only a question of accounts, though these are necessary and helpful; but why should Midas's daughter be so utterly dependent upon his golden touch? If he means to leave her fifty thousand some day,— providing his luck holds out,— why can't he give her a title of that now? It would be a possible resource against an evil day, and, what is much more important, could be made the basis of practical teaching as to the care of money. Why must she wait till it all comes to her encumbered by endless bewilderments as to securities and investments, with the risk of losing most of it in learning to manage it? Of course King Midas answers that he needs all his money in his business; that he cannot afford to tuck any of it away in a savings bank for Fragoletta, in these days of general untrustworthiness. But will fifty thousand some time, and no more idea than a baby what to do with it, equal the tact, experience, and development of judgment involved in managing for herself a smaller sum under his wise direction? Is it a father's duty to leave all the money he can to his children, minus his own power to keep or increase it? We all know the consequences. Fortunes built up by a life's labor are lost in a decade by children who were brought up chiefly to spend. It is a phase of democracy delightful in the abstract, but painful in experience, when Fragoletta goes to the lower end of the see-saw. And so we come back to the first proposition — to give her knowledge of these things through the schools, to which, nowadays, so large a part of the training of girls is intrusted.

Emily F. Wheeler.

The Serial Story.

THE continued story is a literary product characteristic of our time. "Blackwood's" was first among magazines to make the serial publication of fiction important; and though much fault has been found with the method, it has grown in favor and proved of use.

The flavor of the component parts of the novel is more distinctly appreciated when it is served up in a series of judiciously related courses. The hungry curiosity to follow the events, discover the plot, and swallow the book whole, which belonged to the world's younger days and long nights of novel-reading, is turned into the discriminating attention of a patient public, whose interest in the story does not preclude the study of underlying problems presented in a life-like and artistic way. The writer has reason to feel assured that his "gentle reader" is not hurrying him on to the finish with cries of blood and vengeance on the villain or with urgent appeal for the hero's prosperity, nor clamoring for poetical justice or conventional moral conclusions with a vehemence disproportioned to some concern for the inward laws of life and the requirements of true art.

Labyrinthine plots are now justly degraded to catch-penny uses. Events are treated as in themselves nothing,— as affecting character, everything. Big and startling circumstances lose their preëminence, for it is found that occurrences of the slightest every-day nature are important enough to build up or disintegrate moral power, and that the excitement of following events is superficial dreariness compared with the excitement of following the meaning of events. Characters enlivened from the inside will make a story live in a reader's interest during a year of monthly magazines and beyond "Finis," more surely and clearly than the most cunningly contrived mock motions of pretty puppets jerked about in a vain search for the unexpected.

The "installment" method makes the work of entertaining the world more difficult, rather than easier, for the author. It defends the market against the demands of the market by making it harder than ever for any but the fittest novels to survive the passing purpose of filling a leisure hour; and it requires more strictly than ever before a consummate artistic skill in the choice and handling of material.

The modern reader will not sit easily in his chair while the novelist pursues pet digressions, elaborates irrelevant details, and blocks the progress of his chief characters with a throng of supernumeraries. The long-winded narrative of Fielding and Richardson, indulged with innocent zest, suited the old-school manners of a departed age. But the average magazine-reader will have none of it, under any circumstances. He must come to the point, understand the clearly marked issue, and get about his own business shortly. He requires the author to follow his plan so strictly that, on taking up a magazine to read the continuation of a novel, the first word shall at once recall the previous part and imply the whole train of the story. As to the philosophy,— the thought which animates the novelist's scheme,— the modern public will only find it absorbing if it has well-considered bearing upon the meaning and tendencies of new phases of life. His moral, like his plan, must be fully worked out in his own mind, never elaborated in the presence of his readers. The novel, once thought to be an instrument of moral corruption, is thus become an acknowledged aid to moral insight. It is growing morally suggestive without becoming clumsily didactic.

The change in the treatment of heroines signally illustrates the new position. The transfer of the author's attention from the story about his characters to the representation of the life within them has revealed the individuality of the heroine, and developed an altogether new estimate of woman's moral value. The old-time heroine was used merely as a tool of the plot, considered simply as "spoils" for the victor,— a lovely, passive thing for the hero to exercise his compelling force upon. Or, if she were not so passive, she was not so lovely. Round her centered the series of thrilling adventures; yet she herself was not the actual point of interest. She was often the prize for which the race was made, but the prize was at best a fine incident of a finer struggle; the race was the thing,— for that the onlookers cared.

The modern heroine fills a larger place. Over the circumstances of life and influences of love from which the novelist has framed his story, she asserts herself with force as well as favor. She takes herself in earnest, and the sincere treatment she gets shows at the first glance amusing contrasts, as to age and worldly experience, with the old lighter method. A blushing

débutante she used to be, very shrinking, entirely unsophisticated, and — somewhat insipid. Now she is a self-possessed and individual woman, whose capabilities ripen steadily in the contact with the general life. Writers of recent society novels have dared even to make her wife or widow, as world-weary in her own more graceful fashion as only heroes like Rochester or Lovelace were wont to be.

The ideal woman, the heroine worthy of the name, with all her new power of making strange situations becoming, must still be moved by conscience. Womanly intuitions and instinctive purity, however inconvenient at times to the masculine mind, are still ideally charming, and the more potent when enlightened by a ray of reason. The conscientiousness of Romola, Dorothea, Maggie Tulliver, Isabel Archer, Miss Woolson's Anne, Mrs. Burnett's Bertha Amory, or even poor life-thwarted Marcia Hubbard, is as remote as the twentieth century from the conscientiousness of Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, Evelina, Amelia Sedley, or Dickens's strongest woman, Lizzie Hexam. The conscientiousness of these earlier heroines based its authority and privilege upon the conventions of church and state, and for the rest upon that weak and unenduring thing, womanly innocence. The modern heroine has further warrants of faith. She has ideals of her own of the life to be desired, ideals whose truest sanction lies in an educated as well as an implanted sense of the eternal fitness of things. She has proved that knowledge gives more advantages than innocence for the formation of healthy character and attainment of right action. A significant description is given in "The Portrait of a Lady" of the life Isabel sought:

> "Her notion of the aristocratic life was simply the union of great culture with great liberty; the culture would give one a sense of duty, and the liberty a sense of enjoyment.
>
> "She was driven to open recognition of conflict with Osmund, when she opposed the essentially aristocratic life for which she cared to that which was with her husband merely 'a thing of forms, of conscious, calculated attitudes.'"

What Laura Pendennis, what Amelia would have assumed to measure her hero's motives and judge his position? The utmost she could do would be to cast herself down before him because of things which her soul could not reverence, weeping and afflicted, but weak and submissive. The modern heroine suffers none the less in such evil case, but her independent withdrawal from any implication therein of her own self is as firm and unmistakable as Romola's was from Tito's moral inefficiency.

In Mr. Howells's Marcia or George Eliot's Gwendolen — both undisciplined, but both rudimentary women of the century, if one may speak so — an independent moral sense is wakened through the bitter trials and disappointments of their love. The awakening and development of this moral sense is more important to reader and writer than the love which is its instrument.

The heroine, as an image of ardent self-respecting womanly character, has become in herself of value. The development of her personal responsibility, expanding in contact with world-old customs, still powerful though waning, and with others stronger still that must forever live,— her spiritual growth and undetermined influence,—suggest lines of present and absorbing interest fit to be continued in serial novels yet unwritten.

Charlotte Porter.

A New Solution of the Indian Question.

At a public dinner in the capital town of one of the Western Territories, recently, I was seated beside a gentleman who had lived upon the frontier for twenty years, and had represented his Territory as a delegate in Congress for several terms. The conversation turned upon the problem of how to bring the Indians up to a tolerable degree of civilization and to make them self-supporting. My acquaintance had just returned from a visit to three of the largest reservations in the West. Knowing that few men had enjoyed a wider opportunity to become acquainted with Indian character, I drew him out as to his own plan for the management of the "wards of the nation." His ideas seemed sensible and practical. First, he condemned the large reservation system as encouraging vagabondism and barbarism. This system, with its concomitants of money annuities and the issue of rations in times when game is scarce and starvation imminent, makes of the Indian a pauper and a loafer. In the summer he revels in a continuous excursion and picnic, roaming over his reservation with his companions and his family, poling, hunting, and having a good time; and in winter he pitches his tepee close to the stone house of the agency, knowing that the Government will provide for his necessities. Place a few hundred white families of a low grade of intelligence upon an area as large as the State of New Jersey, keep everybody else off the territory, let these people know that the Government will provide them with blankets and with flour, beef, and sugar, if they are in want, and they or their descendants would become about as lazy and barbarous as the Indians in a short time.

So argued my neighbor at the table. He did not, however, favor the severalty system pure and simple as it is usually advocated in the West. He thought it should be introduced gradually in connection with small reservations. The Indians should be perseveringly encouraged to make permanent homesteads, till the land, and raise cattle. Every man showing an ambition to acquire land and support himself upon it should be given a patent to secure him his property rights. It would be too much to expect, however, that the whole body of a tribe, accustomed to a semi-nomadic life, idle, trifling, and childish by nature, could be made stable, independent farmers all at once by the combined influence of an act of Congress and impending starvation. They would simply starve, like so many wild animals deprived of their usual resources of sustenance, or, made frantic by hunger, they would engage in desperate forays upon their nearest white neighbors.

A continuance of the reservation system, but on a very much smaller scale than at present, combined with the steady, judicious introduction of the severalty system, was, in a word, my friend's solution of the Indian problem. By this plan, he thought that in another generation the reservations, having been steadily reduced from decade to decade by the increase of individual holdings and the restoration of unused land to the pub-

lic domain, might be abolished altogether, the Indians having by that time become self-supporting citizens.

I may add that my observations recently among the Crows and Flatheads of Montana the Umatillas of Oregon, and the Puyallups of Washington Territory confirm this view. In all these tribes I found Indians who had made creditable beginnings at agriculture or herding, and who complained that they could get no titles to the land they occupied, and thus could not, like white men, acquire property and leave it to their children. Such cases were exceptional, it is true. The great majority of the men were stalwart vagabonds, the women doing all the work required by the simple savage mode of life. The average Indian, however, is more intelligent than the average negro of the cotton States, and there is no reason to think he will not learn to work if made to feel the incentives of prosperity and comfort on the one hand, and the sharp spur of want on the other.

Eugene V. Smalley.

The Indian Schools of New Mexico.

IN the June CENTURY, page 197, I read:

In the New Mexico section are shown a curious batch of compositions written by Indian pupils in the Catholic schools.

There are no Catholic schools for Indians in New Mexico. One boarding-school (this one) and seven day-schools are conducted by the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church. A new boarding-school has lately been started under Congregational auspices.

It is possible that a few Indians are taught in Catholic schools, but the Catholics have not only made no effort to educate the Indian, but the Jesuits here have frequently said that the Indians were better off without education.

This school had a large exhibit at New Orleans, both literary and mechanical.

R. W. D. Bryan,
Superintendent.

ALBUQUERQUE INDIAN SCHOOL, NEW MEXICO, June 8, 1885.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THERE is a great deal of intellectual activity that is nothing better than idle curiosity; like the fly, its only ambition is to buzz and get into things.

THE great art in getting rich is not in saving money, but knowing how to spend it.

DON'T mistake stupidity for patience; patience is the humility of wisdom.

ANY one may commit a blunder, but no one but a fool is bit twice by the same dog.

THE man whom idleness don't lead into mischief is either a very pure or a very stupid one.

NATURE makes her own laws, but can't break one if she tries.

ECONOMY is a kind of natural wealth; it is money ever at interest.

TO give so as to bestow a favor and not create an obligation is a delicate art.

THE more ideas a man has got the fewer words he takes to express them. Wise men never talk to make time; they talk to save it.

EXPERIENCE costs more than it is worth, but most people refuse to learn at any less price.

ADVICE, just at present, is the greatest drug in the market; the supply has ruined the demand.

LIES are like certain horses; they can travel farther in one day than they can get back in two.

TAKE all the fun out of this world and every pound of life would weigh ten.

YOU can buy a dog for two dollars and a half, but there isn't money enough in the world to buy the wag of his tail.

THE poor are more extravagant than the rich, and this is just what keeps them poor; for the sake of one feast they are willing to starve three days.

A SUIT of clothes that fits a man perfectly is worth more to him than a pedigree that fits him indifferently.

WISDOM without learning is like a sword without a handle, and learning without wisdom is like a handle without a sword.

REFORM!! is the battle-cry of civilization,— reform for others, immunity for ourselves.

THE ridiculous side of life goes far toward making it endurable.

A FOOL may possibly amuse others, but he can't amuse himself.

BEWARE of the man who listens much and talks little; he is getting your thunder and saving his own lightning.

A PEACOCK'S pedigree is all in the spread of his tail; a wet day takes the glory out of it.

CONDENSATION is almost omnipotent, single words are autocrats, and a sentence is law for all mankind.

MEN are very vain of their opinions, and yet there is scarcely any two of them who think alike.

WHAT the world wants just now is less civilization and more of the virtues.

BEWARE of the man of a few words; he always has something in reserve.

TRUTH can travel to the end of the earth all alone, but a lie must have company to keep up its courage.

RELIGION is most excellent to mix with business, but to mix business with religion is not safe.

WE get our vices from each other, but our virtues by cultivation.

MY friend, does it pay to be a great man? You must be hated by some, feared by many, and, at best, envied by all.

LABOR will buy anything that is in the market.

PEDIGREES seldom improve by age.

VICE and virtue began life together, and will leave the world when the last man does.

WISDOM can afford to go slow; but if a fool doesn't run he is sure to get left.

THE man who is ever muttering to himself is talking to a fool.

THE man who has no superstitions loses half the pleasures of life.

HONESTY, like charity, begins at home; the man who is not honest with himself cannot be with others.

Uncle Esek.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE cow-bell can't keep a secret.

DE bes' road to de yaller-jacket nes' ain't been diskivered yit.

DE wooden Injun' got some mighty strong p'ints.

RIPE apples make de tree look taller.

DE red rose don't brag in de dark.

J. A. Macon.

A STUDY IN FINANCE.

Fond Sister: "Why so dejected, Alan?"
Alan: "I shall never marry!"
F. S.: "Never marry! How about Alice?"
A.: "That's all off."
F. S.: "What! Is she tender no longer?"
A.: "Aw, yes; tender enough; but no money."
F. S.: "Ah! I see! The trouble is, *you* desire *legal tender!*"

Blanche Rosalie Leeds.

King Redwald's Altars.*

WHEN Edwin reigned in Britain,
And Redwald reigned in Kent,
The news of Christ's religion
Throughout the country went.

Edwin embraced it warmly,
Unquestioning, content.
"I will not be too hasty,"
Said the canny King of Kent.

"It may be Christ is strongest,
And the Devil safely pent;
But till I am quite certain,"
Said Redwald King of Kent,

"I'll give to neither worship
Unqualified assent.
My temple has two altars";
(Oh, canny King of Kent!)

"The foremost and the biggest
To Christ henceforth is lent;
But the small one in the corner,"
Said Redwald King of Kent,

"I'll keep burning to the Devil,
That he may see I meant
To do him no dishonor,"
Said the canny King of Kent.

Christians rule now in Britain,
And Christians rule in Kent;
And men suppose the Devil
Is dead, or safely pent:

But in some secret corner
The most of them consent
To give him one small altar,
Like Redwald King of Kent.

Helen Jackson. (*H. H.*)

*We believe that in point of fact Kent was Christian long before Northumbria, where Edwin reigned, and its king in Edwin's time was Eadbald, son of St. Ethelbert. But this does not affect the point made in the poem.—EDITOR.

See-saw.

WE were playing at see-saw—
'Twas thirteen years ago—
Sweet little Patience Preston,
With her brow as white as snow,
With her eyes of sunny blue,
And her curls of golden shine;
I thought her the dearest little girl,
And vowed she should be mine!

But we were only five years old,—
Love was the prize we sought,—
That I was rich and she was poor,
We never gave a thought!
But we were only five years old,
And we are eighteen now,
And she is rich and I am poor,
And when we meet—we bow!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

A Woman's "No."

SHE had a parcel, small and round,
One lovely afternoon last summer.
I offered, as in duty bound,
To take it from her.

She thanked me, with a gracious smile,
As sweet as rosy lips could make it;
It was *so* small, 'twas not worth *while*
To let me take it.

Again I offered, as before,
Of that slight burden to relieve her.
She'd rather not—"Pray say no more!"
'Twould *really* grieve her.

I ceased to plead—she seemed content—
The thing *was* small, and neatly corded.
And so along our way we went,
To where she boarded.

But when upon the stoop she stood,
And ere our last adieus were uttered,
She eyed me in a roguish mood,
And softly muttered,

As swung the door to let her through,
And left me there all unresisting:
"I don't think very much of you
For not *insisting*."

Arthur Graham.

At the Piano.

BEFORE the ivory keys she sat
And touched the notes,—but all of that
Was much like other people at
A grand piano;
But suddenly, when all was still,
Across my heart there came a thrill,
Responsive to a mellow trill
Of soft soprano.

Then all seemed changed. The little room
Was fragrant with a faint perfume,
As if a rose-bush burst in bloom
And showed a blossom:
'Twas only one, I knew full well,—
How happily it seemed to dwell,
While first it lifted, then it fell,
Upon her bosom.

Outstretched a little was her chin,
A solitary dimple in,
Which seemed to say: "When I begin
To change and alter,
Beware! Young Cupid lurketh near!"
Alas, I did not choose to hear,
And soon my lips a timid "Dear"
Began to falter.

And on, and on, throughout that song,—
The notes now faint, now clear and strong,—
My heart grew restless, till ere long
I touched her shoulder.
The fingers from the white keys dropped,—
Down from her lips the songster hopped,
The music note by note was stopped,
And then I told her.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Getting Round Grandmamma.

GRANDMAMMA so full of cheer,
So pink and white at seventy year,
What a charm you must have been
When grandpa used to trip it in,
And hold your hand and chuck your chin,—
"My soncy lass, my bonny dear!"

Tell me not a mind so clear
Won't carry back good fifty year;
Tell me not you've quite forgot
What laddies did and lasses thought—
The cherry lip, the dimple-spot,
With "Ho, my lass, my bonny dear!"

Grandmamma, they're facts, I fear,
The pretty stories that I hear:
Eye so blue and hair so brown,
The trimmest foot, the jimpest gown,
The pride and talk of a' the town,—
"The soncy lass, the bonny dear."

Chance a trifle deaf the ear
That's heard but praise for seventy year;
Still, a book read upside down
Should not one's senses wholly drown.
You'd better smile, you cannot frown,—
"Ha, soncy lassie, bonny dear!"

Day is over, shadows near
As was their wont back fifty year;
Grandmamma, my work is through,
And I've a secret all for you—
For you, because she'll keep it true,
Once "soncy lass," aye "bonny dear."

Scottish blood now twenty year
Has fed *my* heart, good grandma dear,
Grandmamma so pink and white,
And you'll forgie me if to-night
Somebody greets me,—some braw wight,
"My soncy lass, my bonny dear!"

John Vance Cheney.

A Lesson in Courting.

"He who would the daughter win,
Should with the mother begin."
An Old Adage.

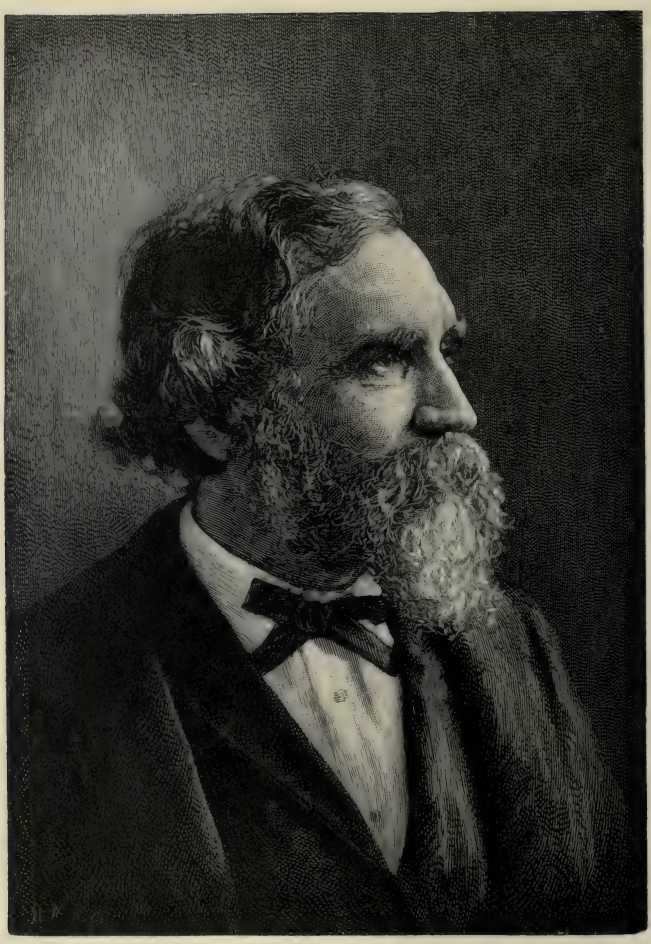
ONCE on a time I knew a girl
With bright blue eye and golden curl;
I lov'd to linger by her side,
And wish'd to gain her for my bride.

So at it, fair and square, I went,
To try and win her ma's consent;
When with much effort this was done,
I thought the daughter fully won.

But when the girl I did address,
And try to win from her a "*Yes*,"
She, with a twinkle in her eye,
Coquettishly did make reply:

"When next a girl you try to win,
You should, at first, with her begin;
For while *you've* been a-courting mother,
I have learned to love another."

M. A. De L. V. H.



Edward Bowles

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THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA. II.

EXPLORING THE MIDDLE AND LOWER YUKON.

OLD Fort Selkirk forms the connecting link between the article which appeared in the September CENTURY, entitled "The Great River of Alaska," and the present paper. (See map with the former article.) The fort had been erected as a trading-post by the Hudson's Bay Company on ground the Chilkat Indians claimed as their own trading ground. The Chilkats received their trading stores from the Russian Fur Company, and, having no use for Fort Selkirk, took the Indian method of weeding out competition.

The scenery around Selkirk is fine, though hardly so grand as the high ramparts a hundred miles below. From the mouth of the Pelly, across the river, a high basaltic bluff runs down the Yukon for nearly twelve miles, and is then lost among the bold hills that crowd upon the river. Beyond this bluff lie high, rolling hills, with their green grass tops contrasting vividly with the red ocherous soil of their steep sides that the land-slides leave bare.

A MEDICINE-MAN.

Selkirk was first occupied by traders who came down the Pelly from the tributaries of the Mackenzie. So rough was the way down the Pelly to Selkirk, that the post was finally supplied by the roundabout way of Fort Yukon, lower down the river. On the site of Selkirk stands an Ayan grave, not unlike a very rough attempt at a civilized one, and is probably borrowed from civilization. The Ayans formerly buried their dead on rude scaffolds among the trees, like the Indians of the great Western plains. Even when adopting the burial methods of the white man, in part, they cannot abolish the ever-present pole, with its flaunting strips of many-colored rags, surmounted by the totem that designates the clan, a fish, or a goose, or a bear, or some other earthly thing converted into an idol. As this pole is from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet in height, the place for the grave is generally selected near the foot of some healthy young spruce. A little pruning and peeling of the bark is, in this case, the only labor. The graves are always near the river banks, but I never noticed any number of them together. At Selkirk several Ayan Indians met us and anxiously asked us to visit their village, but a short distance below. They were a far superior race to the abject tribe we had left behind us on the Upper Yukon. A conspicuously Hebrew cast of countenance was noticeable in this tribe, and some of its younger numbers were respectably neat and

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clean compared with Indians in general. Their canoes, of birch-bark covering and fragile cedar framework, were the smallest and lightest I had ever seen, except the skin canoes of the Eskimo, and they were well made to the smallest detail.

Though the grass was almost luxuriant on the plain about Selkirk, no signs of game were seen. It seemed fair to infer that the dense swarms of the omnipresent mosquito could alone account for the absence. This pest is sufficiently formidable in the summer months to put an end to all ideas of stock-raising as a possible future industry. Shortly after noon on the 15th of July the raft was cast loose, and we started down the picturesque river. So scattering had been the Indian population on the river above Selkirk, that we were greatly surprised, on rounding the lower end of an island, to see nearly two hundred Indians drawn up across the south channel of the river. We worked at our cumbersome oars valiantly, cheered on by the wildly frantic throng, that plainly feared that we, the supposed traders, would pass. Many excited Indians came out to assist us, and placing the prows of their canoes against the outer side of the raft, paddled us furiously towards shore. Our line was run out at last, and, seized by nearly two hundred Indians, who brought us to land with a crash. Shortly after our landing the throng formed a line, from one to three deep, the men on the left and the women and children on the right, and gave us a dance,—the same old Indian monotonous *Hi-yi-yi* with the well-measured cadence as its only musical part, and with an accompanying swaying of the body from side to side, while their long mop-like hair swung round like a magnificent mosquito-brush.

After I had distributed a few insignificant articles among them, I tried to get a photograph of some attitude that was a part of the dance, and though I am sure my object was understood by the more intelligent, I did not succeed. Often, when ready to take the cap from the camera, we were foiled by some young man starting a low *Hi-yi-yi*. In an instant it ran the whole length of the combustible line, and all were swaying like leaves in the wind. A similar attempt to get a picture of the three head men, Kon-it'l, his son the hereditary chief, and the medicine man, was almost equally futile, until I formed the center to the group. The tube of the camera had a gun-like appearance that made some of them uneasy. My willingness to sit with them was sufficient assurance of no danger. The village proved to be a much ruder affair than the improved appearance of the Indians over the natives of the Upper Yukon gave me to expect. Their houses were mere hovels of brushwood, with here and there a covering of moose-skin or a worn strip of canvas.

Though the slight character of the houses might find excuse in the fact that these were only used during the summer months, while

ALONG THE BANKS.

OLD FORT YUKON.

the inhabitants fed on the salmon that ran up the river to spawn, a closer inspection showed that the household utensils were equally rude. We found a few buckets and pans, ingeniously made of single pieces of birch-bark. We also found a few spoons made of the horn of the mountain sheep or goat, but the carvings on the handles were dismal failures compared with the elaborate work of the Indians on the Pacific coast of Alaska.

The brush houses of the Ayans seem to be constructed so as to accommodate two families, with a common ridge-pole and an aisle, open at both ends, running down between the two compartments. Possibly this style of architecture was necessary where there was no tree for the pole to rest against. In the roofs of the houses strings of salmon were hung up to dry, and the sleeping dogs held the floor below. Though little room was left, the stranger was always welcome.

In drying the salmon they split it, as packers do when salting the fish. In addition they slice the flesh to the skin in longitudinal and transverse cuts an inch apart. They prepare none for winter use, I understand, though the fish are abundant enough, but depend in that season upon moose, bear, and caribou.

In winter they live in moose-skin tents much like the circular tepees, or lodges, of the Sioux, Cheyennes, and other

INDIAN BURIAL GROUND.

Indians of the treeless plains of the West. When one reflects that winter in this region is simply polar in all its aspects, one wonders how life can hold out in such abodes. From a trader's description of the winter tents, I learn that the Indians know the non-conducting powers of a stratum of air, for these tents are made double.

Directly opposite the large Ayan village is another much smaller one, called Kowsk-hoú, and a sketch of it is introduced to show the general tenor of the banks over the larger portion of the Yukon River: — great rolling bluffs, fringed with a footing of spruce, and lower down an almost impenetrable underbrush of deciduous vegetation, make a pleasant contrast in color with the more somber green of the overtopping evergreens. On low alluvial banks, especially those of the islands, this glacis of bright green has been washed away, and the spruce, becoming undermined by the swift eroding current, form a network of ragged boughs, almost impassable to one who would reach the bank.

One may see this in temperate climes, where felled trees still cling to the washed-out roots, but along the Yukon the soil, frozen to the depth of six or eight feet, will not fall until undermined for many feet. When it does fall, it is with a crash that can be heard for miles, reverberating up and down the valley like the report of a distant cannon. The whole bank, sinking into the shallow current, presents to one approaching its intact forest of trees, like a body of Polish lancers. Where the current is swiftest the erosion is most marked, and on the swiftest current our raft was always prone to make its onward way.

The morning of the 16th of July we took an early start to avoid much begging, and dropped westward with the current. It was hard that day to imagine, with a blistering heat on the river and thunder-showers often going over us, that we were within a few days' journey of the Arctic circle.

Shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th we passed the mouth of the White River. Here the Yukon entirely changes its character. Heretofore a clear, bright mountain river, with now and then a lake-like widening that caught and held the little sediment it might bear, it now becomes the muddiest river on the western coast of North America, and holds this character to its mouth.

This change is caused by the White River. The White is very swift, and is thus enabled to hold in solution the débris that the glaciers pour into its head-waters. Meeting the Yukon, its rapid current carries its silt and sediment nearly across that river, and changes the blue of the greater stream to a chalky white. All our sport with hook and line now disappeared, and we were thereafter dependent upon the nets and weirs of the Indians for our fish.

A few miles below the White a river of nearly equal size comes in from the right. This is the Stewart, or, as the Indians call it, the Nachonde. Years ago the Hudson's Bay Company had a thriving trading-post near its head-waters, but it, too, fell shortly after the fall of old Fort Selkirk. A small party of American miners had found good prospects in placer digging at the mouth of the Stewart, and were preparing their camp. They certainly deserved success. I took our old water-logged canoe, and, with a half-breed native, visited them at their camp.

Returning late in the evening, with the sun in my face and with no knowledge of the resting-place of my party, I found, in the vast spreading network of islands, no assurance of a speedy meeting. We had made an agreement on parting that the advance should burn spruce boughs at reasonable intervals, that I might have a sign on my return. Though spruce was everywhere in sight, there was that night none found on the island where the camp was made. So I had no sign. I never knew until that evening how like an ascending smoke looked the pencil-points of ridges of spruce fading into the water's edge, and tinged with the rays of the setting

sun. An occasional shout was at last rewarded with an answering cry.

We met a tribe of Indians calling themselves "Tahk-ong" on the following day. With them we found resting four of our Ayan friends, and both said that a short distance ahead we would come upon a trading-post. It was not until the following day that we drifted past the post, marked on the map as Fort Reliance, and found it deserted, to our great disappointment, for we had there hoped to obtain stores.

That evening at ten o'clock we went into camp at a point where a fine river came in from the east, with water so clear that it tempted some of our party to get out their fishing gear again, but to no purpose. This the traders call the Deer River, from the large number of caribou that congregate in its valley during certain seasons of the year. Here lies the narrowest part of the Yukon for many hundreds of miles. Though its width here cannot be more than two hundred and fifty yards, the majestic river sweeps by with no added force or haste, showing the great depth it must have to discharge the vast volume of water that a short distance above had spread over a bed two or three miles wide.

Here I tried to "check" my dead-reckoning by astronomical observations, and waited till noon. Only two rough "sights" rewarded my delay. During this time of the year the prevailing winds, I noticed, were from the south, and always brought fog or light rain, a circumstance easily explained by the theory that the winds, coming off the warm Pacific loaded with moisture, have the moisture precipitated in crossing the glacial summits of the Alaskan coast-range.

At the Indian village of Nuclaco, opposite the site of Fort Reliance, the entire population, with a large number of Indians from the Tanana River, received us with a great banging of guns. From here to the mouth of the river this method of welcoming strangers is universal. We made no stop, however, and the salute died suddenly out as we drifted slowly past.

SWEEPERS.

The Tanana Indians, the visitors at Nuclaco that day, are said to be hostile in their own country, but on their frequent trading excursions are discreetly inclined towards peace. The river from which they take their name, the Tanana, is probably the largest unexplored river of the Western continent. Nearly two miles wide at its junction with the Yukon, it is nearly as long as the latter.

On the 20th of July we drifted a little over

AYANS PULLING THE RAFT.

fifty miles in eleven hours. This was one of the very few days that we were not aground for any appreciable length of time, and the distance traveled was great enough to establish firmly the reputation of the river as probably the swiftest stream of any magnitude in the world. We were aground but once that day, having run upon a submerged rock while the entire party was occupied in using four bears for movable but untouched targets. We came to a halt with a shock that would have disjointed our craft had she been less stanch than a well-nigh solid piece. She swung safely around, however, and in three minutes was again holding her undisturbed way.

About three o'clock a most remarkable rock was seen on the east bank of the river, springing directly out of a level plain, bounded in the distance by a crescent of low hills sweeping around a huge bend in the river. It was probably three hundred feet high, and rose with perpendicular sides from the plain. On

JOHNNY'S VILLAGE, OR KLAT-OL-KLIN.

the other side of the river, directly opposite, stood another rock, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the second fades away into the bluff behind it. The Indians explain the situation by a legend which holds that the rocks were long ago man and wife, but incompatibility of temper led the husband to kick the wife out into the plain and draw the river from its bed, near the distant hills, for a perpetual barrier.

July 21st brought us to the Indian village of Klat-ol-klin, a name we found with difficulty, as even the natives call it "Johnny's village," from the Americanized name of its chief. This was the first permanent village we had seen on the river. There were but six log houses in all, abutting against each other, with their gable-ends turned towards the river. It was perched on a steep bank, so close to the crest that two could not pass between the houses and the river. At the water's edge was a perfect network of birch-bark canoes, and back of these an inclined scaffolding of spruce poles, where salmon hung drying in the sun. Here, for the first time, we found the Indians preparing any considerable number of this fish for winter use. The fish are caught with scoop-nets three or four feet long, fastened on two poles from ten to twelve feet in length. A watcher, generally a squaw, standing in front of the cabins, heralds the approach of a fish, perhaps a half-mile down the river. Never more than one fisherman starts. Paddling out to the middle of the river, he guides his canoe with his left hand, as the voices from the shore direct, and with his right dips his net to the bottom. Upon the

FISHING ON THE YUKON.

KILLING A MOOSE IN THE WATER.

careful adjustment of this depends his success. Failures are rare. As the fish swim near the bottom, I do not understand how they are detected in the muddy water of the river.

On the 22d the soil appeared thick, black, and loamy, and grass, always good, was now becoming luxuriant, with the mosquitoes increasing in number and the country perceptibly opening. On the 23d we came to "Charley's" village, an exact duplicate of "Johnny's," even to the number of the houses and the side of the river.

The next day we camped at St. Michael's Bar, or Island. From here to Fort Yukon the country is as flat and open as the Pampas, and but five or ten feet above the level of the river. Our Indians, having never been so far, thought we were going out to sea, although we were over a thousand miles from the river's mouth.

As soon as this flat country is entered the channel splits and subdivides every few miles, until for days we could not tell whether we were on the main stream or on one of the many waterways between the many islands. At Fort Yukon the river is said to be seven miles wide. In spite of the many channels into which the river spreads, the current never decreases, and we went drifting on in the same good old way until Fort Yukon was reached.

At this point, one thousand miles from the river's mouth and about the same distance from its head, the river sweeps with a marked curve into the arctic regions, and then, with less enthusiasm than most polar seekers, turns back into the temperate zone, having been in the arctic for less than a league, and, as the current runs, for less than an hour. The early traders at Fort Yukon supposed their river ran parallel to the Mackenzie; and so it was mapped, its bed being continued north to where its hypothetical waters were poured into the Arctic Sea. The conservative slowness of the English to undo what the English have done

had a new illustration as late as 1883, when one of the best of English globe-makers, in a work of art in his line, sent the Yukon with its mighty but unnamed tributaries still into the Arctic. There it will be made to flow until some Englishman shows that it surely flows elsewhere.

For a hundred miles above and two hundred miles below Fort Yukon, the river flows through a region so flat that it seems like the floor of an emptied lake. This area is densely timbered with spruce, and but for this would be nothing but a salient angle of the great flat arctic tundra of the polar coast. The dreariness of unlimited expanse is broken to the northward by the pale-blue outline of the Romantzoff Mountains, so indistinct as to seem a mirage; while to the south arise, in isolated points, the Ratzel Peaks, the outlying spurs of the Alaskan Range, from the Upper Ramparts of which the Yukon flows towards the Lower. Fort Yukon was left behind on the 29th of July, our raft that day drifting by a village where nothing greeted us but a howling troop of dogs. This village would have attracted no attention further up the river, but here, where the river divides itself in many channels, making salmon-catching of but slight importance, villages are very rare.

The 29th was a hot, sweltering day, with the sun and its thousand reflections sending their blistering heat into our faces. In fact, our greatest inconvenience near this short arctic strip of the stream was the tropical heat and the dense swarms of gnats and mosquitoes that met us everywhere when we approached the land. That night none of the party could sleep, despite the mosquito-bars over us. Mosquitoes do not depend for their numbers so much on their latitude as on the superficial extent of stagnant water in which they can breed, and nowhere is this so abundant as in the tundras and timber-flats of the polar coasts. The intense cold of winter sinks its shafts of ice deep into the damp earth, converting it into a thick crust of impervious stone. However warm the short summers may appear to one who judges it from the acclimated standpoint of a rigorous country, it is insufficient to melt more than a superficial portion of this boreal blanket, where only a swampy carpet of moss may flourish upon the frozen stratum below. Through this the stagnant water cannot sink. As the weather is never warm enough to carry it off by evaporation, these marshes extend far and wide, even up the sides of the hills, and give the mosquito ample room to propagate.

We took an early start the next morning, and drifted down the hot river, by low banks that needed nothing but a few breech-clouted negroes to convince us that we were on the Congo. Between six and eight in the evening the thermometer stood about eighty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, with shade for nothing but the thermometer. Hoisting one of the spare tents for a protection from the sun would have prevented the helmsman from seeing his course and made grounding almost certain, and heat was to be preferred to this, with its attendant labors.

Singularly enough, at this very time a couple of sun-dogs put in an appearance, a phenomenon we usually associate with cold weather, and now sadly out of place. Rain made sleep possible that night and traveling impossible the next day, and left us nothing to do but to sit in the tent and watch nature waste itself in a rainfall of four inches over a vast marsh already six inches deep. Some of our party, wandering over the gravel-bars, through the showers, found the scattered petrified remains of a huge mastodon. All through the valley such remains are numerous.

On the evening of the 2d of August we came in sight of the high hills where the "Lower Ramparts" begin. So closely do the ramparts of the lower river resemble those of the upper that I could not help thinking them parts of the same range, which bears eastward and westward like a bow-string across the great arc of the Yukon, bending northward into the flat arctic tundra.

Near our camp that night we saw the only family burial-ground we had seen on the river. It contained a dozen graves, perhaps, and was decorated with the usual totems perched on high poles, some of which were fantastically striped in the few simple colors the Indians had at their command.

A gale of wind on the 4th allowed us to drift but twenty-six miles. From here to the mouth of the river strong head-winds are generally raging at this season of the year. On both sides of the river, from this point, the small tributary creeks and rivers bear down clear, transparent water, though deeply colored with a port-wine hue. The streams drain the water from the turfy tundra where the dyes from decaying leaves impart their color. Probably iron-salts are also present.

On the 5th we approached the rapids of the Lower Ramparts, and made all preparations for their stormy passage. Making hasty inquiries at an Indian village concerning them, we found that we had already left them behind us. This part of the river was picturesque, and not unlike the Hudson at West Point. I should have stopped to take some photographs but for the dark lowering clouds and constantly-recurring rain-squalls.

Eighteen miles below the mouth of the

ANVIC INDIANS.

Tanana, we found the trading station of Nuklakayet. Here our raft-journey of over thirteen hundred miles came to an end, the longest of its kind in the interest of exploration. As we dragged the raft upon the bank and left it there to burn out its existence as firewood, we felt that we were parting from a true and trusty friend.

We met our first Eskimo dogs here, a finer and larger race than those I had seen farther to the east. They seemed a distinct type of dog in their likeness to each other, and not the vagabond mass of variable mongrels of all sizes and conditions that my previous knowledge of cold-weather canines had led me to consider them.

At Nuklakayet we were furnished with a small decked schooner of eight or ten tons, called, in the rough Russian vernacular of the country, a "barka." It was said to be the fleetest "barka" on the river, when the sails were spread in a good wind. We had good wind in abundance, but there were no sails, so the current was again our motive power. There was, indeed, a palsied jib that we could tie up when the wind was just right, but the wind rarely made its use possible. We got away from Nuklakayet on the 8th, and drifted down the river till camping-time. Then we found that the "barka" drew so much water that we could not get within thirty or forty yards of shore, and were obliged to bring our rubber boots into use.

All the next day we had a heavy head-wind and made but eight miles, our craft standing so high out of water that at times she actually went up-stream against a three-mile current. At night, however, these daily gales fell and left us a prey to the swarms of mosquitoes. All day the 10th we passed Indian villages, with their networks of fish-weirs spread on the river. We passed, too, the mouth of the Newicargut, or Frog River. On this part of the Yukon we pass, in succession, the Sooncargut, Melozicargut, and Tosecargut, which the traders have simplified into Sunday-cargut, Monday-cargut, and Tuesday-cargut, *cargut* being a local Indian termination meaning river or stream. The Newicargut marks the point where explorers from the upper river connected with those of the lower, and established the identity of the Pelly of the English and the Kwichpak of the Russians. Since then the river has been known as the Yukon, the Russian name disappearing, and the name Pelly becoming restricted to the tributary that flows into the Yukon opposite Selkirk.

Near the Indian village of Sakadelontin we saw a number of coffins perched in trees. This was the first time we had seen this method of burial on the river. In all the Indian villages on this part of the river we found the number of women greatly in excess of the men, for at this season all the able-bodied hunters were inland on the tundra north of the river hunting for their winter stock of reindeer clothing and

bedding. The Russian or local name for the reindeer coat is "parka," and here we saw the first one made from the spotted or tame reindeer of the native tribes of eastern Siberia. The spottings are great brownish-red and white blotches like those on a "calico" pony. A generous offer to the owner of this particular "parka" was immediately and scornfully refused.

Facing the usual gale, we drifted slowly down the river to Kaltag, where the south bank becomes a simple flat plateau, though the north bank is high and even mountainous for more than four hundred miles farther.

It seemed not improbable that this had been the Yukon's ancient mouth, when the river flowed over all the flat plain down to the sea. Certainly the deposit from the river is now filling in the eastern shores of Bering's Sea. Navigators about the coast say it is dangerous for vessels of any considerable draught to sail within fifty or a hundred miles of land near the Yukon's mouth, and every storm lashes the sea into a muddy froth.

We amused ourselves, late in the evening of the 18th, by drifting far into the dark hours of the night in search of a fair place for a camp, but without avail. Two days later it blew so hard that we could not think of stirring, but lay at our moorings in momentary danger of shipwreck. Anvic, a picturesque little trading-post, was reached on the 22d. The trading-posts become more numerous now, but just beyond Anvic the last Indian village is passed, and forty miles below the Eskimo villages begin.

Myriads of geese were now seen everywhere, mobilizing for the autumn journey to the south. We had a further token of coming autumn on the morning of the 24th, when we found the high grass white with frost, and we were told by the trader at Anvic that ice would sometimes be thick by the 1st of September. The little trading-steamer came down the river the same day, and taking us in tow, brought us down to a mission where an old Greek church of the Russian Company still draws subsidies from Russia. The following day we reached an Eskimo village, and slept for the first time since spring under a roof. Andreavsky was made the next day, where the hills were plainly lowering. The spruce and poplar disappeared now, and low willows took their place, though plenty of wood still abounded in immense drifts on the upstream ends of the numerous islands. Near Andreavsky begins the delta of the Yukon, with its interminable number of channels and islands.

We reached Koatlik, at the mouth of the river, on the 28th, and came to St. Michaels on the afternoon of the 30th, meeting our old acquaintance, the southern gale, outside. We had hoped to take sail on the revenue cutter *Corwin*, but she had been gone already two weeks, and we were forced to turn our hopes to the schooner *Leo*.

It was not until the 8th of September that the *Leo* hove in sight, bearing down upon St. Michaels in a gale of wind. She had on board Lieutenant Ray's party from the international meteorological station at Point Barrow, and, although overcrowded already, we were kindly made welcome. The *Leo* was in a bad way, having "stove in" her bow against the ice while trying to make Point Barrow, and a few doubts were expressed as to her seaworthiness in the choppy seas of the autumn. We got under way on the 11th, however, and, once out of Norton Sound, made a quick passage across to Oonalaska in the Aleutian Islands. Here the *Leo* was beached and repaired. We had grown tired of long strolls and trout-fishing in the mountain-streams at Oonalaska, and were glad at last to take ship and bear away from the last foothold on Alaska.

Frederick Schwatka.

A STUDY IN INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE present year and its predecessor have witnessed a striking development of political independence in the newspaper press. There have been other periods when independence was in fashion, which have been followed by a return to strong partisanship; but on the whole, it can scarcely be doubted, the movement of the better portion of the press is toward independence.

The time may come when such an attitude will be taken as a matter of course, and the term "independent journalism" will be like "an impartial judiciary"— the partisan journal being considered as abnormal as a partial judge. The advance of morals is marked by the ceasing to regard certain virtues as exceptionally meritorious. It was counted a fine eulogy two or three centuries ago to say of a certain English family that "all the sons were brave and all the daughters virtuous." In our day, to say that the women of an English or American family are virtuous is not reckoned as high praise; it is only what is expected.

The phrase "independent journalism" came into fashion during the Greeley campaign, but an independent newspaper in the highest sense was no new thing under the sun in 1872. It had been the ideal of the London "Times" for the better part of a century. Political independence, with some limitations, had characterized the best representatives of the new school of American journalism, which had begun to flourish before 1850. But the successive phases of the great conflict between slavery and its opponents kept politics at a high tension,— men and newspapers were driven to take definitely one side or the other in the controversy; and the breaking of party ties by great journals in 1872 was a sign that the old quarrel was almost over, and the peaceful virtues of moderation, fairness and love of truth were more demanded than passionate devotion to a struggling cause.

It is designed here to set forth a little of the early history of one newspaper; to show something of how its maker's ideal shaped itself, and how that ideal became embodied in reality. "Sam Bowles," as everybody called the editor of the Springfield "Republican," came of New England stock. His father established the "Republican" as a weekly paper in 1824, two years before the birth of the son who was to make it famous. The boy showed no special promise; he was faithful to his tasks, fond of reading, but as a student rather slow, with not much physical vigor, and with little to point at his future career, unless a strong liking for his own way was a presage of the masterful will that was to carry him through toils and combats. He went to school until he was sixteen and then entered his father's office, and two years later persuaded him to make the "Republican" a daily paper. From that time the son carried the chief burden of it.

Of the period in which his work began Mr. Bowles wrote in the "Independent" thirty years later:

"American journalism was undergoing the greatest transformation and experiencing the deepest inspiration of its whole history. The telegraph and the Mexican war came in together; and the years '46–51 were the years of most marked growth known to America. It was something more than progress, it was revolution. Then the old 'Sun' was in its best estate; then Mr. Bennett was in the prime of his vigorous intellect, and his enterprise and independence were at the height of their audacity. He had as first lieutenant Mr. Frederic Hudson, the best organizer of a mere *newspaper* America has ever seen. Then Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana were harmoniously and vigorously giving the 'Tribune' that scope of treatment and that intellectual depth and breadth which have never departed wholly from it, and which are perhaps the greatest gifts that any single journal has made to the journalism of the country. Then Mr. Raymond commenced the 'Times' and won for it at once a prominent place among its rivals. And then began that horde of provincial daily journals, springing up like mushrooms all over the land. Hardly a town of ten thousand inhabitants but that essayed its diurnal issue in those fertile years."

It was in this field of provincial journalism that Mr. Bowles's work was done. Of the old-fashioned country newspaper he once wrote:

"News had grown old when it was published. The paper did the work of the chronicler or annalist merely, and was the historian of the past rather than a spectator and actor in the present. It was not upon the printed column that the events of the day struck the heart of the living age, and drew from it its sparks of fire. In those times that place of contact was found in the personal intercourse of men. News ran then along the street, from mouth to mouth; the gossiping neighbor carried it; the post-rider brought it into the groups gathered at the village store. By and by came the heavy gazette, not to make its impression but to record the fact. . . . The journalism was yet to be created that should stand firmly in the possession of powers of its own; that should be concerned with the passing and not with the past; that should perfectly reflect its age, and yet should be itself no mere reflection; that should control what it seemed only to transcribe and narrate; that should teach without assuming the manners of an instructor, and should command the coming times with a voice that had still no sound but its echo of the present."

The editorial work on the daily was done by the younger Bowles, at first jointly with

his father, then with one temporary assistant after another, until Dr. J. G. Holland became his colleague in 1849. He remained in the office of the paper until 1857, and was a constant contributor to its columns until 1864. At the start Bowles's qualifications for his work were unflagging industry, an observant eye, and a stout will. He had at first little facility or power as a writer, and he did not aspire to special success in that direction. He expected to devote himself to the general conduct of the paper, while other men should wield the editorial thunder. But he was a good reporter. He could see what was before him and tell it in a plain story. He began by assiduously picking up the crumbs of village news. The townspeople began to look in his paper for a little daily history of their community. He took always a keen interest in politics; and when he was twenty-two years old he was writing editorials in advocacy of General Taylor for the presidency as against his rivals, Cass and Van Buren. The "Republican" in its early politics was stanchly Whig, and was largely influenced by George Ashmun, one of the most brilliant of Webster's followers in Massachusetts, who sacrificed his half-completed career when his great chief fell.

The accession of Dr. Holland to the "Republican" was an important event in its history. He and Mr. Bowles supplemented each other. Mr. Bowles was a born journalist, and showed early an instinct for news, an aptitude for politics, and a skill in administration. Dr. Holland, who was seven years his senior, came to the paper equipped with more of literary culture and taste, and was always a writer rather than an editor. He was strong in his convictions, warm in his feelings, sensitive to the moral element in any question, and the master of a forcible, lucid, and popular style. His interest lay not so much in politics as in the personal conduct of life, and social usages and institutions. His editorials in the "Republican" were one of the earliest signs that the newspaper press was beginning to exercise, along with its other functions, that of direct moral instruction, which had hitherto been almost a monopoly of the church. Many of his articles were short and pithy lay sermons. They dealt directly with morals and religion, in their practical rather than theological applications. They discussed such topics as the mutual duties of husbands and wives, of laborers and employers; the principles of conduct for young men and young women, and the like. This was an innovation in journalism. It found favor among a community which takes life seriously and earnestly. It signified in truth an expansion of the newspaper's possibilities, which has as yet only begun to be worked out. Dr. Holland was admirably qualified for a pioneer in this kind of work. He was so far in sympathy with the established churches and the accepted theology that he reached and held a wide constituency; while he was little trammeled by theological or ecclesiastical technicalities. He was quite as impatient as Mr. Bowles of any assumption of authority by a party or a church, and the "Republican" early showed an independence of the clergy, and a willingness to criticise them on occasion, which often drew wrath upon its head. But its attitude toward the churches and the religion they represented, though an independent was also a friendly one. In general, Dr. Holland added to the paper a higher literary tone and a broader recognition of human interests. The paper's growth was won by unsparing labor, by close economy, by making the utmost of each day, yet looking always toward the future. Dr. Holland, just after Mr. Bowles's death, wrote as follows:

"As I think of my old associate and the earnest exhausting work he was doing when I was with him, he seems to me like a great golden vessel, rich in color and roughly embossed, filled with the elixir of life, which he poured out without the slightest stint for the consumption of this people. This vessel was only full at the first and it was never replenished. It was filled for an expenditure of fifty or sixty years, but he kept the stream so large that the precious contents were all decanted at thirty. The sparkle, the vivacity, the drive, the power of the 'Republican,' as I knew it in the early days, the fresh and ever eager interest with which it was every morning received by the people of Springfield and the Connecticut Valley, the superiority of the paper to other papers of its class, its ever widening influence — all these cost life. We did not know when we tasted it and found it so charged with zest that we were tasting heart's blood, but that was the priceless element that commended it to our appetites. A pale man, weary and nervous, crept home at midnight, or at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, and while all nature was fresh and the birds were singing, and thousands of eyes were bending eagerly over the results of his night's labor, he was tossing and trying to sleep. Yet this work, so terrible in its exactions and its consequences, was the joy of this man's life — it *was* this man's life; and as the best exponent of this kind of devotion to an idea and a life-work I have ever known, I give its memory most affectionate reverence."

He was spending his life-blood, but he got a great price for it. He knew what he was doing; at least he thought he did. When a friend once remonstrated with him about his over-work, he answered: "I know it just as well as you do. When my friends point out that I am working toward a break-down, they seem to think that is to influence my action. Not at all! I have got the lines drawn, the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now, I can count for something. If I make a long break or parenthesis to get strong, I shall lose my chance. No man is living a

life that is worth living, unless he is willing if need be to die for somebody or something,— at least to *die a little!*"

The faculty in which he first showed eminence was skill in gathering news. Said Mr. Bryan, who was added to the paper's force in 1852: "He and I would go into a little restaurant on Sanford street, and one and another would drop in and exchange a few words, and while we were eating our lunch he would pick up half a column of news." Said a friend in a neighboring town: "I would meet him on the street, we would chat a few minutes about the events of the day, and next morning I would find in the paper everything I had told him." In the political conventions which he attended and reported, he was in his native element. He button-holed everybody, and offended nobody; found out the designs of every clique, the doings of every secret caucus, got at the plans of the leaders, the temper of the crowd, *sensed* the whole situation; and the next morning's "Republican" gave a better idea of the convention to those who had staid at home than many of its participants had gained. These reporting expeditions were full of education to him. His mode of growth was by absorption. Other people were to him sponges out of which he deftly squeezed whatever knowledge they could yield.

It was during these years that he established the system of requiring advance payments from subscribers. A few of the great city papers had led the way in this innovation, which was introduced by the New York "Herald" in 1835, but it was so contrary to the tradition of provincial journalism that many predicted utter discomfiture for the rash experiment. But it succeeded. It was a great step to a firmer business footing; and it was also a sign of the new attitude which newspapers were taking in the community. The old-time journal was very deferential to its subscribers and advertisers. It spoke of them as its "patrons." It was ready to praise the wares which they advertised, and to give all manner of friendly notices and puffs. It was patient, though sometimes plaintive, toward their delay in making payment. The possible message, "Stop my paper," hung over the editor's head, keeping him docile and respectful. All this was swiftly changing. The newspaper, strengthened by railroad and telegraph, was becoming so strong that it needed not to ask favors or depend on them. The "Republican" took the lead among provincial papers in this independent attitude, of which the advance-payment system was the commercial sign. It had never a master, either among the political chiefs or in the classes with whom its business interests lay. It depended on their support for its existence; but the editor won that support by making it for their interest to subscribe for his paper and to advertise in it.

The great achievement of Samuel Bowles was that he built up under the limitations of a country town a paying newspaper of national reputation and influence, which expressed the editor's personal opinions, bound by no party, by no school, by no clique. From its early years the paper avowed its opinions and made its criticisms with a freedom that provoked frequent and often emphatic dissent among its readers. The nature of its field made this independence hard to maintain. A great city offers an immense and various constituency, and a paper which can make itself readable to some one large class can afford to ignore even a wide and weighty disapprobation from other classes. But the "Republican" was in a small community; it could reach, at most, only a circle of country towns; the utmost number who would take a daily paper was limited; and the paper could ill afford to drive off subscribers, or incline them toward the local rivals which from time to time disputed the ground with it. Besides, a provincial neighborhood is full of strong prejudices. It has its heroes who must not be lightly spoken of; its traditional code of manners and morals which must be deferred to. There is still a deal of very stiff stuff in the descendants of the Puritans, but the community thirty years ago was far more provincial, more conservative, more set in its preferences and prejudices than it is to-day. The environment was by no means favorable to the outspoken independence which was a growing trait of the "Republican." The editor conquered his environment. He did it by making so good a newspaper that the people had to buy it. By industry and skill he won the opportunity for independence.

There grew up in Mr. Bowles's mind an ideal of "journalism," — a combination of principles, methods, and instincts, based partly on ethics, partly on expediency. With him, to say a thing was or was not "good journalism" was to put the final seal upon its character. It belonged to good journalism, in his idea, to tell all the news, and as a part of this to give every side a fair hearing. His opponents and critics could always find place for their articles, under reasonable conditions, in his paper. But it also belonged to his ideal of journalism that a paper should as seldom as possible own itself in the wrong. Accordingly, if a man wrote to him in correction of a statement, or in defense against criticism, he generally found his letter printed, but with some editorial comment that gave

the last word tellingly against him. It was commonly said that to seek redress from the "Republican" did more harm than good. This trait was partly due to deliberate unwillingness to weaken the paper's authority by admission of error. But it was probably more due to a personal idiosyncrasy. In many ways a most generous man, Mr. Bowles always hated to admit that he had been in the wrong. Sometimes he did it — not often — in private life; but in his paper never, when he could help it. "We sometimes discussed this," said Dr. Holland, "and he once said: 'I sympathize with the Boston editor, to whom a man came with the complaint, "Your paper says that I hanged myself, and I want you to take it back." "No," said the editor, "we're not in the habit of doing that, but we will say that the rope broke and you escaped!"'"

But it must be said that this fault lies at the door of a good many papers besides the "Republican." It is a characteristic sin of journalism — one of the vices of irresponsible power. The English press is assumed to be far more fair and decorous than the American; but Trollope, that faithful photographer of English manners, characterizes the "Times" in this same respect. "Write to the 'Jupiter,'" counsels Bishop Grantley to the aggrieved Mr. Harding who has been misrepresented by that paper. "Yes," says the more worldly-wise Archdeacon, "yes, and be smothered with ridicule; tossed over and over again with scorn; shaken this way and that, as a rat in the grip of a practiced terrier. A man may have the best of causes, the best of talents, and the best of tempers; he may write as well as Addison or as strongly as Junius; but even with all this he cannot successfully answer when attacked by the 'Jupiter.' Answer such an article! No, Warden; whatever you do, don't do that."

The vital principle of independent journalism, as Mr. Bowles understood it, was illustrated by an incident which occurred in 1856. While Mr. Bowles was out of town a prize-fight was attempted in Springfield, and among those who gathered to witness it were some young men of good social standing, belonging to families with whom he was in friendly relations. Dr. Holland treated the incident in a very sharp article, as an instance of the coarse immoralities in which the rapidly growing town was beginning to imitate the worst features of the great cities. The article stated that the matter would come up in the police court, and those who had been concerned in it might expect full publicity to be given to their conduct. Before the trial Mr. Bowles returned to town. In the evening, sitting on the door-step, his wife said to him, "Can't you let this thing drop? If you publish these young men's names it will wound and alienate a great many of our friends." He answered, "Mary, I have considered it all, most thoughtfully and conscientiously. The blame must be given where it is deserved. This is the time to put an end to prize-fighting in Springfield." The trial was fully reported in the "Republican," including the names of those who as attendants at the prize-fight were called as witnesses; and the paper commented in a few vigorous words on their presence at such a scene. Personal alienations did follow, painful and not soon healed. But there never was another prize-fight in Springfield. In this and similar cases the morals of the town were vastly the gainer by the unsparing publicity given to the misdeeds of men who had reputations to suffer. Just as the introduction of street-lights into cities did more to stop nocturnal crime than constables and courts could do, so by its reports of wrong-doing has the modern newspaper added a new safeguard to social morality. To exercise that great function as free from fear or favor as the judge on the bench was the aim of the "Republican." Its editor liked to make his power felt,— he liked to use it for the public good,— but the personal alienations which it brought were none the less painful to him.

The limitation on the moral power of politician or journalist is that in order to lead he must in a degree conform. In a democracy no kind of leadership is free from that necessity, save that of the pure idealist — the poet or the prophet. Over all but him conformity lays its heavy hand. But under the sharpest rein of all does it hold the man who makes it his business to take active part in government. Agreement with the majority is the inexorable price of his personal success. As often as election-day comes round he must have the approval of a majority of his constituency or be thrown out of his work. The journalist's necessity, on the other hand, is to make a paper that men will buy. One way to that end is to express sentiments agreeable to its readers,— to soothe them with assent and approval. Another way is to make a newspaper so attractive by its general merits that men will buy it even though they dissent from its doctrines. That was the path which Mr. Bowles chose for the "Republican."

Not till near the end of his life was the paper confronted with the severe test of directly opposing, in a presidential campaign, the party to which the mass of its readers belonged. But at a much earlier stage it committed itself to the then novel position of criticising with entire freedom the special measures and the individual leaders of the

party to which it gave a general support; its theory of independent journalism was as clearly avowed, as sincerely followed, in 1856 as in 1872. The difference was that until the later date the editor's political convictions differed from the mass of his constituents only as to occasional and subordinate issues. But the old theory of party allegiance — a theory still substantially practiced in this year of grace 1885 by a large majority of American journals — is that the individual or the newspaper shall support the party, as the patriot stands by his country or the believer by his church. Interior discussion, guarded criticism, are allowable, but are always to be subordinated to the prime object of victory over the foreign foe, the heretic or the opposing faction. The approved temper toward the party is to

> "Be to its faults a little blind,
> Be to its virtues very kind."

The "Republican," after it began its existence as a daily, was never extreme in its partisanship; but for its first decade it virtually owed allegiance to the Whig party.

Its declaration of independence was made in February, 1855. In the previous year, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise roused the North for the first time to a general resistance to the extension of slavery, the "Republican" had vainly pleaded with the Whig leaders in the State to merge that organization in a new party devoted to freedom. It had given a lukewarm support to the Whig nominees, the Republican organization being at that time abortive, and the proscriptive Know-nothing movement sweeping to a sudden and brief success. After the election the paper devoted itself with fresh energy to building up a genuine Republican party, but at the same time it asserted its freedom thenceforth from all partisan trammels. It took occasion on the enlargement of its sheet to review its own history; and after mentioning the general improvement in journalism dating from the era of the telegraph, it continued:

> "With the dawn of a new national growth upon the press of America, at the period of which we speak, came also a more perfect intellectual freedom from the shackles of party. The independent press of the country is fast supplanting the merely partisan press. Parties are taking their form and substance from the press and pulpit, rather than the press and pulpit echoing merely the voice of the party. A merely party organ is now a thing despised and contemned, and can never take rank as a first-class public journal. The London 'Times,' the great journal of the world, is the creator, not the creature of parties. There is not in New York, where journalism in this country has reached its highest material and intellectual perfection, a single party organ in existence. All are emancipated. None conceal facts lest they injure their party. None fear to speak the truth lest they utter treason against merely partisan power. The true purpose of the press is understood and practiced upon. They are the mirrors of the world of fact and of thought. Upon that fact do they comment with freedom, and to that thought do they add its freshest and most earnest cumulations.
>
> "Such in its sphere does the 'Republican' aim to be. Whatever it has been in the past, no more shall its distinction be that of a partisan organ, blindly following the will of party, and stupidly obeying its behests. It has its principles and purposes. But these are above mere party success. To these it will devote itself. Whenever and wherever the success of men or of parties can advance those principles and purposes, the 'Republican' will boldly advocate such success; whenever men and parties are stumbling blocks to the triumph of those principles, they will be as boldly opposed and denounced."

To one who knows the character of the New York press, and the American press in general, during most of the thirty years since this was written, this description of its impartial character reads like a sarcasm. The era of journalistic independence was as brief as that of the disintegration of parties. When the new lines had been drawn the newspapers fell into place on one side or the other, — not upon the whole with the old subservience, yet with a degree of partisan fidelity which grew with the growth of party discipline as the Republican party matured and the Democratic party recovered from its successive disruptions; so that in 1872 "independent journalism" was greeted by the general public as a new phenomenon. There were, of course, exceptions among the press, to trace which would belong to a general history of journalism. But through the intervening period, whether heartily favoring or criticising or opposing the general course of the Republican party, Mr. Bowles's paper never hesitated to pronounce a frank, independent judgment on the measures and men of that party and of all parties. Its political news was honest. Its readers could always find the views of its opponents fairly quoted and ungarbled. Its regular correspondents at Washington and elsewhere were always under instructions to give the facts as they were, whether they suited the editorial views or not. In the correspondents' galleries in the Capitol one may sometimes hear such remarks as this: "The situation looks to me so and so — but the old man at home will not let me say so in my dispatches." The "Republican" correspondents had no occasion to say that. They were chosen with due regard to their general agreement with the paper's views, but the instructions given them were to tell the truth. They were allowed, too, to tell it largely from the stand-point of their personal convictions. It was often the case that the paper's own Washington dispatches were considerably more radical in their tone than the editorial columns; while the biting criticisms of "Warrington," the

Boston correspondent, fell often on the measures and men that the "Republican" editorially approved.

To trace even in outline the relation of the "Republican" to the political events of the period in which its chief's life fell, is foreign to the scope of this article. It is designed here only to show the broad ideas out of which were developed the principle and the practice of independent journalism. An instance has been given of the application of that principle to politics, but it has a far wider application than to questions of civil government. Something further may be added on the spirit in which Mr. Bowles dealt with a subject as to which a courageous and wise independence is quite as essential as in politics, and even more difficult for the American journalist.

Nothing was more characteristic of the "Republican" than its attitude toward the churches and the questions connected with them. The half-century of Mr. Bowles's life witnessed immense changes in the social life of the Connecticut Valley. The multiplying of interests, the new forms of industry, the quickening of pace, the widened range of thought, the change in the whole aspect of the community were such as volumes could not describe. The church organizations necessarily partook of the general changes; but, as is generally the case with religious institutions, they showed a tenacity and conservatism beyond most other departments of social life. They continued to include in their membership a preponderance of the social respectability, the intelligence, and the virtue of the community. In their formal creeds there was little change; but their preaching showed a growing indisposition to emphasize the harsher elements of the old creed, and a growing insistence on ethical rather than dogmatic themes. The thought and research which within that period had unsettled the foundations of the ancient creed of Christendom were, of course, felt throughout the intelligent part of the community — or rather through the whole community; no social stratum has any longer a belief or a doubt peculiar to itself. But whatever of radical doubt or dissent existed lay largely beneath the surface. The ministry were as a body very conservative of the substance and most of the form of the ancient faith. Of the earnest and sober-minded laity, a larger proportion held more or less closely to the same faith, which offered an assurance of human salvation, of God, of immortality, while no equally clear and authoritative utterance seemed to come from any other quarter. The churches fostered an atmosphere throughout the community which made open dissent unpleasant for most men who wished to live on good terms with their neighbors. They assumed to offer the only way to a right life in this world, and to something better beyond this world. Those who did not in their hearts admit the assumption, seldom cared to openly deny, still less to defy it.

The "Republican" acquiesced neither openly nor tacitly in the churches' assumption of an infallible way of salvation; but it neither made war upon the churches nor ignored them. It always assumed that they were a great and useful instrumentality in improving the community. It recognized them as associations for helping men in right living. It discussed their practical methods as freely as it discussed questions of politics. It did not discuss the dogmas of theology, just as it did not discuss the fundamental principles of philosophy or of science. Not even the broad realm of the daily newspaper includes the settlement of the ultimate principles of special departments of thought. But, just as the "Republican" reported as a matter of news the progress of opinion among scientists concerning Darwinism or among philosophers concerning evolution, so it took note of the theological movements and controversies. Whenever questions of church administration had a direct bearing on the practical interests of the community, the paper not only reported them as news, but took part in the debate as an advocate. A contributor once offered an editorial in regard to the ostracism of the Liberal sects by the Orthodox; the form of expression being, "The world, looking on at the conduct of the church which seeks to convert it, is inclined in a friendly way to suggest, etc." Mr. Bowles sent back the article with the answer: "There is a fault of construction in your article for the 'Republican.' We have always discussed these questions as insiders, and not as outsiders. I have no idea of giving up the churches to the ministers and deacons." As to all questions of dogma, the "Republican's" habitual ground was not that some particular doctrine was true or false, but that all doctrine should be held and used with reference to the moral advancement of men; that no question of intellectual belief should stand in the way of anything which could make men stronger, sweeter, more useful to the community. Its independence of creeds was distasteful to the professional guardians of orthodoxy; its free criticism of churches and ministers often drew on it the wrath, not only of the immediate object of criticism, but of the ecclesiastical body in general, sensitive at seeing its dignitaries so summarily dealt with. Yet the paper had nowhere warmer friends than among the most intelligent and earnest of the clergy, orthodox as well as

liberal. It was in strong sympathy with the most vital elements in church life. It appealed to the clergy as the natural leaders of moral reforms. It was unfriendly to destructive methods in theology and religion. Its principles were just those on which the American churches have found their best growth depends,— the exaltation of spiritual life above dogma and ritual; the widening of fellowship beyond the limits of sect, to "the blessed company of all faithful people"; the conception of religion not as a particular set of opinions but as the spirit of duty, love, and faith. The church as an institution is saved by the men who reform it.

As to Mr. Bowles's ideas of the church and of the newspaper, a few sentences may be borrowed from a private letter in 1861 to Dr. Frederick D. Huntington, with whom the "Republican" had had some controversy, and who was a personal friend of the editor.

"The 'Republican' has assumed a ground to which you hardly do justice. It is greater than the practice or position of its Editors — higher than denominations or sects, as life is greater than thought, practice than profession, Christianity than theology, piety than prayer. It seems to me to stand above the strife of sects, above the 'bandying of phrases,' and to reach to the truest and purest ideas of the Divine purpose. . . . We are content to say [of the various Christian denominations], they are all alike — to put them in one great plan, or scheme, each having excellences, each defects, each having its field, its work, its mission, and all seeking the glory of God and the purification and elevation of men.

"Individually, each of us may have our choice and preference; but is not the idea of the journal worthy of respect? . . . It would be presumption in *me* to pretend to discuss theology as thoroughly as politics, but I have made no such pretense. The 'Republican' has, and has the right to, because it can command and does command talent and learning equally in both sciences. It has on its regular editorial staff one man* as learned in all the dry and disgusting lore of the theological schools as ninety-nine out of one hundred clergymen, and another† whose fervor and unction as a lay preacher are hardly less than the rector of Emanuel's himself‡ in the pulpit. Pray make the distinction. . . .

"The 'Republican's' sympathies and its hopes are in the right direction. In the quick judgments and rough, direct diction of daily journalism, it must assuredly often mistake, often wound; and wanton doubtless is it in its freedom of utterance; but I know that its heart is right and that you and such as you ought never long or seriously have reason to complain of it. I shall send you the 'Republican,' for I wish you to see that its pretensions to being a religious, as well as a political paper — 'to discuss religious questions' (not theology purely or mainly) 'and distribute religious intelligence' — these being our words,— are not mere pretensions. Our idea of a public journal covers all life — life in its deepest and highest significance, as well as the superficialities of food and raiment, business and government."

One quotation may here be given from the "Republican's" later utterances as illustrating the spirit in which it treated religious subjects. It is from an editorial of December 3, 1874, on "John Stuart Mill as a theologian"; the occasion being the publication of his posthumous essays. The article does not bear the mark of Mr. Bowles's hand, but is in full harmony with the larger personality of the "Republican" itself.

"The misconception which runs through the two essays of Mill on 'The Utility of Religion' and on 'Theism' is indeed that which lies at the bottom of the whole utilitarian philosophy; namely, that the human soul acts only or chiefly upon selfish motives, and that human life in this world and the next is an affair of logic and comprehensible by the understanding. However high the point of cultivation reached, however noble the morality which rests upon reasoning, there is always a beyond where the divine powers, the supernatural attitudes of the soul, range free and direct our activity. In that realm the hope of pleasure and the fear of pain are equally indifferent to the enlightened spirit, and all the ordinary sanctions and promoting causes of religion shrink out of sight. The oriental legend of the believer who was met on the road with a torch in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other, conveys a meaning which seems almost beyond the apprehension of Mr. Mill. 'With this fire,' said the mystic, 'I go to burn up the palaces of Heaven, and with this water to quench the flames of Hell, so that man hereafter may worship God truly, and no longer serve Him for hope or for fear.'

"The sadness of the book is neither depressing nor likely to infect others; its warnings and encouragements are all of a high mood, and its errors are such as throw no blame upon its author. To this great man, lingering upon the confines of the two worlds and sharpening his vision with love and regret toward the world unseen and almost despaired of, the life of mankind assumed a serious and tender aspect, not devoid of a melancholy hope, and rich in virtuous manly endeavors and accomplished deeds. The truly devout alone have the right to censure him, for he stands, like the Stoics and the highest of the followers of Epicurus, far above the plane of the ordinary religions of the world. Such souls need the teachings of Christ himself, not the discourses of Paul or of the ecclesiastics."

The church and its ministry have high functions which the press cannot share. The personal cure of souls; the spoken word of inspiration, sent home with the impact which only figure and face and voice can impart; the organization for direct mutual help in the conduct of life; the supplying of a visible basis and stronghold for the moral forces of the community,— these are still the church's province. But men no longer look to the church's pulpit as they used to look for guidance in thought and opinion. That scepter has passed to the journalist. He, in a broader sense than any other, is the teacher of the community, or rather the official teacher; for the highest leadership is not an office, but a personal endowment. The transfer of authority has been going on for centuries, but it was consummated in that same third of a century in which Mr. Bowles built up the "Republican." In the beginning of that period it might have been fair to take Mr. Peabody, pastor of the Uni-

*Joseph E. Hood. †Dr. Holland. ‡Dr. Huntington.

tarian church in Springfield, as the type of the public teacher in New England,— a dignified personage, speaking his weekly word from the pulpit, clad in gown of solemn black; dwelling much on the transitoriness and woe of this present life, urging an ideal of character which was pure and lofty, but had few points of contact with the matter-of-fact world in which his hearers must needs live. Against this figure thirty years later we may set the journalist at his desk, alert, high-strung, the telegraph pouring upon him the news of the whole planet, with now and then an item from the solar system beyond, his swift pen touching every interest of politics, trade, society, conduct, faith, every phase of the great world's teeming activity. He is now the King,— well for him if he be also the Saint and Prophet! "You see in me only a fraction of the king," Mr. Bowles would have said; "here is the sovereign, the paper itself— with world-wide agencies at its command; fed by the life-juices of many workers; governed by an ideal which is a birth of the age-spirit, and which unstinted labor and love have built up. The life I have planted in the paper is as distinct from my own as the life which a father transmits to his son, and it shall live when I and my sons have passed away."

George S. Merriam.

A POET'S SOLILOQUY.

On a time, not of old,
When a poet had sent out his soul, and no welcome had found
Where the heart of the nation in prose stood fettered and bound
In fold upon fold —
He called back his soul who had pined for some answer afloat;
And thus in the silence of night and the pride of his spirit he wrote:

Come back, poet-thought!
For they honor thee not in thy vesture of verse and of song.
Come back — thou hast hovered about in the markets too long.
In vain thou hast sought
To stem the strong current that swells from the Philistine lands;
Thou hast failed to deliver the message the practical public demands.

Come back to the heights
Of thy vision, thy love, thy Parnassus of beauty and truth —
From the valleys below where the labor of age and of youth
Has no need of thy lights; —
For Science has marshaled the way with a lamp of its own.
Till they woo thee with wakening love, thou must follow thy pathway alone.

We have striven, have toiled —
Have pressed with the foremost to sing to the men of our time
The thought that was deepest, the lay that was lightest in rhyme.
We are baffled and foiled.
The crowd hurries on, intent upon traffic and pay.
They have ears, but they hear not. What chance to be heard has the poet to-day?

So we turn from the crowd,
And we sing as we please — like the thrush far away in the woods;
They may listen or not, as they choose, to our fancies and moods
Chanted low, chanted loud
In the sunshine or storm — 'mid the hearts that are tender or hard.
What need of applause from the world when art is its own reward?

Christopher P. Cranch.

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT."

A DOUBTFUL day of mingled snow and rain, such as we often have in New York in February, had been followed, as night fell, by a hard frost; and as Robert White mounted the broad brown-stone steps of Mrs. Martin's house and, after ringing the bell, looked across Washington Square to the pseudo-picturesque University building, he felt that form of gratitude toward his hostess which has been defined as a lively sense of benefits to come. His ten-minute walk through the hard slush of the pavements had given an edge to his appetite, and he knew of old that the little dinners of the Duchess of Washington Square were everything that little dinners should be. He anticipated confidently a warm reception by his hospitable hostess; an introduction to a pretty girl, probably as clever as she was good-looking; a dignified procession into the spacious dining-room; a bountiful dinner, neither too long nor too short, as well served as it was well cooked; and at the end a good cup of coffee and a good cigar, and a pleasant quarter of an hour's chat with four or five agreeable men, not the least agreeable of them being Mr. Martin, who was known to most people only as Mrs. Martin's husband, but whom White had discovered to be as shrewd and sharp as he was reserved and retiring.

And so it came to pass, except that the state of the streets had made White a little late, wherefore the Duchess was slightly hurried and peremptory. She took him at once under her wing and led him up to a very pretty girl. "Phyllis," she said, "this is Mr. White, to whom I confide you for the evening."

As White bowed before the young lady whom Mrs. Martin had called Phyllis, he wished that the Duchess had kindly added her patronymic, as it is most embarrassing not to know to whom one is talking. But there was no time for inquiry; the rich velvet curtains which masked the open doorway leading from the parlor into the hall were pushed aside, and the venerable colored butler announced that dinner was served. White offered his arm to Miss Phyllis, and they filed into the dining-room in the wake of Mr. Martin and Mrs. Sutton; the Duchess, on the arm of Judge Gillespie, brought up the rear.

There were fourteen at table,—a number too large for general conversation, and therefore conducive to confidential talks between any two congenial spirits who might be sitting side by side. White had at his left Mrs. Sutton, but she was a great favorite with Mr. Martin, and White had scarcely a word with her throughout the dinner. On the other side of Miss Phyllis was a thin, short, dyspeptic little man, Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock, whom White knew slightly, and whom Miss Phyllis evidently did not like, as White saw at a glance. So it happened that White and Miss Phyllis were wholly dependent on each other for entertainment, as long as they might sit side by side at the Duchess's table.

"A mean day like this makes the comfortable luxury of a house like Mrs. Martin's all the more grateful," began White, by way of breaking the ice; "don't you think so?"

"It has been a day to make one understand what weather-prophets have in mind when they talk about the average mean temperature of New York," she answered, smiling.

"I hope you do not wish to insinuate that the average temperature of New York is mean. I have lived here only a few years, but I am prepared to defend the climate of New York to the bitter end."

"Then you must defend the weather of to-day," she retorted gayly, "for it had a very bitter end. I felt like the maid in the garden hanging out the clothes, for down came a black wind to bite off my nose."

"Just now you remind me rather of the queen in the parlor eating bread and honey."

"I have an easy retort," she laughed back. "I can say you are like the king in his chamber counting out his money; for that is how most New York men seem to spend their days."

"But I am not a business man," explained White, thinking that Miss Phyllis was a ready young lady with her wits about her, and regretting again that he had not learnt her name.

"They say that there are only two classes who scorn business and never work — the aristocrats and the tramps," she rejoined mischievously. "Am I to infer that you are an aristocrat or a tramp?"

"I regret to say that I am neither the one nor the other. A tramp is often a philosopher — of the peripatetic school of course; and an aristocrat is generally a gentleman, and often a good fellow. No, I am afraid your inference was based on a false premise. I am not a business man, but, all the same, I earn my living by my daily work. I am a journalist, and I am on the staff of the 'Gotham Gazette.'"

"Oh, you are an editor? I am so glad. I have always wanted to see an editor," ejaculated Miss Phyllis with increasing interest.

"You may see one now," he answered. "I am on exhibition here from seven to nine to-night."

"And you are really an editor?" she queried, gazing at him curiously.

"I am a journalist, and I write brevier, so I suppose I may be considered as a component unit of the editorial plural," he replied.

"And you write editorials?"

"I do; I have written yards of them—I might almost say miles of them."

"How odd! Somehow the editorials of a great paper always remind me of the edicts of the Council of Ten in Venice—nobody knows whose they are, and yet all men tremble before them." As she said this, Miss Phyllis looked at him meditatively for a moment, and then she went on, impulsively, "And what puzzles me is how you ever find anything to say."

A quiet smile played over White's face as he answered gravely: "We have to write a good deal, but we do not always say anything in particular."

"When I read the telegrams," continued Miss Phyllis, "especially the political ones, I never know exactly what it's all about until I've read the editorial. Then, of course, it all seems clear enough. But *you* have to make all that up out of your own head. It must be very wearing."

The young journalist wondered for a second whether this was sarcasm or not; then he admitted that he had been using up the gray matter of his brain very rapidly of late.

"I know I exhausted myself one election," she went on, "when I tried to understand politics. I thought it my duty to hear both sides, so I read two papers. But they contradicted each other so, and they got me so confused, that I had to give it up. Really I hadn't any peace of mind at all until I stopped reading the other paper. Of course, I couldn't do without the 'Gotham Gazette.'"

"Then are all our labors amply rewarded," said White gallantly, thinking that he had only once met a young lady more charming than Miss Phyllis.

"Now tell me, Mr. White, what part of the paper do you write?"

"Tell me what part of the paper you read first — but I think I can guess that. You always begin with the deaths and then pass on to the marriages. Don't you?"

Miss Phyllis hesitated a moment, blushed a little,— whereat White thought her even prettier than he had at first,—and then confessed. "I do read the deaths first; and why not? Our going out of the world is the most important thing we do in it."

"Except getting married — and that's why you read the marriages next?" he asked.

"I suppose so. I acknowledge that I read the marriages with delight. Naturally I know very few of the brides, but that is no matter — there is all the more room for pleasant speculation. It's like reading only the last chapter of a novel — you have to invent for yourself all that went before."

"Then you like the old-fashioned novels which always ended like the fairy stories, 'So they were married and lived happily ever afterward'?" he queried.

"Indeed I do," she answered vehemently, "Unless I have orange-blossoms and wedding-cake given to me at the end of a story, I feel cheated."

"I suppose you insist on a novel's being a love-story?" White inquired.

"If a story isn't a love-story," she answered energetically, "it isn't a story at all. Why, when I was only nine years old, a little chit of a girl, I wouldn't read Sunday-school books, because there was no love in them!"

Robert White laughed gently, and said: "I spurned the Sunday-school book when I was nine, too, but that was because the bad boys had all the fun and the good boys had to take all the medicine, in spite of which, however, they were often cut off in the flower of their youth."

"Do you ever write stories, Mr. White?"

"I have been guilty of that evil deed," he answered. "I had a tale in the 'Gotham Gazette' one Sunday a few months ago, called 'The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep'; it was a little study in zoölogic psychology. Did you read it?"

"I don't seem to recall it," she hesitated. "I'm afraid I must have missed it."

"Then you missed a great intellectual treat," said the journalist, with humorous exaggeration. "Fiction is stranger than truth sometimes, and there were absolutely no facts at all in The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep.'"

"It was a fantastic tale, then?"

"Well, it was rather eccentric."

"You must send it to me. I like strange, weird stories—if they do not try to be funny. They say I haven't any sense of humor, and I certainly do not like to see anybody trying hard to be funny."

With a distinct recollection that "The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep" had been noticed by several friendly editors as "one of the most amusing and comical conceits ever perpetrated in America," White thought it best not to promise a copy of it to Miss Phyllis.

"Perhaps you would prefer another sketch I published in the 'Gotham Gazette,'" he ventured. "It was called 'At the End of his Tether,' and it described a quaint old man who gave up his life to the collecting of bits of the ropes which had hanged famous murderers."

"How gruesome!" she exclaimed, with a little shudder, although the next minute she asked with interest: "And what did he do with them?"

"He arranged them with great care, and labeled them exactly, and gloated over them until his mind gave way, and then he spliced them together and hung himself on a gallows of his own inventing."

"How delightfully interesting!"

"It was a little sketch after Hawthorne—a long way after," he added modestly.

"I just doat on Hawthorne," remarked Miss Phyllis critically. "He never explains things, and so you have more room for guessing. I do hate to see everything spelt out plain at the end of a book. I'm satisfied to know that they got married and were happy, and I don't care to be told just how old their children were when they had the whooping-cough!"

"A hint is as good as a table of statistics to a sharp reader," said the journalist. "I think the times are ripe for an application to fiction of the methods Corot used in painting pictures. Father Corot, as the artists call him, gave us a firm and vigorous conception veiled by a haze of artistic vagueness."

"That's what I like," agreed Miss Phyllis. "I like something left to the imagination."

"Your approbation encourages me to persevere. I had planned half a dozen other unconventional tales, mere trifles, of course, as slight as possible in themselves, but enough, with 'The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep' and 'At the End of his Tether,' to make a little book, and I was going to call it 'Nightmare's Nests.'"

"What an appetizing title!" declared the young lady. "I'm so sorry it is not published now — I couldn't rest till I'd read it."

"Then I am sure of selling at least one copy."

"Oh, I should expect you to send me a copy yourself," said Miss Phyllis archly, "and to write 'with the compliments of the author' on the first page."

Robert White looked up with a smile, and he caught Miss Phyllis's eye. He noted her bright and animated expression. He thought that only once before had he ever met a prettier or a livelier girl.

"You shall have an early copy," he said, "a set of 'advance sheets,' as the phrase is."

Here his attention and hers was distracted by the passing of a wonderful preparation of lobster, served in sherry, and cooked as though it were terrapin; this was a specialty of the Duchess's Virginian cook, and was not to be treated lightly. When this delicacy had been duly considered, Miss Phyllis turned to him again.

"Can't you tell me one of the stories you are going to write?" she asked.

"Here — now — at table?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Do you play chess? I mean do you understand the game?"

"I think it is poky; but I have played it with grandpa."

"There is a tale I thought of writing, to be called 'The Queen of the Living Chessmen'; but ——"

"That's a splendid title. Go on."

"Are you sure it would interest you?" asked the author.

"I can't be sure until you begin," she answered airily; "and if it doesn't interest me, I'll change the subject."

"And we can talk about the weather."

"Precisely. And now, do go on!"

She gave an imperious nod, which White could not but consider charming. There was no lull in the general conversation around the table. Mr. Martin was monopolizing Mrs. Sutton's attention, and Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock had at last got into an animated discussion with the lady on the other side of him. So White began:

"This, then, is the tale of 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men.' Once upon a time——"

"I do like stories which begin with 'Once upon a time,'" interrupted Miss Phyllis.

"So far at least, then, you may like mine. Once upon a time there was a young English surgeon in India. He was a fine, handsome, manly young fellow ——"

"Light or dark?" asked the young lady. "That's a very important question. I don't take half the interest in a hero if he is dark."

"Then my hero shall be as fair as a young Saxon ought to be. Now, on his way out to India, this young fellow heard a great deal about a beautiful English girl, the daughter of a high official in the service of John Company ——"

"Is she going to fall in love with him?" interrupted Miss Phyllis again.

"She is."

"Then this is a love-story?"

"It is indeed," answered the author, with emphasis.

"Then you may go on," said the young lady; "I think it will interest me."

And White continued:

"The young doctor had heard so much about her beauty that he was burning with anxiety to behold her. He felt as though the first time he should see her would be an epoch in his life. He was ready to love her at first sight. But when he got to his post he found that she had gone to Calcutta for a long visit, and it might be months before she returned. He possessed his soul in patience, and made friends with her father, and was permitted to inspect a miniature of her, made by the best artist in India. This portrait more than confirmed the tales of her beauty. The sight of her picture produced a strange but powerful effect upon the doctor, and his desire to see the fair original redoubled. From Calcutta came rumors of the havoc she wrought there among the susceptible hearts of the English exiles, but, so far as rumor could tell, she herself was still heart-free. She had not yet found the man of her choice; and it was said that she had romantic notions, and would marry only a man who had proved himself worthy, who had, in short, done some deed of daring or determination on her behalf. The young Englishman listened to these rumors with a sinking of the heart, for he had no hope that he could ever do anything to deserve her. At last the news came that she was about to return to her father, and at the same time came an order to the doctor to join an expedition among the hill-tribes. He called on her father before he went, and he got a long look at her miniature, and away he went with a heavy heart for the love he bore a woman he had never seen. No sooner had his party set off than there was trouble with the Hindoos. The British residents and the native princes led a cat-and-dog life, and there began to be great danger of civil war. There were risings in various parts of the country."

"In what year was this?"

"I don't know yet," answered the journalist. "You see I have only the general idea of the story. I shall have to read up a good deal to get the historical facts and all the little touches of local color. But I suppose this must have been about a hundred years ago or thereabouts. Will that do?"

"If you don't *know* when your story happened," said Miss Phyllis, "of course you can't tell me. But go on, and tell me all you *do* know."

"Well, the young doctor was captured by a party of natives and taken before a rajah or whatever they call him, a native prince, who had renounced his semi-allegiance to the British and who had at once revealed his cruelty and rapacity. In fact, the chief into whose hands the young surgeon had fallen was nothing more nor less than a bloodthirsty tyrant. At first he was going to put the doctor to death, but fortunately, just then, one of the lights of the harem fell ill and the doctor cured her. So, instead of being killed, he was made first favorite of the rajah. He had saved his life, although he was no nearer to his liberty."

"Why, wouldn't the rajah let him go?" asked Miss Phyllis with interest.

"No, he wanted to keep him. He had found it useful to have a physician on the premises, and in future he never meant to be without one. After a few vain appeals, the doctor gave up asking for his liberty. He began to plan an escape without the rajah's leave. One evening the long-sought opportunity arrived, and as a large detachment of English prisoners was brought into town, the doctor slipped out."

"Did he get away safely?"

"You shall be told in due time. Let us not anticipate, as the story-tellers say. Did I tell you that the rajah had found out that the doctor played chess, and that he had three games with him every night?"

"This is the first I have heard of it," was the young lady's answer.

"Such was the fact. And this it was which led to the doctor's recapture. On the evening of his escape the rajah wanted his chess a little earlier, and the doctor could not be found; so they scoured the country for him, and brought him before the prince, who bade them load him with chains and cast him into a dungeon cell."

"And how long did he languish there?"

"Till the next morning only. At high noon he was taken out and the chains were taken off, and he was led into a spacious balcony overlooking a great court-yard. This court-yard was thronged with people and the sides were lined with soldiers. In the center was a large vacant space. This vacant space was a square composed of many smaller squares of alternating black and white marble. Unconsciously the doctor counted these smaller squares; there were exactly sixty-four — eight in a row and eight rows."

"Just as though it was a huge chess-board?" inquired Miss Phyllis.

White was flattered by the visible interest this pretty girl took in his narrative.

"It *was* a huge chess-board, nothing else," he answered, "and a game of chess was about to be played on it by living chess-men. Soon after the doctor was brought into the gallery, there was a movement in the outskirts of the throng below and four elephants came in and took their places at the four corners of the gigantic chess-board. Two of these elephants were draped with white and two with black,

and their howdahs were shaped like castles. Then came in four horsemen, two on white steeds and two on black, and they took their places next to the castles."

"They were the knights! Oh, how romantic!" ejaculated the young lady.

"Next came four fools or jesters, for in the oriental game of chess the bishop is replaced by a clown. Two of these were white men and two were Hindoos. They took their places next to the knights. Then there entered two files of eight soldiers, and the eight white men took the second row on one side while the eight Hindoos faced them on the second row opposite."

"They were the pawns, I suppose?"

"They were the pawns. The doctor now began to suspect what was going on, and he saw a white man and a Hindoo, both magnificently caparisoned, and with tiny pages supporting the skirts of their robes, enter the square allotted to the kings. Finally in two litters or sedan-chairs the two queens were borne in; the doctor saw that one was a white woman and the other a Hindoo, but the white pieces were on the side of the court opposite him, and he could not distinguish the features of any of his countrymen — for that they were English captives he felt convinced."

"But who was to play the game?" asked Miss Phyllis eagerly.

"The rajah and the doctor. The rajah came into the balcony and told the doctor that since he wanted to get away he might have a chance for his life. If he could win the game, the rajah would not only spare his life, but he might depart in peace, and, even more, he might select from the English captives any one he chose to depart with him."

"But if he lost the game?"

"Then he lost his life. For the doctor that game of chess with the living chess-men meant life or death. But the sturdy young Englishman had a stout heart and a strong head, and he was not frightened. Although he had generally managed to lose when playing with the rajah, he knew that he played a finer game. He knew, moreover, that although the rajah was a despot and a bloody-minded villain, yet he would keep his word, and if he lost the game the doctor would be sent away in safety and honor, as had been promised. So the doctor planned his game with care and played with more skill than the rajah had suspected him of having. After half a dozen moves there was an exchange of pawns. The captured men were led to the sides of the court-yard, and there stood an executioner, who whipped off their heads in a second."

"What!" almost shouted Miss Phyllis. "Do you mean to say he killed them?"

"The living chess-men, white or black, English or Hindoo, were all prisoners and had all been condemned to death. The rajah was using them for his amusement before killing them — that was all. As soon as they were taken in the course of the game, they were no longer useful, and the headsman did his work upon them at once."

"You don't call *this* a love-story, do you?" was Miss Phyllis's indignant query.

"You shall see. When the doctor saw the fate of the captured pieces he almost lost his self-control. But he was a brave man, and in a little while he regained courage. An attendant explained that these men would die anyhow, and in time the doctor got interested in the game and intent on saving his own life, and he ceased to think about the lives of the hapless human chess-men. And the rajah gave him enough to think about. The rajah, having nothing at stake, and knowing it was the last game with the doctor, played with unusual skill and success. With oriental irony the rajah had chosen the white pieces, and he kept sending the white queen on predatory excursions among the black chess-men. The doctor saw that if he did not take the white queen he was a dead man; so he laid a trap for her, and the rajah fell into the trap and sent the white queen close to the black pieces, taking a black pawn. For the first time the doctor got a good look at the white queen. His heart jumped into his mouth and beat so loud that he thought the rajah must hear it. The white queen was the beautiful English girl of whom he had thought so much and so often and whom he had never seen. He knew her at a glance, for the miniature was a good likeness, though it could not do justice to her wonderful beauty; it was indeed fit that she should be robed as a queen. As soon as the doctor saw her he felt that he loved her with the whole force of his being; no stroke of love at first sight was ever more sudden or more irresistible. For a moment love, astonishment, and fear made him stand motionless."

"And what did she do?"

"She could do nothing. And what could he do? It was a tremendous predicament. If he captured the white queen, she would be killed at once. If he did not capture her, the rajah in all probability would win the game — and then both he and she would have to die. He had a double incentive to win the game, to save his own life and to save hers also, by selecting her as the one to accompany him. But the game became doubly difficult to win, because he dare not take the rajah's most powerful piece. To make the situation more hopeless, the rajah, seeing that the doctor let him withdraw the queen from a posi-

tion the full danger of which he discovered as soon as the move was made, and detecting the signals with which the doctor tried to encourage the woman he loved, and to bid her be of good cheer — the rajah began to count on the doctor's unwillingness to take the white queen; he made rash raids into the doctor's intrenchments and decimated the doctor's slender force. In half an hour the game looked hopeless for the young Englishman. Less than half of the thirty-two living chess-men stood upon the marble squares, and of these barely a third belonged to the doctor. The rajah had the advantage in numbers, in value, and in position."

"Then how did the doctor get out of it?"

"The rajah's success overcame his prudence, and he made a first false move. The doctor saw a slight chance, and he studied it out as though it were an ordinary end game or a problem. Suddenly the solution burst upon him. In three swift moves he checkmated the astonished rajah."

"And saved his own life and hers too?" asked the young lady, with great interest.

"So they were married and lived happily ever afterward. You see my love-story ends as you like them to end."

"It's all very well," said Miss Phyllis," but the man did everything. I think she ought to have had a chance too."

It must not be supposed that there had been any break in the continuous courses of Mrs. Martin's delightful dinner while White was telling the tale of "The Queen of the Living Chess-men." In fact, he was unable to answer this last remark of Miss Phyllis's as he was helping himself to a delicious *mayonnaise* of tomatoes, another specialty of the Duchess's, who always served it as a self-respecting *mayonnaise* should be served — in a shallow glass dish imbedded in the cracked ice which filled a deeper dish of silver. So the young lady had a chance to continue.

"I do not object to the bloodshed and murder and horrors in your story, of course. I don't mean that I *like* horrors, as some girls do, but I am not squeamish about them. What I don't like is your heroine; she doesn't *do* anything."

"She is loved," answered the author; "is not that sufficient?"

"You *say* she is loved, but how do I know that she loves back? I have only your word for it; and you are a man, and so, of course, you may be mistaken in such matters."

"What more could I do to convince you of her affection for her lover?"

"You needn't do anything, but you ought to have let her do something. I don't know what, but I feel she ought to have done a deed of some sort, something grand, heroic, noble,— something to make my blood run cold with the intensity of my admiration! I'd like to see her sacrifice her life for the man she loves."

"You want a Jeanne d'Arc for a heroine?"

"Rather a Mary Queen of Scots, eager to love and to be loved, and ready to do and to die — a woman with an active spirit, and not a mere passive doll, like the weak girl your doctor married."

Robert White remarked that her slight excitement had heightened her color and that the flush was very becoming to her.

"We shall have to go back," he said, "to the days of Rebecca and Rowena, if you insist on having lissome maidens and burly warriors, hurtling arrows and glinting armor, the flash of scarlet and the blare of the trumpet."

"I don't think so," she retorted; "there is heroism in modern life, and in plenty too, though it goes about gravely and in sad-colored garments. And besides," she added, changing the subject with feminine readiness, "you tell us only about the peril they were in, and nothing at all about their love-making. Now, that's the part I like best. I just delight in a good love-scene. I used to wade through Trollope's interminable serials just for the sake of the proposals."

"It is never too early to mend. I will take your advice, and work up the love interest more. I will show how it was that the young English beauty who was 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men' came in time and by slow degrees to confess that the young doctor was the king of her heart."

"Then I will read it with even more pleasure."

"But, do you know," he continued, dropping his mock-heroic intonation, "that it is not easy to shoot Cupid on the wing? Indeed, it is very difficult to write about love-making."

"From lack of experience?" inquired Miss Phyllis mischievously.

"Precisely so. Now, how does a man propose?" asked White innocently.

The flush of excitement had faded before this, but suddenly a rich blush mantled her face and neck. For a second she hesitated; then she looked up at White frankly, and said, "Don't you know?"

Under her direct gaze it was his turn to flush up, and he colored to the roots of his hair.

"Pray forgive me if I have seemed personal," he said, "but I had supposed a young lady's opportunities for observation were so many more than a man's, that I hoped you might be willing to help me."

"I think that perhaps you are right," she replied calmly, "and that 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men' will be interesting enough without any love-passages."

"But I have other stories," he rejoined eagerly; "there is one in particular,—it is a love-story, simply a love-story."

"That will be very nice indeed," she said seriously, and as though her mind had been recalled suddenly.

"I am going to call it 'Love at First Sight.' You believe in love at first sight, don't you?"

Again the quick blush crimsoned her face. "I — I don't quite know," she answered.

"I thought all young ladies maintained as an article of faith, without which there could be no salvation, that love at first sight was the only genuine love?"

"I do not know what other girls may think," said Miss Phyllis, with cold dignity, "but I have no such foolish ideas!"

White was about to continue the conversation, and to ask her for such hints as she might be able to afford him toward the writing of "Love at First Sight," when the Duchess gave the signal for the departure of the ladies. As Miss Phyllis rose White fancied that he caught a faint sigh of relief, and as he lifted back her chair he wondered whether he had been in any way intrusive. She bowed to him as she passed, with the brilliant smile which was, perhaps, her greatest charm. As she left the room his eyes followed her with strange interest. The heavy curtain fell behind the portly back of the Duchess, and the gentlemen were left to their coffee and to their cigars; but Mat Hitchcock took the chair next to White's, and began at once to talk about himself in his usual effusive manner. The aroma of the coffee and the flavor of his cigar were thus quite spoilt for White, who seized the first opportunity to escape from Hitchcock and to join the ladies. As he entered the spacious parlor Hitchcock captured him again, and although White was able to mitigate the infliction by including two or three other guests in the conversation, it was not until the party began to break up that he could altogether shake off the incubus. Then he saw Miss Phyllis just gliding out of the door, after having bade the Duchess a fond farewell.

Robert White crossed over to Mrs. Martin at once. "I have to thank you for a very delightful evening," he began. "The dinner was a poem,— if you will excuse the brutality of the compliment,— and the company were worthy of it — with one unworthy exception, of course."

"Oh, Mr. White, you flatter me," said the pleased Duchess.

"Indeed, I do not. Very rarely have I heard such clever talk —— "

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Martin. "I do like the society of intellectual people."

"And," continued White, "I quite lost my heart to the very pretty girl I took in to dinner."

"Isn't she charming?" asked Mrs. Martin enthusiastically. "I think she is the nicest girl in New York."

"By the way — do you know, I did not quite catch her name —— "

"Hadn't you ever met her before? Why, she is the daughter of old Judge Van Rensselaer. You must have heard me talk of Baby Van Rensselaer, as I always call her? She's engaged to Delancey Jones, you know. It's just out. She didn't like him at first, I believe, and she refused him. But he offered himself again just after we all got back from Europe this fall, and now she's desperately in love with him. Dear Jones would have been here to-night, of course, but he's in Boston building a flat, so I put you in his seat at table. You know dear Jones, don't you?" And the Duchess paused for a reply.

"Mr. Jones is a cousin of Miss Sargent's, I think —— " began White.

"Of Miss Dorothy Sargent? Of course he is. Sam Sargent married his mother's sister. Dorothy's a dear, good girl, isn't she? Do you know her?"

At last White had his chance.

"She is a great friend of mine," he said, blushing slightly; "in fact, although it is not yet announced generally, I do not mind telling *you*, Mrs. Martin, that she's engaged to be married."

"Dorothy Sargent engaged to be married?" cried the Duchess, delighted at a bit of matrimonial news. "And to whom?"

"To me," said Robert White.

Brander Matthews.

STUDIO OF THOMAS COLE.

THE SUMMER HAUNTS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

EVERY summer the Europe-bound steamers go out freighted with tourists; and, in proportion to their numbers, our artists are more fully represented in the general exodus than any other class. They have strapped their sketch-boxes for out-of-the-way nooks in Surrey and Kent; for the Scottish Highlands and Lakes; for Normandy and Brittany, the Rhine and the Black Forest; for Grez and Barbizon; for the Tyrol or the Pyrenees, or the fiords and mountains of Scandinavia. Yet those who stay at home are more numerous than those who seek foreign scenes and exhibitions, and include, naturally, names of assured reputation,— men who have already profited by the educational advantages of Europe, and for whom castles, cathedrals, and wooden-shoed peasants have lost a little of the novelty and romance which appealed to their earlier years, and upon whom has dawned a growing appreciation of the artistic resources of their own country. They know that there is hardly a picturesque spot in Europe which is not so copyrighted by genius and association with some great name that any further painting of it seems plagiarism and impertinence.

It has come to be an open secret that most of the artists who go abroad do so for the stimulus which comes from associating with skilled men, and for the instruction which they gain from the exhibitions, rather than for the attractions of a foreign sketching-field. The Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and above all the Salon, are magnets more powerful than all the scenery of Europe, and — heresy though it seem — than the galleries of the Old Masters. Many of our traveling artists have taken only a short holiday to attend these exhibitions, and, after a brief call at the studios of old friends abroad, will return to their chosen surroundings in America, having hardly touched brush to canvas during their absence. The demand made by the public and the critics that the work of American artists should be American in subject at least, is largely conceded; and the varied scenes of our mountains and coasts, and our more pronounced and picturesque human types, are everywhere studied with avidity. One can now scarcely make a summer excursion in any picturesque locality without encountering the white umbrellas and light portable easels of the nomad artist. A few favorite sketching-grounds, typical artist-camps and summer studios, it is our purpose to describe.

The Hudson has long been considered the property of the older men. The broad sweep of its waters suggested to Cole his "Voyage of Life." He wrote from Italy, "Neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself, has dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." Kensett delighted in its crags and rocks, and F. E. Church, one of the celebrated of the river-gods, built long ago his picturesque cottage opposite the Catskills, where, as it seemed to him, sunset panoramas were to be obtained rivaling those of the Andes. Lower down Mr. Bierstadt's stately residence lifted its towers at Irvington until it was so unfortunately destroyed by fire, with its valuable contents. In these later days other less imposing names and buildings have bor-

EXTERIOR OF GEORGE INNESS'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

dered each side of the river with a picket-line of studios. Some are mere gypsy booths, or bivouacs in barns and venerable canal-boats which have outlived their days of commercial usefulness and now luxuriantly devote their declining years to Art; and over in the Catskills we have artistic campers and trampers whose entire summer's outfit might be fastened in a pair of shawl-straps. So varied is the environment with which artists love to surround themselves that one is tempted to ask for a new definition of the word studio. We have borrowed it from the Italian, where it means study or school. The French *atelier*, workshop, on account of its newness smacks a little of affectation, but it pretends to less and would serve our purpose better. Especially is it appropriate to the painter's summer shed. In the city he often yields to the temptation of a *show* studio, a museum of rare bric-à-brac and artful effects of interior decoration; in the country he surrounds himself rather with the necessary conditions of *work*, and with some these conditions are very simple, embracing little more than Nature and isolation. Barns have always been favorite workshops for artists. The airy loft, with its one great window and undivided space, would seem to furnish favorable light and elbow-room. But inasmuch as hay is dusty, an abandoned barn is a still greater treasure.

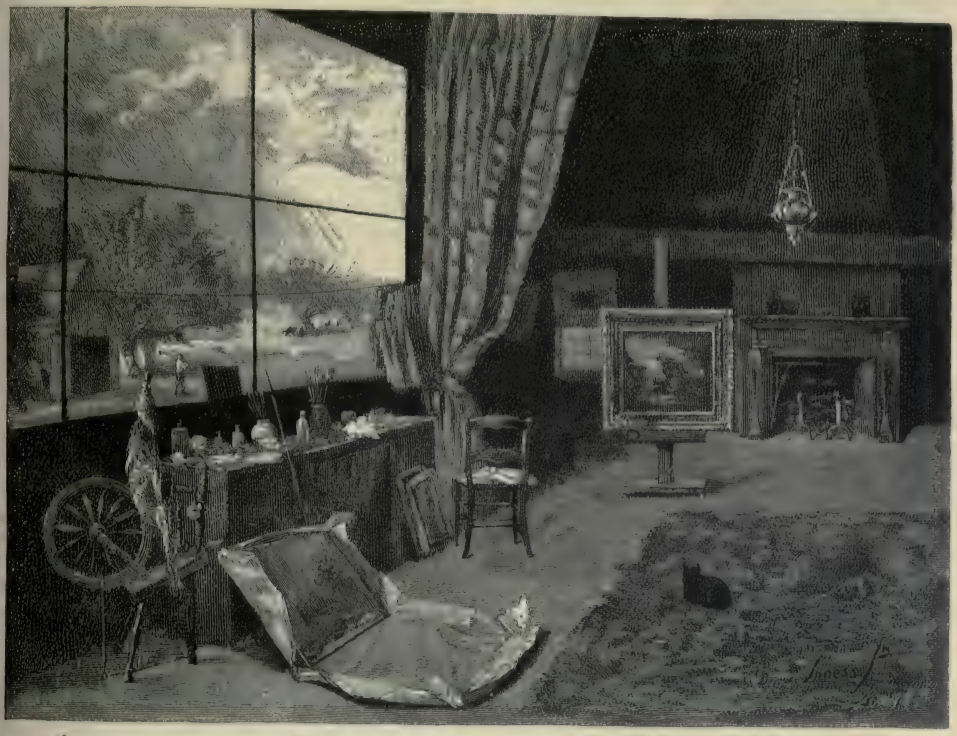
One of the humblest studios on the Hudson, a certain old barn in an apple-orchard at Milton, belonged until his removal to Montclair to George Inness, Sr. This old orchard has been a mine of artistic wealth to the artist. But Mr. Inness is a many-sided man; he does not always paint old orchards or wrap us in reveries. Sometimes he limns the factory chimneys of Montclair or an engine and train of cars on a railroad embankment, when, somehow, a certain dignity creeps into the unpicturesque subjects. One might guess that, although the technique of his work has been compared with that of such widely different artists as Corot, Rousseau, and Turner, in spirit Mr. Inness sympathizes most with Millet.

Mr. Will. H. Low also has a studio at Milton —an old tool-house, in which the carpenter's bench serves as model-stand. In one of the old gardens here he painted his recent picture, "Telling the Bees." A little girl is draping the bee-hives in mourning, in observance of the old superstition that unless the bees are told of the death at the house they will all desert their homes. The child's face is simple and unintellectual, as befits the artist's idea, but it is full of the pathos of a sorrow past its own comprehension.

Mr. Nicoll owns a charming country-house at Shrub-oak, six miles from Peekskill. Drives through retired and shaded lanes to the lakes, which are the feature of this locality, tempt

to the exercise of his horses, and an unusual extent of piazza-space furnishes a promenade for rainy days. The gardener's lodge, overgrown with vines, is a picturesque adjunct to the grounds.

The Indian summer continues to gild river and woodland and hill-top around Sandford little gables, you'll make your studio look like one of them old Dutch manor-houses at Kingston." Here Mr. Blum spent a summer in sketching and photographing; and at Ellenville, if we are to judge from the portfolio of the Misses Greatorex, is the very queen of old-fashioned gardens:



STUDIO OF GEORGE INNESS, JR., MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Gifford's deserted studio in the Catskills, but other artists catch the effects of which he was so fond. The autumn tints are reproduced in the canvases of Jervis McEntee, who paints with equal power the November woods. Arthur Parton prefers the quiet charm of misty mornings. His "Ice on the Hudson" at the late Prize Exhibition also shows his appreciation of the river in its winter phases.

In the Neversink Valley, Sullivan County, Messrs. Guy and J. G. Brown have found fascinating old barn-yards and rustic models; while at Ellenville a group of artists have taken possession of one of the old farm-houses. Here Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Henry have established themselves. Mr. Henry, in building a studio, found great difficulty in impressing his ideas of architecture on the local carpenters. "If you have the rafters show like that," they complained, "and stick the roof all over with

"There are the red rose and the white,
And stems of lilies strong and bright;
The streaky tulip, gold and jet;
The amaranth and violet;
The crumpled poppy, brave and bold;
The pea, the pink, the marigold."

The Jersey Flats would seem at first glance to offer but scant inducement to landscape painters, and yet here Messrs. Murphy, Dewey, and Silva have found suggestive material. Mr. De Luce has sketched about Morristown, where Mr. G. H. McCord has a home; and Mr. W. M. Chase has found interesting roadway studies at Hackensack. At South Orange Mr. H. Bolton Jones has painted many of his delightful wood, brook, and marsh subjects, always charming, whether under the guise of winter, when the fields are smothered with swan's-down and leafless twigs outline themselves against faintly flushed sunset skies, or when spring sets fuller palette.

GABLE OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO.

Montclair, near Orange Mountain, is the home of George Inness, Jr. His country studio near by gives him every facility for the painting of his favorite subjects, animals in landscape. It is an old house remodeled with every needful appliance, including a stable-yard under glass, for the posing of his dumb models with outdoor lighting and effects. This zoölogical glass house is especially serviceable in winter, when the animals can be painted against a background of snow while both they and the artist are snug and warm.

Harry Fenn has recently built a picturesque home on the slope of Orange Mountain, five hundred feet above tide-water. From his veranda the view includes Coney Island and the Highlands of the Hudson as far north as Peekskill. The house is built in imitation of the old English dwellings, "half timbered," with plaster from beam to beam, on which Mr. Fenn has incised patterns intermixed with bosses of glass. The studio is directly under the roof. A feature of the room is a quaint corner extending into a north gable, not included in the illustration. Sketches are tacked upon the wall, whose subjects "range from Florida to Egypt and from Warwick to Jerusalem," and scattered about are costumes of various Oriental and European peoples, relics of many artistic pilgrimages.

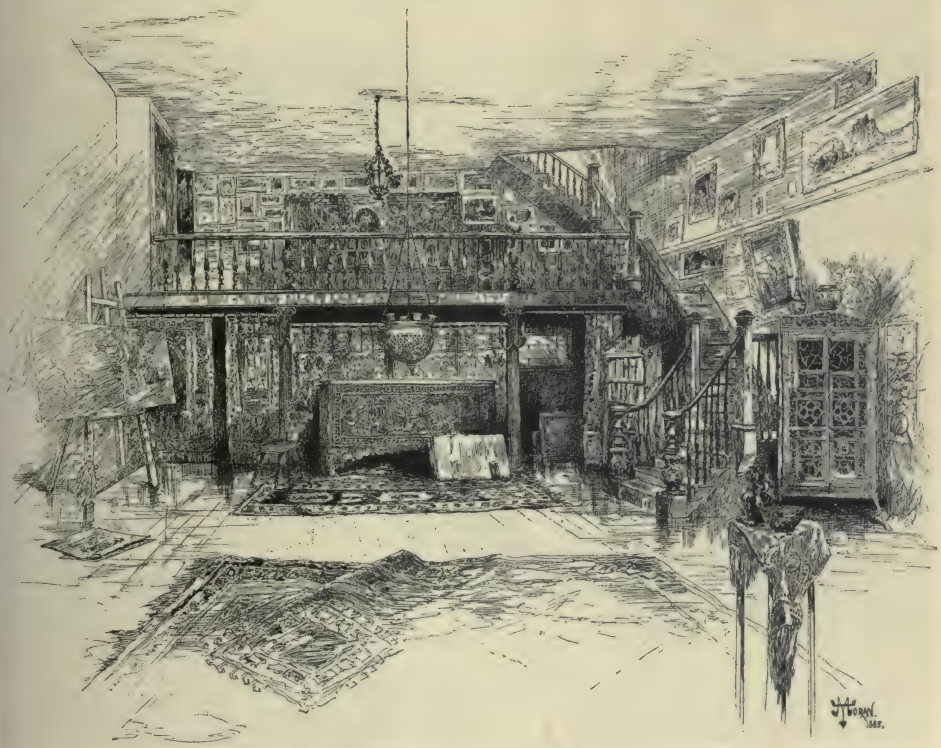
From the heights of Orange Mountain the view drops down to the masts of New York Harbor. Here Arthur Quartley, who is now abroad, has made his studies on the deck of a tug or in the stern of a row-boat, glancing about amongst the shipping, under the hull of some great Indiaman, following the wake of a white-winged yacht, or steaming to a wreck.

At Easthampton, near the sea end of Long Island, there is a true artist colony, and perhaps the most popular of adjacent sketching-grounds for New York artists. This popularity is not entirely due to its accessibility, for its attractions are as pronounced and as varied as

INTERIOR OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

those of any of its more remote rivals. Nowhere on our coast can be found quainter houses and people, fishermen more available as models, or old salts with more marvelous stories of wreck and rescue, more foghorn keepers and light-house men, or men of more isolated lives and rugged individuality. Nantucket is not more unique or Brittany more poetic. Here are rural nooks for the landscape-painter delightfully English in sentiment. Here are beach and sea panoramas, stormy cloud-battles, or shimmering calm for the marine-painter. Here are associations and legends, old manuscripts and romances for the antiquary, with Chippendale sideboards, blue china, and colonial spinning-wheels for the collector. Here are costumes of the last century and fascinating faces for the figure-painter; and here are salt sea-breezes and sunshine for all. Nor is the artistic impulse a new mania for Easthampton. She can lay claim to being the first in this country to apply original decorative art to house interiors. The story has been told before, but will bear retelling, how in 1799 young Mrs. Lyman Beecher spun a ball of cotton and had it woven into a carpet for her best room. After the fair white canvas was spread upon her floor, she painted a border of roses upon it, with sprays of roses in the center. This carpet was the pride and astonishment of her husband's parish. People came to the front door to gaze, but refused to desecrate its surface with their feet.

Of the artists who now keep up the prestige which Mrs. Beecher conferred upon Easthampton, Mr. C. Y. Turner is perhaps the most prominent figure-painter. His large picture at the Water-Color Exhibition of 1883, "On the Beach at Easthampton," gives the society



INTERIOR OF THOMAS MORAN'S STUDIO, EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

phase; but Mr. Turner finds another field here, and one in which we like him better. He is a son of the peaceful city whose

> "streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest."

The simplicity and gentleness, the purity and sweet primness of the "Friends" touch his heart, and his

> "ear is pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers."

Dorothy Fox is one of his most charming creations. The old house in which she lived

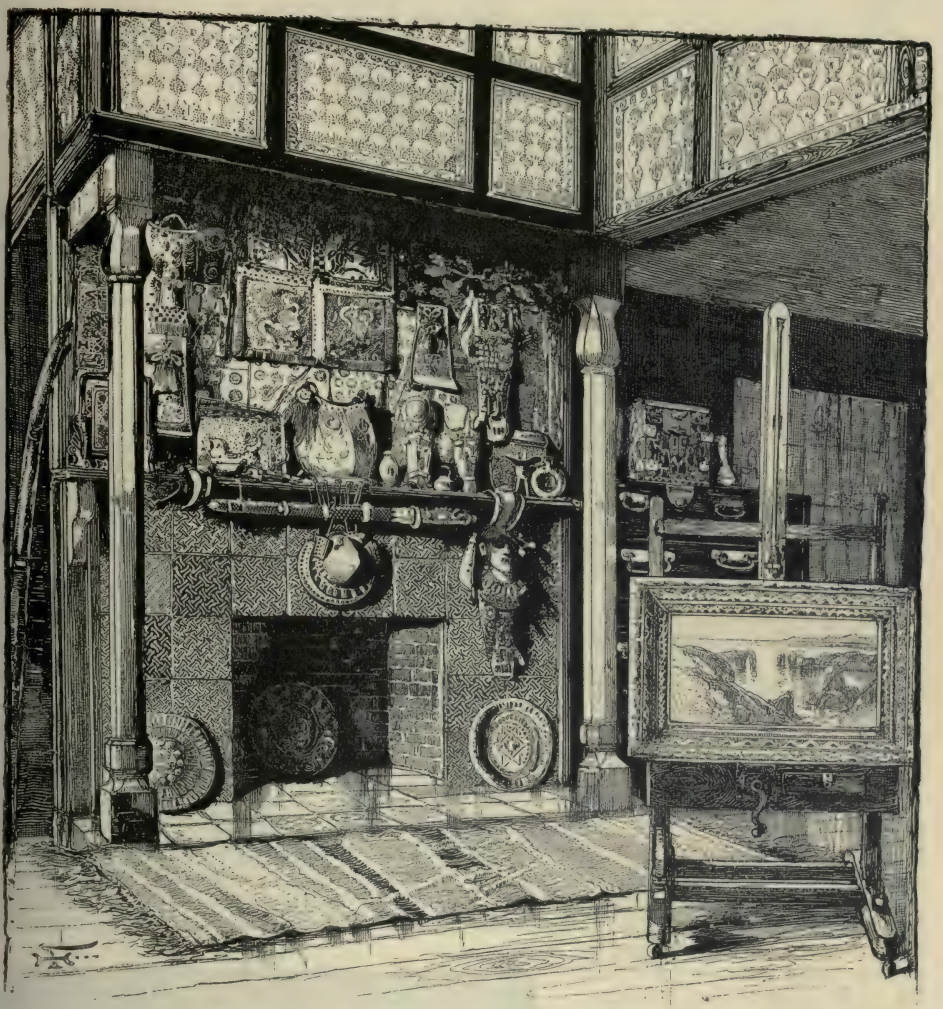
still stands here, with its wainscoted parlor and low-hung ceilings. Other gray buildings of the colonial period, the old court-house and the academy, lend historical backgrounds, which Mr. Turner utilizes so well. His "Harvest Meal," at the Academy Exhibition of 1883, was a realistic study of an Easthampton farm-laborer sitting down *al fresco* to a "boiled dinner." Mr. Turner may be regarded as a resident of the place, and not a mere bird of passage, for he has fitted up here another of those fascinating barn-studios in which interesting exhibitions have been held of the work of "the colony." The landscape-painters Mrs. Smillie has discovered in Easthampton suggestive figure-subjects and old-fashioned costumes which have led her to wander in the tempting paths of the olden time.

Mr. H. Bolton Jones not long ago contributed to an Academy exhibition a delightful Easthampton landscape, and he has made numerous interesting sketches of the place in its various aspects. Dreary sand-dunes, barnyards, and straw-stacks, vague roads winding indistinctly no one cares whither, weird poplar-trees whose sparse leaves shiver lightly in contrast to the close-set foliage of twisted apple-trees,— all tell of the great variety

INTERIOR OF STUDIO OF PERCY MORAN, GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND.

have predominated in numbers, and embrace the names of George H. Smillie, H. Bolton Jones, Bruce Crane, and others. Here, also, Mr. Thomas Moran has a house and studio, and his wife, Mrs. Nimmo Moran, has etched many of her vigorous plates.

Easthampton has furnished to Mr. Smillie many interesting subjects, which have been shown at the exhibitions. His city studio contains interesting souvenirs of old gardens and poultry-yards. Mr. Smillie, who is also identified with Marblehead, paints trees and rocks as the masters of *genre* paint aged men and women, making every wrinkle and scar tell its story. which Easthampton offers to the painter of landscape alone. She is still more capricious in the aspects which she shows her different suitors. Mr. Smillie finds here a likeness both to England and Holland. The gardens and orchards, the lanes, barns, and shrubbery, are all English; while the meadows stretching to low horizons, the windmills "with their delicate white vans outlined against the sky," are Dutch. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, is struck by the resemblance of the locality to Brittany. Mr. Bruce Crane, too, is carried straight to Pont Aven by the hay-ricks and poultry-yards, and by the soft gray atmos-



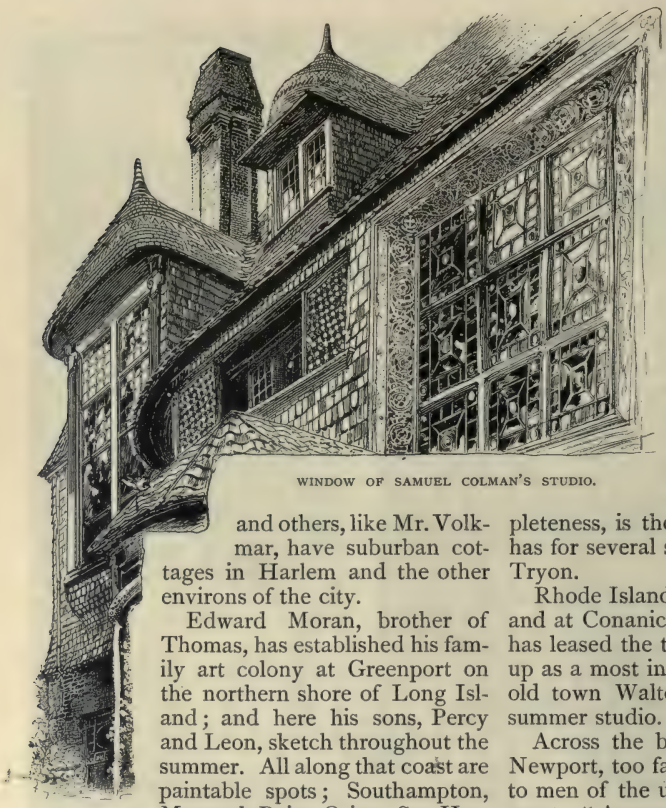
FIREPLACE OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO, NEWPORT, R. I.

phere. Mr. Walter Clarke, who has laid aside the chisel for the brush, also goes to Easthampton. Mr. Dielman's sketching umbrella has tented frequently in this attractive spot.

The more fashionable beaches in the vicinity of New York have fewer artist visitors, though Mr. Muhrman loves to paint at Coney Island, and Mr. F. S. Church finds the marsh lands for his king's flamingoes near Long Branch and elsewhere in New Jersey. Houghton Farm, with its thousand acres of woodland and meadow, claims him as a guest, and it is in such solitudes that his humorous fancies and grotesques have found expression.

Frank Fowler and his artist wife usually pass the months of June and September in a quaint old house at Bridgeport, Conn. It is pleasantly situated on Golden Hill, the highest point of the city, and in view of the Sound, along the shore of which they find most suggestive material. Mr. Tracy has a home at Greenwich. The historic old towns of Stratford, Fairfield, and Milford are within easy distance. Stratford was much frequented by the late landscape-painter A. F. Bellows.

The "Trowbridge House" at Litchfield, an old mansion with large grounds, has been fitted up by Mr. Dielman, and a handsome paneled room is the studio. Mr. Dolph painted during the summer at Belport, Mr. M. D. F. Boemer at Babylon; and indeed there is hardly an inviting spot near New York which has not its artist visitors,—some of whom live in the city and run out for a day's sketching,



WINDOW OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO.

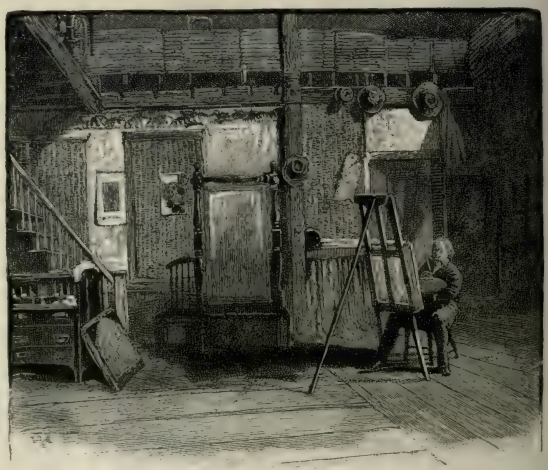
and others, like Mr. Volkmar, have suburban cottages in Harlem and the other environs of the city.

Edward Moran, brother of Thomas, has established his family art colony at Greenport on the northern shore of Long Island; and here his sons, Percy and Leon, sketch throughout the summer. All along that coast are paintable spots; Southampton, Montauk Point, Orient, Sag Harbor, and Shelter Island have all contributed to Art, and have supplied Mr. Moran with many of his most popular marines and fisher-maidens. The Moran cottage, an unassuming, homelike structure, nestles so close to the shore that one can almost leap from its steps to the deck of a yacht; and the studio walls of both father and sons are hung with all manner of sea-plunder.

Across the Sound from Long Island are the red rocks of Narragansett Pier, where Mr. De Haas for many seasons has found a favorite sketching-station. E. D. Lewis of Philadelphia is another artist thoroughly identified with the place. Narragansett Pier from the water shows only a long line of white hotels glittering in sunlight and of pretty Queen Anne cottages scattered among the rocks. It is not all fresh and new, however. There are old estates in the neighborhood and manor-houses of revolutionary date. In the depths of a tangled wood, large enough for a baronial park, stands a "*castle*," so called here, and indeed, had the ambition of the owner been realized, it might have deserved the name. An unfinished tower rises imposingly, and an eccentric labyrinth of oddly shaped apartments cluster at its base. Of course the building has its legend of love and grief. It should have welcomed to its halls an accomplished and beautiful bride, but the lady died before her wedding-day, and her inconsolable lover stopped the building and left his native land in the good old-fashioned way which exists now only in romance. The house, in its ruinous incompleteness, is the very place for an artist, and has for several seasons been occupied by Mr. Tryon.

Rhode Island abounds in colonial buildings, and at Conanicut Mr. Sword of Philadelphia has leased the town hall, which he has fitted up as a most interesting atelier. In the same old town Walter Satterlee has established a summer studio.

Across the bay from Narragansett Pier is Newport, too fashionable a resort to be dear to men of the usual type of artistic temperament. "A man cannot serve two masters," and an artist, be he never so genial, cannot give himself to polo, lawn-tennis, garden-parties, and society, and be worthy of his calling. Newport, however, claims Mr. John La Farge and Mr. William T. Richards, whose new resi-



STUDIO OF EASTMAN JOHNSON, NANTUCKET.

dence is at Conanicut; and Mr. Samuel Colman has dared to build a beautiful studio and home in the very center of the summer Vanity Fair.

Due east from Newport, on the mainland, lies the old town of Little Compton, which Mr. Blashfield has chosen as his country home. Here he has built a "glass studio" for the painting of figures with outdoor effects, and on these lonely sands, almost as retired from the world as the Ionian Isles, many of his decorative classical designs, processional friezes, and goddesses with whirling drapery and floating hair have passed to canvas.

STUDIO OF R. SWAIN GIFFORD, NONQUITT, MASS.

Continuing our tour around the New England coast, we arrive at Nonquitt, near New Bedford,— a beach most appropriately named, for its waters seem to possess the magical return-compelling property of the Fountain of Trevi. Neighbors both in winter and summer, and friends all the year round, are Messrs. Swain Gifford and William Sartain. Mr. Gifford has painted here for twenty years. Eight years ago he established a summer home here, and five years since commissioned Mr. Emerson, the Boston architect, to build his tasteful studio. It is an old joke that both Mr. Sartain and Mr. Gifford paint Moors; but while Mr. Sartain's have been Saracens of Tangier, sheiks with Koran or nargileh, Mr. Gifford's are the lowlands that stretch about Nonquitt to the sea. Salt marshes, sand dunes, and low, flat reaches appeal to him strongly through their windy desolateness.

> "A low, gray sky, a freshing wind,
> A cold scent of the misty sea;
> Before, the barren dunes; behind,
> The level meadows, far and free."

This is the landscape which encircles his studio, and which he loves to interpret. Here too Mrs. Gifford doubtless finds the originals of some of her vigorous studies of wild flowers and birds.

Mr. Sartain meets his summer class at his studio on the rocks. His figure-work appears to be the product of his city studio, while the small landscapes which he often contributes to the Society of American Artists and other exhibitions faithfully reproduce the character of Nonquitt scenery — marshes with clumps of coarse, sedgy grass, the level shore, and the rocks with their warm coloring.

STUDIO OF WILLIAM SARTAIN, NONQUITT, MASS.

Across the bay is Padanaram, the favorite resort of W. S. Macy, whose snow-scenes, studied here, prove that he inhabits the place in winter as well as in summer. Harry Chase and D. W. Tryon are both habitués of the pleasant place with the quaint Biblical name full of suggestions of Rebeccas and Rachels. Benoni Irwin finds portrait-work among summer visitors, and Messrs. Swift, Cummings, Bradford, Bierstadt, and Charles Gifford belong to the New Bedford colony.

Sailing across Buzzard's Bay and skirting the shores of the Vineyard, we reach Nantucket, one of the rare spots which preserve the flavor and atmosphere of the olden time. The island — with its types of old men and women that are fading out elsewhere, even in other remote nooks of Massachusetts, its queer houses and windmills, its antique furniture and costume — has long been the artistic "property" of Mr. Eastman Johnson. The man and the place have a natural sympathy for each other. He is a chronicler of a phase of our national life which is fast passing away, and which cannot be made up with old fashion-plates and the lay figure of the studio. He lives in a fascinating "house of seven gables," filled with curiosities brought to Nantucket by seafaring men,— keepsake pitchers inscribed with amatory poetry, and made in England a century ago as gifts for sailors' sweethearts, and many another treasure in willow-ware or other china. Mr. Johnson's studio is stored with antique furniture, spinning-wheels, and costumes. A row of battered hats suggest the antiquated squires, Quakers, and gentlemen of the olden time that have made their bow to us in his pictures.

The whole Massachusetts coast is Art ground, but at Cape Cod the entire aspect of the coast changes. Species are found north of its threatening arm which are common to Greenland and are not traceable south of it; while in Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound we have some Florida and Gulf varieties, which never stray north of Cape Cod. The historical associations are sterner than those of lower latitudes. Mr. Douglas Volk is prominent among our younger figure-painters in availing himself of the field offered by the Puritan element in early colonial history — a field which Mr. Boughton has worked thoroughly, but which he has by no means exhausted.

The artistic qualities of the Massachusetts coast have been made use of chiefly by Boston artists. Messrs. Norton, Lansil, Halsall, and others have given their transcripts of

STUDIO OF WILLIAM F. HALSALL, BOSTON HARBOR.

"Storm and blinding mist,
And the stout hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead,
The sea-boats of Cape Ann."

Mr. Halsall's love of the ocean developed early in life, when as a boy he ran away to sea, and through varied vicissitudes at length became a marine-painter. His summer working-place is on the Middle Brewster, one of a group of rugged islands forming a protection to Boston Harbor. He finds this wild crag an excellent place to work and study, with a magnificent background of scenery and panorama of shipping constantly passing, "almost like being at sea, without the discomforts of a vessel."

The New York artists, Messrs. Nicoll, Farrer, Bricher, and others, have also spied out the land and have invaded this Yankee reservation; a number have summer sheds upon the rocks at Magnolia, Marblehead, Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, and other points. Magnolia suggests to us Hunt's summer studio, "The Old Ship," as it was nicknamed. His sanctum was in the second story, and the entrance to it was by steps through a trap-door. When he wished to work, it was his custom to hoist these up after him by pulley and tackle, so that he was as completely isolated from marauding, time-stealing visitors as an old baron in his moated castle. Miss Agnes Abbatt has painted there in past summers, bringing home portfolios of breezy water-colors worthy of the spot.

ON BOARD THE "BONNIE," HARRY CHASE'S STUDIO.

The Isles of Shoals attract many artists, among them Joseph Lyman; and the wild Maine coast is full of attractive nooks, from York and Old Orchard Beach to Mount Desert. The last-named locality was first introduced to Art by Mr. Church, and has since been exploited by Prosper L. Senat of Philadelphia. Winslow Homer's imaginative and vigorous style finds peculiar affinity in the fine natural scenery to be found here.

A number of artists desert the land altogether and make the heaving deck their summer studio. Harry Chase, in his yacht *Bonnie*, has coasted our shores in search of artistic booty. Mr. Bradford, the well-known painter of icebergs and Arctic scenes, cruises still more boldly in the wake of the explorers, and gives us from his steam-launch views of "Fishing-craft Working through the Ice on the Coast of Labrador," and other chilly glimpses suggestive of the experiences of Arctic explorers.

The heart of New England is as fully appreciated by painters as the coast. All through the interior is found the most charming scenery of mountain, river, and meadow. The White Mountains, brought by their special trains within a day of New York, grow more popular each year. In several instances the artists' sheds have been the pioneers, and the great hotels have come after. At Crawford's, Mr. Frank Shapleigh of Boston has, near the hotel, a studio, which he has made so picturesque and attractive that it is one of the sights of the place. Jackson is also a favorite sketching-field for this artist. Conway was preëmpted long ago by Benjamin Champney of Boston, one of our early painters of landscape.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's picturesque drawings have doubtless done more to spread the fame of the White Mountains than the most glowing of written descriptions.

Mr. Casilear has painted the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, and Mr. Shirlaw has been attracted by the glistening caves and walls of the marble-quarries of Rutland and Manchester,—a new field in art, and one offering brilliant effects in color, as well as strong contrasts in light and shade. The marble industry is characteristic of New England, and deserves notice as one of the great American interests, but it bases its claim on the artist's attention upon the distinctive and

picturesque effects which it confers upon landscape, and for its association with the arts.

The stony pastures of Vermont are often as white with sheep and lambs as with marble. J. A. S. Monks, who appreciates so well their awkward and frisky attitudes, their middle-aged content and laziness, and the inquisitive baby-impudence of their youth, has painted and etched them in West Rutland and in Medford, and at present has a little artist's ranch at Cold Spring on the Hudson, where, from a side window of his studio, he paints the sheep as they are corraled upon his lawn.

Mr. T. W. Wood has found at Montpelier the backgrounds of hay-loft, farm-house, and barn-yard for his *genre* paintings.

The vicinity of Boston is thickly strewn with summer and home studios. Ernest Longfellow, the son of the poet, has one in Cambridge. Mr. Enneking lives in Hyde Park. He has a studio in the rear of his home in the center of the town, but the woods and byways are near. There are some grand views in the neighborhood, but he has always chosen meadow and wood scenes, a hill-side with an old stone wall, and quiet rustic views.

Frank Millet's interesting studio at Bridgewater, with its Roumanian, Bulgarian, Greek, and Russian curiosities, and its old-fashioned kitchen taken bodily from a house in the neighborhood built in 1695, has already been described in print. Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Brown summer at Byfield, a suburb of Newburyport, and find here the twisted apple-trees and hill-side sketches and quiet skies which both are fond of painting.

Connecticut is full of quiet inland nooks that attract the artist. The vicinity of Hartford is especially attractive, and some interesting work has been accomplished by the ladies of the Decorative Art Society. Farmington with its elms is a favorite with all artists who are familiar with this "bath of silence." Mr. Shattuck has reproduced the quiet loveliness of this nestling village under varied aspects. The environing hills form lines and masses of rare beauty seen from whatever direction, and from their summits one gains a far-reaching panorama of enchantment. To the north one catches a glimpse of the Holyoke range, which guards one of the most charmingly retired portions of Massachusetts. Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, the artist engraver, has made most of his work from nature in the vicinity of Mount Tom, Mount Holyoke, and Chestnut Mountain, in as wild and forsaken regions as can be found in our more remote wildernesses. He has had built for his purposes an ingenious jaunting-car fitted up with every convenience for photography, sketching, painting, and engraving, combined with sleeping and housekeeping conveniences. The body is ten feet long, seven feet high, and three and one-half feet wide. The running-gear is a heavy country one-horse wagon. The windows have outside blinds, mosquito-frames, and single panes of glass in sliding frames, like those used for horse-cars. On the back of the car is an extension, a sort of veranda, with waterproof curtains to let down and inclose the whole, making a dark chamber for photography. The interior of the car is fitted up with drawers, tanks, and cupboards in the most compact ship-shape, with folding bunk and kerosene stove apparatus, swinging lamp, and every adjunct for bachelor comfort. The car is followed by a companion boat on wheels, and the machine can be stocked for solitary camping in one place for a month at

ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY'S STUDIO-CAR IN WHATELY GLEN.

J. A. S. MONKS' STUDIO AT WEST RUTLAND, VT.

a time. Mr. Kingsley has also camped and sketched the past summer upon the Saguenay, but he has found no conditions so well adapted for his work as in the Connecticut Valley seen from the windows of his gypsy cart.

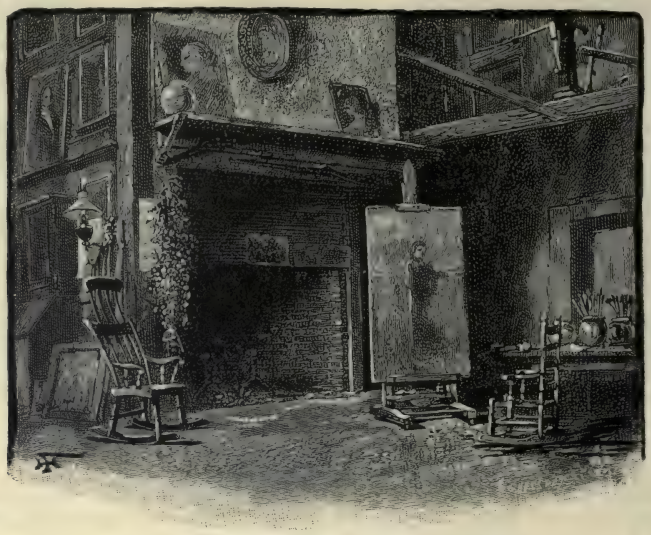
If we follow the Connecticut Valley a little farther to the north, we find Deerfield, a veritable Sleepy Hollow, hidden away under its elms as you look down upon it from the fast-flying express trains which pass its tiny station in swift disdain. The elms of Deerfield are its glory; nowhere in New England can there be found nobler ones. Mr. A. F. Bellows has painted them again and again. Messrs. F. D. Williams, Frank Currier, Fred Wright, and others have painted here, and the summer homes and studios of J. Wells Champney and the late George Fuller are in and near the village. Mr. Fuller removed the floors of the second story from the old family homestead, and constructed a fascinating and rambling atelier, with many odd nooks and corners, three fireplaces, and a wall of old paneling. Across the way stands the pretty cottage which was his, and around stretch the broad acres of his meadow farm. On these meadows the mist drifts low at dawn and twilight, and the Indian summer haze blurs all too distinct outline into the subtle harmony of light and color of which Mr. Fuller was so pre-eminent a master. In this homestead studio many of his most original and poetic conceptions took shape.

No picture of his painting is now more touching than this same empty studio, so instinct with the personality of the man that one cannot help fancying that he has only left it for a moment, that he has stepped behind the great easel or is hidden by the chimney-corner. The historic associations of Deerfield carry the imagination back across two centuries. Hatchets and spinning-wheels, looms and foot-stoves, and all the obsolete and prehistoric paraphernalia of the olden time abound in the village—the paradise of the antiquary as well as of the artist. It is not surprising that Mr. Fuller should be acknowledged to occupy a place in art analogous to that of Hawthorne in literature.

West of Deerfield lie the Berkshire Hills, so widely celebrated for their beauty. Mr. Thomas Allen is a native of Pittsfield, and many of our landscape-painters find their way each summer to this enchanting region. Jerome Thompson, Frank Waller, and others have painted at Lenox and Stockbridge, though Mr. Waller has deserted the region for a lodge among the beautiful hop-vines of Cooperstown, N. Y. At Great Barrington Mr. Bristol has established a charming studio, which

is a perfect arbor of Virginia creepers and other vines. Mr. Bristol is best known to the public for his lakes, but he delights also in river effects, and here upon the banks of the Housatonic and the Green River, which Bryant loved, he has sketched with such friends as Bellows and Shattuck.

Still to the westward gleams Lake George, the favorite resort of George H. Yewell. Here by the lake Mr. and Mrs. Loop have a country-seat, old-fashioned in its appointments and its free-hearted hospitality.



THE LATE GEORGE FULLER'S STUDIO AT DEERFIELD.

A step farther and we have reached the Adirondacks, that enchanted country with which Charles Dudley Warner has made us so well acquainted, where man returns to a delightful savagery, and fishing, camping, climbing, and hunting take the place of the excitements and toil of the city. Here too the emancipated society woman exchanges her elaborately ordered dinners for the coffee-pot smoking over a camp-fire, a string of trout, and a basket of berries; while the theater and opera are replaced by fish and bear stories.

It is possible that the visitor at Keene Valley to-day would hardly recognize this picture; but here, at all events, are the everlasting hills, and just beyond them are the forests, lakes, and solitudes of the wilderness.

The charms of Keene Valley, the peaks of Sentinel Mountain, of Mounts Marcy and Dix, of Noonmark or the Dial, have all been presented to the public by Mr. Robbins. Though dealing generally with small canvases, he loves to depict wide-spreading views. Mr. Fitch gives us detail—nooks in the forest and individual trees, with their inherited characteristics. Here are the selfish beech, thrusting other trees away from it and taking up all the cleared space for itself, the birch in her bridal dress of white satin, the hemlock sheltering a spruce — for these trees are lovers, and can no more bear to be separated than goldenrod and aster.

Mr. Shurtleff takes a more comprehensive view of the forest than Mr. Fitch, and a more intimate one than Mr. Robbins. His "lodge in the wilderness" is graced by antlered heads and wild-wood trophies of bark and moss. Mr. Wyant's delicate paintings are too well known to require description.

Mr. William Hart finds the lower end of Keene Valley attractive, and may be met occasionally striding over the hills in search of his favorite sketching-grounds, or quietly seated before some bovine beauty while the herdsman exerts himself in the almost vain attempt to keep the refractory model in position.

Other artists — notably Mr. Robert C. Minor, whose "Heart of the Wilderness," painted here, was shown at the regular Academy Exhibition of 1883, Messrs. J. Alden Weir, Bloodgood, and Douglas Volk — have all visited and worked in the Adirondacks.

The ranges of mountains in the Middle and Southern States have artist visitors. Mr. James Smillie has a summer home in Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn. Here from his painting studio, through an immense single-paned window of plate-glass, he can look away over the Alleghany ranges and study sky-effects in stormy weather; while an ad-

INTERIOR OF R. W. SHURTLEFF'S STUDIO, KEENE VALLEY, NEW YORK.

joining room is fitted up with every appliance for his favorite department of etching.

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith has also found a double attraction in the trout streams of the Pennsylvania mountains. Farther south Mr. Gilbert Gaul has purchased a sheep farm in the Cumberland Mountains.

Mr. T. Addison Richards also spends his summer upon the Delaware, sketching the rivulets and brooks which follow its course.

We have more marine-painters than painters of mountains, and yet the hills will hold their own against the sea in grandeur. The Adirondack region furnishes the mountain waves that Ruskin speaks of, and only a few adventurous spirits will require anything bolder or wilder. Even these need seek no Alps or Andes, for our own continent, in the tremendous architecture of the Rockies and Sierras, stands waiting "to startle the lethargy of the human heart with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment." Mr. Bierstadt has visited this region six times since 1859, and his pictures have dealt with the mastodon trees, the grand domes of Sentinel Rock, El Capitan, the Cathedral Rocks, and the Yosemite.

Mr. Thomas Moran has given us the geysers and hot springs of Utah, thermal fountains throwing their jets of scalding steam four hundred and fifty feet into the air, and has dared to reproduce the vivid carnelian, sulphur, and copper blue-coloring of the springs of Firehole River. His "Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "Chasm of the Colorado" are in the Capitol in Washington, and his "Mountain of the Holy Cross" is a well-known picture.

Mr. W. Whittredge has contributed to the Yale collection of paintings some studies of prairie and mountain scenes, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has given us some remarkably fine work in black and white. The opportunities which the Indian offers to the figure-painter have never been fully seized. Mr. Brush, one of our younger men, has been wise enough to see this; and while others have swarmed to Europe to paint the Italian peasant, he has studied in the wilds of Montana and Wyoming, and at the Arapahoe and Crow agencies, the peculiar customs, types, and costumes of the Indians.

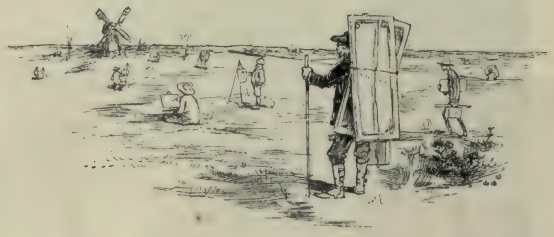
Mr. Moser of Atlanta, Georgia, deserves mention as a delineator of African character. His conception of Uncle Remus is the only one accepted by Mr. Harris; and we may expect future work of importance from his plantation studio. Pennell has given us an idea of the picturesqueness of New Orleans.

Mexico presents another American field, which Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has shown us in black and white, and Mr. Ferguson in

color; while Hopkinson Smith has spent a busy vacation in Cuba.

We have given but a hasty survey, noticing only a few of the outposts. Other home fields are worthily occupied. while more are still undeveloped. The South allures, and the North is full of stimulus. Everywhere the whole wide new land invites her artist sons, not in summer alone, but throughout every season of the changing year, to tell her story to the world.

Lizzie W. Champney.



THE GRAY GULL'S WING.

I HOLD in my hand the gray gull's wing,
And seem to touch a perpetual flight;
So alert is this softly shining thing,
Sharply pointing from height to height,
That I follow its charmed, vagarious flight:

Where great gray seas beneath it swing,
And soft gray clouds drop against the sea,
That beats its grayer horizon-ring,
And sighs o' nights, and prays to be
Moon-led, moon-lifted, and set free.

Out of weird, tossed shadows the gray bird slips,
Vaguely gleaming against the dawn;
Till into some sudden splendor it dips,
Flashing outward, and strangely gone,
And I hear but a cry go on and on.

Beaconed headlands and rock-bound shores,
Wild, crowding crags to rebut the sea,
Sails that flit while the gray bird soars,
Shadows blown out of eternity
To the cold, purple gray of this pinnacled sea.

Fields of sedge, and levels of sand,
And a slow tide drearily slipping away,
And a dim sky falling against the land,
And the fishing-boats loitering up the bay,
And still the gray bird leads the gray.

Over this flying shape I dream,
Reaching a strength to which I cling;
And glad, sweet thoughts seem to rustle and gleam
In the swift elation in which they spring
Higher, to follow the gray gull's wing.

Mary Allen.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXIX.

MRS. LUNA was early in the field the next day, and her sister wondered to what she owed the honor of a visit from her at eleven o'clock in the morning. She very soon saw, when Adeline asked her whether it had been she who procured for Basil Ransom an invitation to Mrs. Burrage's.

"Me — why in the world should it have been me?" Olive asked, feeling something of a pang at the implication that it had not been Adeline, as she supposed.

"I didn't know — but you took him up so."

"Why, Adeline Luna, when did I ever — ?" Miss Chancellor exclaimed, staring and intensely grave.

"You don't mean to say you have forgotten how you brought him on to see you, a year and a half ago!"

"I didn't bring him on — I said if he happened to be there."

"Yes, I remember how it was: he did happen, and then you happened to hate him, and tried to get out of it."

Miss Chancellor saw, I say, why Adeline had come to her at the hour she knew she was always writing letters, after having given her all the attention that was necessary the day before; she had come simply to make herself disagreeable, as Olive knew, of old, the spirit sometimes moved her irresistibly to do. It seemed to her that Adeline had been disagreeable enough in having beguiled Basil Ransom into a marriage, according to that memorable calculation of probabilities in which she indulged (with a license that she scarcely liked definitely to recall) when the pair made acquaintance under her eyes in Charles street, and Mrs. Luna seemed to take to him as much as she herself did little. She would gladly have accepted him as a brother-in-law, for the harm such a relation could do one was limited and definite; whereas, in his general capacity of being at large in her life, the ability of the young Mississippian to injure her seemed somehow immense. "I wrote to him—that time—for a perfectly definite reason," she said. "I thought mother would have liked us to know him. But it was a mistake."

"How do you know it was a mistake? Mother would have liked him, I dare say."

"I mean my acting as I did; it was a theory of duty which I allowed to press me too much. I always do. Duty should be obvious; one shouldn't hunt round for it."

"Was it very obvious when it brought you on here?" asked Mrs. Luna, who was distinctly out of humor.

Olive looked for a moment at the toe of her shoe. "I had an idea that you would have married him by this time," she presently remarked.

"Marry him yourself, my dear! What put such an idea into your head?"

"You wrote to me at first so much about him. You told me he was tremendously attentive, and that you liked him."

"His state of mind is one thing and mine is another. How can I marry every man that hangs about me — that dogs my footsteps? I might as well become a Mormon at once!" Mrs. Luna delivered herself of this argument with a certain charitable air, as if her sister could not be expected to understand such a situation by her own light.

Olive waived the discussion, and simply said: "I took for granted *you* had got him the invitation."

"I, my dear? That would be quite at variance with my attitude of discouragement."

"Then she simply sent it herself."

"Whom do you mean by 'she'?"

"Mrs. Burrage, of course."

"I thought you might mean Verena," said Mrs. Luna, casually.

"Verena — to him? Why in the world—?" and Olive gave the cold glare with which her sister was familiar.

"Why in the world not — since she knows him?"

"She had seen him twice in her life before last night, when she met him for the third time and spoke to him."

"Did she tell you that?"

"She tells me everything."

"Are you very sure?"

"Adeline Luna, what *do* you mean?" Miss Chancellor murmured.

"Are you very sure that last night was only the third time?" Mrs. Luna went on.

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Olive threw back her head and swept her sister from her bonnet to her lowest flounce. "You have no right to hint at such a thing as that unless you know!"

"Oh, I know — I know, at any rate, more than you do!" And then Mrs. Luna, sitting with her sister, much withdrawn, in one of the windows of the big, hot, faded parlor of the boarding-house in Tenth street, where there was a rug before the chimney representing a Newfoundland dog saving a child from drowning, and a row of chromo-lithographs on the walls, imparted to her the impression she had received the evening before — the impression of Basil Ransom's keen curiosity about Verena Tarrant. Verena must have asked Mrs. Burrage to send him a card, and asked it without mentioning the fact to Olive — for wouldn't Olive certainly have remembered it? It was no use her saying that Mrs. Burrage might have sent it of her own movement, because she wasn't aware of his existence, and why should she be? Basil Ransom himself had told her he didn't know Mrs. Burrage. Mrs. Luna knew whom he knew and whom he didn't, or at least the sort of people, and they were not the sort that belonged to the Wednesday Club. That was one reason why she didn't care about him for any intimate relation — that he didn't seem to have any taste for making nice friends. Olive would know what *her* taste was in this respect, though it wasn't that young woman's own any more than his. It was positive that the suggestion about the card could only have come from Verena. At any rate Olive could easily ask, or if she was afraid of her telling a fib she could ask Mrs. Burrage. It was true Mrs. Burrage might have been put on her guard by Verena, and would perhaps invent some other account of the matter; therefore Olive had better just believe what *she* believed, that Verena had secured his presence at the party and had had private reasons for doing so. It is to be feared that Ransom's remark to Mrs. Luna the night before about her having lost her head was near to the mark; for if she had not been blinded by her rancor, she would have guessed the horror with which she inspired her sister when she spoke in that off-hand way of Verena's lying and Mrs. Burrage's lying. Did people lie like that in Mrs. Luna's set? It was Olive's plan of life not to lie, and attributing a similar disposition to people she liked, it was impossible for her to believe that Verena had had the intention of deceiving her. Mrs. Luna, in a calmer hour, might also have divined that Olive would make her private comments on the strange story of Basil Ransom's having made up to Verena out of pique at Adeline's rebuff; for this was the account of the matter that she now offered to Miss Chancellor. Olive did two things: she listened intently and eagerly, judging there was distinct danger in the air (which, however, she had not wanted Mrs. Luna to tell her, having perceived it for herself the night before); and she saw that poor Adeline was fabricating fearfully, that the "rebuff" was altogether an invention. Mr. Ransom was evidently preoccupied with Verena, but he hadn't needed Mrs. Luna's cruelty to make him so. So Olive maintained an attitude of great reserve; she didn't take upon herself to announce that her own version was that Adeline, for reasons absolutely imperceptible to others, had tried to catch Basil Ransom, had failed in her attempt, and, furious at seeing Verena preferred to a person of her importance (Olive remembered the *spretæ injuria formæ*), now wished to do both him and the girl an ill turn. This would be accomplished if she could induce Olive to interfere. Miss Chancellor was conscious of an abundant readiness to interfere, but it was not because she cared for Adeline's mortification. I am not sure, even, that she did not think her *fiasco* but another illustration of her sister's general uselessness, and rather despise her for it; being perfectly able at once to hold that nothing is baser than the effort to entrap a man, and to think it very ignoble to have to renounce it because you can't. Olive kept these reflections to herself, but she went so far as to say to her sister that she didn't see where the "pique" came in. How could it hurt Adeline that he should turn his attention to Verena? What was Verena to her?

"Why, Olive Chancellor, how can you ask?" Mrs. Luna boldly responded. "Isn't Verena everything to you, and aren't you everything to me, and wouldn't an attempt — a successful one — to take Verena away from you knock you up fearfully, and shouldn't I suffer, as you know I suffer, by sympathy?"

I have said that it was Miss Chancellor's plan of life not to lie, but such a plan was compatible with a kind of consideration for the truth which led her to shrink from producing it on poor occasions. So she didn't say, "Dear me, Adeline, what humbug! you know you hate Verena and would be very glad if she were drowned!" She only said, "Well, I see; but it's very roundabout." What she did see was that Mrs. Luna was eager to help her to stop off Basil Ransom from "making head," as the phrase was; and the fact that her motive was spite, and not tenderness for the young women in Charles street, would not make her assistance less welcome if the danger were real. She herself had a nervous dread, but she had that about everything; still, Adeline had perhaps seen something, and what in the world

did she mean by her reference to Verena's having had secret meetings? When pressed on this point, Mrs. Luna could only say that she didn't pretend to give definite information, and she wasn't a spy anyway, but that the night before he had positively flaunted in her face his admiration for the girl, his enthusiasm for her way of standing up there. Of course he hated her ideas, but he was quite conceited enough to think she would give them up. Perhaps it was all directed at *her* — as if she cared! It would depend a good deal on the girl herself; certainly, if there was any likelihood of Verena's being affected, she should advise Olive to look out. She knew best what to do; it was only Adeline's duty to give her the benefit of her own impression, whether she was thanked for it or not. She only wished to put her on her guard, and it was just like Olive to receive such information so coldly; she was the most disappointing woman she knew.

Miss Chancellor's coldness was not diminished by this rebuke; for it had come over her that, after all, she had never opened herself at that rate to Adeline, had never let her see the real intensity of her desire to keep the sort of danger there was now a question of, away from Verena, had given her no warrant for regarding her as her friend's keeper; so that she was taken aback by the flatness of Mrs. Luna's assumption that she was ready to enter into a conspiracy to circumvent and frustrate the girl. Olive put on all her majesty to dispel this impression, and if she couldn't help being aware that she made Mrs. Luna still angrier, on the whole, than at first, she felt that she would much rather disappoint her than give herself away to her — especially as she was intensely eager to profit by her warning!

XXX.

Mrs. Luna would have been still less satisfied with the manner in which Olive received her proffered assistance, had she known how many confidences that reticent young woman might have made her in return. Olive's whole life now was a matter for whispered communications; she felt this herself, as she sought the privacy of her own apartment, after her interview with her sister. She had for the moment time to think; Verena having gone out with Mr. Burrage, who had made an appointment the night before to call for her to drive at that early hour. They had other engagements in the afternoon — the principal of which was to meet a group of earnest people at the house of one of the great local promoters. Olive would whisk Verena off to these appointments directly after lunch; she flattered herself that she could arrange matters so that there would not be half an hour in the day during which Basil Ransom, complacently calling, would find the Bostonians in the house. She had had this well in mind when, at Mrs. Burrage's, she was driven to give him their address; and she had had it also in mind that she would ask Verena, as a special favor, to accompany her back to Boston on the next day but one, which was the morning of the morrow. There had been considerable talk of her staying a few days with Mrs. Burrage — staying on after her own departure; but Verena backed out of it spontaneously, seeing how the idea worried her friend. Olive had accepted the sacrifice, and their visit to New York was now cut down, in intention, to four days, one of which, the moment she perceived whither Basil Ransom was tending, Miss Chancellor promised herself also to suppress. She had not mentioned that to Verena yet; she hesitated a little, having a slightly bad conscience about the concessions she had already obtained from her friend. Verena made such concessions with a generosity which caused one's heart to ache for admiration, even while one asked for them; and never once had Olive known her to demand the smallest credit for any virtue she showed in this way, or to bargain for an instant about any effort she made to oblige. She had been delighted with the idea of spending a week under Mrs. Burrage's roof; she had said, too, that she believed her mother would die happy (not that there was the least prospect of Mrs. Tarrant's dying) if she could hear of her having such an experience as that; and yet, perceiving how solemn Olive looked about it, how she blanched and brooded at the prospect, she had offered to give it up, with a smile sweeter, if possible, than any that had ever sat in her eyes. Olive knew what that meant for her, knew what a power of enjoyment she still had, in spite of the tension of their common purpose, their vital work, which had now, as they equally felt, passed into the stage of realization, of fruition; and that is why her conscience rather pricked her, as I have said, for consenting to this further act of renunciation, especially as their position seemed really so secure, on the part of one who had already given herself away so sublimely.

Secure as their position might be, Olive called herself a blind idiot for having, in spite of all her first shrinkings, agreed to bring Verena to New York. Verena had jumped at the invitation, the very unexpectedness of which on Mrs. Burrage's part — it was such an odd idea to have come to a mere worldling — carried a kind of persuasion with it. Olive's im-

mediate sentiment had been an instinctive general fear; but, later, she had dismissed that as unworthy; she had decided (and such a decision was nothing new) that where their mission was concerned they ought to face everything. Such an opportunity would contribute too much to Verena's reputation and authority to justify a refusal at the bidding of apprehensions which were after all only vague. Olive's specific terrors and dangers had by this time very much blown over; Basil Ransom had given no sign of life for ages, and Henry Burrage had certainly got his quietus before they went to Europe. If it had occurred to his mother that she might convert Verena into the animating principle of a big soirée, she was at least acting in good faith, for it could be no more her wish to-day that he should marry Selah Tarrant's daughter than it was her wish a year before. And then they should do some good to the benighted, the most benighted, the fashionable benighted; they should perhaps make them furious — there was always some good in that. Lastly, Olive was conscious of a personal temptation in the matter; she was not insensible to the pleasure of appearing in a distinguished New York circle as a representative woman, an important Bostonian, the prompter, colleague, associate of one of the most original girls of the time. Basil Ransom was the person she had least expected to meet at Mrs. Burrage's; it had been her belief that they might easily spend four days in a city of more than a million of inhabitants without that disagreeable accident. But it had occurred; nothing was wanting to make it seem serious; and, setting her teeth, she shook herself, morally, hard, for having fallen into the trap of fate. Well, she would scramble out, with only a scare, probably. Henry Burrage was very attentive; but somehow she didn't fear him now; and it was only natural he should feel that he couldn't be polite enough, after they had consented to be exploited in that worldly way by his mother. The other danger was the worst; the palpitation of her strange dread, the night of Miss Birdseye's party, came back to her. Mr. Burrage seemed, indeed, a protection; she reflected, with relief, that it had been arranged that after taking Verena to drive in the Park and see the Museum of Art in the morning, they should in the evening dine with him at Delmonico's (he was to invite another gentleman) and go afterwards to the German opera. Olive had kept all this to herself, as I have said; revealing to her sister neither the vividness of her prevision that Basil Ransom would look blank when he came down to Tenth street and learned they had flitted, nor the eagerness of her desire just to find herself once more in the Boston train. It had been only that prevision that had sustained her when she gave Mr. Ransom their number.

Verena came to her room shortly before lunch, to let her know she had returned; and while they sat there waiting to stop their ears when the gong announcing the repast was beaten, at the foot of the stairs, by a negro in a white jacket, she narrated to her friend her adventures with Mr. Burrage — expatiated on the beauty of the park, the splendor and interest of the Museum, the wonder of the young man's acquaintance with everything it contained, the swiftness of his horses, the softness of his English cart, the pleasure of rolling at that pace over roads as firm as marble, the entertainment he promised them for the evening. Olive listened in serious silence; she saw Verena was quite carried away; of course she hadn't gone so far with her without knowing that phase.

"Did Mr. Burrage try to make love to you?" Miss Chancellor inquired at last, without a smile.

Verena had taken off her hat to arrange her feather, and as she placed it on her head again, her uplifted arms making a frame for her face, she said: "Yes, I suppose it was meant for love."

Olive waited for her to tell more, to tell how she had treated him, kept him in his place, made him feel that that question was over long ago; but as Verena gave her no further information she didn't insist, conscious as she always was that in such a relation as theirs there should be a great respect on either side for the liberty of each. She had never yet infringed on Verena's, and of course she wouldn't begin now. Moreover, with the request that she meant presently to make of her, she felt that she must be discreet. She wondered whether Henry Burrage were really going to begin again; whether his mother had only been acting in his interest in getting them to come on. Certainly, the bright spot in such a prospect was that if she listened to him she couldn't listen to Basil Ransom; and he *had* told Olive herself last night, when he put them into their carriage, that he hoped to prove to her yet that he had come round to her gospel. But the old sickness stole upon her again, the faintness of discouragement, as she asked herself why in the name of pity Verena should listen to any one at all (but her). Again it came over her, when she saw the brightness, the happy look, the girl brought back, as it had done in the earlier months, that the great trouble was that weak spot of Verena's, that sole infirmity and subtle flaw, which she had expressed to her very soon

after they began to live together, in saying (she remembered it through the ineffaceable impression made by her friend's avowal), "I'll tell you what is the matter with you — you don't dislike men as a class!" Verena had replied on this occasion, "Well, no, I don't dislike them when they are pleasant!" As if organized selfishness could ever be pleasant! Olive disliked them most when they were least unpleasant. After a little, at present, she remarked, referring to Henry Burrage: "It is not right of him, not decent, after your making him feel how, while he was at Cambridge, he tormented you, wearied you."

"Oh, I didn't show anything," said Verena gayly. "I am learning to dissimulate," she added in a moment. "I suppose you have to as you go along. I pretend not to notice."

At this moment the gong sounded for lunch, and the two young women covered up their ears, face to face, Verena with her quick smile, Olive with her pale patience. When they could hear themselves speak, the latter said abruptly:

"How did Mrs. Burrage come to invite Mr. Ransom to her party? He told Adeline he had never seen her before."

"Oh, I asked her to send him an invitation — after she had written to me, to thank me, when it was definitely settled we should come on. She asked me in her letter if there were any friends of mine in the city to whom I should like her to send cards, and I mentioned Mr. Ransom."

Verena spoke without a single instant's hesitation, and the only sign of embarrassment she gave was that she got up from her chair, passing in this manner a little out of Olive's scrutiny. It was easy for her not to falter, because she was glad of the chance. She wanted to be very simple in all her relations with her friend, and of course it wasn't simple so soon as she began to keep things back. She could at any rate keep back as little as possible, and she felt as if she were making up for a dereliction when she answered Olive's inquiry so promptly.

"You never told me of that," Miss Chancellor remarked, in a low tone.

"I didn't want to. I know you don't like him, and I thought it would give you pain. Yet I wanted him to be there — I wanted him to hear."

"What does it matter — why should you care about him?"

"Well, because he is so awfully opposed!"

"How do you know that, Verena?"

At this point Verena began to hesitate. It was not, after all, so easy to keep back only a little; it appeared rather as if one must either tell everything or hide everything. The former course had already presented itself to her as unduly harsh; it was because it seemed so that she had ended by keeping the incident of Basil Ransom's visit to Monadnoc Place buried in unspoken, in unspeakable, considerations, the only secret she had in the world — the only thing that was all her own. She was so glad to say what she could without betraying herself that it was only after she had spoken that she perceived there was a danger of Olive's pushing the inquiry to the point where, to defend herself as it were, she should be obliged to practice a positive deception; and she was conscious at the same time that the moment her secret was threatened it became dearer to her. She began to pray silently that Olive might not push; for it would be odious, it would be impossible, to defend herself by a lie. Meanwhile, however, she had to answer, and the way she answered was by exclaiming, much more quickly than the reflections I note might have appeared to permit, "Well, if you can't tell from his appearance! He's the type of the reactionary."

Verena went to the toilet-glass to see that she had put on her hat properly, and Olive slowly got up, in the manner of a person not in the least eager for her lunch. "Let him react as he likes — for heaven's sake don't mind him!" That was Miss Chancellor's rejoinder, and Verena felt that it didn't say all that was in her mind. She wished she would come down to lunch, for she, at least, was honestly hungry. She even suspected Olive had an idea she was afraid to express, such distress it would bring with it. "Well, you know, Verena, this isn't our *real* life — it isn't our work," Olive went on.

"Well, no, it isn't, certainly," said Verena, not pretending at first that she did not know what Olive meant. In a moment, however, she added, "Do you refer to this social intercourse with Mr. Burrage?"

"Not to that only." Then Olive asked abruptly, looking at her, "How did you know his address?"

"His address?"

"Mr. Ransom's — to enable Mrs. Burrage to invite him?"

They stood for a moment interchanging a gaze. "It was in a letter I got from him."

At these words there came into Olive's face an expression which made her companion cross over to her directly and take her by the hand. But the tone was different from what Verena expected when she said, with cold surprise: "Oh, you are in correspondence!" It showed an immense effort of self-control.

"He wrote to me once — I never told you," Verena rejoined, smiling. She felt that her friend's strange, uneasy eyes searched very

far; a little more and they would go to the very bottom. Well, they might go if they would; she didn't, after all, care so much about her secret as that. For the moment, however, Verena didn't learn what Olive had discovered, inasmuch as she only remarked presently that it was time to go down to lunch. As they descended the staircase she put her arm into Miss Chancellor's and perceived that she was trembling.

Of course there were plenty of people in New York interested in the uprising, and Olive had made appointments, in advance, which filled the whole afternoon. Everybody wanted to meet them, and wanted everybody else to do so, and Verena saw they could easily have quite a vogue, if they only chose to stay and work that vein. Very likely, as Olive said, it wasn't their real life, and people didn't seem to have such a grip of the movement as they had in Boston; but there was something in the air that carried one along, and a sense of vastness and variety, of the infinite possibilities of a great city, which — Verena hardly knew whether she ought to confess it to herself — might in the end make up for the want of the Boston earnestness. Certainly, the people seemed very much alive, and there was no other place where so many cheering reports could flow in, owing to the number of electric feelers that seemed to stretch out everywhere. The principal center appeared to be Mrs. Croucher's, on Fifty-sixth street, where there was an informal gathering of sympathizers, who didn't seem as if they could forgive her when they learned that she had been speaking the night before in a circle in which they none of them were acquainted. Certainly, they were very different from the group she had addressed at Mrs. Burrage's, and Verena heaved a thin, private sigh, expressive of some helplessness, as she thought what a big, complicated world it was, and how it appeared to contain a little of everything. There was a general demand that she should repeat her address in a more congenial atmosphere; to which she replied that Olive made her engagements for her, and that as the address had been intended just to lead people on, perhaps she would think Mrs. Croucher's friends had reached a higher point. She was as cautious as this because she saw that Olive was now just straining to get out of the city; she didn't want to say anything that would tie them. When she felt her trembling that way before lunch, it made her quite sick to realize how much her friend was wrapped up in her — how terribly she would suffer from the least deviation. After they had started for their round of engagements, the very first thing Verena spoke of in the carriage (Olive had taken one, in her liberal way, for the whole time) was the fact that her correspondence with Mr. Ransom, as her friend had called it, had consisted on his part of only one letter. It was a very short one, too; it had come to her a little more than a month before. Olive knew she got letters from gentlemen; she didn't see why she should attach such importance to this one. Miss Chancellor was leaning back in the carriage, very still, very grave, with her head against the cushioned surface, only turning her eyes towards the girl.

"You attach importance yourself; otherwise you would have told me."

"I knew you wouldn't like it — because you don't like *him*."

"I don't think of him," said Olive; "he's nothing to me." Then she added suddenly, "Have you noticed that I am afraid to face what I don't like?"

Verena couldn't say that she had, and yet it was not just on Olive's part to speak as if she were an easy person to tell such a thing to; the way she lay there, white and weak, like a wounded creature, sufficiently proved the contrary. "You have such a fearful power of suffering," she replied in a moment.

To this at first Miss Chancellor made no rejoinder; but after a little she said, in the same attitude, "Yes, *you* could make me."

Verena took her hand and held it awhile. "I never will, till I have been through everything myself."

"*You* were not made to suffer — you were made to enjoy," Olive said, in very much the same tone in which she had told her that what was the matter with her was that she didn't like men as a class,— a tone which implied that the contrary would have been much more natural and perhaps rather higher. Perhaps it would; but Verena was unable to rebut the charge; she felt this, as she looked out of the window of the carriage at the bright, amusing city, where the elements seemed so numerous, the animation so immense, the shops so brilliant, the women so strikingly dressed, and knew that these things quickened her curiosity, all her pulses.

"Well, I suppose I mustn't presume on it," she remarked, glancing back at Olive with her natural sweetness, her uncontradicting grace.

That young lady lifted her hand to her lips — held it there a moment; the movement seemed to say, "When you are so divinely docile, how can I help the dread of losing you?" This idea, however, was unspoken, and Olive Chancellor's uttered words, as the carriage rolled on, were different.

"Verena, I don't understand why he wrote to you."

"He wrote to me because he likes me. Perhaps you'll say you don't understand why

he likes me," the girl continued, laughing. "He liked me the first time he saw me."

"Oh, that time!" Olive murmured.

"And still more the second."

"Did he tell you that in his letter?" Miss Chancellor inquired.

"Yes, my dear, he told me that. Only he expressed it more gracefully." Verena was very happy to say that; a written phrase of Basil Ransom's sufficiently justified her.

"It was my intuition—it was my foreboding!" Olive exclaimed, closing her eyes.

"I thought you said you didn't dislike him."

"It isn't dislike—it's simple dread. Is that all there is between you?"

"Why, Olive Chancellor, what do you think?" Verena asked, feeling now distinctly like a coward. Five minutes afterwards she said to Olive that if it would give her pleasure they would leave New York on the morrow, without taking a fourth day; and as soon as she had done so she felt better, especially when she saw how gratefully Olive looked at her for the concession, how eagerly she rose to the offer in saying, "Well, if you *do* feel that it isn't our own life—our very own!" It was with these words, and others besides, and with an unusually weak, indefinite kiss, as if she wished to protest that, after all, a single day didn't matter, and yet accepted the sacrifice and was a little ashamed of it—it was in this manner, I say, that the agreement as to an immediate retreat was sealed. Verena could not shut her eyes to the fact that for a month she had been less frank, and if she wished to do penance, this abbreviation of their pleasure in New York, even if it made her almost completely miss Basil Ransom, was easier than to tell Olive just now that the letter was *not* all, that there had been a long visit, a talk, and a walk besides, which she had been covering up for ever so many weeks. And of what consequence, anyway, was the missing? Was it such a pleasure to converse with a gentleman who only wanted to let you know—and why he should want it so much Verena couldn't guess—that he thought you quite ridiculous? Olive took her from place to place, and she ended by forgetting everything but the present hour and the bigness and variety of New York, and the entertainment of rolling about in a carriage with silk cushions, and meeting new faces, new expressions of curiosity and sympathy, assurances that one was watched and followed. Mingled with this was a bright consciousness, sufficient for the moment, that one was moreover to dine at Delmonico's and go to the German opera. There was enough of the epicurean in Verena's composition to make it easy for her in certain conditions to live only for the hour.

XXXI.

When she returned with her companion to the establishment in Tenth street, she saw two notes lying on the table in the hall; one of which she perceived to be addressed to Miss Chancellor, the other to herself. The hand was different, but she recognized both. Olive was behind her on the steps, talking to the coachman about sending another carriage for them in half an hour (they had left themselves but just time to dress); so that she simply possessed herself of her own note and ascended to her room. As she did so she felt that all the while she had known it would be there, and was conscious of a kind of treachery, of unfriendly willfulness, in not being more prepared for it. If she could roll about New York the whole afternoon and forget that there might be difficulties ahead, that didn't alter the fact that there *were* difficulties, and that they might even become considerable—might not be settled by her simply going back to Boston. Half an hour later, as she drove up the Fifth Avenue with Olive (there seemed to be so much crowded into that one day), smoothing her light gloves, wishing her fan were a little nicer, and proving by the answering, familiar brightness with which she looked out on the lamp-lighted streets that, whatever theory might be entertained as to the genesis of her talent and her personal nature, the blood of the lecture-going, night-walking Tarrants did distinctly flow in her veins; as the pair proceeded, I say, to the celebrated restaurant, at the door of which Mr. Burrage had promised to be in vigilant expectancy of their carriage, Verena found a sufficiently gay and natural tone of voice for saying to her friend that Mr. Ransom had called upon her while they were out, and had left a note in which there were many compliments for Miss Chancellor.

"That's wholly your own affair, my dear," Olive replied, with a melancholy sigh, gazing down the vista of Fourteenth street (which they happened just then to be traversing, with much agitation) toward the queer barrier of the elevated railway.

It was nothing new to Verena that if the great striving of Olive's life was for justice, she yet sometimes failed to arrive at it in particular cases; and she reflected that it was rather late for her to say, like that, that Basil Ransom's letters were only his correspondent's business. Had not his kinswoman quite made the subject her own during their drive that afternoon? Verena determined now that her companion should hear all there was to be heard about the letter; asking herself whether, if she told her at present more than she cared

to know, it wouldn't make up for her hitherto having told her less. "He brought it with him, written, in case I should be out. He wants to see me to-morrow — he says he has ever so much to say to me. He proposes an hour — says he hopes it won't be inconvenient for me to see him about eleven in the morning; thinks I may have no other engagement so early as that. Of course our return to Boston settles it," Verena added, with serenity.

Miss Chancellor said nothing for a moment; then she replied, "Yes, unless you invite him to come on with you in the train."

"Why, Olive, how bitter you are!" Verena exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

Olive could not justify her bitterness by saying that her companion had spoken as if she were disappointed, because Verena hadn't. So she simply remarked, "I don't see what he can have to say to you — that would be worth your hearing."

"Well, of course, it's the other side. He has got it on the brain!" said Verena, with a laugh which seemed to relegate the whole matter to the category of the unimportant.

"If we should stay, would you see him — at eleven o'clock?" Olive inquired.

"Why do you ask that — when I have given it up?"

"Do you consider it such a tremendous sacrifice?"

"No," said Verena, good-naturedly; "but I confess I am curious."

"Curious,— how do you mean?"

"Well, to hear the other side."

"Oh, mercy!" Olive Chancellor murmured, turning her face upon her.

"You must remember I have never heard it." And Verena smiled into her friend's wan gaze.

"Do you want to hear all the infamy that is in the world?"

"No, it isn't that; but the more he should talk, the better chance he would give me. I guess I can meet him."

"Life is too short. Leave him as he is."

"Well," Verena went on, "there are many I haven't cared to move at all, whom I might have been more interested in than in him. But to make him give in just at two or three points — that I should like better than anything I *have* done."

"You have no business to enter upon a contest that isn't equal; and it wouldn't be, with Mr. Ransom."

"The inequality would be that I have right on my side."

"What is that — for a man? For what was their brutality given them, but to make that up?"

"I don't think he's brutal; I should like to see," said Verena gayly.

Olive's eyes lingered a little on her own; then they turned away, vaguely, blindly, out of the carriage-window, and Verena made the reflection that she looked strangely little like a person who was going to dine at Delmonico's. How terribly she worried about everything, and how tragical was her nature; how anxious, suspicious, exposed to subtle influences! In their long intimacy Verena had come to revere most of her friend's peculiarities; they were a proof of her depth and devotion, and were so bound up with what was noble in her that she was rarely provoked to criticise them separately. But at present, suddenly, Olive's earnestness began to appear as inharmonious with the scheme of the universe as if it had been a broken edge; and she was positively glad she had not told her about Basil Ransom's appearance in Monadnoc Place. If she worried so about what she knew, how much would she not have worried about the rest! Verena had by this time made up her mind that her acquaintance with Mr. Ransom was the most episodical, most superficial, most unimportant, of all possible relations.

Olive Chancellor watched Henry Burrage very closely that evening; she had a special reason for doing so, and her entertainment, during the successive hours, was derived much less from the delicate little feast, over which this insinuating proselyte presided, in the brilliant public room of the establishment, where French waiters flitted about on deep carpets, and parties at neighboring tables excited curiosity and conjecture, or even from the magnificent music of "Lohengrin," than from a secret process of comparison and verification, which shall presently be explained to the reader. As some discredit has possibly been thrown upon her impartiality, it is a pleasure to be able to say that on her return from the opera she took a step dictated by an earnest consideration of justice — of the promptness with which Verena had told her of the note left by Basil Ransom in the afternoon. She drew Verena into her room with her. The girl, on the way back to Tenth street, had spoken only of Wagner's music, of the singers, the orchestra, the immensity of the house, her tremendous pleasure. Olive could see how fond she might become of New York, where that kind of pleasure was so much more in the air.

"Well, Mr. Burrage was certainly very kind to us — no one could have been more thoughtful," Olive said; and she colored a little at the look with which Verena greeted this tribute of appreciation from Miss Chancellor to a single gentleman.

"I am so glad you were struck with that,

because I do think we have been a little rough to him." Verena's *we* was angelic. "He was particularly attentive to *you*, my dear; he has got over me. He looked at you so sweetly. Dearest Olive, if you marry him — !" And Miss Tarrant, who was in high spirits, embraced her companion, to check her own silliness.

"He wants you to stay there, all the same. They haven't given *that* up," Olive remarked, turning to a drawer, out of which she took a letter.

"Did he tell you that, pray? He said nothing more about it to me."

"When we came in this afternoon I found this note from Mrs. Burrage. You had better read it." And she presented the document, open, to Verena.

The purpose of it was to say that Mrs. Burrage could really not reconcile herself to the loss of Verena's visit, on which both she and her son had counted so much. She was sure they would be able to make it as interesting to Miss Tarrant as it would be to themselves. She, Mrs. Burrage, moreover, felt as if she hadn't heard half she wanted about Miss Tarrant's views, and there were so many more, who were present at the address, who had come to her that afternoon (losing not a minute, as Miss Chancellor could see), to ask how in the world they too could learn more — how they could get at the fair speaker and question her about certain details. She hoped so much, therefore, that even if the young ladies should be unable to alter their decision about the visit, they might at least see their way to staying over long enough to allow her to arrange an informal meeting for some of these poor thirsty souls. Might she not at least talk over the question with Miss Chancellor? She gave her notice that she would attack her on the subject of the visit too. Might she not see her on the morrow, and might she ask of her the very great favor that the interview should be at Mrs. Burrage's own house? She had something very particular to say to her, as regards which perfect privacy was a great consideration, and Miss Chancellor would doubtless recognize that this would be best secured under Mrs. Burrage's roof. She would therefore send her carriage for Miss Chancellor at any hour that would be convenient to the latter. She really thought much good might come from their having a satisfactory talk.

Verena read this epistle with much deliberation; it seemed to her mysterious, and confirmed the idea she had received the night before — the idea that she had not got quite a correct impression of this clever, worldly, curious woman on the occasion of her visit to Cambridge, when they met her at her son's rooms. As she gave the letter back to Olive she said to her, "That's why he didn't seem to believe we are really leaving to-morrow. He knows she had written that, and he thinks it will keep us."

"Well, if I were to say it may — should you think me too miserably changeful?"

Verena stared with all her candor, and it was so very queer that Olive should now wish to linger that the sense of it, for the moment, almost covered the sense of its being pleasant. But that came out after an instant, and she said, with great honesty, "You needn't drag me away for consistency's sake. It would be absurd for me to pretend that I don't like being here."

"I think perhaps I *ought* to see her." Olive was very thoughtful.

"How lovely it must be to have a secret with Mrs. Burrage!" Verena exclaimed.

"It won't be a secret from you."

"Dearest, you needn't tell me unless you want." Verena went on thinking of her own unimparted knowledge.

"I thought it was our plan to divide everything. It was certainly mine."

"Ah, don't talk about plans!" Verena exclaimed, rather ruefully. "You see, if we *are* going to stay to-morrow, how foolish it was to have any. There is more in her letter than is expressed," she went on, as Olive appeared to be studying in her face the reasons for and against making this concession to Mrs. Burrage, and that was rather embarrassing.

"I thought it over all the evening — so that if now you will consent, we will stay."

"Darling — what a spirit you have got! All through all those dear little dishes — all through 'Lohengrin!' As I haven't thought it over at all, you must settle it. You know I am not difficult."

"And would you go and stay with Mrs. Burrage, after all, if she should say anything to me that seems to make it desirable?"

Verena smiled, broke into a laugh. "You know it's not our *real* life!"

Olive said nothing for a moment; then she replied: "Don't think *I* can forget that. If I suggest a deviation, it's only because it sometimes seems to me that perhaps, after all, almost anything is better than the form reality *may* take with us." This was slightly obscure, as well as very melancholy, and Verena was relieved when her companion added, in a moment, "You must think me strangely inconsequent"; for this gave her a chance to reply, soothingly:

"Why, you don't suppose I expect you to keep always screwed up! I will stay a week with Mrs. Burrage, or a fortnight, or a month, or anything you like," she went on; "any-

thing it may seem to you best to tell her after you have seen her."

"Do you leave it all to me? You don't give me much help," Olive said.

"Help to what?"

"Help to help *you*."

"I don't want any help; I am quite strong enough!" Verena cried, gayly. The next moment she added, in an appeal half comical, half touching, "My dear colleague, why do you make me say such conceited things?"

"And if you do stay—just even to-morrow—shall you be—very much of the time—with Mr. Ransom?"

As Verena for the moment appeared ironically-minded, she might have found a fresh subject for hilarity in the tremulous, tentative tone in which Olive made this inquiry. But it had not that effect; it produced the first manifestation of impatience—the first, literally, and the first note of reproach—that had occurred in the course of their remarkable intimacy. The color rose to Verena's cheek, and her eye for an instant looked moist.

"I don't know what you always think, Olive, nor why you don't seem able to trust me. You didn't, from the first, with gentlemen. Perhaps you were right then—I don't say; but surely, it is very different now. I don't think I ought to be suspected so much. Why have you a manner as if I had to be watched, as if I wanted to run away with every man that speaks to me? I should think I had proved how little I care. I thought you had discovered by this time that I am serious; that I have dedicated my life; that there is something unspeakably dear to me. But you begin again, every time—you don't do me justice. I must take everything that comes. I mustn't be afraid. I thought we had agreed that we were to do our work in the midst of the world, facing everything, keeping straight on, always taking hold. And now that it all opens out so magnificently, and victory is really sitting on our banners, it is strange of you to doubt of me, to suppose I am not more wedded to all our old dreams than ever. I told you the first time I saw you that I could renounce, and knowing better to-day, perhaps, what that means, I am ready to say it again. That I can, that I will! Why, Olive Chancellor," Verena cried, panting a moment, with her eloquence, and with the rush of a culminating idea, "haven't you discovered by this time that I *have* renounced?"

The habit of public speaking, the training, the practice, in which she had been immersed, enabled Verena to unroll a coil of propositions dedicated even to a private interest, with the most touching, most cumulative effect. Olive was completely aware of this, and she stilled herself, while the girl uttered one soft, pleading sentence after another, into the same rapt attention she was in the habit of sending up from the benches of an auditorium. She looked at Verena fixedly, felt that she was stirred to her depths, that she was exquisitely passionate and sincere, that she was a quivering, spotless, consecrated maiden, that she really had renounced, that they were both safe, and that her own injustice and indelicacy had been great. She came to her slowly, took her in her arms and held her long—giving her a silent kiss. From which Verena knew that she believed her.

XXXII.

THE hour that Olive proposed to Mrs. Burrage, in a note sent early the next morning, for the interview to which she consented to lend herself, was the stroke of noon; this period of the day being chosen in consequence of a prevision of many subsequent calls upon her time. She remarked in her note that she didn't wish any carriage to be sent for her, and she surged and swayed up the Fifth Avenue on one of the convulsive, clattering omnibuses which circulated in that thoroughfare. One of her reasons for mentioning twelve o'clock had been that she knew Basil Ransom was to call at Tenth street at eleven, and (as she supposed he didn't intend to stay all day) this would give her time to see him come and go. It had been tacitly agreed between them, the night before, that Verena was quite firm enough in her faith to submit to his visit, and that such a course would be much more dignified than dodging it. This understanding passed from one to the other during that dumb embrace which I have described as taking place before they separated for the night. Shortly before noon, Olive, passing out of the house, looked into the big sunny double parlor, where, in the morning, with all the husbands absent for the day, and all the wives and spinsters launched upon the town, a young man desiring to hold a debate with a young lady might enjoy every advantage in the way of a clear field. Basil Ransom was still there; he and Verena, with the place to themselves, were standing in the recess of the window, their backs presented to the door. If he had got up, perhaps he was going, and Olive, softly closing the door again, waited a little in the hall, ready to pass into the back part of the house if she should hear him coming out. No sound, however, reached her ear; apparently he did mean to stay all day, and she should find him there on her return. She left the house, knowing they were looking at

her from the window as she descended the steps, but feeling she could not bear to see Basil Ransom's face. As she walked, averting her own, toward the Fifth Avenue, on the sunny side, she was barely conscious of the loveliness of the day, the perfect weather, all suffused and tinted with spring, which sometimes descends upon New York when the winds of March have been stilled; she was given up only to the remembrance of that moment when *she* had stood at a window (the second time he came to see her in Boston), and watched Basil Ransom pass out with Adeline — with Adeline, who had seemed capable then of getting such a hold on him, but had proved as ineffectual in this respect as she was in every other. She recalled the vision she had allowed to dance before her as she saw the pair cross the street together, laughing and talking, and how it seemed to interpose itself against the fears which already then — so strangely — haunted her. Now that she saw it so fruitless — and that Verena, moreover, had turned out really so great — she was rather ashamed of it; she felt associated, however remotely, in the reasons which had made Mrs. Luna tell her so many fibs the day before, and there could be nothing elevating in that. As for the other reasons why her fidgety sister had failed and Mr. Ransom had held his own, of course, naturally Miss Chancellor didn't like to think of them.

If she had wondered what Mrs. Burrage wished so particularly to talk about, she waited some time for the clearing-up of the mystery. During this interval she sat in a remarkably pretty boudoir, where there were flowers and faiences and little French pictures, and watched her hostess revolve round the subject in circles, the vagueness of which she tried to dissimulate. Olive believed she was a person who never could enjoy asking a favor, especially of a votary of the new ideas; and that was evidently what was coming. She had asked one already, but that had been handsomely paid for; the note from Mrs. Burrage which Verena found awaiting her in Tenth street, on her arrival, contained the largest cheque this young woman had ever received for an address. The request that hung fire had reference to Verena too, of course; and Olive needed no prompting to feel that her friend's being a young person who took money could not make Mrs. Burrage's present effort more agreeable. To this taking of money (for when it came to Verena it was as if it came to her as well) she herself was now completely inured; money was a tremendous force, and when one wanted to assault the wrong with every engine, one was happy not to lack the sinews of war. She liked her hostess better this morning than she had liked her before; she had more than ever the air of taking all sorts of sentiments and views for granted between them; which could only be flattering to Olive so long as it was really Mrs. Burrage who made each advance, while her visitor sat watchful and motionless. She had a light, clever, familiar way of traversing an immense distance with a very few words, as when she remarked, "Well then, it is settled that she will come, and will stay till she is tired."

Nothing of the kind had been settled, but Olive helped Mrs. Burrage (this time) more than she knew by saying, "Why do you want her to visit you, Mrs. Burrage? why do you want her socially? Are you not aware that your son, a year ago, desired to marry her?"

"My dear Miss Chancellor, that is just what I wish to talk to you about. I am aware of everything; I don't believe you ever met any one who is aware of more things than I." And Olive had to believe that, as Mrs. Burrage held up, smiling, her intelligent, proud, good-natured, ugly head. "I knew a year ago that my son was in love with your friend, I know that he has been so ever since, and that in consequence he would like to marry her to-day. I dare say you don't like the idea of her marrying at all; it would break up a friendship which is so full of interest" (Olive wondered for a moment whether she had been going to say "so full of profit") "for you. This is why I hesitated; but since you are willing to talk about it, that is just what I want."

"I don't see what good it will do," Olive said.

"How can we tell till we try? I never give a thing up till I have turned it over in every sense."

It was Mrs. Burrage, however, who did most of the talking; Olive only inserted from time to time an inquiry, a protest, a correction, an ejaculation tinged with irony. None of these things checked or diverted her hostess; Olive saw more and more that she wished to please her, to win her over, to smooth matters down, to place them in a new and original light. She was very clever and (little by little Olive said to herself) absolutely unscrupulous, but she didn't think she was clever enough for what she had undertaken. This was neither more nor less, in the first place, than to persuade Miss Chancellor that she and her son were consumed with sympathy for the movement to which Miss Chancellor had dedicated her life. But how could Olive believe that, when she saw the type to which Mrs. Burrage belonged — a type into which

nature herself had inserted a face turned in the very opposite way from all earnest and improving things? People like Mrs. Burrage lived and fattened on abuses, prejudices, privileges, on the fixed cruel fashions of the past. It must be added, however, that if her hostess was a humbug, Olive had never met one who provoked her less; she was such a brilliant, genial, artistic one, with such a recklessness of perfidy, such a willingness to bribe you if she couldn't deceive you. She seemed to be offering Olive all the kingdoms of the earth if she would only exert herself to bring about a state of feeling on Verena Tarrant's part which would lead the girl to accept Henry Burrage.

"We know it's you — all, everything; that you can do what you please. You could decide it to-morrow with a word."

She had hesitated at first, and spoken of her hesitation, and it might have appeared that she would need all her courage to say to Olive, that way, face to face, that Verena was in such subjection to her. But she didn't look afraid; she only looked as if it were an infinite pity Miss Chancellor couldn't understand what immense advantages and rewards there would be for her in striking an alliance with the house of Burrage. Olive was so impressed with this, so occupied, even, in wondering what these mystic benefits might be, and whether after all there might not be a protection in them (from something worse), a fund of some sort that she and Verena might convert to a large use, setting aside the mother and son when once they had got what they had to give — she was so arrested, I say, with the vague daze of this vision, the sense of Mrs. Burrage's full hands, her eagerness, her thinking it worth while to flatter and conciliate, whatever her pretexts and pretensions might be, that she was almost insensible, for the time, to the strangeness of such a woman's coming round to a positive desire for a connection with the Tarrants. Mrs. Burrage had indeed explained this partly by saying that her son's condition was wearing her out, and that she would enter into anything that would make him happier, make him better. She was fonder of him than of the whole world beside, and it was an anguish to her to see him yearning for Miss Tarrant only to lose her. She made that charge about Olive's power in the matter in such a way that it seemed at the same time a tribute to her force of character.

"I don't know on what terms you suppose me to be with my friend," Olive returned, with considerable majesty. "She will do exactly as she likes in such a case as the one you allude to. She is absolutely free; you speak as if I were her keeper!"

Then Mrs. Burrage explained that of course she didn't mean that Miss Chancellor exercised a conscious tyranny; but only that Verena had a boundless admiration for her, saw through her eyes, took the impress of all her opinions, preferences. She was sure that if Olive would only take a favorable view of her son, Miss Tarrant would instantly throw herself into it. "It's very true that you may ask me," added Mrs. Burrage, smiling, "how you can take a favorable view of a young man who wants to marry the very person in the world you want most to keep unmarried!"

This description of Verena was of course perfectly correct; but it was not agreeable to Olive to have the fact in question so clearly perceived, even by a person who expressed it with an air intimating that there was nothing in the world *she* couldn't understand.

"Did your son know that you were going to speak to me about this?" Olive asked, rather coldly, waiving the question of her influence on Verena and the state in which she wished her to remain.

"Oh, yes, poor dear boy; we had a long talk yesterday, and I told him I would do what I could for him. Do you remember the little visit I paid to Cambridge last spring, when I saw you at his rooms? Then it was I began to perceive how the wind was setting; but yesterday we had a real *éclaircissement*. I didn't like it at all, at first; I don't mind telling you that now — now that I am really enthusiastic about it. When a girl is as charming, as original, as Miss Tarrant, it doesn't in the least matter who she is; she makes herself the standard by which you measure her; she makes her own position. And then Miss Tarrant has such a future!" Mrs. Burrage added, quickly, as if that were the last thing to be overlooked. "The whole question has come up again — the feeling that Henry tried to think dead, or at least dying, has revived, through the — I hardly know what to call it, but I really may say the unexpectedly great effect of her appearance here. She was really wonderful on Wednesday evening; prejudice, conventionality, every presumption there might be against her, had to fall to the ground. I expected a success, but I didn't expect what you gave us," Mrs. Burrage went on, smiling, while Olive noted her "you." "In short, my poor boy flamed up again; and now I see that he will never again care for any girl as he cares for that one. My dear Miss Chancellor, *j'en ai pris mon parti*, and perhaps you know my way of doing that sort of thing. I am not at all good at resigning myself, but I am excellent at taking up a craze. I haven't renounced, I have only changed sides. For or against, I must be a partisan. Don't you

know that kind of nature? Henry has put the affair into my hands, and you see I put it into yours. Do help me; let us work together."

This was a long, explicit speech for Mrs. Burrage, who dealt, usually, in the cursory and allusive; and she may very well have expected that Miss Chancellor would recognize its importance. What Olive did, in fact, was simply to inquire, by way of rejoinder, "Why did you ask us to come on?"

If Mrs. Burrage hesitated now, it was only for twenty seconds. "Simply because we are so interested in your work."

"That surprises me," said Olive, thoughtfully.

"I dare say you don't believe it; but such a judgment is superficial. I am sure we give proof in the offer we make," Mrs. Burrage remarked, with a good deal of point. "There are plenty of girls — without any views at all — who would be delighted to marry my son. He is very clever, and he has a large fortune. Add to that that he's an angel!"

That was very true, and Olive felt all the more that the attitude of these fortunate people, for whom the world was so well arranged just as it was, was very curious. But as she sat there it came over her that the human spirit had many variations, that the influence of the truth was great, and that there were such things in life as happy surprises quite as well as disagreeable ones. Nothing, certainly, forced such people to fix their affections on the daughter of a "healer"; it would be very clumsy to pick her out of her generation only for the purpose of frustrating her. Moreover, her observation of their young host at Delmonico's and in the spacious box at the Academy of Music, where they had privacy and ease, and murmured words could pass without making neighbors more given up to the stage turn their heads — her consideration of Henry Burrage's manner, I say, suggested to her that she had measured him rather scantily the year before, that he was as much in love as the feebler passions of the age permitted (for though Miss Chancellor believed in the amelioration of humanity, she thought there was too much water in the blood of all of us), that he prized Verena for her rarity, which was her genius, her gift, and would therefore have an interest in promoting it, and that he was of so soft and fine a paste that his wife might do what she liked with him. Of course there would be the mother-in-law to count with; but unless she was perjuring herself shamelessly, Mrs. Burrage really had the wish to project herself into the new atmosphere, or at least to be generous personally; so that, oddly enough, the fear that most glanced before Olive was not that this high, free matron, slightly irritable with cleverness and at the same time good-natured with prosperity, would bully her son's bride, but rather that she might take too fond a possession of her. It was a fear which may be described as a presentiment of jealousy. It occurred, accordingly, to Miss Chancellor's quick conscience that, possibly, the proposal which presented itself in circumstances so complicated and anomalous was simply a magnificent chance, an improvement on the very best, even, that she had dreamed of for Verena. It meant a large command of money — much larger than her own; the association of a couple of clever people who simulated conversion very well, whether they felt it or not, and who had a hundred useful worldly ramifications, and a kind of social pedestal from which she might really shine afar. The conscience I have spoken of grew positively sick as it thought of having such a problem as that to consider, such an ordeal to traverse. In the presence of such a contingency the poor girl felt grim and helpless; she could only vaguely wonder whether she were called upon in the name of duty to lend a hand to the torture of her own spirit.

"And if she should marry him, how could I be sure that — afterwards — you would care so much about the question which has all our thoughts, hers and mine?" This inquiry evolved itself from Olive's rapid meditation; but even to herself it seemed a little rough.

Mrs. Burrage took it admirably. "You think we are feigning an interest, only to get hold of her? That's not very nice of you, Miss Chancellor; but of course you have to be tremendously careful. I assure you my son tells me he firmly believes your movement is the great question of the immediate future, that it has entered into a new phase; into what does he call it? the domain of practical politics. As for me, you don't suppose I don't want everything we poor women can get, or that I would refuse any privilege or advantage that's offered me? I don't rant or rave about anything, but I have — as I told you just now — my own quiet way of being zealous. If you had no worse partisan than I, you would do very well. My son has talked to me immensely about your ideas; and even if I should enter into them only because he does, I should do so quite enough. You may say you don't see Henry dangling about after a wife who gives public addresses; but I am convinced that a great many things are coming to pass — very soon, too — that we don't see in advance. Henry is a gentleman to his finger-tips, and there is not a situation in which he will not conduct himself with tact."

Olive could see that they really wanted

Verena immensely, and it was impossible for her to believe that if they were to get her they would not treat her well. It came to her that they would even over-indulge her, flatter her, spoil her; she was perfectly capable, for the moment, of assuming that Verena was susceptible of deterioration, and that her own treatment of her had been discriminatingly severe. She had a hundred protests, objections, replies; her only embarrassment could be as to which she should use first.

"I think you have never seen Doctor Tarrant and his wife," she remarked, with a calmness which she felt to be very pregnant.

"You mean they are absolutely fearful? My son has told me they are quite impossible, and I am quite prepared for that. *Do* you ask how we should get on with them? My dear young lady, we should get on as you do!"

If Olive had answers, so had Mrs. Burrage; she had still an answer when her visitor, taking up the supposition that it was in her power to dispose in any manner whatsoever of Verena, declared that she didn't know why Mrs. Burrage addressed herself to *her*, that Miss Tarrant was free as air, that her future was in her own hands, that such a matter as this was a kind of thing with which it could never occur to one to interfere. "Dear Miss Chancellor, we don't ask you to interfere. The only thing we ask of you is simply *not* to interfere."

"And have you sent for me only for that?"

"For that, and for what I hinted at in my note; that you would really exercise your influence with Miss Tarrant to induce her to come to us now for a week or two. That is really, after all, the main thing I ask. Lend her to us, here, for a little while, and we will take care of the rest. That sounds conceited — but she *would* have a good time."

"She doesn't live for that," said Olive.

"What I mean is that she should deliver an address every night!" Mrs. Burrage returned, smiling.

"I think you try to prove too much. You do believe — though you pretend you don't — that I control her actions, and as far as possible her desires, and that I am jealous of any other relations she may possibly form. I can imagine that we may perhaps have that air, though it only proves how little such an association as ours is understood, and how superficial is still" — Olive felt that her "still" was really historical — "the interpretation of many of the elements in the activity of women, how much the public conscience with regard to them needs to be educated. Your conviction with respect to my attitude being what I believe it to be," Miss Chancellor went on, "I am surprised at your not perceiving how little it is in my interest to deliver my — my victim up to you."

If we were at this moment to take, in a single glance, an inside view of Mrs. Burrage (a liberty we have not yet ventured on), I suspect we should find that she was considerably exasperated at her visitor's superior tone, at seeing herself regarded by this dry, shy, obstinate, provincial young woman as superficial. If she liked Verena very nearly as much as she tried to convince Miss Chancellor, she was conscious of disliking Miss Chancellor more than she should probably ever be able to reveal to Verena. It was doubtless partly her irritation that found a voice as she said, after a self-administered pinch of caution not to say too much, "Of course it would be absurd in us to assume that Miss Tarrant would find my son irresistible, especially as she has already refused him. But even if she should remain obdurate, should you consider yourself quite safe as regards others?"

The manner in which Miss Chancellor rose from her chair on hearing these words showed her hostess that if she had wished to take a little revenge by frightening her, the experiment was successful. "What others do you mean?" Olive asked, standing very straight, and turning down her eyes as from a great height.

Mrs. Burrage — since we have begun to look into her mind we may continue the process — had not meant any one in particular; but a train of association was suddenly kindled in her thought by the flash of the girl's resentment. She remembered the gentleman who had come up to her in the music-room, after Miss Tarrant's address, while she was talking with Olive, and to whom that young lady had given so cold a welcome. "I don't mean any one in particular; but, for instance, there is the young man to whom she asked me to send an invitation to my party, and who looked to me like a possible admirer." Mrs. Burrage also got up; then she stood a moment, closer to her visitor. "Don't you think it's a good deal to expect that, young, pretty, attractive, clever, charming as she is, you should be able to keep her always, to exclude other affections, to cut off a whole side of life, to defend her against dangers — if you call them dangers — to which every young woman who is not positively repulsive is exposed? My dear young lady, I wonder if I might give you three words of advice?" Mrs. Burrage did not wait till Olive had answered this inquiry; she went on quickly, with her air of knowing exactly what she wanted to say, and feeling at the same time that, good as it might be, the manner of saying it, like the manner of saying most other things, was not

worth troubling much about. "Don't attempt the impossible. You have got hold of a good thing; don't spoil it by trying to stretch it too far. If you don't take the better, perhaps you will have to take the worse; if it's safety you want, I should think she was much safer with my son — for with us you know the worst — than as a possible prey to adventurers, to exploiters, or to people who, once they had got hold of her, would shut her up altogether."

Olive dropped her eyes; she couldn't endure Mrs. Burrage's horrible expression of being near the mark, her look of worldly cleverness, of a confidence born of much experience. She felt that nothing would be spared her, that she should have to go to the end, that this ordeal also must be faced, and that, in particular, there was a detestable wisdom in her hostess's advice. She was conscious, however, of no obligation to recognize it then and there; she wanted to get off, and even to carry Mrs. Burrage's sapient words along with her — to hurry to some place where she might be alone and think. "I don't know why you have thought it right to send for me only to say this. I take no interest whatever in your son — in his settling in life." And she gathered her mantle more closely about her, turning away.

"It is exceedingly kind of you to have come," said Mrs. Burrage, imperturbably. "Think of what I have said; I am sure you won't feel that you have wasted your hour."

"I have a great many things to think of!" Olive exclaimed, insincerely, for she knew that Mrs. Burrage's ideas would haunt her.

"And tell her that if she will make us the little visit, all New York shall sit at her feet!"

That was what Olive wanted, and yet it seemed a mockery to hear Mrs. Burrage say it. Miss Chancellor retreated, making no response even when her hostess declared again that she was under great obligations to her for coming. When she reached the street she found she was deeply agitated, but not with a sense of weakness; she hurried along, excited and dismayed, feeling that her insufferable conscience was bristling like some irritated animal, that a magnificent offer had really been made to Verena, and that there was no way for her to persuade herself she might be silent about it. Of course, if Verena should be tempted by the idea of being made so much of by the Burrages, the danger of Basil Ransom getting any kind of hold on her would cease to be pressing. That was what was present to Olive as she walked along, and that was what made her nervous, conscious only of this problem that had suddenly turned the bright day to grayness, heedless of the sophisticated-looking people who passed her on the wide Fifth Avenue pavement. It had risen in her mind the day before, planted first by Mrs. Burrage's note; and then, as we know, she had vaguely entertained the conception, asking Verena whether she would make the visit if it were again to be pressed upon them. It had been pressed, certainly, and the terms of the problem were now so much sharper that they seemed cruel. What had been in her own mind was that if Verena should appear to lend herself to the Burrages, Basil Ransom might be discouraged — might think that, shabby and poor, there was no chance for him as against people with every advantage of fortune and position. She didn't see him relax his purpose so easily; she knew she didn't believe he was of that pusillanimous fiber. Still, it was a chance, and any chance that might help her had been worth considering. At present she saw it was a question not of Verena's lending herself, but of a positive gift, or at least of a bargain in which the terms would be immensely liberal. It would be impossible to use the Burrages as a shelter on the assumption that they were not dangerous, for they became dangerous from the moment they set up as sympathizers, took the ground that what they offered the girl was simply a boundless opportunity. It came back to Olive, again and again, that this was, and could only be, fantastic and false; but it was always possible that Verena might not think it so, might trust them all the way. When Miss Chancellor had a pair of alternatives to consider, a question of duty to study, she put a kind of passion into it — felt, above all, that the matter must be settled that very hour, before anything in life could go on. It seemed to her at present that she couldn't reënter the house in Tenth street without having decided first whether she might trust the Burrages or not. By "trust" them, she meant trust them to fail in winning Verena over, while at the same time they put Basil Ransom on a false scent. Olive was able to say to herself that he probably wouldn't have the hardihood to push after her into those gilded saloons, which, in any event, would be closed to him as soon as the mother and son should discover what he wanted. She even asked herself whether Verena would not be still better defended from the young Southerner in New York, amid complicated hospitalities, than in Boston with a cousin of the enemy. She continued to walk down the Fifth Avenue, without noticing the cross-streets, and after a while became conscious that she was approaching Washington Square. By this time she had also definitely reasoned it out that Basil Ransom and Henry Burrage could not both marry Miss Tarrant, that therefore there could not be

two dangers, but only one, that this was a good deal gained, and that it behooved her to determine which peril had most reality, in order that she might deal with that one only. She held her way to the Square, which, as all the world knows, is of great extent and open to the encircling street. The trees and grass-plats had begun to bud and sprout, the fountains plashed in the sunshine, the children of the quarter, both the dingier types from the south side, who played games that required much chalking of the paved walks, and much sprawling and crouching there, under the feet of passers, and the little curled and feathered people who drove their hoops under the eyes of French nursemaids,— all the infant population filled the vernal air with small sounds which had a crude, tender quality, like the leaves and the herbage. Olive wandered through the place, and ended by sitting down on one of the continuous benches. It was a long time since she had done anything so vague, so wasteful. There were a dozen things which, as she was staying over in New York, she ought to do; but she forgot them, or, if she thought of them, felt that they were now of no moment. She remained in her place an hour, brooding, tremulous, turning over and over certain thoughts. It seemed to her that she was face to face with a crisis of her destiny, and that she mustn't shrink from seeing it exactly as it was. Before she rose to return to Tenth street, she had made up her mind that there was no menace so great as the menace of Basil Ransom; she had accepted in thought any arrangement which would deliver her from that. If the Burrages were to take Verena, they would take her from Olive immeasurably less than he would do; it was from him, from him they would take her most. She walked back to her boarding-house, and the servant who admitted her said, in answer to her inquiry as to whether Verena were at home, that Miss Tarrant had gone out with the gentleman who called in the morning, and had not yet come in. Olive stood staring; the clock in the hall marked three.

XXXIII.

"Come out with me, Miss Tarrant; come out with me. *Do* come out with me." That was what Basil Ransom had been saying to Verena when they stood where Olive perceived them, in the embrasure of the window. It had of course taken considerable talk to lead up to this; for the tone, even more than the words, indicated a large increase of intimacy. Verena was mindful of this when he spoke; and it frightened her a little, made her uneasy, which was one of the reasons why she got up from her chair and went to the window — an inconsequent movement, inasmuch as her wish was to impress upon him that it was impossible she should comply with his request. It would have served this end much better for her to sit, very firmly, in her place. He made her nervous and restless; she was beginning to perceive that he produced a peculiar effect upon her. Certainly, she had been out with him at home the very first time he called upon her; but it seemed to her to make an important difference that she herself should then have proposed the walk — simply because it was the easiest thing to do when a person came to call upon you in Monadnoc Place.

They had gone out that time because she wanted to, not because he did. And then it was one thing for her to stroll with him round Cambridge, where she knew every step and had the confidence and freedom which came from being on her own ground, and the pretext, which was perfectly natural, of wanting to show him the college, and quite another thing to go wandering with him through the streets of this great strange city, which, attractive, delightful as it was, had not the suitableness even of being his home, not his real one. He wanted to show her something; he wanted to show her everything; but she was not sure now — after an hour's talk — that she particularly wanted to see anything more that he could show her. He had shown her a great deal while he sat there, especially what moonshine he thought it,— the whole idea of women's being equal to men. He seemed to have come only for that, for he was all the while revolving round it; she couldn't speak of anything but what he brought it back to the question of some new truth like that. He didn't say so in so many words; on the contrary, he was tremendously insinuating and satirical, and pretended to think she had proved all and a great deal more than she wanted to prove; but his exaggeration, and the way he rung all the changes on two or three of the points she had made at Mrs. Burrage's, was just the sign that he was a scoffer of scoffers. He wouldn't do anything but laugh; he seemed to think that he might laugh at her all day without her taking offense. Well, he might if it amused him; but she didn't see why she should ramble round New York with him to give him his opportunity.

She had told him, and she had told Olive, that she was determined to produce some effect on him; but now, suddenly, she felt differently about that — she ceased to care whether she produced any effect or not. She didn't see why she should take him so seriously,

when he wouldn't take her so; that is, wouldn't take her ideas. She had guessed before that he didn't want to discuss them; this had been in her mind when she said to him at Cambridge that his interest in her was personal, not controversial. Then she had simply meant that, as an inquiring young Southerner, he had wanted to see what a bright New England girl was like; but since then it had become a little more clear to her—her short talk with Ransom at Mrs. Burrage's threw some light upon the question—what the personal interest of a young Southerner (however inquiring merely) might amount to. Did he too want to make love to her? This idea made Verena rather impatient, weary in advance. The thing she desired least in the world was to be put into the wrong with Olive; for she had certainly given her ground to believe (not only in their scene the night before, which was a simple repetition, but all along, from the very first) that she really had an interest which would transcend any attraction coming from such a source as that. If yesterday it seemed to her that she should like to struggle with Mr. Ransom, to refute and convince him, she had this morning gone into the parlor to receive him with the idea that, now they were alone together in a quiet, favorable place, he would perhaps take up the different points of her address one by one, as several gentlemen had done after hearing her on other occasions. There was nothing she liked so well as that, and Olive never had anything to say against it. But he hadn't taken up anything; he had simply laughed and chaffed, and unrolled a string of queer fancies about the delightful way women would fix things when, as she said in her address, they should get out of their box. He kept talking about the box; he seemed as if he wouldn't let go that simile. He said that he had come to look at her through the glass sides, and if he wasn't afraid of hurting her he would smash them in. He was determined to find the key that would open it, if he had to look for it all over the world; it was tantalizing only to be able to talk to her through the keyhole. If he didn't want to take up the subject, he at least wanted to take *her* up—to keep his hand upon her as long as he could. Verena had had no such sensation since the first day she went in to see Olive Chancellor, when she felt herself plucked from the earth and borne aloft.

"It's the most lovely day, and I should like so much to show you New York, as you showed me your beautiful Harvard," Basil Ransom went on, pressing her to accede to his proposal. "You said that was the only thing you could do for me then, and so this is the only thing I can do for you here. It would be odious to see you go away, giving me nothing but this stiff little talk in a boarding-house parlor."

"Mercy, if you call this stiff!" Verena exclaimed, laughing, while at that moment Olive passed out of the house and descended the steps before her eyes.

"My poor cousin's stiff; she won't turn her head a hair's breadth to look at us," said the young man. Olive's figure, as she went by, was, for Verena, full of a certain queer, touching, tragic expression, saying ever so many things, both familiar and strange; and Basil Ransom's companion privately remarked how little men knew about women, or indeed about what was really delicate, that he, without any cruel intention, should attach an idea of ridicule to such an incarnation of the pathetic, should speak rough, derisive words about it. Ransom, in truth, to-day, was not disposed to be very scrupulous, and he only wanted to get rid of Olive Chancellor, whose image, at last, decidedly bothered and bored him. He was glad to see her go out; but that was not sufficient; she would come back quick enough; the place itself contained her, expressed her. For to-day he wanted to take possession of Verena, to carry her to a distance, to reproduce a little the happy conditions they had enjoyed the day of his visit to Cambridge. And the fact that in the nature of things it could only be for to-day made his desire more keen, more full of purpose. He had thought over the whole question in the last forty-eight hours, and it was his belief that he saw things in their absolute reality. He took a greater interest in her than he had taken in any one yet, but he proposed, after to-day, not to let that accident make any difference. This was precisely what gave its high value to the present limited occasion. He was too shamefully poor, too shabbily and meagerly equipped, to have the right to talk of marriage to a girl in Verena's very peculiar position. He understood now how good that position was, from a worldly point of view; her address at Mrs. Burrage's gave him something definite to go upon, showed him what she could do, that people would flock in thousands to an exhibition so charming (and small blame to them); that she might easily have a big career, like that of a distinguished actress or singer, and that she would make money in quantities only slightly smaller than performers of that kind. Who wouldn't pay half a dollar for such an hour as he had passed at Mrs. Burrage's? The sort of thing she was able to do, to say, was an article for which there was more and more demand—fluent, pretty, third-rate palaver, conscious or unconscious perfected hum-

bug; the stupid, gregarious, gullible public, the enlightened democracy of his native land, could swallow unlimited draughts of it. He was sure she could go, like that, for several years, with her portrait in the druggists' windows and her posters on the fences, and during that time would make a fortune sufficient to keep her in affluence for evermore. I shall perhaps expose our young man to the contempt of superior minds if I say that all this seemed to him an insuperable impediment to his making up to Verena. His scruples were doubtless begotten of a false pride, a sentiment in which there was a thread of moral tinsel, as there was in the Southern idea of chivalry; but he felt ashamed of his own poverty, the positive flatness of his situation, when he thought of the gilded nimbus that surrounded the protégée of Mrs. Burrage. This shame was possible to him, even while he was conscious of what a mean business it was to practice upon human imbecility, how much better it was even to be seedy and obscure, discouraged about one's self. He had been born to the prospect of a fortune, and, in spite of the years of misery that followed the war, had never rid himself of the belief that a gentleman who desired to unite himself to a charming girl couldn't yet ask her to come and live with him in sordid conditions. On the other hand, it was no possible basis of matrimony that Verena should continue for his advantage the exercise of her remunerative profession; if he should become her husband he should know a way to strike her dumb. In the midst of this an irrepressible desire urged him on to taste, for once, deeply, all that he was condemned to lose, or at any rate forbidden to attempt to gain. To spend a day with her and not to see her again — that presented itself to him at once as the least and the most that was possible. He didn't need even to remind himself that young Mr. Burrage was able to offer her everything *he* lacked, including the most amiable adhesion to her views.

"It will be lovely in the Park to-day. Why not take a stroll with me there as I did with you in the little park at Harvard?" he asked, when Olive had disappeared.

"Oh, I have seen it, very well, in every corner. A friend of mine kindly took me to drive there yesterday," Verena said.

"A friend? — do you mean Mr. Burrage?" And Ransom stood looking at her with his extraordinary eyes. "Of course, I haven't a vehicle to drive you in; but we can sit on a bench and talk." She didn't say it was Mr. Burrage, but she was unable to say it was not, and something in her face showed him that he had guessed. So he went on: "Is it only with him you can go out? Won't he like it, and may you only do what he likes? Mrs. Luna told me he wants to marry you, and I saw at his mother's how he stuck to you. If you are going to marry him, you can drive with him every day in the year, and that's just a reason for your giving me an hour or two now, before it becomes impossible." He didn't mind much what he said,— it had been his plan not to mind much to-day,— and so long as he made her do what he wanted, he didn't care much how he did it. But he saw that his words brought the color to her face; she stared, surprised at his freedom and familiarity. He went on, dropping the hardness, the irony of which he was conscious, out of his tone. "I know it's no business of mine whom you marry, or even whom you drive with, and I beg your pardon if I seem indiscreet and obtrusive; but I would give anything just to detach you a little from your ties, your belongings, and feel for an hour or two, as if — as if ——" and he paused.

"As if what?" she asked very seriously.

"As if there were no such person as Mr. Burrage — as Miss Chancellor — in the whole place." This had not been what he was going to say; he used different words.

"I don't know what you mean, why you speak of other persons. I can do as I like, perfectly. But I don't know why you should take so for granted that *that* would be it!" Verena spoke these words not out of coquetry, or to make him beg her more for a favor, but because she was thinking, and she wanted to gain a moment. His allusion to Henry Burrage touched her, his belief that she had been in the Park under circumstances more agreeable than those he proposed. They were *not;* somehow, she wanted him to know that. To wander there with a companion, slowly stopping, lounging, looking at the animals as she had seen the people do the day before; to sit down in some out-of-the-way part where there were distant views, which she had noticed from her high perch beside Henry Burrage — she had to look down so, it made her feel unduly fine; that was much more to her taste, much more her idea of true enjoyment. It came over her that Mr. Ransom had given up his work to come to her at such an hour; people of his kind, in the morning, were always getting their living, and it was only for Mr. Burrage that it didn't matter, inasmuch as he had no profession. Mr. Ransom simply wanted to give up his whole day. That pressed upon her; she was, as the most good-natured girl in the world, too entirely tender not to feel any sacrifice that was made for her; she had always done everything that people asked. Then, if Olive should make that strange arrangement for her to go to

Mrs. Burrage's, he would take it as a proof that there was something serious between her and the gentleman of the house, in spite of anything she might say to the contrary; moreover, if she should go she wouldn't be able to receive Mr. Ransom there. Olive would trust her not to, and she must certainly, in future, not disappoint Olive nor keep anything back from her, whatever she might have done in the past. Besides, she didn't want to do that; she thought it much better not. It was this idea of the episode which was possibly in store for her in New York, and from which her present companion would be so completely excluded, that worked upon her now with a rapid transition, urging her to grant him what he asked, so that in advance she should have made up for what she might not do for him later. But most of all she disliked his thinking she was engaged to some one. She didn't know, it is true, why she should mind it; and indeed, at this moment, this young lady's feelings were not in any way clear to her. She did not see what was the use of letting her acquaintance with Mr. Ransom become much closer (since his interest did really seem personal); and yet she presently asked him why he wanted her to go out with him, and whether there was anything particular he wanted to say to her (there was no one like Verena for making speeches apparently flirtatious, with the best faith and the most innocent intention in the world), as if that would not be precisely a reason to make it well she should get rid of him altogether.

"Of course I have something particular to say to you — I have a tremendous lot to say to you!" the young man exclaimed. "Far more than I can say in this stuck-up, confined room, which is public, too, so that any one may come in from one moment to another. Besides," he added, sophistically, "it isn't proper for me to pay a visit of three hours."

Verena didn't take up the sophistry, nor ask him whether it would be more proper for her to ramble about the city with him for an equal period; she only said, "Is it something that I shall care to hear, or that will do me any good?"

"Well, I hope it will do you good; but I don't suppose you will care much to hear it." Basil Ransom hesitated a moment, smiling at her; then he went on: "It's to tell you, once for all, how much I really do differ from you!" He said this at a venture, but it was a happy inspiration.

If it was only that, Verena thought she might go, for that wasn't personal. "Well, I'm glad you care so much," she answered, musingly. But she had another scruple still, and she expressed it in saying that she should like Olive very much to find her when she came in.

"That's all very well," Ransom returned; "but does she think that she only has a right to go out? Does she expect you to keep the house because she's abroad? If she stays out long enough, she *will* find you when she comes in."

"Her going out that way — it proves that she trusts me," Verena said, with a candor which alarmed her as soon as she had spoken.

Her alarm was just, for Basil Ransom instantly caught up her words, with a great mocking amazement. "Trusts you? and why shouldn't she trust you? Are you a little girl of ten and she your governess? Haven't you any liberty at all, and is she always watching you and holding you to an account? Have you such disorderly instincts that you are only thought safe when you are between four walls?" Ransom was going on to speak, in the same tone, of her having felt it necessary to keep Olive in ignorance of his visit to Cambridge — a fact they had touched on, by implication, in their short talk at Mrs. Burrage's; but in a moment he saw that he had said enough. As for Verena, she had said more than she meant, and the simplest way to unsay it was to go and get her bonnet and jacket and let him take her where he liked. Five minutes later he was walking up and down the parlor, waiting while she prepared herself to go out.

They went up to the Central Park by the Elevated Railway, and Verena reflected, as they proceeded, that anyway Olive was probably disposing of her somehow at Mrs. Burrage's, and that therefore there wasn't much harm in her just taking this little run on her own responsibility, especially as she should only be out an hour — which would be just the duration of Olive's absence. The beauty of the Elevated was that it took you up to the Park and brought you back in a few minutes, and you had all the rest of the hour to walk about and see the place. It was so lovely now that one was glad to see it twice over. The long, narrow inclosure, across which the houses in the streets that border it look at each other with their glittering windows, bristled with the raw delicacy of April, and, in spite of its rockwork grottoes and tunnels, its pavilions and statues, its too numerous paths and pavements, lakes too big for the landscape and bridges too big for the lakes, expressed all the fragrance and freshness of the most charming moment of the year. Once Verena was fairly launched, the spirit of the day took possession of her; she was glad to have come, she forgot about Olive, enjoyed the sense of wandering in the great city with a remarkable young man who would take beautiful care

of her, while no one else in the world knew where she was. It was very different from her drive yesterday with Mr. Burrage, but it was more free, more intense, more full of amusing incident and opportunity. She could stop and look at everything now, and indulge all her curiosities, even the most childish; she could feel as if she were out for the day, though she wasn't really — as she hadn't done since she was a little girl, when in the country. Once or twice, when her father and mother had drifted into summer quarters, gone out of town like people of fashion, she had, with a chance companion, strayed far from home, spent hours in the woods and fields, looking for raspberries and playing she was a gypsy. Basil Ransom had begun with proposing, strenuously, that she should come somewhere and have some lunch; he had brought her out half an hour before that meal was served in West Tenth street, and he maintained that he owed her the compensation of seeing that she was properly fed; he knew a very quiet, luxurious French restaurant, near the top of the Fifth Avenue; he didn't tell her that he knew it through having once lunched there in company with Mrs. Luna. Verena for the present declined his hospitality — said she was going to be out so short a time that it wasn't worth the trouble; she should not be hungry, lunch to her was nothing, she would lunch when she went home. When he pressed she said she would see later, perhaps, if she should find she wanted something. She would have liked immensely to go with him to an eating-house, and yet, with this, she was afraid, just as she was rather afraid, at bottom, and in the intervals of her quick pulsations of amusement, of the whole expedition, not knowing why she had come, though it made her happy, and reflecting that there was really nothing Mr. Ransom could have to say to her that would concern her closely enough. He knew what he intended about her having lunch with him somehow; it had been part of his plan that she should sit opposite to him at a little table, taking her napkin out of its curious folds — sit there smiling back at him while he said to her certain things that hummed, like memories of tunes, in his fancy, and they waited till something extremely good, and a little vague, chosen out of a French *carte*, was brought them. That was not at all compatible with her going home at the end of half an hour, as she seemed to expect to. They visited the animals in the little zoölogical garden which forms one of the attractions of the Central Park; they observed the swans in the ornamental water, and they even considered the question of taking a boat for half an hour, Ransom saying that they needed this to make their visit complete. Verena replied that she didn't see why it should be complete, and after having threaded the devious ways of the Ramble, lost themselves in the Maze, and admired all the statues and busts of great men with which the grounds are decorated, they contented themselves with resting on a sequestered bench, where, however, there was a pretty glimpse of the distance and an occasional stroller creaked by on the asphalted walk. They had had by this time a great deal of talk, none of which, nevertheless, had been serious to Verena's view. Mr. Ransom continued to joke about everything, including the emancipation of women; Verena, who had always lived with people who took everything very earnestly, had never encountered such a power of disparagement or heard so much sarcasm leveled at the institutions of her country and the tendencies of the age. At first she replied to him, contradicted, showed a high, jesting spirit, and turned his irreverence against himself; she was too quick and ingenious not to be able to think of something to oppose — talking in a fanciful strain — to almost everything he said. But little by little she grew weary and rather sad; brought up, as she had been, to admire new ideas, to criticise the social arrangements that one met almost everywhere, and to disapprove of a great many things, she had yet never dreamed of such a wholesale arraignment as Mr. Ransom's, so much bitterness as she saw lurking beneath his exaggerations, his misrepresentations. She knew he was an intense conservative, but she didn't know that being a conservative could make a person so aggressive and unmerciful. She thought conservatives were only smug and stubborn and self-complacent, satisfied with what actually existed; but Mr. Ransom didn't seem any more satisfied with what existed than with what she wanted to exist, and he was ready to say worse things about some of those whom she would have supposed to be on his own side than she thought it right to say about almost any one. She ceased after a while to care to argue with him, and wondered what could have happened to him to make him so perverse. Probably something had gone wrong in his life — he had had some misfortune that colored his whole view of the world. He was a cynic; she had often heard about that state of mind, though she had never encountered it, for all the people she had seen only cared, if possible, too much. Of Basil Ransom's personal history she knew only what Olive had told her, and that was but a general outline, which left plenty of room for private dramas, secret disappointments and sufferings. As she sat there beside him she thought of some of these

things, asked herself whether they were what he was thinking of when he said, for instance, that he was sick of all the modern cant about freedom and had no sympathy with those who wanted an extension of it. What was needed for the good of the world was that people should make a better use of the liberty they possessed. Such declarations as this took Verena's breath away; she didn't suppose you could hear any one say that in the nineteenth century, even the least advanced. It was of a piece with his denouncing the spread of education; he thought the spread of education a gigantic farce—people stuffing their heads with a lot of empty catchwords that prevented them from doing their work quietly and honestly. You had a right to an education only if you had an intelligence, and if you looked at the matter with any desire to see things as they are, you soon perceived that an intelligence was a very rare luxury, the attribute of one person in a hundred. He seemed to take a pretty low view of humanity, anyway. Verena hoped that something really pretty bad had happened to him—not by way of gratifying any resentment he aroused in her nature, but to help herself to forgive him for so much contempt and brutality. She wanted to forgive him, for after they had sat on their bench half an hour and his jesting mood had abated a little, so that he talked with more consideration (as it seemed) and more sincerity, a strange feeling came over her, a perfect willingness not to keep insisting on her own side and a desire not to part from him with a mere accentuation of their differences. Strange I call the nature of her reflections, for they softly battled with each other as she listened, in the warm, still air, touched with the far-away hum of the immense city, to his deep, sweet, distinct voice, expressing monstrous opinions with exotic cadences and mild, familiar laughs, which, as he leaned towards her, almost tickled her cheek and ear. It seemed to her strangely harsh, almost brutal, to have brought her out only to say to her things which, after all, free as she was to contradict them and good-natured as she always tried to be, could only give her pain; yet there was a spell upon her as she listened; it was in her nature to be easily submissive, to like being overborne. She could be silent when people insisted, and silent without acrimony. Her whole relation to Olive was a kind of tacit assent to perpetual insistance, and if this had ended by being easy and agreeable to her (and indeed had never been anything else), it may be supposed that the struggle of yielding to a will which she felt to be stronger even than Olive's was not of long duration. Ransom's will had the effect of making her linger even while she knew the afternoon was going on, that Olive would have come back and found her still absent, and would have been submerged again in the bitter waves of anxiety. She saw her, in fact, as she must be at that moment, posted at the window of her room in Tenth street, watching for some sign of her return, listening for her step on the staircase, her voice in the hall. Verena looked at this image as at a painted picture, perceived all it represented, every detail. If it didn't move her more, make her start to her feet, dart away from Basil Ransom and hurry back to her friend, this was because the very torment to which she was conscious of subjecting that friend made her say to herself that it must be the very last. This was the last time she could ever sit by Mr. Ransom and hear him express himself in a manner that interfered so with her life; the ordeal had been so familiar and so complete that she forgot, for the moment, that it was also the first time it had occurred. It might have been going on for months. She was perfectly aware that it could bring them to nothing, for one must lead one's own life; it was impossible to lead the life of another, especially when the person was so different, so arbitrary, so inconsiderate.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

WHAT tempted the people of Canada to undertake so gigantic a work as the Canada Pacific Railway? The difficulties in the way were great, unprecedented, unknown. Had they been known beforehand, the task would not have been attempted. We were under the inspiration of a national idea, and went forward. We were determined to be something more than a fortuitous collocation of provinces. That the difficulties were faced and overcome as they emerged, great temptations to halt or retreat being quietly set aside, proves that we, like our neighbors and progenitors, are not easily discouraged. Our ultimate destiny will be none the worse because we have — not unwillingly — made sacrifices in order to make ourselves a nation.

Roughly speaking, the new country through which the great railway runs consists of three sections,—about a thousand miles of forest from the upper Ottawa to the Red River of the North; then a thousand miles of alluvial; and then five or six hundred miles of mountains, from the first chain of the Rockies to where the waters of the Pacific are sheltered by the breakwater of Vancouver Island. The total length of the line from Montreal to the Pacific terminus is 2895 miles. The first section was long considered impracticable for a railway, and the expense of construction has been enormous. The rocks at the back of Lake Superior are the oldest known to men of science and the toughest known to engineers. But dynamite, if there be enough of it, can do anything. This part of the line was opened last spring most dramatically, it being used before actual completion to transport our militia to put down the half-breed and Indian rising in the North-west. No amount of champagne-drinking and of driving last spikes of gold could have called the attention of the country so emphatically to its importance. The second section runs through what promises to be the great granary of the world. The third is being pushed across a sea of mountains. Thousands of navvies of all nationalities are swarming in the valley of the Columbia, and thousands of Chinese are working on the grade easterly. When this section is completed, and the shortest of all transcontinental railways opened for traffic from ocean to ocean, Canada will have attained to unification, so far as links of steel can unify.

The work is so completely a political necessity that — along with the Intercolonial Railway, which binds the Atlantic provinces to old Canada — it may be called the symbol of our national existence. Whether it will pay the company financially or not is a question on which experts differ. That it will develop the country, and thus at any rate pay indirectly, seems to me unquestionable. The Intercolonial was run for a time at a cost to the Dominion of over half a million dollars annually. It now pays its way; and though shorter through lines are to be built, the increasing local traffic, the best indication of the real value of the road to the country, will keep it running. So, too, the first section of the Canada Pacific pierces a wilderness that wise men said would not furnish business to pay for greasing the wheels; but it gets freight enough in the shape of lumber alone to pay for the wheels as well as the grease. It is revolutionizing the mode of lumber transportation on the upper Ottawa and to the West. The lumber kings find that time is money. It is more profitable to send on logs to market by rail than to continue the tedious plan of floating them, from the banks of far-away lakes and nameless streams in the interior, down countless rapids and slides to unbroken waterways. The danger now is that our timber limits, which constitute an essential part of the national capital, may be exhausted within a measurable time. With regard to the rugged Laurentian regions to the north of Lake Superior, unexplored as yet by men of science, there are grounds for believing that they will turn out to be as rich in mineral wealth as the southern shores of the lake; and no business pays a railway so well as that which a mining community supplies. Then, the fertile plains of the North-west are certain to yield harvests that will tax to the utmost the carrying capacity of branch as well as trunk lines.

These plains extend for eight hundred miles west of Winnipeg. Originally a north-western instead of a western route from Winnipeg had been chosen for the railway, because every one said that the only "fertile belt" was in that direction. This "belt," or rainbow, of fertile land swept semicircularly round a supposed great wedge of the American desert. But the company came to the conclusion that the plains west of Winnipeg had been belied, and that the rainfall was sufficient for the growth of cereals or root crops. Singularly enough, their faith has been vindicated; it turns out that we have no desert. This fact is a physical reality of the greatest importance with regard to the area in the North-west available for

settlement. That area is now known to be practically illimitable. The waves of a great human sea will in a short time roll steadily on, without break, from the boundary line to the prairies of the mighty Peace River. That new North-west of ours will a century hence have fifty millions of people, and they will raise enough to feed themselves and the rest of the world, if need be.

Manitobans, it may be said here, have also great expectations of being able to export directly to Liverpool by Hudson's Bay, and of being thus independent of Chicago and Montreal alike. Should such an alternative route prove a reality, it would serve the whole Red River valley, as well as the Saskatchewan. Last year the Dominion Government sent out a well-equipped vessel to ascertain definitely for how many months in the year the Hudson's Bay Straits are navigable, and other facts bearing on the question at issue. Parties were left at different points along the coast to winter, and make all needed observations. We shall soon know whether it is worth while constructing a railway to Fort Churchill. Dr. Robert Bell, Assistant Director of the Dominion Geological Survey, is sanguine that the produce of the North-west will have a new outlet in this direction. If so, it will be a potent factor in the development of those far inland fertile wildernesses. But this line to Hudson's Bay is as yet in the air. For years to come the North-west must be served by the Canada Pacific Railway. But how came it that the greater part of the country directly west from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains was once supposed to be semi-desert? Captain Palliser, who was sent with a well-organized expedition by Her Majesty's Government, in 1857, to explore the country between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, found it rainless and condemned it. Superficial observers who visited it subsequently, and looked only at the short russet-colored grass that covered its illimitable, treeless, terribly lonely plains, had no hesitation in confirming his opinion. But five or six years ago Mr. John Maccoun, an accomplished practical botanist, after exploring it lengthways and crossways and thoroughly examining soil, flora, and fauna, gave testimony of an entirely opposite character. He was derided as an enthusiast or worse, but his opinions had probably something to do with determining the new route taken by the Canada Pacific Railway; and in 1881 and 1882 settlers, ignoring the proved fertility of the "fertile belt," or postponing its claims to a more convenient season, took up land along the railway almost as fast as it was constructed. They found that the soil was actually better for their purposes than the heavy tenacious loam of the Red River valley, just because it was lighter. Population flowed for some four hundred miles west of Winnipeg to the little towns of Regina and Moosegaw. There the masses of drift that constitute the "Coteau" of the Missouri show themselves, and there it was then said the good land ceased. The railway was built in the early part of 1883 four hundred miles farther west, and soon after Mr. Sandford Fleming and myself had sufficient opportunities of examining the nature of the soil. Far from being barren, "it resembles," says Mr. Fleming, "in color and character that of the Carse of Gowrie in Perthshire," notoriously the most productive district in Scotland.

But why, then, had those vast plains been condemned? Because there is very little rain in the summer months; and because observers could not fail to notice that the grass was light, short, dry, and apparently withered. To their eyes it contrasted most unfavorably with the luxuriant green herbage of the well-watered belt along the North Saskatchewan. It did not occur to them that the grass of the plains might be the product of peculiar atmospheric conditions, and that what had been food in former days for countless millions of buffaloes, whose favorite resorts these plains had been, would in all probability be good food for domestic cattle. The facts are that spring comes early in these far western districts, and that the grass matures in the beginning of June, and turns into nutritious hay. If burned, there is sufficient moisture in the soil to produce a second growth. We saw at different points, towards the end of August, green patches where little prairie fires had run some weeks previously. If there is enough moisture for such a second crop, it seemed clear to us that there must be enough for cereals. The fact is that the roots of wheat penetrate to a great depth in search of moisture or nutriment. The intense cold of winter, instead of being a drawback, acts in the farmer's interest. The deeper the frost goes, the better. As it thaws out gradually in the summer it loosens the sub-soil, and sends up the needed moisture to the roots of the grain. Coal, too, of cretaceous age, being abundant, no one who is at all robust objects to the intense dry cold. Sufficient moisture being all but certain, the lack of rain makes harvesting sure, while the purity and dryness of the air and the continual breeziness render the climate most healthful and pleasant. But, notwithstanding these facts, the impression was general that, at any rate from *le grand Coteau du Missouri* to the Rocky Mountains, the country was worthless. The company, therefore, determined to try experiments that would be conclusive. Late in the autumn of 1883 men were sent

out with instructions to plow up a few acres at intervals of about twenty miles along the line. This work was done, necessarily, in rough-and-ready fashion. The sod was turned up, and then the teams, put on board the next train, were moved on to another point. The following March seeds of various kinds were sown on the plowed sections and roots planted. No attempt at cultivating, cleaning, or protecting could be made, and yet the result was a magnificent crop on the experimental "farms." Every one who knows anything of prairie farming will acknowledge that a more rigorous test could not have been tried. The south of the beautiful Bow River is the chosen country of our cow-boys, a race — from Texas to the North — free, fearless, and peculiar, to whom all the rest of the world are "tenderfeet," and in whose eyes horse-stealing is the unpardonable sin. The transport to England of cattle from this district, and ultimately from the adjoining territories of Montana and Idaho, is certain to supply steady business to the railway; and the transport of coal on a large scale to Manitoba from the vast deposits which are being opened up near Medicine Hat and the head-waters of the Saskatchewan is still more certain. The Bow River, which takes its name from its repeated windings and doublings like an ox-bow, guides the railway into the mountains. The wide valley, inclosed by foot-hills, not very long ago the favorite haunt of the buffalo, is divided into ranches. These and all other industries in southern Alberta converge at Calgarry, an enterprising little town, once a Hudson's Bay fort, on a site of ideal beauty. It fronts the illimitable plains; snow-peaked mountains, Devil's Head preëminent, tower up behind; and two impetuous glacier-fed streams meet in the natural amphitheater that has been scooped out of the surrounding hills to give it ample room to spread itself. Forty miles farther up the river, and so much nearer the best hunting-grounds in the mountains, two villages of Stonies have gathered round the Methodist Mission of Morley,— a brave and hardy tribe of mountaineers who, like their white neighbors, are taking to stock-raising, as they can no longer live by hunting. The railway climbs the valley of the Bow, crossing and recrossing, past Morley, past the mass of rock five thousand feet high called Cascade Mountain, where anthracite coal has been discovered, past the chiseled turrets of Castle Mountain, and into the core of the range, till within six miles of the summit, where it abandons the river and strikes up the bed of one of its tributaries.

The railway terminus in September, 1883, being Calgarry, tourists generally stopped there; but our party determined to push on to the Pacific. Four ranges of mountains intervened — the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold, and the Cascades. One engineer told us that it was problematical whether we should get through. Another said that we should not. We determined to try, and we now congratulate ourselves that we were the first to cross from one side of the four ranges to the other side, on the line on which the railway is constructed.

It was a journey to be remembered. I have seen many countries, but I know none where there are such magnificent rock-exposures for a hundred miles continuously as up the valley of the Bow, from Calgarry to the summit of the Rockies. The general elevation of the valley is between four and five thousand feet, and the mountains on each side are only from one to six thousand feet higher; consequently, the beauty does not consist in the altitude of the mountains. Beside the Andes or even the Alps they are hardly worth speaking about; but nothing can be finer than the distinct stratification, the variety of form and clearness of outline, the great masses of bare rock standing out as if piled by masons and carved and chiseled by sculptors. Photography alone could bring out their amazing richness in detail. Scenes of gloomy grandeur present themselves at every point for several miles along the summit; and down the western slope the views at times are even more striking. But our journey down the Kicking Horse should be read in the "England and Canada" of the distinguished engineer with whom I traveled, by those who wish to know more of our experiences.

When we crossed the Rockies the hitherto unconquered Selkirks rose before us. To understand the position of this range, take a map and look for the springs of the Columbia. This greatest of salmon rivers rises in Canada, and runs north-west so persistently that it appears doomed to fall into the Fraser. But, reaching the neighborhood of Mounts Brown and Hooker, it seems to have had enough of us, and accordingly, sweeping right round in a "Big Bend," it makes straight for Washington Territory, cutting through all obstacles, the *Dalles* with the significant *Dalle de Mort*, and then spreads out into long, broad, calm expanses known as the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes. Within that great loop which it makes on our soil are inclosed the Selkirks. As they extend only to the Big Bend of the Columbia, our engineers had no concern with them when it was supposed that the Canada Pacific Railway was to run farther north; but when the company decided that they must have as nearly as possible an air-line from Winnipeg west to the ocean, the question of whether a pass

could be found across the Selkirks became important. If no pass could be found, a détour must be made away to the North by the Big Bend. Passes were known to exist through the other three ranges that rise between the plains and the Pacific. The Rockies proper, the backbone of this continent, are cloven north of the boundary line by half a dozen rivers, along the valley of any one of which a railway could be carried with ease to a summit where another stream is generally found beginning its course down the western slope. Then, the two ranges nearest the Pacific have also open gates wide enough for a railway. But between the Gold Mountains and the Rockies rose the Selkirks, apparently without a break. When asked about a pass here, the Indians shook their heads; so did the engineers, Mr. Walter Moberly excepted. He knew something about the Selkirks; but though he pointed out the way, to another fell the honor of solving the problem.

Moberly had discovered a first-rate pass in 1865 through the Gold Mountains, greatly to the satisfaction of himself and all British Columbia. Gold had been found by enterprising prospectors at the Big Bend, and the provincial government, anxious to have a trail cut from the navigable waters in the heart of the colony to the new Eldorado, sent Moberly, then assistant surveyor-general, to explore. One day, not far from Shuswap Lake, among tangled mountains choked with dense underbrush and fallen timber, valleys radiating to every point of the compass, but leading nowhere, he saw an eagle flying to the east up one of the valleys. Accepting the omen, he followed and discovered the pass which he called after the eagle, though it might more fitly be called by his own name. Previous to this the Gold range had been supposed to be "an unbroken and impassable wall of mountains," but, thanks to Moberly, a wagon-road could now be made from the settled part of the province to the Columbia, to be followed — he was convinced — by a railway that would in due time extend to the fertile plains of the North-west. If a pass could only be found across the Selkirks, he felt that his work would be completed. He sent one and then another of his staff to explore, but their reports were discouraging. His Indians knew nothing, except that they could not take their canoes that way. When they wished to get to the other side of the range, they descended the Columbia, and then crossed over to its head-waters by the Kootenay River. To them time was no object. Indians will go a hundred miles in a canoe, or ride across a prairie for the same distance, rather than cut through a mile of brush. In a forest they will walk for a hundred yards round a fallen tree, and others will continue for years to follow the trail, rather than be at the trouble of cutting through the obstruction. Moberly did not despair. He saw a fracture in the range, almost corresponding to the fracture of the Eagle Pass in the Gold range. Crossing the Columbia, though it was late in the season, and entering the mouth of this fracture, he forced his way up the banks of a stream called the Ille-Cille-Waet, chocolate-colored from the grains of slate it holds in solution. Twenty or thirty miles from its mouth the Ille-Cille-Waet forked. Trying the north fork, it led him into the slate range, intersected by innumerable veins of promising-looking quartz that prospectors have yet to test, but to nothing like a pass. His Indians then struck. He used every means to induce them to go with him up the east fork, but in vain. The snow had begun to fall on the mountains, and they said that they would be caught and would never get out again. Reluctantly Moberly turned back, and as the colony could afford no more explorations, the Big Bend diggings not turning out as had been anticipated, he had to content himself with putting on record that the easterly fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet should be examined before a route for a transcontinental railway was finally determined on.

Thus it happened that up to 1881 no man had crossed the virgin range. It was covered with heavy timber almost up to the snow-line. Without let or hindrance herds of noble caribou trotted along ancestral trails to their feeding-grounds or to water. Bears — black, brown, cinnamon, and grizzly — found in sheltered valleys exhaustless supplies of the berries on which they grow fat. From the opposite flanks of the range, east and west, short swollen streams rush down to join the Columbia, their sands often indicating gold; while on the south, where the drainage flows into the Kootenay Lake and River, which also feed the Columbia, rich mines of argentiferous galena are now being worked. But no one knew of a pass.

In February, 1881, the Syndicate appointed Major A. B. Rogers, C. E., engineer of the Mountain Division of the Canada Pacific Railway. He seemed about as unlikely a man for the work of ascertaining whether the Selkirks problem was soluble as could have been chosen. He knew little or nothing of mountains; his previous experiences had been in States where there is no counterpart to the characteristic scenery and difficulties of British Columbia. But Major Rogers, like a true descendant of the Pilgrim or Puritan fathers, is a man who goes to the particular wilderness to which he may be appointed, asking no questions. Naturally intense, self-reliant,

and scornful of appearances, the opposite schooling of an old-fashioned Down-East training, the rough experiences of engineer and frontier life have made him so downright that he is apt to be appalling to ordinary mortals. Though between fifty and sixty years of age, hair and beard now white, no youngster in his party will plunge into the grimmest mountain ranges with as little thought of commissariat or as complete a contempt of danger, and no Indian will encounter fatigue or famine as stoically. Hard as nails himself, he expects others who take service with him to endure hardness; and should there be shirking, he is apt to show his worst side rather than be guilty of what he has scorned as hypocrisy in others. He fitted out at Kamloops for his first attempt on the Selkirks. The wonder is that he did not start with rifle on shoulder and a piece of pork in his pocket, two or three Indians perhaps carrying blankets and a few fixings; for at that time he thought that a gun ought to feed a party. He does not think so now. Man can have but one paradise at a time. If he goes into the mountains to hunt, he can do that; if to prospect, he can do that, with a slightly different outfit; if to discover a pass or to get through to a given point by a given date, he may or may not succeed,—but it is quite certain that he cannot combine the three characters, or even two, on the one expedition. A bear or caribou may lead you miles from your course; and if you shoot him, your Indians have a capital excuse for delay, while they regard the meat as simply so much "kitchin" to their stock of pork and bacon.

The Major and his nephew, Mr. Albert Rogers, hiring at Kamloops ten Shuswap Indians from the Roman Catholic Mission to carry their packs, started in April to force their way to the east. They succeeded in reaching the core of the Selkirk range, by following the east fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet; but, like Moberly on the north fork, they got only to a *cul de sac*, and their packs having become ominously light, they — heavy with the consciousness of failure — came to the conclusion that retreat was inevitable. Before retracing their steps, however, they climbed the divide to see if any break could be detected in the range. Yes; a valley appeared in the direction of an unexplored little affluent of the Ille-Cille-Waet, and, apparently connected with it, a depression extending to the east. Everywhere else, all around to the horizon, nothing but "snow-clad desolation." The result of five or six weeks' endurance of almost intolerable misery was this gleam of hope.

Our journey enabled us to understand what they must have suffered. The underbrush is of the densest, owing to the ceaseless rain. Black flies or mosquitoes do their part unweariedly. What with fallen timber of enormous size, precipices, prickly thorns, beaver dams, marshes full of fetid water to be waded through, alder swamps, lakelets surrounded by bluffs so steep that it would almost puzzle a chamois to get over or around them, we had all we wanted of the Ille-Cille-Waet and the Eagle Pass. But they had started too early in the season. The snow was not only deep, but it was melting and rotting under spring suns and rains, and therefore would not bear their weight. Down they sank at every step, and often into the worst kind of pitfalls. At first their loads were so heavy that they had to leave part behind, and then, after camping early, return wearily on their tracks for the second load. The Indians would have deserted them a dozen times over, but the Major had arranged with the Mission that if they returned without a certificate they were to get a whipping instead of good pay. Nothing but pluck kept them pegging away; but in spite of all they failed that year. The following May the Major made his attack from the other side of the range, and again he was unsuccessful. Swollen torrents and scarcity of supplies forced him back to his base, at the point where the Kicking Horse River joins the Columbia. On this occasion, had it not been for the discovery of a canoe, he and his party would have starved. Sorely against their will he had put them on half rations, but he gladdened their hearts one morning by announcing that it was his birthday, and producing a little sugar to sweeten their tea.

Nothing daunted, he started again the same summer, in the month of July, from the same base, and succeeded. Proceeding up the valley of the Beaver, a large stream that enters the Columbia through an open cañon, and then following the course of one of its tributaries appropriately called Bear Creek, he at length found the long-sought-for pass. He saw the mountain from the summit of which the year before he and his nephew had noticed the depression extending to the east. Not content while anything remained undone, he made for the Ille-Cille-Waet, and following it down to the north fork, ascended it too, to ascertain if its head-waters would connect with a tributary of the Beaver, and so perhaps afford something better; but nothing better, or rather nothing at all, was found. The Selkirks have only one pass, but it is better than the western slope of the main chain by the Kicking Horse. And an American has had the honor of finding that one on behalf of Canada! All honor to him!

Compared with our experiences down the

Kicking Horse, the ascent of the eastern slope of the Selkirks was remarkably easy. The valley of the Beaver contracts near its mouth, so it is no wonder that observers from the outside formed an incorrect idea of its importance. The Ille-Cille-Waet on the other side of the range ends its course in the same way. The two streams by which the Selkirks are overcome are thus something like two long bottles with their narrow necks facing and ending in the Columbia. The trail up the Beaver led through forests of great cedars, and then of noble spruce, hemlock, and pine, so dense that it was impossible to get any views of the range before reaching the Rogers Pass. Our first evening was spent with a pleasant, fit-looking lot of fellows, who were working down from the summit under the leadership of Major Critchelow, a West Point graduate. They did all they could for us, sharing tents and blankets, as well as porridge, as if we had been life-long comrades. Major Critchelow's party had been at work for three months, and, besides caribou and other large game, had seen about fifty bears, chiefly black and grizzly. I can, with a reasonable measure of confidence, assure sportsmen that the bears are still there, for the engineers were too busy to do much hunting. We saw on our ride to the summit next morning why the place was such a favorite bear center. On both sides of the trail grew an extraordinary profusion of high bushes laden with delicious wild fruits, blackberries and gooseberries as large as small grapes, and half a dozen other varieties, that we could pick by handfuls without dismounting. The rowan-tree drooped its rich red clusters over the bushes, and high above towered the magnificent forest primeval, one cedar that we passed having a diameter of nine feet. It was like riding through a deserted garden. Emerging from the forest, after a leisurely three hours' ride, into a saucer-shaped open meadow covered with tall thick grass, Major Rogers, who had kindly joined our party at the mouth of the Kicking Horse, pointed to a little stream, saying, "That is Summit Creek, and there," pointing to the opposite end of the meadow, "is the summit where our yew stake is planted." We gave a hearty cheer in his honor, and taking our seats on a moss-grown natural rockery, heard him recount the story of the discovery of the pass. A scene of more mingled grandeur and beauty could not be desired. "Such a spot for a summer hotel!" would, I think, be the first cry of an American tourist. Snow-covered mountains, glaciers accumulating in lofty comb, and high above the snow, the looser shales of the peaks having weathered off, fantastic columns of rock giving to each mountain form an individuality that stamps it permanently on the memory; while we in the sunny valley at their feet dined on wild fruit, and our horses rolled contentedly among the deep succulent grasses! Syndicate, the distinctive peak among the mountains at the summit, is a veritable Canadian Matterhorn, but it is not seen till you begin the western descent.

The Selkirks did not let us off so easily as we had hoped from our experience of the ascent. Where the trail ended the Major gave us his nephew as a guide and half a dozen athletic, obliging young men to carry our packs to the second crossing of the Columbia. I shall never attempt to pioneer through a wilderness again, much less to carry a pack; and of all wildernesses, commend me to those of British Columbia as the best possible samples to test wind and limb. It would simply weary readers to go into details of struggling through acres of densest underbrush where you cannot see a yard ahead, wading through swamps and beaver dams, getting scratched from eyes to ankles with prickly thorns, scaling precipices, falling over moss-covered rocks into pitfalls, your packs almost strangling you, losing the rest of the party while you halt to feel all over whether any bones are broken, and then experiencing in your inmost soul the unutterable loneliness of savage mountains. Those who have not tried would not understand. It took us five days to make seventeen miles, and we did our best. Right glad were we to see the Columbia again, a river now twelve hundred feet wide, full from bank to bank, sweeping past this time to the south with a current of six or seven miles an hour. We struck it nearly opposite the Big Eddy, and one or two tents and a group of Indians among the aspens on the bank a little farther down comforted us with the thought that we could at any rate get what man considers the one thing needful in the wilderness — a supply of food. It might have an evil smell, but it would be food; and starvation, at any rate, was now out of the question. Back a little from the noble river rose the Gold Mountains, cloven almost to the feet by the Eagle Pass.

The Indians came across in their canoes and ferried us over; and we spent the night on the river bank, well to windward of Camp Siwash. Under a half-moon shining in a blue, cloudless sky, a great glacier on our right reflected a ghostly light, and every peak came out clearly defined in the pure atmosphere. The rush of the great river and the muffled roar of the distant falls of the Ille-Cille-Waet alone broke the perfect stillness. Four or five camp-fires seen through the trees, with dusky figures silently flitting about, gave life to the scene. Reclining on spruce boughs, softer and more fragrant than beds of down, we felt the

charm of frontier or backwoods life. Two or three hours after, awakened by rain first pattering on tent and leaves and then pouring down in earnest, the charm was forgotten. One had left his boots outside, another had hung his clothes near the camp-fire, and we knew that the men were lying on the ground, rolled in their blankets, and that to-morrow every pack would be fifty per cent. heavier to carry. We were still in the rainy region. Every night but one since leaving the summit of the Selkirks there had been rain with thunder and lightning; and yet, in spite of the discomfort, not a man showed a sign of discontent. Sybarites still growl over their crumpled rose-leaves, but the race is not deteriorating.

Before leaving Winnipeg Mr. Fleming had telegraphed to Hudson's Bay officials in British Columbia to send a party from Kamloops to meet us with provisions at some point on the Columbia near the mouth of the Eagle Pass. When we saw the Indians every one was sure that the Kamloops party had reached the rendezvous before us. Our disappointment was brief, for the same evening half a dozen men were heard hallooing and struggling through the pass. This was our eagerly expected party, and great and natural was the delight at making such wonderfully close connections in a trackless wilderness; but our countenances fell when, asking for the provisions, the leader simply handed us a large sheet of foolscap on which was inscribed in fine legible hand a list of supplies *cached* at a distance of some days' journey! They had been able to carry barely enough for themselves, and had we not wisely husbanded our pork and flour, they and we might have starved.

Next morning we started up the Eagle Pass, with our sheet of foolscap and the Kamloops men. They brought us good news at any rate. In three or four days we should get to horses and supplies, and in a day or two thereafter to a wagon-road that had been commenced from Lake Shuswap by the company that is working the silver-bearing galena mines on the Kootenay. It turned out as they said. We found the horses, and a wealth of good things; cups and saucers of crockery were included, to our infinite amusement. The horses were of little use except to carry the packs, for better speed can be made walking than riding, and walking is safer and much more pleasant — if there can be pleasure on a trail along the Eagle River. We reached the wagon-road, Mr. G. V. Wright, in the center of a canvas town, superintending its construction, and ready to do anything for us. We sat luxuriously stretching our legs in the spring wagon in which he sent us on the beautiful star-shaped Lake Shuswap — last of a series of lakes strung like beads on the river that drains the western slope of the Eagle Pass. There the Hon. Mr. Mara, having heard of our approach, had kindly kept the steamer *Peerless* waiting for us. The dangers and the toils of our journey were over.

With regard to the scenery in the Selkirk and Gold Mountains little need be said. Rain or snow falls almost unceasingly. The clouds from the Pacific shed some of their contents on Vancouver Island and the Cascades; then, rising high above these coast mountains, they float easterly over a wide intervening region, and empty their buckets most bountifully on the Gold range. A moss carpet several inches thick covers the ground, the rocks, the fallen timber, in every direction — mosses exquisitely delicate, as thickly and uniformly sown as if green showers had fallen silently from the heavens to replace the deep white snow of winter. From the branches of the trees hang mossy streamers. Softer than velvet is the coating of every bank. Dense underbrush and ferns from four to six or seven feet high fill the narrow valleys, save where the prickly devil's-club and enormous skunk cabbage dispute the ground with the ferns. Emerging from the dark-blue waters of Lake Shuswap and sailing the South Thompson, the air, the soft outlines of the hills, the park-like scenery recalling "the upper portions of the Arno and the Tiber," we come upon the intervening region of elevated broken plateau that extends from the Gold range west to the Cascades. Its physical character is the exact opposite of the humid mountains left behind. Low rounded, russet-colored hills, and benches covered with bunch-grass, or, where that has been too greedily cropped, with sage and prickly pear, take the place of lofty, rugged peaks and valleys choked with heavy timber. This intervening region that extends to the Cascades has everywhere a dry, dusty, California look, except where some little creek has been made to do duty in the way of irrigation. Then we have a garden plot, a field, or a ranch converted into a carpet or ribbon of freshest green contrasting beautifully with the surrounding gray or russet. These bits of green are like oases in the desert. They yield abundantly every variety of fruit or grain. Tomatoes, water- and musk-melons, and grapes ripen in the open air. Wheat, as in the most favored spots of Oregon and Washington Territory, yields from forty to seventy bushels to the acre. At Lytton the Fraser comes down from its long circuit round the far north country, through gorges inclosed by snow-crested mountains, to receive the tribute of the united Thompson. The clear blue Thomp-

son flows into the turbid Fraser, and the swollen torrent, deep, narrow, swirling, eddying, resistless, cuts its way through the granite of the Cascades to the sea. In this mountainous region, again, the farmer is no longer dependent on irrigation, and wherever there is soil anything can be raised. The Lower Fraser or New Westminster district is not only the most valuable in British Columbia, agriculturally, but the river is full of salmon and sturgeon, the country abounds with game, and the timber along the coast would furnish masts for all the admirals in the world.

But what will a railway get to do in this great sea of mountains? For along those five hundred miles of road on the mainland, constructed at so enormous a cost, the population, not counting Indians and Chinamen, is less than ten thousand. The British Columbians claim that a portion of the Asiatic trade will come their way, especially as the company that is building the road has announced its intention of putting on steamers to connect the Pacific terminus with the ports of Japan and China; and they also point to their fish, their mines of silver and gold, and their forests, as the complement of the prairies of the North-west. All their hopes and dreams cluster around the railway, and those whom it does not enrich will feel that they have a right to be disappointed. They ignore the fact that the people of the North-west or any other country can afford to pay only a certain price for fish or flesh, galena, gold, or anything else, and that if it cannot be supplied at said price it must be for them all the same as if it were non-existent. They fancy that the difficulty the province has to contend with is not the comparatively small amount of arable land, or the necessity for irrigation in districts otherwise good, or the intervening mountains, or the cañons that prevent river navigation, or the cost of transportation, or the great distances, but simply the presence of some thousands of industrious Chinamen. If Chinamen could only be kept out white people would come in, and wages would go up and keep up. Good prices would then be obtained for everything, and every one could live comfortably.

A most obliging merchant in Kamloops informed me that it would be as well for him to shut shop, because it was impossible to do business any longer. A few Chinamen had come to the place, and beginning as cooks, waiters, barbers, washermen, had at length opened some small shops, and were fast getting hold of the entire trade of the country. Nobody else had a chance with them, he said. I asked why. "Oh," was the answer, given in perfect simplicity, "they are satisfied with small profits and quick returns, and they make no losses, for they refuse to give credit." He had not so learned business. His former customers, who were now buying goods at reasonable rates, agreed with him that it was a shame. I am sorry to seem to reflect on any of my British Columbian friends, or rather to reflect on their notions of commercial or political economy. They were kindness itself to me, as they are to all travelers. "They are a real nice people," said one of the engineers we fell in with; "they do cheerfully what you want, either for nothing or for an enormous price." That hits the mark. Their hospitality is beyond praise; but when they charge, you are likely to remember the bill. Three of us hired a wagon one afternoon. The boy drove us twenty-three miles in four hours, and the charge was thirty dollars. On another afternoon we engaged a man to row us in his little boat to a steamer on Burrard Inlet. It took him an hour, and we had to pay four dollars for the use of his boat and the pleasure of his company. A friend wished to negotiate for the removal of some lumber. Finding that the cost of a team was fifteen dollars per day, he preferred to do without the lumber. That such costs and charges put a stop to industrial development, that they are equivalent to total prohibition of intercourse or exchange, does not occur to the average politician. Abundance of labor is the one thing absolutely indispensable in British Columbia. Pretty much the only labor attainable on a large scale for many a year is that of Chinamen. Far from welcoming the labor, almost every one's face is set against it, even when necessity forces him to take advantage of it for the time. But this is not the place to discuss the Chinese problem. I have alluded to it simply because the railway has forced it upon our attention, and it presses for solution.

Since the Dominion was constituted the political life of Canada has centered about the Pacific Railway. Now that it is on the eve of completion, we see how great was the task that three millions of people set themselves fourteen years ago to accomplish. The work is imperial in meaning as well as magnitude, though the cost has been wholly defrayed by Canada. It is our contribution to the organization and defense of the empire. It has added to our public burdens, but our credit is better than when it was commenced. When we are told that it has cost fifty, sixty, or a hundred millions, what need one say but that it was a necessity, and that it is worth the cost?

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FROM CATHEDRAL AT LUCCA.

TUSCAN CITIES.

I.

AS Pisa made no comment on the little changes she may have observed in me since we had last met, nineteen years before, I feel bound in politeness to say that I found her in April, 1883, looking not a day older than she did in December, 1864. In fact she looked younger, if anything, though it may have been the season that made this difference in her. She was in her spring attire, freshly, almost at the moment, put on; and that counts for much more in Pisa than one who knew her merely in the region of her palaces and churches and bridges would believe. She has not, indeed, quite that breadth of orchards and gardens within her walls which Siena has, but she has space enough for nature to flourish at ease there; and she has many deserted squares and places where the grass was sprouting vigorously in the crevices of the pavement. All this made her perceptibly younger, even with her memories running so far back of Roman times, into twilights whither perhaps a less careful modern historian than myself would not follow them. But when I am in a town that has real claims to antiquity, I like to allow them to the uttermost; and with me it is not merely a duty, it is a pleasure, to remind the reader that Pisa was founded by Pelops, the grandson of Jove, and the son of Tantalus, king of Phrygia. He was the same who was slain by his father, and served in a banquet to the gods, to try if they knew everything, or could be tricked into eating of the hideous repast; and it was after this curious experience — Ceres came in from the field, very tired and hungry, and popped down and tasted a bit of his shoulder before they could stop her — that, being restored to life by his grandfather, he visited Italy, and liking the situation at the mouth of the Arno, built his city there. This is the opinion of Pliny and Solinus, and that generally adopted by the Pisan chroniclers; but the skeptical Strabo would have us think that Pisa was not founded till much later, when Nestor, sailing homeward after the fall of Troy, was cast away on the Etruscan shore at this point. There are some historians who reconcile the accounts by declaring that Nestor merely joined the Phrygians at Pisa, and could never have pretended to found the city. I myself incline to this notion; but even if Pisa was not built till after the fall of Troy, the reader easily perceives that a sense of her antiquity might affect an Ohio man, even after a residence in Boston. A city founded by Pelops or Nestor could not be converted to Christianity by a less person than St. Peter, who, on his way to Rome, was expressly wrecked on the Pisan coasts for that purpose. Her faith, like her origin, is as ancient as possible, and Pisa was one of the first Italian communities to emerge from the ruin of the Roman empire into a vigorous and splendid life of her own. Early in the middle ages she had, with the arrogance of long-established consequence, superciliously explained the Florentines, to an Eastern potentate who had just heard of them, as something like the desert Arabs,—a lawless, marauding, barbarous race, the annoyance of all respectable and settled communities. In those days Pisa had not only commerce with the East, but wars; and in 1005 she famously beat back the Saracens from their conquests in the northern Mediterranean, and, after a struggle of eighteen years, ended by carrying the war into Africa and capturing Carthage with the Emir of the Saracens in it. In the beginning of this war her neighbor Lucca, fifteen miles away, profited by her preoccupation to attack her, and this is said to have been one of the first quarrels, if not the first, in which the Italian cities asserted their separate nationality and their independence of the empire. It is supposed on that account to have been rather a useful event, though it is scarcely to be praised otherwise. Of course the Pisans took it out of the Lucchese afterwards in the intervals of their more important wars with the Genoese by sea and the Florentines by land. There must have been fighting pretty well all the time, back and forth across the vineyards and olive orchards that stretch between the two cities; I have counted up

eight distinct wars, bloody and tedious, in which they ravaged each other's territory, and I dare say I have missed some. Once the Pisans captured Lucca and sacked it, and once the Lucchese took Pisa and sacked it; the Pisans were Ghibelline and the Lucchese were Guelph, and these things had to be. In the mean time Pisa was waging, with varying fortune, seven wars with Genoa, seven other with Florence, three with Venice, and one with Milan, and was in a spirited state of continual party strife within herself; though she found leisure to take part in several of the crusades, to break the naval supremacy of the Saracens, and to beat the Greeks in sea-fights under the walls of Constantinople. The warlike passions of men were tightly wound up in those days, and Pisa was set to fight for five hundred years. Then she fell at last, in 1509, under the power of those upstart Florentines whom she had despised so long.

II.

WHAT is odd in the history of Pisa is that it has given but one name to common remembrance. Her prosperity was early and great, and her people employed it in the cultivation of all the arts; yet Andrea and Niccolò Pisano are almost the only artists whose fame is associated with that of their native city. She was perpetually at war by sea and by land, yet her admirals and generals are unknown to the world. Her university is one of the oldest and most learned in Italy, yet she produced no eminent scholars or poets, and one hardly realizes that the great Galileo, who came a century after the fall of his country, was not a Florentine but a Pisan by birth; he was actually of a Florentine family settled in Pisa. When one thinks of Florence, one thinks of Dante, of Giotto, of Cimabue, of Brunelleschi, of Michelangelo, of Savonarola, and of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X., of Boccaccio and Pulci and Politian, of Machiavelli, of Giovanni delle Bande Nere and Gino Capponi, of Guido Cavalcanti, of Amerigo Vespuggi, of Benvenuto Cellini, and Masaccio and Botticelli, and all the rest. When one thinks of Siena, one thinks of St. Catharine, and Ochino, and Socinus, and the Piccolomini, and Bandini, and Sodoma. But when one thinks of Pisa, Ugolino is the sole name that comes into one's mind. I am not at all sure, however, that one ought to despise Pisa for her lack of celebrities; I am rather of a contrary opinion. It is certain that such a force and splendor as she was for five hundred years could have been created only by a consensus of mighty wills, and it seems to me that a very pretty case might be made out in behalf of the democracy whose level was so high that no one head could be seen above it. Perhaps this is what we are coming to in our own civilization, and I am disposed to take heart from the heroless history of Pisa when I look round over the vast plain of our equality, where every one is as great as every other.

I wish, if this is the case, we might come finally to anything as clean and restful and lovely as I found Pisa on the day of my arrival; but of course that would be much more difficult for a continent than for a city, and probably our last state will not be so pleasant. On our way down from Florence, through much the same landscape as that through which we had started to Siena, the peach-trees were having their turn in the unhurried Italian spring's succession of blossoms, and the fields were lit with their pathetic pink, where earlier the paler bloom of the almond had prevailed. As I said, Pisa herself was in her spring dress, and it may be that the season had touched her with the languor which it makes the whole world feel, as she sat dreaming beside her Arno, in the midst of the gardens that compassed her about within her walls. I do not know what Pisa had to say to other tourists who arrived that day, but we were old friends, and she regarded me with a frank, sad wonder when she read in my eyes a determination to take notes of her.

"Is it possible?" she expressed, with that mute, melancholy air of hers. "You, who have lived in Italy, and ought to know better? You, who have been here before? Sit down with me beside the Arno!" and she indicated two or three empty bridges, which I was welcome to, or if I preferred half a mile or so of that quay which has the noblest sweep in the world, there it was, vacant for me. I shrugged my excuses, as well as I could, and indicated the artist at my side, who with his etching-plate under his arm, and his hat in his hand, was making his manners to Pisa, and I tried to explain that we were both there under contract to produce certain illustrated papers for THE CENTURY.

"What papers? What century?" she murmured, and tears came into the eyes of the beautiful ghost; and she added with an inexpressible pathos and bitterness, "I remember no century since the fifteenth, when — I — died."

She would not say when she fell under the power of her enemy, but we knew she was thinking of Florence; and as she bowed her face in her hands, we turned away with our hearts in our throat.

We thought it well not to go about viewing the monuments of her fallen grandeur at once,— they are all kept in wonderful repair,

— and we left the Arno, whose mighty curve is followed on either side by lines of magnificent palaces, and got our driver to carry us out to the streets that dwindled into lanes beside the gardens fenced in by the red brick city walls. At one point a long stretch of the wall seemed trellised for yellow roses which covered acres of it with their golden multitude, but when we got down and walked nearer, with the permission of the peasant whose field we passed through, we found they were lemons. He said they grew very well in that shelter and exposure, and his kind old weather-beaten, friendly face was almost the color of one. He bade us go anywhere we liked in his garden, and he invited us to drink of the water of his well, which he said never went dry in the hottest weather. Then he returned to his fat old wife, who had kept on weeding, and bent down beside her and did not follow us for drink-money, but returned a self-respectful adieu from a distance, when we called a good-bye before getting into our carriage. We generalized from his behavior a manly independence of character in the Pisan people, and I am sure we were not mistaken in the beauty of the Pisan women, who, as we met them in the street, were all extremely pretty, and young, many of them, even after five hundred years. One gets over expecting good looks in Tuscany; and perhaps this was the reason why we prized the loveliness of the Pisans. It may have been comparative only, though I am inclined to think it was positive. At any rate there can be no doubt about the landscape outside the walls, which we drove into a little way out of one of the gates, to return by another. It was a plain country, and at this point a line of aqueduct stretched across the smiling fields to the feet of the arid purple hills that propped the blue horizon. There was something richly simple in the elements of the picture, which was of as few tones as a landscape of Titian or Raphael, and as strictly subordinated in its natural features to the human interest which we did our best to represent. I dare say our best was but poor. Every acre of that plain had been the theater of a great tragedy; every rood of ground had borne its hero. Now, in the advancing spring, the grass and wheat were long enough to flow in the wind, and they flowed like the ripples of a wide green sea to the feet of those purple hills, away from our feet where we stood beside our carriage on its hither shore. The warmth of the season had liberated the fine haze that dances above the summer fields, and this quivered before us like the confluent phantoms of multitudes, indistinguishably vast, who had fallen there in immemorial strife. But we could not stand musing long upon this fact; we had taken that carriage by the hour. Yet we could not help loitering along by the clear stream that followed the road, till it brought us to a flour-whitened mill near the city wall, slowly and thoughtfully turning its huge undershot wheel; and I could not resist entering and speaking to the miller where, leaning upon a sack of wheat, he dimly loomed through the powdered air, in the exact attitude of a miller I used to know in a mill on the Little Miami, in Ohio, when I was a boy.

III.

I TRY to give the reader a true impression of the sweet confusion of travel in those old lands. In the phrases that come out of the point of the pen, rather than out of the head or the heart, we talk about losing ourselves in the associations of the past; but we never do it. A prime condition of our sympathy with it is that we always and every instant and vividly find our dreary, tiresome, unstoried, unstoriable selves in it; and if I had been less modern, less recent, less raw, I should have been by just so much indifferent to the antique charm of the place. In the midst of my reverie of the Pisan past, I dreamily asked the miller about the milling business in the Pisan present. I forget what he said.

The artist outside had begun an etching,— if you let that artist out of your sight half a second he began an etching,— and we got back by a common effort into the town again, where we renewed our impression of a quiet that was only equaled by its cleanliness, of a cleanliness that was only surpassed by its quiet. I think of certain genial, lonely, irregular squares, more or less planted with pollarded sycamores, just then woolily tufted with their leaf-buds; and I will ask the reader to think of such white light over all as comes in our own first real spring days; for in some atmospheric qualities and effects the spring is nowhere so much alike as in America and Italy. In one of these squares the boys were playing ball, striking it with a small tambourine instead of a bat; in another, some young girls sat under a sycamore with their sewing; and in a narrow street running out of this was the house where Galileo was born. He is known to have said that the world moves; but I do not believe it has moved much in that neighborhood since his time. His natal roof is overlooked by a lofty gallery leading into Prince Corsini's garden; and I wish I could have got inside of that garden; it must have been pleasanter than the street in which Galileo was born, and which more nearly approached squalor in its condition

THE LANDING STAIRS, LEGHORN. *

than any other street that I remember in Pisa. It had fallen from no better state, and must always have witnessed to the poverty of the decayed Florentine family from which Galileo sprang.

I left the artist there — beginning an etching, as usual — and wandered back to our hotel; for it was then in the drowsy heart of the late afternoon, and I believed that Pisa had done all that she could for me in one day. But she had reserved a little surprise, quaint and unimaginable enough, in a small chapel of the Chiesa Evangelica Metodista Italiana, which she suddenly showed me in a retired street I wandered through. This Italian Evangelical Methodist Church was but a tiny structure, and it stood back from the street in a yard, with some hollies and myrtles before it — simple and plain, like a little Methodist church at home. It had not a frequented look, and I was told afterwards that the Methodists of Pisa were in that state of arrest which the whole Protestant movement in Italy has fallen into, after its first vigorous impulse. It has not lost ground, but it has not gained, which is also a kind of loss. Apparently the Protestant church which prospers best in Italy is the ancient Italian church of the Waldenses. This presents the Italians a Protestantism of their own invention, while perhaps the hundred religions which we offer them are too distracting, if unaccompanied by our one gravy. It is said that our missionaries have unexpected difficulties to encounter in preaching to the Italians, who are not amused as we should be by a foreigner's blunder in our

* Mr. Howells's series does not include Leghorn, but Mr. Pennell, who, according to Mr. Howells, is simply irrepressible as an etcher, made such a pretty plate of the "landing stairs" there that we cannot withhold it from our readers. — EDITOR CENTURY.

language, but annoyed and revolted by incorrect Italian from the pulpit. They have, moreover, their intellectual pride in the matter: they believe that if Protestantism had been the wiser and better thing we think it, the Italians would have found it out long ago for themselves. As it is, such proselytes as we make are among the poor and ignorant; though that is the way all religions begin.

After the Methodist church it was not at all astonishing to come upon an agricultural implement warehouse — alongside of a shop glaring with alabaster statuary — where the polite attendant offered me an American pump as the very best thing of its kind that I could use on my *podere*. When I explained that I and his pump were fellow-countrymen, I could see that we both rose in his respect. A French pump, he said, was not worth anything in comparison, and I made my own inferences as to the relative inferiority of a Frenchman.

IV.

One of our first cares in Pisa was of course to visit the Four Fabrics, as the Italians call, *par excellence*, the Duomo, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo. I say cares, for to me it was not a great pleasure. I perceive, by reference to my note-book, that I found that group far less impressive than at first, and that the Campo Santo especially appeared conscious and finicking. I had seen those Orgagna frescoes before, and I had said to myself twenty years ago, in obedience to whatever art-critic I had in my pocket, that here was the highest evidence of the perfect sincerity in which the early masters wrought — that no one could have painted those horrors of death and torments of hell who had not thoroughly believed in them. But this time I had my doubts, and I questioned if the painters of the Campo Santo might not have worked with almost as little faith and reverence as so many American humorists. Why should we suppose that the men who painted the Vergognosa peeping through her fingers at the debauch of Noah should not be capable of making ferocious fun of the scenes which they seemed to depict seriously? There is, as we all know, a modern quality in the great minds, the quickest wits, of all ages, and I do not feel sure these old painters are always to be taken at their word. Were they not sometimes making a mock of the devout clerics and laics who

THE SWEEP OF THE ARNO AT PISA.

employed them? It is bitter fun, I allow. The Death and the Hell of Orgagna are atrocious — nothing less. A hideous fancy, if not a grotesque, insolent humor, riots through those scenes, where the damned are shown with their bowels dangling out (my pen cannot be half so plain as his brush), with their arms chopped off and their tongues torn out by fiends, with their women's breasts eaten by snakes. I for one will not pretend to have revered those works of art, or to have felt anything but loathing in their presence. If I am told that I ought at least to respect the faith with which the painter wrought, I say that faith was not respectable; and I can honor him more if I believe he was portraying those evil dreams in contempt of them, — doing what he could to make faith in them impossible by realizing them in all the details of their filthy cruelty. It was misery to look upon them, and it was bliss to turn my back and give my gaze to the innocent wilding flowers and weeds — the daisies that powdered the sacred earth brought from the Holy Land in the Pisan galleys of old, for the sweeter repose of those laid away here to wait the judgment day. How long they had been sleeping already! But they do not dream; that is one comfort.

AN ARCADED STREET, PISA.

I revisited the Baptistery for the sake of the famous echo which I had heard before, and which had sweetly lingered in my sense all these twenty years. But I was now a little disappointed in it — perhaps because the custodian who had howled so skillfully to evoke it was no longer there, but a mere tyro intent upon his half franc, with no real feeling for ululation as an art. Guides and custodians of an unexampled rapacity swarmed in and all about the Four Fabrics, and beggars, whom we had almost forgotten in Florence, were there in such number that if the Leaning Tower were to fall, as it still looks capable of doing at any moment, it would half depopulate Pisa. I grieve to say that I encouraged mendicancy in the person of an old woman whom I gave a franc by mistake for a soldo. She had not the public spirit to refuse it; without giving me time to correct the error, her hand closed upon it like a talon of a vulture, and I had to get what consolation I could out of pretending to have meant to give her a franc, and to take lightly the blessings under which I really staggered.

It may have been this misadventure that cast a malign light upon the cathedral, which I found, after that of Siena, not at all estimable. I dare say it had its merits; but I could get no pleasure even out of the swinging lamp of Galileo; it was a franc, large as the full moon, and reproachfully pale, that waved to and fro before my eyes. This cathedral, however, is only the new Duomo of Pisa, being less than eight hundred years of age, and there is an old Duomo, in another part of the city, which went much more to my heart. I do not pretend that I entered it; but it had a lovely façade of Pisan Gothic, mellowed through all its marble by the suns of a thousand summers, and weed-grown in every neglected niche and nook where dust and seeds could be lodged; so that I now wonder I did not sit down before it and spend the rest of my life there.

V.

THE reader, who has been requested to imagine the irregular form and the perpetually varying heights and depths of Siena, is now set the easier task of supposing Pisa shut within walls almost quadrangular, and reposing on a level which expands to the borders of the hills beyond Lucca, and drops softly with the Arno towards the sea. The river di-

vides the southward third of the city from the rest, to which stately bridges bind it again. The group of the Four Fabrics, to which we have paid a devoir tempered by modern misgiving, rises in aristocratic seclusion in the north-western corner of the quadrangle, and the outer wall of the Campo Santo is the wall of the city. Nothing statelier than the position of these edifices could be conceived; and yet their isolation, so favorable to their reproduction in small alabaster copies, costs them something of the sympathy of the sensitive spectator. He cannot withhold his admiration of that grandeur, but his soul turns to the Duomo in the busy heart of Florence, or to the cathedral, preëminent but not solitary, in the crest of Siena. The Pisans have put their famous group apart from their streets and shops, and have consecrated to it a region which no business can take them to. In this they have gained distinction and effect for it, but they have lost for it that character of friendly domesticity which belongs to all other religious edifices that I know in Italy. Here, as in some other things not so easily definable, the people so mute in all the arts but architecture—of which they were the origin and school in Italy—seem to have expressed themselves mistakenly. The Four Fabrics are where they are to be seen, to be visited, to be wondered at; but they are remote from human society, and they fail of the last and finest effect of architecture—the perfect adaptation of houses to the use of men. Perhaps also one feels a want of unity in the group; perhaps they are too much like dishes set upon the table: the Duomo a vast and beautiful pudding; the Baptistery a gigantic charlotte russe; the Campo Santo an exquisite structure in white sugar; the Leaning Tower a column of ice-cream which has been weakened at the base by too zealous an application of hot water to the outside of the mold. But I do not insist upon this comparison; I only say that I like the ancient church of St. Paul by the Arno. Some question whether it was really the first cathedral of Pisa, maintaining that it was merely used as such while the Duomo was in repair after the fire from which it suffered shortly after its completion.

One must nowadays seem to have some preference in all æsthetic matters, but the time was when polite tourists took things more easily. In the seventeenth century, "Richard Lassels, Gent. who Travelled through Italy five times as Tutor to several of the English Nobility and Gentry," says of the Pisan Duomo that it "is a neat Church for structure, and for its three Brazen Doors historied with a fine Basso rilievo. It's built after *La maniera Tedescha*, a fashion of Building much used in Italy four or five hundred years ago, and brought in by Germans or Tedeschi, saith Vasari. Near to the Domo stands (if leaning may be called standing) the bending Tower, so artificially made, that it seems to be falling, and yet it stands firm. . . . . On the other side of the Domo is the Campo Santo, a great square cloistered about with a low cloister curiously painted."

Here is no trouble of mind about the old masters, either architects or painters, but a beautiful succinctness, a tranquil brevity, which no concern for the motives, or meanings, or aspirations of either penetrates. We have taken upon ourselves in these days a heavy burden of inquiry as to what the mediæval masters thought and felt; but the tourist of the seventeenth century could say of the Pisan Duomo that it was "a neat church for structure," and of the Campo Santo that it was "curiously painted," and there an end. Perhaps there was a relief for the reader also in this method. Master Lassels vexed himself to spell his Italian correctly no more than he did his English.

He visited, apparently with more interest, the Church of the Knights of St. Stephen, which, indeed, I myself found full of unique attraction. Of these knights he says:

"They wear a Red Cross of Satin upon their Cloaks, and profess to fight against the Turks. For this purpose they have here a good House and Maintainance. Their Church is beautified without with a handsome Faciata of White Marble, and within with Turkish Ensigns and divers Lanterns of Capitanesse Gallies. In this House the Knights live in common, and they are well maintained. In their Treasury they shew a great Buckler of Diamonds, won in a Battle against the Turks. . . . . They have their Cancellaria, a Catalogue of those Knights who have done notable service against the Turks, which serves for a powerful exhortation to their Successors, to do, and die bravely. In fine, these Knights may marry if they will, and live in their own particular houses, but many of them choose celibate, as more convenient for brave Soldiers; Wives and Children being the true *impedimenta exercitus*."

The knights were long gone from their House and Maintainance in 1883, and I suspect it is years since any of them even professed to fight the Turks. But their church is still there, with their trophies, which I went and admired; and I do not know that there is anything in Pisa which gives you a more vivid notion of her glory in the past than those flags taken from the infidels and those carvings that once enriched her galleys. These and the ship-yards by the Arno, from which her galleys were launched, do really recall the majesty and dominion of the sea which once was hers — and then Genoa's, and then Venice's, and then the Hanseatic Cities', and then Holland's, and then England's; and shall be ours when the Moral Force of the American

Navy is appreciated. At present Pisa and the United States are equally formidable as maritime powers, unless, indeed, this conveys too strong an impression of the decay of Pisa.

VI.

ISSUING from the Church of the Cavaliers, I found myself in the most famous spot in the whole city: the wide dusty square where the Tower of Famine once stood, and where you may still see a palace with iron baskets swung from the corners of the façade, in which it is said the wicked Archbishop Ruggieri used to put the heads of traitors. It may not be his palace, and the baskets may not have been used for this purpose; but there is no doubt that this was the site of the tower, which was not demolished till 1655, and that here it was that Ugolino and his children and grandchildren cruelly perished.

The writer of an excellent little local guide to Pisa, which I bought on my first visit, says that Dante has told the story of Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, and that "after Dante God alone can repeat it." Yet I fancy the tragedy will always have a fascination to the scribbler who visits Pisa, irresistibly tempting him to recall it to his reader. I for my part shall not do less than remind him that Ugolino was Captain of the People and Podestà of Pisa at the time of her great defeat by Genoa in 1284, when so many of her best and bravest were carried off prisoners that a saying arose, "If you want to see Pisa, go to Genoa." In those days they had a short and easy way of accounting for disaster, which has been much practiced since down even to the date of our own civil war: they attributed it to treason, and in this case they were pretty clear that Count Ugolino was the traitor. He sailed away with his squadron before his critics thought the day lost; and after the battle, in his negotiations with Florence and Genoa, they declared that he behaved as only a man would who wished to ruin his country in order to rule her. He had already betrayed his purpose of founding an hereditary lordship in Pisa, as the Visconti had done in Milan and the Scaligeri in Verona, and to this end had turned Guelph from being ancestrally Ghibelline; for his name is one of the three still surviving in Tuscany of the old German nobility founded there by the emperors. He was a man of furious and ruthless temper; he had caused one of his nephews to be poisoned, he stabbed another, and when the young man's friend, a nephew of the Archbishop, would have defended him, Ugolino killed him with his own hand. The Archbishop, as a Ghibelline, was already no friend of Ugolino's, and

THE CLOCK TOWER OF LUCCA.

here now was bloodshed between them. "And what happened to Count Ugolino a little after," says the Florentine chronicler, Villani,

"was prophesied by a wise and worthy man of the court, Marco Lombardo; for when the count was chosen by all to be Lord of Pisa, and when he was in his highest estate and felicity, he made himself a splendid birthday feast, where he had his children and grandchildren and all his lineage, kinsmen and kinswomen, with great pomp of apparel, and ornament, and preparation for a rich banquet. The count took this Marco, and went about showing him his possessions and splendor, and the preparation for the feast, and that done, he said, 'What do you think of it, Marco?' The sage answered at once, and said, 'You are fitter for evil chance than any baron of Italy.' And the count, afraid of Marco's meaning, asked, 'Why?' And Marco answered, 'Because you lack nothing but the wrath of God.' And surely the wrath of God quickly fell upon him, as it pleased God, for his sins and treasons; for as it had been intended by the Archbishop of Pisa and his party to drive out of Pisa Nino

and his followers, and betray and entrammel Ugolino, and weaken the Guelphs, the Archbishop ordered Count Ugolino to be undone, and immediately set the people on in their fury to attack and take his palace, giving the people to understand that he had betrayed Pisa, and surrendered their castles to the Florentines and Lucchese; and finding the people upon him, without hope of escape, Ugolino gave himself up, and in this assault his bastard son and one of his grandchildren were killed; and Ugolino being taken, and two of his sons and two of his son's sons, they threw them in prison, and drove his family and his followers out of Pisa. . . . The Pisans, who had thrown in prison Ugolino and his two sons, and two sons of his son Count Guelfo, as we have before mentioned, in a tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, caused the door of the tower to be locked and the keys to be thrown into the Arno, and forbidding these captives all food, in a few days they perished of hunger. But first, the count imploring a confessor, they would not allow him a friar or priest that he might confess. And all five being taken out of the tower together, they were vilely buried; and from that time the prison was called the Tower of Famine, and will be so always. For this cruelty the Pisans were strongly blamed by the whole world, wherever it was known, not so much for the count, who for his crimes and treasons was perhaps worthy of such a death, but for his sons and grandsons, who were young boys, and innocent; and this sin, committed by the Pisans, did not remain unpunished, as may be seen in after time."

A monograph on Ugolino by an English writer states that the victims were rolled in the matting of their prison floor and interred, with the irons still on their limbs, in the cloister of the church of San Francesco. The grave was opened in the fourteenth century, and the irons taken out; again, in 1822, the remains were found and carelessly thrown together in a spot marked by a stone bearing the name of Vannuchi. Of the prison where they suffered no more remains now than of the municipal eagles which the Republic put to molt there, and from which it was called the Molting Tower before it was called the Tower of Famine.

At Pisa there is nothing of wildness or strife in the Arno, as at Florence, where it rushes and brawls down its channel and over its dams and ripples. Its waters are turbid, almost black, but smooth, and they slip oilily away with many a wreathing eddy, round the curve of the magnificent quay, to which my mind recurs still as the noblest thing in Pisa — as the noblest thing, indeed, that any city has done with its river. But what quick and sensitive allies of Nature the Italians have always shown themselves! No suggestion of hers has been thrown away on them; they have made the most of her lavish kindness, and transmuted it into the glory and the charm of art. Our last moments of sight-seeing in Pisa were spent in strolling beside the river, in hanging on the parapet and delighting in the lines of that curve.

At one end of the city, before this begins, near a spick-and-span new iron bridge, is the mediæval tower of the galley prison, which we found exquisitely picturesque in the light of our last morning; and then, stretching up towards the heart of the town from this tower, were the ship-yards, with the sheds in which the old republic built the galleys she launched on every sea then known. They are used now for military stables; they are not unlike the ordinary horse-car stables of our civilization; and the grooms, swabbing the legs of the horses and combing their manes, were naturalized to our home-sick sympathies by the homely community of their functions with those I had so often stopped to admire in my own land. There is no doubt but the toilet of a horse is something that interests every human being.

VII.

With rather less than the ordinary stupidity of tourists, wretched slaves of routine as they are, we had imagined the possibility of going to Lucca overland; that is, of driving fifteen miles across the country instead of taking the train. It would be as three hours against twenty minutes, and as fifteen francs against two; but my friend was young and I was imprudent, and we boldly ventured upon the expedition. I have never regretted it, which is what can be said of, alas, how few pleasures! On the contrary, it is rapture to think of it still.

Already, at eight o'clock of the April morning, the sun had filled the city with a sickening heat, which intimated pretty clearly what it might do for Pisa in August; but when we had mounted superbly to our carriage-seats, after pensioning all the bystanders, and had driven out of the city into the green plain beyond the walls, we found it a delicious spring day, warm, indeed, but full of a fervent life.

We had issued from the gate nearest the Four Fabrics, and I advise the reader to get that view of them if he can. To the backward glance of the journeyer toward Lucca, they have the unity, the *ensemble*, the want of which weakens their effect to proximity. Beside us swept the great level to the blue-misted hills on our right; before us it stretched indefinitely. From the grass, the larks were quivering up to the perfect heaven, and the sympathy of Man with the tender and lovely mood of Nature was expressed in the presence of the hunters with their dogs, who were exploring the herbage in quest of something to kill.

Perhaps I do man injustice. Perhaps the rapture of the blameless littérateur and artist, who drove along crying out over the exquisite beauty of the scene, was more justly representative of our poor race. I am vexed now when I think how brief this rapture was, and

how much it might have been prolonged if we had bargained with our driver to go slow. We had bargained for everything else; but who could have imagined that one Italian could ever have been fast enough for two Americans? He was even too fast. He had a just pride in his beast,— as tough as the iron it was the color of,— and when implored, in the interest of natural beauty, not to urge it on, he misunderstood; he boasted that it could keep up that pace all day, and he incited it in the good Tuscan of Pisa to go faster yet. Ah me! what enchanting villas he whirled us by! what gray châteaux! what old wayside towers, hoary out of all remembrance! What delightfully stupid-looking little stony picturesque villages, in every one of which that poor artist and I would have been glad to spend the whole day! But the driver could not snatch the broad and constant features of the landscape from us so quickly; these we had time to peruse, and imprint forever on our memories: the green expanses; the peach-trees pink in their bloom; the plums and cherries putting on their bridal white; the gray road, followed its whole length by the vines trained from trees to tall stakes across a space which they thus embowered continuously from field to field. Everywhere the peasants were working the soil; spading, not plowing their acres, and dressing it to the smoothness of a garden. It looked rich and fertile, and the whole land wore an air of smiling prosperity which I cannot think it put on expressly for us.

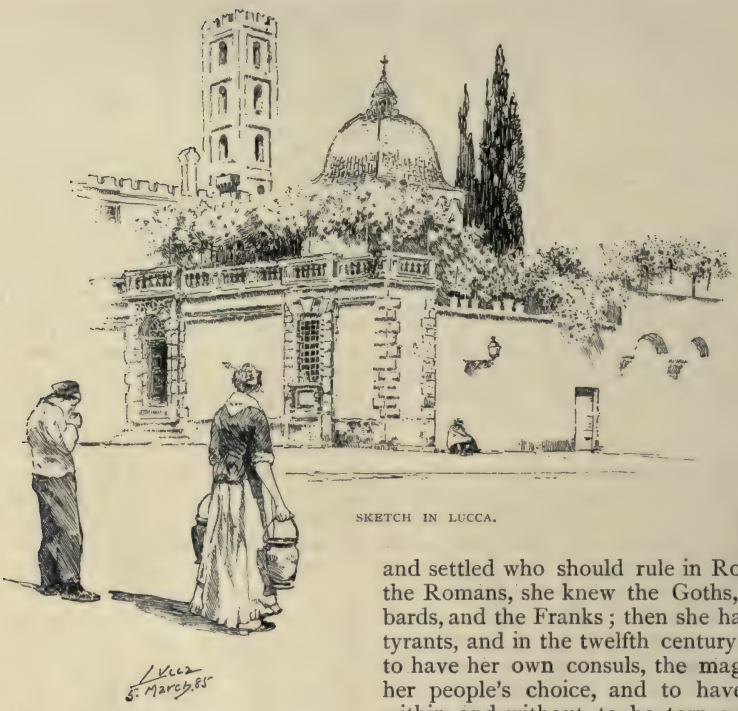
Pisa seemed hardly to have died out of the horizon before her ancient enemy began to rise from the other verge, beyond the little space in which they used to play bloodily at national hostilities. The plain narrowed as we approached, and hills hemmed us in on three sides, with snow-capped heights in the background, from which the air blew cooler and cooler. It was only eleven o'clock, and we would gladly have been all day on the road. But we pretended to be pleased with the mistaken zeal that had hurried us; it was so amiable, we could not help it; and we entered Lucca with the smiling resolution to make the most of it.

VIII.

Lucca lies as flat as Pisa, but in shape it is as regularly oblong as that is square, and instead of the brick wall, which we had grown fond of there and in Siena, it has a girdle of gray stone, deeply moated without, and broadly leveled on top, where a lovely driveway winds round the ancient town. The wall juts in a score of angles, and the projecting spaces thus formed are planted with groups of forest trees, lofty and old, and giving a charm to the promenade exquisitely wild and rare.

To our approach, the clustering city towers and roofs promised a picturesqueness which she kept in her own fashion when we drove in through her gates, and were set down, after a dramatic rattling and banging through her streets, at the door of the Universo, or the Creca di Malta — I do not really remember which hotel it was. But I remember very well the whole domestic force of the inn seemed to be concentrated in the distracted servant who gave us our rooms, and was landlord, porter, accountant, waiter, and chambermaid all in one. It was an inn apparently very little tainted by tourist custom, and Lucca is certainly one of the less discovered of the Tuscan cities. At the *table-d'hôte* in the evening our commensals were all Italians except an ancient English couple, who had lived so long in that region that they had rubbed off everything English but their speech. I wondered a good deal who they could be; they spoke conservatively — the foreigners are always conservative in Italy — of the good old ducal days of Lucca, when she had her own mild little despot, and they were now going to the Baths of Lucca to place themselves for the summer. They were types of a class which is numerous all over the Continent, and which seems thoroughly content with expatriation. The Europeanized American is always apologetic; he says that America is best, and he pretends that he is going back there; but the continentalized Englishman has apparently no intention of repatriating himself. He has said to me frankly in one instance that England was beastly. But I own I should not like to have said it to him.

In their talk of the ducal past of Lucca these English people struck again the note which my first impression of Lucca had sounded. Lucca was a sort of republic for nearly a thousand years, with less interruption from lords, bishops, and foreign dominions than most of her sister commonwealths, and she kept her ancient liberties down to the time of the French revolution — four hundred years longer than Pisa, and two hundred and fifty years longer than Florence and Siena; as long, in fact, as Venice, which she resembled in an arbitrary change effected from a democratic to an aristocratic constitution at the moment when the change was necessary to her existence as an independent state. The duchy of Lucca, created by the Congress of Vienna in 1817 and assigned to the Bourbons of Parma, lasted only thirty years, when it was merged by previous agreement in the grand duchy of Tuscany, the Bourbons going back to Parma in which Napoleon's Austrian widow had

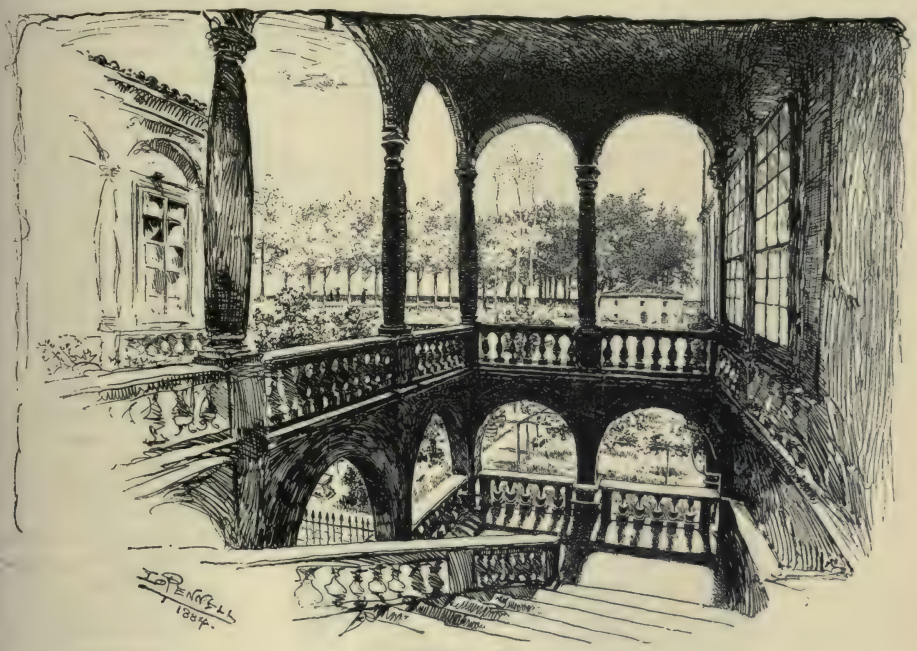


SKETCH IN LUCCA.

meantime enjoyed a life interest. In this brief period, however, the old republican city assumed so completely the character of a little principality, that, in spite of the usual Via Garibaldi and Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, I could not banish the image of the ducal state from my mind. Yet I should be at a loss how to impart this feeling to every one, or to say why a vast dusty square, planted with pollarded sycamores, and a huge, ugly palace with but a fairish gallery of pictures, fronting upon the dust and sycamores, should have been so expressive of a ducal residence. There was a statue of Maria Louisa, the first ruler of the temporary duchy, in the midst of these sycamores, and I had a persistent whimsey of her reviewing her little ducal army there, as I sat and looked out from the open door of the restaurant where my friend and I were making the acquaintance of a number of strange dishes and trying our best to be friends with the Lucchese conception of a beef-steak.

It was not because I had no other periods to choose from; in Lucca you can be overwhelmed with them. Her chronicles do not indeed go back into the mists of fable for her origin, but they boast an Etruscan, a Roman antiquity which is hardly less formidable. Here in A. U. 515 there was fixed a colony of two thousand citizens; here in 698 the great Cæsar met with Pompey and Crassus, and settled who should rule in Rome. After the Romans, she knew the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks; then she had her own tyrants, and in the twelfth century she began to have her own consuls, the magistrates of her people's choice, and to have her wars within and without, to be torn with faction and menaced with conquest in the right Italian fashion. Once she was sacked by the Pisans under the terrible Uguccione della Faggiuola, in 1314; and more than once she was sold. She was sold for thirty-five thousand florins to two ambitious and enterprising gentlemen, the Rossi brothers, of Parma, who, however, were obliged to relinquish her to the Scaligeri of Verona. This was the sorrow and shame that fell upon her after a brief fever of conquest and glory, brought her by the greatest of her captains, the famous Castruccio Castracani, the condottiere, whose fierce, death-white face, bordered by its pale yellow hair, looks more vividly out of the history of his time than any other. For Uguccione had been in prison, appointed to die, and when the rising of the Lucchese delivered him and made him Lord of Lucca, Uguccione's fetters were still upon him. He was of the ancient Ghibelline family of the Antelminelli, who had prospered to great wealth in England, where they spent a long exile, and where Castruccio learned the art of war. After his death, one of his sons sold his dominion to another for twenty-two thousand florins, from whom his German garrison took it and sold it for sixty thousand to Gherardo Spinola; he, in turn, disposed of it to the Rossi, at a clear loss of thirty-eight thousand florins. The Lucchese suffered six years under the Scali-

geri, who sold them again—the market price this time is not quoted—to the Florentines, whom the Pisans drove out. These held her in a servitude so cruel that the Lucchese called it their Babylonian captivity; and when it was ended after twenty years, through the intervention of the Emperor Charles IV., in 1369, they were obliged to pay the German a hundred thousand florins for their liberty, which had been sold so many times for far less money.



A STAIRWAY, LUCCA.

An ancient Lucchese family, the Guanigi, whose Gothic palaces are still the most beautiful in the city, now rose to power, and held it till 1430; and then the city finally established the republican government, which in its democratic and oligarchic form continued till 1799.

The noblest event of this long period was the magnanimous attempt of the gonfaloniere, Francesco Burlamacchi, who in 1546 dreamed of driving the Medici from power and reëstablishing the republic throughout Tuscany. Burlamacchi was of an old patrician family, but the love of freedom had been instilled in him by his uncle, Filippo Burlamacchi, that Fra Pacifico who wrote the first life of Savonarola and was one of his most fervent disciples. The gonfaloniere's plot was discovered, and he was arrested by the timid Lucchese Senate, which hastened to assure the ferocious Cosmo I. that they were guiltless of complicity. The imperial commissioner came from Milan to preside at his trial, and he was sentenced to suffer death for treason to the empire. He was taken to Milan and beheaded; but now he is the greatest name in Lucca, and his statue in the piazza, fronting her ancient communal palace, appeals to all who love freedom with the memory of his high intent. He died in the same cause which Savonarola laid down his life for, and not less generously.

Poor little Lucca had not even the courage to attempt to save him; but doubtless she would have tried if she had dared. She was under the special protection of the emperors, having paid Maximilian and then Charles V. good round sums for the confirmation of her early liberties; and she was so anxious to be well with the latter, that, when she was accused to him of favoring the new Lutheran heresy, she hastened to persecute the Protestants with the same cowardice that she had shown in abandoning Burlamacchi.

It cost, indeed, no great effort to suppress the Protestant congregation at Lucca. Peter Martyr, its founder, had fled before, and was now a professor at Strasburg, whence he wrote a letter of severe upbraiding to the timorous flock who suffered themselves to be frightened back to Rome. Some of them would not renounce their faith, preferring ex-

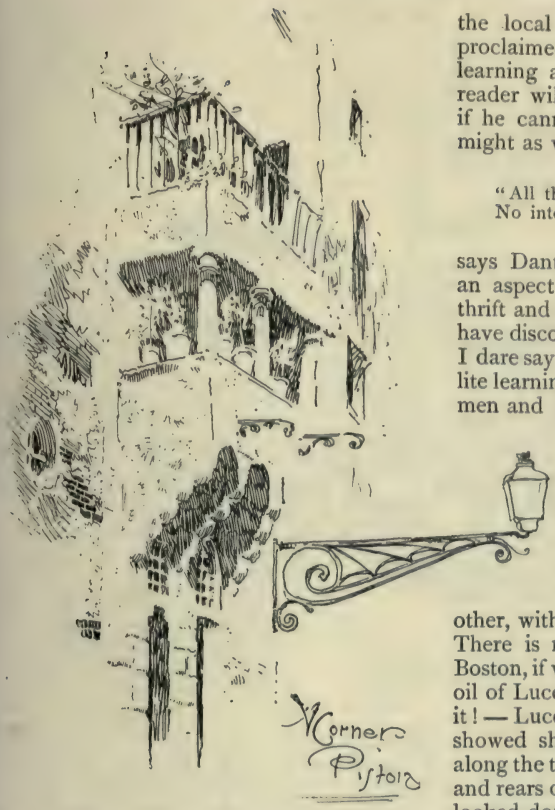
ile, and of these, who emigrated by families, were the Burlamacchi, from whom the hero came. He had counted somewhat upon the spirit of the Reformation to help him in his design against the Medici, knowing it to be the spirit of freedom, but there is no one evidence that he was himself more a Protestant than Savonarola was.

Eight years after his death the constitution of Lucca was changed, and she fell under the rule of an aristocracy nicknamed the Lords of the Little Ring, from the narrow circle in which her senators succeeded one another. She had always been called Lucca the Industrious; in her safe subordination, she now worked and throve for two hundred and fifty years, till the French republicans came and toppled her oligarchy over at a touch.

THE TOWER WITH A GROVE ON ITS CREST.

IX.

Of mediæval Lucca I have kept freshest the sense of her Gothic church architecture, with its delicate difference from that of Pisa, which it resembles and excels. It is touched with the Lombardic and Byzantine character, while keeping its own; here are the pillars resting on the backs of lions and leopards; here are the quaint mosaics in the façades. You see the former in the cathedral, which is not signally remarkable, like that of Florence, or Siena, or Pisa, and the latter in the beautiful old church of San Frediano, an Irish saint who for some reason figured in Lucca; he was bishop there in the fifth century, and the foundation of his church dates only a century or two later. San Michele is an admirable example of Lucchese Gothic, and is more importantly placed than any other church, in the very heart of the town, opposite the Palazzo Pretorio. This structure was dedicated to the occupation of the Podestà of Lucca, in pursuance of the republic's high-languaged decree, recognizing the fact that "among the ornaments with which cities embellish themselves, the greatest expenditure should always be devoted to those where the deities are worshiped, the magistracy administers justice, and the people convenes." The Palazzo Pretorio is now the repository of a public archæological collection, and the memory of its original use has so utterly perished that the combined intellects of two policemen, whom we appealed to for information, could not assign to it any other function than that of lottery office, appointed by the late grand duke. The popular intellect at Lucca is not very vivid, so far as we tested it, and though willing, it is not quick. The *caffetiera* in whose restaurant we took breakfast, under the shadow of the Pretorian Palace walls, was as ignorant of its history as the policemen; but she was very amiable, and she had three pretty daughters in the bonbon department, who looked the friendliest disposition to know about it if they could. I speak of them at once, because I did not think the Lucchese generally such handsome people as the Pisans, and I wish to be generous before I am just.

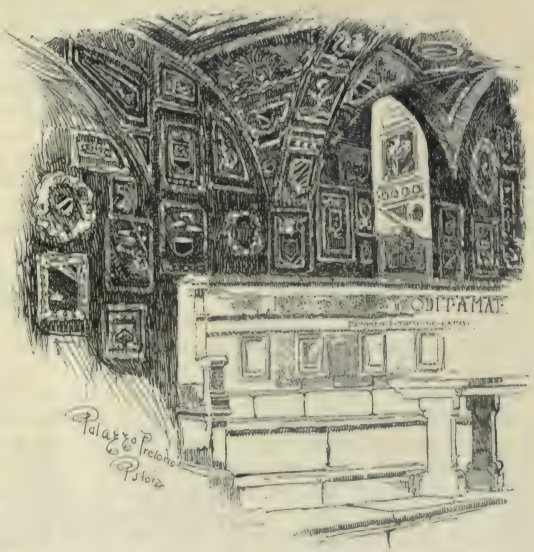


the local Scientific and Literary Academy proclaimed "the marvel of her age" for her learning and her gifts in improvisation. The reader will readily identify her from this; or if he cannot, the greater shame to him; he might as well be a Lucchese.

> "All there are barrators, except Bontura;
> No into yes for money there is changed,"

says Dante of this Lucca in which I found an aspect of busy commonplace, an air of thrift and traffic, and in which I only feign to have discovered an indifference to finer things. I dare say Lucca is full of intelligence and polite learning, but she does not imbue her policemen and *caffetieras* with it, as Boston does. Yet I would willingly be at this moment in a town where I could step out and see an old Roman amphitheater, built bodily up into the modern city, and showing its mighty ribs through the houses surrounding the market-place — a market-place quaint beyond any other, with its tile-roofed stands and booths. There is much more silk in Lucca than in Boston, if we have the greater culture; and the oil of Lucca is sublime; and — yes, I will own it! — Lucca has the finer city wall. The town showed shabby and poor from the driveway along the top of this, for we saw the back yards and rears of the houses; but now and then we looked down into a stiff, formal, delicious palace garden, full of weather-beaten statues, old, bad, ridiculous, divinely dear and beautiful!

Why, indeed, should I be severe with the poor Lucchese in any way, even for their ignorance, when the infallible Baedeker himself speaks of the statue in the Piazza S. Michele as that of "S. Burlamacchi"? The hero thus canonized stood frowning down upon a grain and seed market when we went to offer him our homage, and the peasants thought we had come to buy, and could not understand why we should have only a minor curiosity about their wares. They took the wheat up in their brown hands to show us, and boasted of its superior quality. We said we were strangers, and explained that we had no intention of putting in a crop of that sort; but they only laughed blankly. In spite of this prevailing ignorance, penetrating even to the Baedeker in our hands, Lucca was much tableted to the memory of her celebrities, especially her literary celebrities, who need tablets as greatly as any literary celebrities I know. There was one literary lady whose tablet I saw in a church, and whom



ARMORIAL DRAWINGS OF PODESTÀ IN PALAZZO PRETORIO.

I cannot say that I have been hardly used, when I remember that I have seen such gardens as those; and I humbly confess it a privilege to have walked in the shadow of the Guanigi palaces at Lucca, in which the Gothic seems to have done its best for a stately and lovely effect. I even climbed to the top of one of their towers, which I had wondered at ever since my first sight of Lucca because of the little grove it bore upon its crest. I asked the custodian of the palace what it was, and he said it was a little garden, which I suspected already. But I had a consuming desire to know what it looked like, and what Lucca looked like from it; and I asked him how high the tower was. He answered that it was four hundred feet high, which I doubted at first, but came to believe when I had made the ascent. I hated very much to go up that tower; but when the custodian said that an English lady eighty years old had gone up the week before, I said to myself that I would not be outdone by any old lady of eighty, and I went up. The trees were really rooted in little beds of earth up there, and had been growing for ten years; the people of the house sometimes took tea under them in the summer evenings.

This tower was one of three hundred and seventy in which Lucca abounded before the Guanigi leveled them. They were for the convenience of private warfare; the custodian showed me a little chamber near the top, where he pretended the garrison used to stay. I enjoyed his statement as much as if it were a fact, and I enjoyed still more the magnificent prospect of the city and country from the tower; the fertile plain with the hills all round, and distant mountains snow-crowned, except to the south where the valley widened toward Florence; the multitudinous roofs and bell-towers of the city, which filled its walls full of human habitations, with no breadths of orchard and field as at Pisa and Siena.

The present Count Guanigi, so the custodian pretended, lives in another palace, and lets this in apartments; you may have the finest for seventy-five dollars a year, with privilege of sky-garden. I did not think it dear, and I said so, though I did not visit any of the interiors, and do not know what state the finest of them may be in.

X.

It was on the last day of March, after our return from Siena, that I ran out to Pistoja with my friend the artist. There were now many signs of spring in the landscape, and the gray olives were a less prevalent tone, amid the tints of the peach and pear blossoms. Dandelions thickly strewed the railroad-sides; the grass was powdered with the little daisies,

white with crimson-tipped petals; the garden-borders were full of yellow-flowering seed-turnips. The peasants were spading their fields; as we ran along, it came noon, and they began to troop over the white roads to dinner, past villas frescoed with false balconies and casements, and comfortable brownish-gray farmsteads. On our right the waves of distant purple hills swept all the way to Pistoja. under the lowering sky, with a locked-up cathedral, a bare baptistery, and a mediæval public palace, and a history early merged in that of Florence; but to me it must always have the tender interest of the pleasure, pathetically intense, which that young couple took in it. They were very hungry, and they could get no breakfast in the drowsy town, not even a cup of coffee; but they did not mind that;

A STREET IN FIESOLE.

I made it part of my business there to look up a young married couple, Americans, journeying from Venice to Florence, who stopped at Pistoja twenty years before, and saw the gray town in the gray light of a spring morning between four and six o'clock. I remembered how strange and beautiful they thought it, and from time to time I started with recognition of different objects — as if I had been one of that pair; so young, so simple-heartedly, greedily glad of all that eld and story which Italy constantly lavished upon them. I could not find them, but I found phantom traces of their youth in the ancient town, and that endeared it to me, and made it lovely through every hour of the long rainy day I spent there. To other eyes it might have seemed merely a stony old town, dull and cold they wandered about, famished but blest, and by one of the happy accidents that usually befriended them, they found their way up to the Piazza del Duomo and saw the Communal Palace so thoroughly, in all its Gothic fullness and mediæval richness of detail, that I seemed never to have risen from the stone benching around the interior of the court on which they sat to study the escutcheons carven and painted on the walls. I could swear that the bear on the arms of Pistoja was the same that they saw and noted with the amusement which a bear in a checkered tabard must inspire in ignorant minds; though I am now able to inform the reader that it was put there because Pistoja was anciently infested with bears, and this was the last bear left when they were exterminated.

We need not otherwise go deeply into the history of Pistoja. We know already how one of her family feuds introduced the factions of the Bianchi and Neri in Florence, and finally caused the exile of Dante; and we may inoffensively remember that Catiline met his defeat and death on her hills A. U. 691. She was ruled more or less tumultuously by princes, popes, and people till the time of her great siege by the Lucchese and Florentines and her own Guelph exiles in 1305. Famine began to madden the besieged, and men and women stole out of the city through the enemy's camp and scoured the country for food. When the Florentines found this out, they lay in wait for them, and such as they caught they mutilated, cutting off their noses, or arms, or legs, and then exposing them to the sight of those they had gone out to save from starvation. After the city fell, the Florentine and Lucchese leaders commanded such of the wounded Pistojese as they found on the field to be gathered in heaps upon the demolished walls, that their fathers, brothers, and children might see them slowly die, and forbade any one, under pain of a like fate, to succor one of these miserable creatures.

Pistoja could not endure the yoke fastened upon her. A few years later her whole people rose literally in a frenzy of rebellion against the Lucchese governor, and men, women, children, priests, and monks joined in driving him out. After the heroic struggle they reëstablished their own republic, which presently fell a prey to the feud of two of her families, in whose private warfare she suffered almost as much as from her foreign enemies. Between them the Cancellieri and the Panciatichi burned a thousand houses within her walls, not counting those without, and the latter had plotted to deliver over their country to the Visconti of Milan, when the Florentines intervened and took final possession of Pistoja.

A COUNTRY VILLA.

We had, therefore, not even to say that we were of the Cancellieri party in order to enter Pistoja, but drove up to the Hotel di Londra without challenge, and had dinner there, after which we repaired to the Piazza del Duomo; and while the artist got out a plate and began to etch in the rain, the author bestirred himself to find the sacristan and get into the cathedral. It was easy enough to find the sacristan, but when he had been made to put his head out of the fifth-story window he answered, with a want of enterprise and hospitality which I had never before met in Italy, that the cathedral was always open at three o'clock, and he would not come down to open it sooner. At that hour I revenged myself upon him by not finding it very interesting, though I think now the fault must have been in me. There is enough estimable detail of art, especially the fourteenth-century monument to the great lawyer and lover, Cino da Pistoja, who is represented lecturing to Petrarch among eight other of his pupils. The lady in the group is the Selvaggia whom he immortalized in his subtle and metaphysical verses; she was the daughter of

Filippo Vergolesi, the leader of the Ghibellines in Pistoja, and she died of hopeless love for Cino, when the calamities of their country drove him into exile at the time of the terrible siege. He remains the most tangible, if not the greatest name of Pistoja; he was the first of those who polished and simplified the Tuscan speech, and he was a wonder of jurisprudence in his time, restoring the Roman law and commenting nine books of the Code; so that the wayfarer, whether grammarian, attorney, littérateur, or young lady, may well look upon his monument with sympathy.

But I brought away no impression of pleasure or surprise from the cathedral generally, and, in fact, the works of art for which one may chiefly, if not solely, desire to see Pistoja again, are the Della Robbias, which immortally beautify the Ospedale del Ceppo. They represent, with the simplest reality and in the proportions of life, the seven works of mercy of St. Andrea Franchi, bishop of Pistoja in 1399. They form a frieze or band round the edifice, and are of the glazed terra cotta in which the Della Robbias commonly wrought. The saint is seen visiting "The Naked," "The Pilgrims," "The Sick," "The Imprisoned," "The Dead," "The an Hungered," "The Athirst"; and between the tableaux are the figures of "Faith," "Charity," "Hope," "Prudence," and "Justice." There are also, "An Annunciation," "A Visitation," "An Assumption"; and in three circular reliefs, adorned with fruits and flowers after the Della Robbia manner, the arms of the hospital, the city, and the Medici. But what takes the eye and the heart are the good bishop's works of mercy. In these color is used, as it must be in that material, and in the broad, unmingled blues, reds, yellows, and greens, primary, sincere, you have satisfying actuality of effect. I believe the critics are not decided that these are the best works of the masters, but they gave me more pleasure than any others, and I remember them with a vivid joy still. It is hardly less than startling to see them first, and then for every succeeding moment it is delightful. Giovanni della Robbia, and his brother, the monk Frate Ambrogio, and Andrea and his two sons, Luca and Girolomo, are all supposed to have shared in this work, which has therefore a peculiar interest, though it is not even mentioned by Vasari, and seems to have suffered neglect by all the earlier connoisseurs. It was skillfully restored in 1826 by a Pistojese architect, who removed the layer of dust that had hardened upon the glaze and hid the colors; and in 1839 the French Government asked leave to reproduce it in plaster for the Beaux-Arts; from which copy another was made for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is, by all odds, the chiefest thing in Pistoja, where the reader, when he goes to look at it, may like to recall the pretty legend of the dry tree-stump *(ceppo)* breaking into bud and leaf, to indicate to the two good Pistojese of six hundred years ago where to found the hospital which this lovely frieze adorns.

Apparently, however, Pistoja does not expect to be visited for this or any other reason. I have already held up to obloquy the want of public spirit in the sacristan of the cathedral, and I have now to report an equal indifference on the part of the owner of a beautiful show-villa, which a cabman persuaded me to drive some miles out of the town through the rain to see. When we reached its gate, we were told that the villa was closed; simply that — closed. But I was not wholly a loser, for, in celebration of my supposed disappointment, my driver dramatized a grief which was as fine a theatrical spectacle as I have seen. Besides, I was able to stop on the way back at the ancient church of Sant' Andrea, where I found myself as little expected, indeed, as elsewhere, but very prettily welcomed by the daughter of the sacristan, whose father was absent, and who made me free of the church. I thought that I wished to see the famous pulpit of Giovanni da Pisa, son of Niccolò, and the little maid had to light me a candle to look at it with. She was not of much help otherwise; she did not at all understand the subjects, neither the Nativity, nor the Adoration of the Magi ("Who were the three Magi Kings?" she asked, and was so glad when I explained), nor the Slaughter of the Innocents, nor the Crucifixion, nor the Judgment. These facts were as strange to her as the marvelous richness and delicacy of the whole work, which, for opulence of invention and perfect expression of intention, is surely one of the most wonderful things in all that wonderland of Italy. She stood by and freshly admired, while I lectured her upon it as if I had been the sacristan and she a simple maid from America, and got the hot wax of the candle all over my fingers. She affected to refuse my fee. "*Le pare!*" she said, with the sweetest pretense of astonishment (which, being interpreted, is something like "The idea!"); and when I forced the coin into her unwilling hand, she asked me to come again when her father was at home. Would I could! There is no such pulpit in America, that I know of; and even Pistoja, in the rain and mud, nonchalant, unenterprising, is no bad place.

I had actually business there, besides that of a scribbling dilettante, and it took me, on behalf of a sculptor who had some medallions casting, to the most ancient of the several

bronze founderies in Pistoja. This foundery, an irregular group of low roofs, was inclosed in a hedge of myrtle, and I descended through flowery garden-paths to the office, where the master met me with the air of a host, instead

A COURTYARD, FIESOLE.

of that terrifying no-admittance-except-on-business address which I have encountered in my rare visits to founderies in my own country. Nothing could have been more fascinating than the interior of the workshop, in which the bronze figures, groups, reliefs, stood about in every variety of dimension and all stages of finish. When I confessed my ignorance, with a candor which I shall not expect from the reader, of how the sculpturesque forms to their last fragile and delicate detail were reproduced in metal, he explained that an exact copy was first made in wax, which was painted with successive coats of liquid mud, one dried upon another, till a sufficient thickness was secured, when the wax was melted out, and the bronze poured in. I said how very simple it was when one knew, and he said, yes, very simple; and I came away sighing for the day when our founderies shall be inclosed in myrtle hedges, and reached through garden-paths. I suppose I shall hardly see it, for it had taken a thousand years for that foundery in Pistoja to attain its idyllic setting.

XI.

On my way home from Lucca, I stopped at Prato, whither I had been tempted to go all winter by the steam-tramway trains snuffling in and out of our Piazza Santa Maria Novella at Florence. I found it a flat, dull, commonplace-looking town at first blush, with one wild, huge, gaunt piazza, planted with straggling sycamores, and banged all round by coppersmiths, whose shops seemed to alternate with the stables occupying its arcades. Multitudinous hanks of new-dyed yarn blew in the wind under the trees, and through all the windows and open doors I saw girls and women plaiting straw. This forms the chief industry of Prato, where, as a kind little priest with a fine Roman profile, in the railway carriage, assured me, between the prayers he kept saying to himself, there was work for all and all were at work. Secular report was not so flattering to Prato. I was told that business was but dull there since the death of the English gentleman, one Mr. Askew, who has done so much for it, and who lies buried in the odor of sanctity in the old Carmelite convent. I saw his grave there when I went to look at the frescoes, under the tutelage of an old, sleek, fat monk, roundest of the round dozen of brothers remaining since the suppression. I cannot say now why I went to see these frescoes, but I must have been told by some local guide they were worthy to be seen, for I find no mention of them in the books. My old monk admired them without stint, and had a particular delight in the murder of St. Martin, who was stabbed in the back at the altar. He rubbed his hands gleefully and pointed

out the flying acolyte: "*Sempre scappa, ma è sempre là.*" (Always running, but always there!) And then he burst into a childish, simple laugh that was rather grewsome, considering its inspiration and the place. Upon the whole it might have been as well to suppress that brother along with the convent; though I was glad to hear his praises of the Englishman who had befriended the little town so wisely; and I was not troubled to learn that this good man was a convert to the religion of his beneficiaries.

I said that Prato was dull and commonplace, but that only shows how pampered and spoiled one becomes by sojourn in Italy. Let me explain now that it was only dull and commonplace in comparison with other towns I had been seeing. If we had Prato in America, we might well visit it for inspiration from its wealth of picturesqueness, of history, and of art. We have, of course, nothing to compare with it; and one ought always to remember, in reading the notes of the [illegible]percilious American tourist in Italy, that he is sneering with a mental reservation to this effect. More memory, more art, more beauty [illegible]uster about the Duomo at Prato than at [illegible] — I do not wish to be extravagant — the New Old South in Boston or Grace Church in New York. I am afraid we should not find in the interior even of these edifices such frescoes as those of Lippo Lippi and Ghirlandajo in the cathedral at Prato; and as for the Della Robbia over the door and the pulpit of Donatello on the corner without, where they show the Virgin's girdle on her holiday, what shall one say? We have not even a girdle of the Virgin! These are the facts that must still keep us modest and make us beg not to be taken too positively, when we say Prato is not interesting. In that pulpit, with its "marble brede" of dancing children, one sees, almost at his best, a sculptor whose work, after that of Mino da Fiesole, goes most to the heart of the beholder.

I hung about the piazza, delighting in it, till it was time to take the steam-tramway to Florence, and then I got the local postman to carry my bag to the cars for me. He was the gentlest of postmen, and the most grateful for my franc, and he explained, as we walked, how he was allowed by the Government to make what sums he could in this way, between his distributions of the mail. His salary was fifty francs a month, and he had a family. I dare say he is removed by this time, for a man with an income like that must seem an Offensive Partisan to many people of opposite politics in Prato.

The steam-tramway train consisted of two or three horse-cars coupled together, and drawn by the pony-engine I was familiar with in our piazza. This is a common means of travel between all large Italian cities and outlying small towns, and I wonder why we have not adopted it in America. We rattled pleasantly along the level of the highway at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and none of the horses seemed to be troubled by us. They had probably been educated up to the steam-tram, and I will never believe that American horses are less capable of intellectual development than the Italian.

XII.

We postponed our visit to Fiesole, which we had been meaning to make all winter, until the last days of our Florentine sojourn, and it was the middle of April when we drove up to the Etruscan city. "Go by the new road and come back by the old," said a friend who heard we were going at last. "Then you will get the whole thing." We did so; but I am not going to make the reader a partner of all of our advantages; I am not sure that he would be grateful for them; and to tell the truth, I have forgotten which road Boccaccio's villa was on and which the villa of the Medici. Wherever they are, they are charming. The villa of Boccaccio is now the Villa Palmieri; I still see it fenced with cypresses, and its broad terrace peopled with weather-beaten statues, which at a distance I could not have sworn were not the gay ladies and gentlemen who met there and told their merry tales while the plague raged in Florence. It is not only famous as the supposed scene of the Decamerone, but it takes its name from a learned gentleman who wrote a poem there, in which he maintained that at the time of Satan's rebellion the angels who remained neutral became the souls now inhabiting our bodies. For this uncomfortable doctrine his poem, though never printed, was condemned by the Inquisition — and justly. The Villa Medici, once Villa Mozzi, and now called Villa Spence, after the English gentleman who inhabits it, was the favorite seat of Lorenzo, before he placed himself at Villa Carreggi; hither he resorted with his wits, his philosophers, his concubines, buffoons, and scholars; and here it was that the Pazzi hoped to have killed him and Giuliano at the time of their ill-starred conspiracy. You come suddenly upon it, deeply dropped amidst its gardens, at a turn of the winding slopes which make the ascent to Fiesole a constantly changing delight and wonder.

Fiesole was farther than she seemed in the fine, high air she breathes, and we had some long hours of sun and breeze in the exquisite

spring morning before the first Etruscan emissaries met us with the straw fans and parasols whose fabrication still employs their remote antiquity. They were pretty children and young girls, and they were preferable to the mediæval beggars who had swarmed upon us at the first town outside the Florentine limits, whither the Pia Casa di Ricovero could not reach them. From every point the world-old town, fast seated on its rock, looked like a fortress, inexpugnable and picturesque; but it kept neither promise, for it yielded to us without a struggle, and then was rather tame and commonplace,—commonplace and tame, of course, comparatively. It is not everywhere that you have an impressive Etruscan wall; a grass-grown Roman amphitheater, lovely, silent; a museum stocked with classic relics and a custodian with a private store of them for sale; not to speak of a cathedral begun by the Florentines just after they destroyed Fiesole in 1000. Fiesole certainly does not, however, invite one by its modern aspect to think of the Etruscan capital which Cicero attacked in the Roman Senate for the luxury of its banquets and the lavish display of its inhabitants. It was but a plain and simple repast that the Café Aurora afforded us, and the Fiesolans seemed a plain and simple folk; perhaps in one of them who was tipsy an image of their classic corruptions survived. The only excitement of the place we seemed to have brought with us; there had, indeed, been an election some time before, and the dead walls — it seems odd that all the walls in Fiesole should not be dead by this time — were still placarded with appeals to the enlightened voters to cast their ballots for Peruzzi, candidate for the House of Deputies and a name almost as immemorial as their town's.

However luxurious, the Fiesolans were not proud; a throng of them followed us into the cathedral, where we went to see the beautiful monument of Bishop Salutali by Mino da Fiesole, and allowed me to pay the sacristan for them all. There may have been a sort of justice in this; they must have seen the monument so often before.

They were sociable, but not obtrusive, not even at the point called the Belvedere, where, having seen that we were already superabundantly supplied with straw fans and parasols, they stood sweetly aside and enjoyed our pleasure in the views of Florence. This ineffable prospect —

But let me rather stand aside with the Fiesolans, and leave it to the reader!

W. D. Howells.

FROM THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA.

MARCH IN JANIVEER.

"Janiveer in March I fear."

I WOULD not have you so kindly,
Thus early in friendship's year—
A little too gently, blindly,
You let me near.

So long as my voice is duly
Calm as a friend's should be,
In my eyes the hunger unruly
You will not see.

The eyes that you lift so brightly,
Frankly to welcome mine —
You bend them again as lightly
And note no sign.

I had rather your pale cheek reddened
With the flush of an angry pride:
That a look with disliking deadened
My look defied;

If so in the spring's full season
Your glance should soften and fall,
When, reckless with Love's unreason,
I tell you all.

H. C. Bunner.

RIVERSIDE PARK.

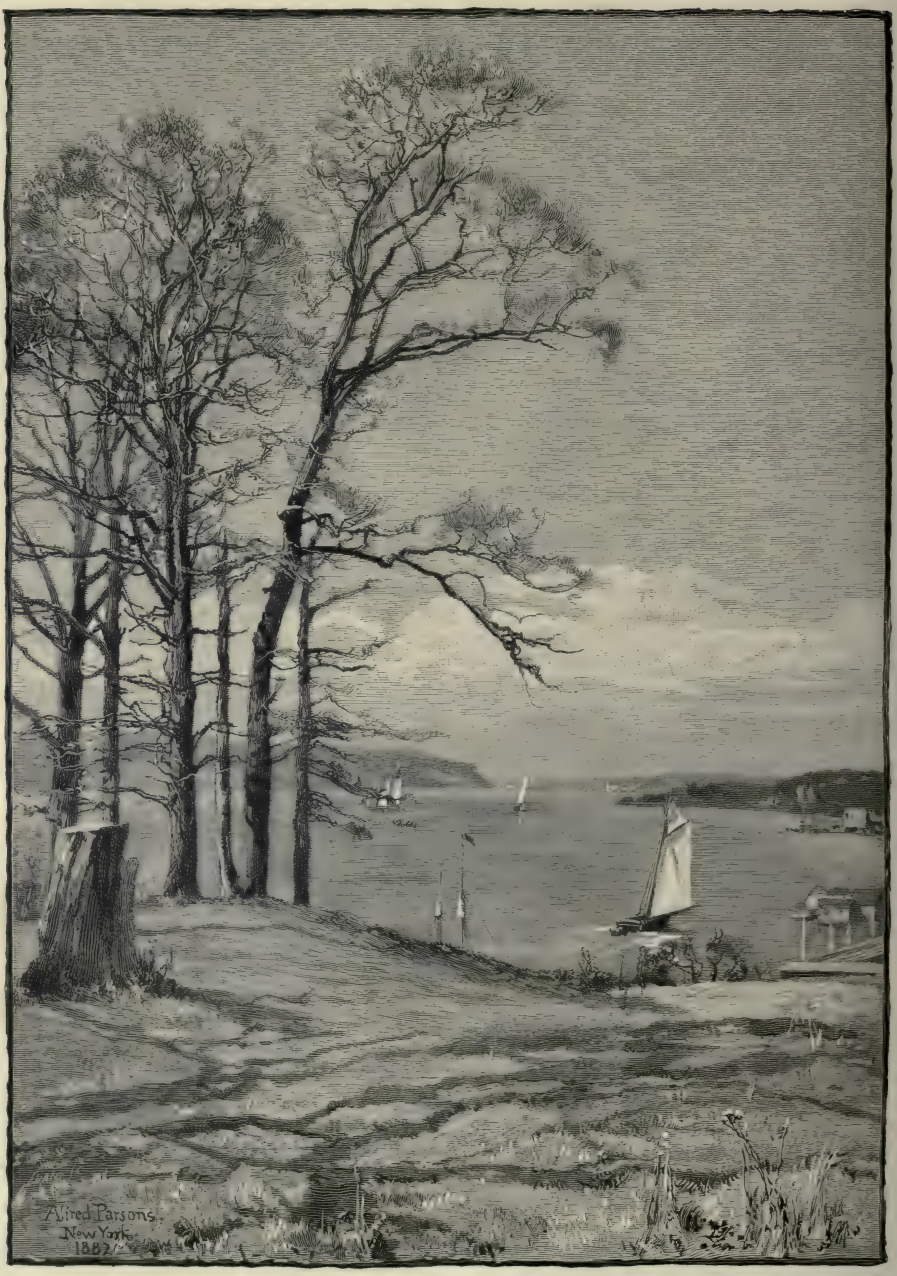
IN the current discussion of questions relating to public pleasure grounds "the city's breathing places" has come to be the phrase used oftenest to designate urban parks as a class. From this it would seem that the primary purpose of a city park, according to the popular conception, is to furnish a free bath of fresh air for lungs doomed to inhale some fluid which is not always fresh nor over cleanly. Analysis proves that the air in densely peopled quarters of a great city is heavy with noxious exhalations and impoverished in the elements which promote the processes of life; while that which is sifted through masses of foliage and quickened by sunlight is at once disinfected by the subtle chemistry of nature and enriched with elements of tonic vigor. Among the people crowded together in every compactly built city, no doubt there are too many to whom a breath of pure and fragrant air, wafted across broad stretches of cool herbage or flowing water, and screened through the leaves of lusty trees, would prove a novel and surprising refreshment; and therefore in this one particular it would be difficult to overstate the sanitary importance of accessible and spacious city or suburban parks.

But after all, the ideal park is something more than a fresh-air preserve or a fresh-air factory. Its influence must reach the nobler part of man's nature. It must make a direct appeal to the imagination through the senses, and all its elements and accompaniments must helpfully unite to make that appeal distinct and impressive. Fortunately there is no select class whose minds alone respond sensitively to the sights and sounds and odors of the outdoor world, for what we vaguely term the love of nature is a deep-seated and universal instinct which is never stifled outright even under the most depressing conditions. One who has given a handful of flowers to a street child, and watched the sudden sunshine overspread the little face and chase away the prematurely hard and wary expression, will feel that it is a genuine heart-hunger which has been for the moment allayed. It is the same hunger which the driving man of business feels and promises himself that he will satisfy with a country home, where in the evening of life he can enjoy the brief leisure he has toiled so many years to earn. In fact the mind of man was never haunted by a day-dream of possible earthly felicity unclouded and secure without its vision of fair fields and shining skies. And this instinct is no less persistent than it is spontaneous and universal. It is constantly benumbed by the stupefying discipline of schools, but it survives even the paralysis of a liberal education. It is one original impulse which is not quite choked to death by the cultured formalisms and insincerities of an artificial world. It is a profounder feeling than the mere relish for natural beauty. It means more than a sensuous delight in color or form or melody or fragrance; and this not only because in nature always, as in the noblest art, sensuous beauty is substantiated, transfigured, and vitalized by some indwelling truth, but because it includes an element of affection, a strange feeling of kinship with material things as if they were informed with conscious life. In the poetry of every language, and wherever else the elemental passions of the soul find spontaneous expression, this affection never lacks recognition. Any instinct which sends its roots so deeply into the constitution of the mind cannot safely be denied all gratification. In so far, then, as the conditions of a city life forbid its enjoyment, they deprive the mind of its natural food; and a city park serves no unworthy purpose if it does no more than offer to intellect and affections the nourishment they crave.

A discriminating interest in various kinds of natural scenery is the specific development of this general inclination to commune with nature which first demands recognition. Whether it is owing to association of ideas, or to some deeper reason in the constitution of things, like the law in accordance with which every phase of the mystery and passion of human life is visibly symbolized somewhere and at some time in the appearances and processes of nature, certain it is that particular kinds of scenery excite definite trains of thought and feeling, as, for example, in the direction of wistfulness, aspiration, or hope, just as the minor music of the autumn wind produces the sentiment of melancholy. Green pastures and still waters are to-day and to every one the essential elements of the typical picture of peace, just as they were in the sacred poetry of Palestine. A reach of gently rolling meadow,

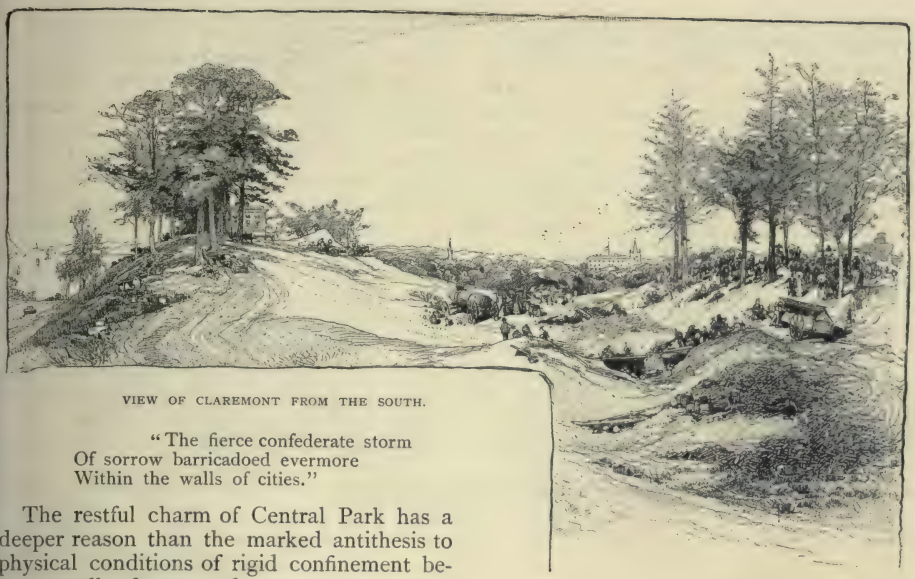
> "Whereon the nibbling flocks do stray,"

sloping to the cool border of a brook which loiters here and there to catch the sunlight as it falls through openings in the overhanging foliage, its mantle of closely cropped verdure fitting it so smoothly as to reveal every undulation, and offering a surface texture upon which the very shadows of the trees delight to rest, is always a revelation of innocent contentment. It always brings a sense of restfulness and peace. It is a picture which not only excludes



LOOKING UP THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT.

every suggestion of the want and wretchedness, the cruelty, oppression, and strife which society acknowledges as its shame, but its motive is in refreshing contrast to the devouring ambition, the strenuous energy, the eagerness, the adventure, the spirit of progress which the same civilization boasts of as its distinguishing glory. To the imagination it suggests the simplicity, the dignity, the innocence, the conservatism, the freedom, the quietness, the contemplative leisure of the ideal pastoral life; and while it possesses the mind it is a signal relief from the wear and weariness, the strain and pressure, the turbulence and discontent,



VIEW OF CLAREMONT FROM THE SOUTH.

"The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities."

The restful charm of Central Park has a deeper reason than the marked antithesis to physical conditions of rigid confinement between walls of stone and upon streets of stone, which is offered by its broad rural views, its openness and airiness and spacious skies. In spite of the salient scenery about it, its narrow limits and originally rugged surface, it embodies with rare success the tranquilizing pastoral idea. Its scant meadow-land is not fenced off by well-defined boundaries to advertise its meagerness, but is allowed to flow around wooded knolls and lose itself in grassy alcoves which wind among the trees and lead the fancy onward with fair promise of broader fields beyond. Even the bolder features of the park and its passages of sylvan picturesqueness are all subordinate to its central purpose, which they emphasize by shading and contrast. The rising tide of population will soon sweep quite around it, but there will remain one spot in the heart of the city which may not be bounded by a sky-line of roofs and chimneys, for the city is forever walled out of sight by woodside banks of foliage. The time is coming when Central Park will be as unfashionable as the Battery is to-day; but so long as men delight in seclusion and sigh for repose, its tranquil graces will not cease to allure, for its fair prospects, tuneful woods, and scented air, which soothe every sense, bring with them an inward rest and peace which are no less real because their presence is not consciously recognized by those who enjoy them. Indeed, the rest will be more refreshing and the peace more profound because they flow in upon the spirit so quietly and never challenge observation.

But all the possibilities in the way of recreation grounds on Manhattan Island were not exhausted by a single success in one direction. Besides the placid prospects whose interest lies wholly in the foreground or in the range immediately beyond, there are grand and inspiring landscapes which embrace the blue distance in their sweep. New York, too, from her peerless position as the maritime capital of a continent, looks out upon bright waters on every hand, and from all her breezy shores the sparkling surface of river, bay, or sound can be seen stretching away in endless diversity of cheerful prospect. And questions of scenery apart, there are certain wants which Central Park was never designed to meet and to which it never can be adapted. It is a difficult matter to reconcile the ideas of seclusion and festivity. Pastoral simplicity vanishes as the equipage and bravery of fashion become obtrusive. Even now, with the city half grown, there are times when the roadways of the park are thronged with carriages to the limit of their capacity. The ratio between the grass and gravel of the park is such that any sacrifice of its verdurous elements to the extent which a widening of its wheelways would necessitate is not to be thought of, even if such a change would not be a flagrant violation of the spirit of the work. The roads were laid to command the same quieting scenery which is enjoyed from the walks, and they will suffice for all who drive to find these reposeful landscapes. The carriages driven in gay procession for social pleasure must soon go somewhere else.

To think of Riverside Park simply as a relief from the thronged wheelways of Central

Park is to form a most inadequate and incomplete conception of that work, and yet it is essentially the aggrandizement of a road. The road itself — a cluster of ample ways for pleasure riding, driving, and walking, separated by strips of turf from which stately trees are to rise, and extending for three miles — would have a dignity of its own wherever it might lead through the city. But its position overlooking the broad Hudson gives it an added importance and an individual character which are not repeated nor paralleled in any of the famous avenues of the world. From Seventy-second street to the hollow known in the old maps as "Marritje David's Vly," at what is now One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, the river banks are bold, rising steeply at one point to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Down at the river level lies Twelfth

RIVERSIDE DRIVE AT NINETY-SIXTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

Avenue, while upon the high ground, eight hundred feet inland and parallel with the pier-line, Eleventh Avenue cuts its way square across the long series of side streets in accordance with the orthodox rectangular block system. Between these two avenues, now approaching one and now the other, winds Riverside Drive, following mainly the brow of the bluff, but rising and falling at easy grades, curving about the bolder projections, and everywhere adapting its course so graciously to the contour of the land, that it does not look to have been laboriously "laid out," but to have developed rather as a part of the natural order of things. The broad shelf against the sloping bank formed by the associated ways is supported on the lower side by a massive retaining wall, at some points nearly forty feet in height, and this rises above the drive in a low, heavy parapet which extends throughout its entire length, fitly crowning and completing the dignified structure. The outer walk follows this bold terrace, although at one point it drops below the level of the drive, allowing carriages to wheel out upon a spacious balcony. Occasionally too, where the grade demands it, the drive breaks from the walk and side road which skirts the property line on the eastern boundary of the park, leaving wide slopes of turf between the ways. Notwithstanding these devices to give variety to the plan of the road proper, one can hardly comprehend how so long a terrace can escape being unpleasantly formal; but in this instance the constant change of level and direction excludes any impression of sameness, and at times the upward sweeping of the parapet curve produces a pleasant effect by its harmony with the sky-line of tree-tops beyond. Even now, before its trees are grown or its retaining wall mantled with vines, the road itself, as its gray stretches disappear behind some hill and beckon the visitor onward, delights the eye and kindles the imagination.

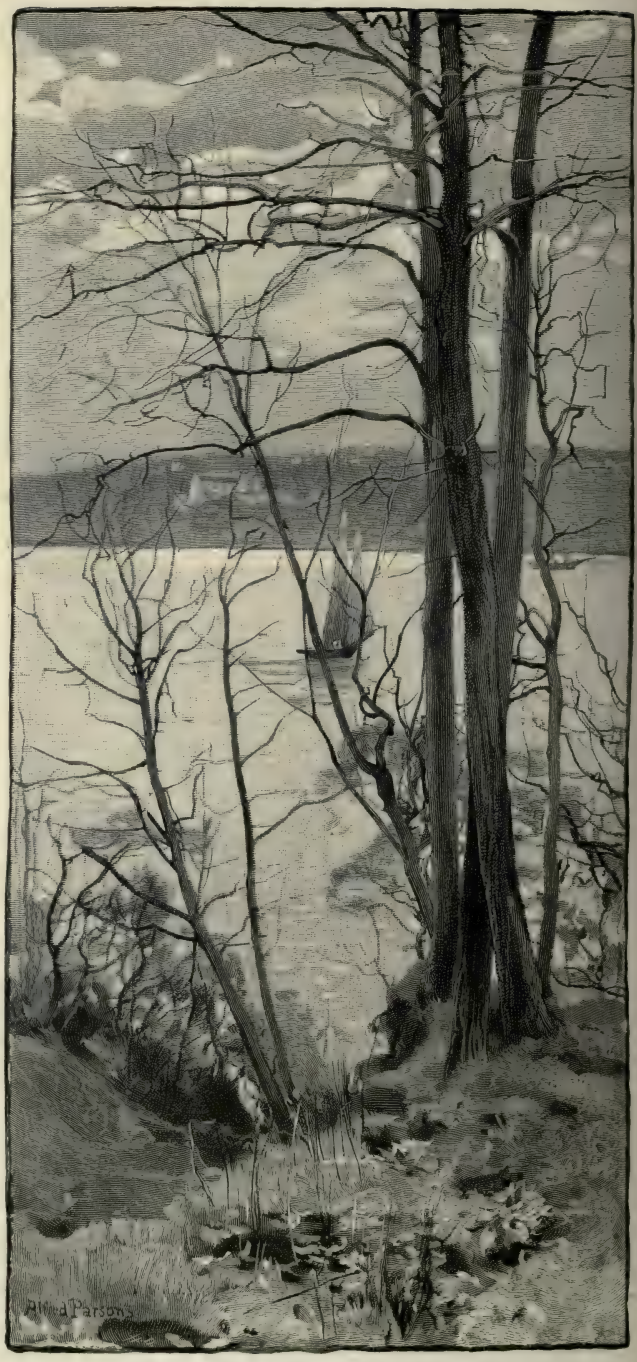
West of the wall is a strip of land varying in width as the avenue approaches or recedes from the river. It is generally lower than the drive, and falls away to the water with a rapid inclination. In one of its wider portions, however, near Eighty-second street, the granite basement of the island rises in a pair of abrupt hillocks above the road level, bursting through its thin covering of turf here and there, and nursing in its crevices two or three stunted and picturesque honey-locusts. Glimpses of the river and the Jersey shore beyond, caught between these hills, furnish pictures worth remembering even among the many glorious prospects from the drive. This strip of land is too narrow to afford any park-

RIVERSIDE DRIVE NEAR CLAREMONT, LOOKING SOUTH.

like range; and while nothing has been done to adapt it to the purposes of a pleasure-ground, it has unfortunately been hideously scarified to furnish "filling" for the railroad and other improvements. Descending from the drive by stone steps to some points where it is accessible, as at One Hundred and Sixth street, we find an open wood of fine trees with grassy intervals extending for a long distance as a sort of intermediate terrace, which drops suddenly to the river level in a steep bank covered with a wild tangle of trees, shrubs, and vines. Some of the trees have a size and dignity of expression which invest them with an individual interest. The white pines at the northern end of the park, the chestnut oaks in some of the upper groves, the tulip-trees and sycamores at Ninety-sixth street, all wear that venerable look which trees rarely attain in the first century of their history. It is a matter of record, however, that General Robertson stripped the island of all its trees in the cold winter of 1779–80, to furnish fuel for his freezing redcoats. This was the winter when New York was reported by the British officer to be no longer on an island, so solid was the ice which bound it to the land beyond both rivers. Across the bay even, from the Battery to Staten Island, heavy pieces of artillery were driven. The trees were not cut, however, until old houses and the hulks of unseaworthy vessels had been broken up for firewood. No doubt the British axes found trees in plenty remaining, although one hundred and fifty years of felling had gone on since Hendrik Hudson, looking on the island from the deck of his galiot, pronounced it "a pleasant land as one need to tread upon, and abundant in all kinds of timber." It was one of his landing parties who reported here "an abundance of magnificent oaks of a height and thickness one seldom beholds, together with poplars and linden-trees and various other kinds of wood." A remarkable variety of arborescent growth is yet seen wherever the land is left to cover its nakedness. There is hardly a half-mile on the bank at Riverside where one cannot look over from the walk and count forty tree-species. The record of General Robertson's exploit may be put in evidence against any claim for reverence as primeval settlers which our oaks and pines may set up; but they are trees of stately stature, none the less.

The real value of this belt of land below the drive is not, however, to be estimated by any attractions of its own, but is derived from the fact that it secures the water-view and furnishes it with a foreground. It is the impressive presence of the strong and silent river which invests this parkway with its unique interest. No treatment of its shores, however insolent or feeble, can make the Hudson tame or trivial or commonplace. So long as the broad current bears its burden of stately ships so lightly between mountain barriers worthy to contain it and direct its flow, the river and its banks will never fail to

fill the mind and eye with pictures of majesty and might. From the drive the views of the river and the wood-crowned heights beyond are most characteristic. The full expanse of water is not at all times visible. Now it is quite obscured by some headland or cluster of trees, and again barely enough of it is revealed through leafy vistas to provoke the fancy. Here again its full light gleams over the flattened top of some pepperidge, or is softened and sobered as it filters through the spray of birches and willows; while from occasional high levels the eye has free range to the north or south along the bright waterway, and over prospects of great extent and the most varied interest. The crowning view of the whole series is that from Claremont looking up the river. This is at the northern end of the park, where the grounds are widest and where they reach their greatest elevation. As the high ground here abruptly falls away, the road naturally ends, sweeping around in a loop on the brow of the bluff where the interest in the scenery culminates in this commanding prospect. Here, half hidden in a grove, stood the historic mansion once occupied by Lord Churchill, but the oaks and tulip-trees which surrounded it are dead or dying one by one, as destructive "improvements" have gashed the hill-side with deep cuts and drained away the water which fed their roots. But a few months ago a giant pine which had survived the cruelties of the city engineer and at least one lightning stroke was chopped down when the old house which it sheltered was "restored" for victualing purposes beyond all hope of recognition. Other trees were swept away



ACROSS THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT, FORT LEE IN THE DISTANCE.

at the same period, when there was much digging out and heaping up of earth hereabout in accordance with some unrevealed plan. But in spite of the desolation of the foreground, the distant prospect remains. Below the bluff the Hudson still broadens out to hold the light of all the sky. The Palisades frown along the left, and seem to end in a bold promontory, around which the river flows from the mysterious distances beyond, while on the island side a rocky arm is thrust out from Washington Heights, to protect the deep and quiet bay.

Of course it is to be understood that the Riverside Park of to-day is little better than a promise, or rather, it is but the foundation and frame of what it is to be. The road-bed is laid, and this establishes the plan beyond any possible abandonment. Of the hundred miles of frontage upon navigable water, possessed by the cities which cluster about this harbor, three miles are thus rescued from commerce and dedicated to recreation. At only two points, and these near its southern extremity, do cross streets extend through the park to the river, so that traffic is forbidden here, and the character of the territory which fronts the drive as a residence quarter is fixed. This land as yet is largely vacant, but its advantages will be plainly squandered if it is not occupied by a line of villas whose deep lawns, while giving them more perfect domestic seclusion, will add to the amplitude and dignity of the parkway. A short space in the life of a city can work this transformation, for a city grows, alas! more swiftly than a tree, and the villas could be built and rebuilt before the lindens, elms, and maples will cover the drive with cooling shadows.

Not until the expanding city has brought a large population within easy reach of the work can it completely fulfil its purpose as a grand promenade, where people in great numbers come together for that stimulating recreation which forms so important a feature in the social life of Old World cities. It is a heart-hardening and mind-depressing process to come into daily contact with throngs of people with whom we have no sympathy. This is an irritating influence to which the city business man is constantly subjected, and it is one cause of wear and exhaustion from which he needs relief. If the same persons, with the hardening struggles of the business day behind them, can meet for the common purpose of recreation, the pervading holiday sympathy contrasts as refreshingly with the jostle and scramble of the exchange and market-place as does the quieting charm which lingers about the secluded borders of a tree-flecked meadow. No one who has observed a multitude of happy people on the Champs Élysées in pleasant weather, or similar gatherings which on occasions assemble in our own parks, can doubt that this inclination to associated recreation is a natural and healthful one, which deserves to be provided for. At such times the joyous light which beams from every face helps to illumine all the rest. There is a manifest contagion of light-heartedness. The source of this peculiar pleasure is plainly in the social instinct. It is abounding human life in its most cheerful aspect which gives so keen a relish to the general enjoyment.

It is plain that the charm of scenery, and especially of quieting scenery, is not essential to a stimulating recreation, whose controlling element is congregated human life. The freedom and exhilaration of fresh open air; rows of full-foliaged trees, greensward and birds; wheelways ample, smooth, clean, a springy bridle-track adjoining the road, so that occupants of carriages can readily turn to converse with friends on horseback; shaded footpaths and cozy resting-places,— these are the essential physical features of a grand promenade. To them can be added the most elaborate decoration, for it will not be out of harmony with the formal colonnades of trees, and the artificial character of the whole structure. Monuments, statues, fountains, tropical plants, and floral embroidery so barbarously misplaced amid quiet rural surroundings, will here help to heighten the brilliant effect, where

> "With stately progress to and fro
> The double tides of chariots flow,"

and numbers of spirited horses and well-dressed people meet and mingle in a spirit of animated gayety. As a field for such festal assemblages the Riverside Terrace offers a unique opportunity; for besides all the best features of an extended and spacious Spanish Alameda the river flows by to cool and freshen every breeze, even if we count for naught its glorious scenery among the exhilarating sights and sounds of the promenade. But festivity will be at flood-tide for only a fraction of each day, while the river never fails. And even when the scene upon the terrace is in full glitter, there may be one who will turn for refreshment to the sun-glints on the water or to a bit of hazy distance as his friend grows tiresome. A noble horizon may not be essential to social enjoyment, but a more delightful incident to such enjoyment can hardly be imagined, and at times it might prove a wholesome corrective of the inanities of fashionable walk and conversation. Fortunately an elaborately decorative treatment of the terrace will not dissipate attention from the spacious prospect beyond, for the

parapet furnishes such a marked and decisive line of foreground limitation that well-chosen, decorative objects held within it will rather emphasize by contrast the grand effect of the distant scenery. We may lament that the planting of the trees was so long delayed and that such inadequate preparation was made in the original construction for giving them deep root-hold and rich feeding-ground, especially since so much depends upon their vigor and amplitude of shade; but if the place which the work is designed to fill in the social economy of the city comes to be appreciated civic pride will hardly tolerate any further mistakes. No single park centrally situated in a great city can be large enough to furnish space at once for stimulating social recreation and the quieting charm of secluded scenery. Indeed any attempt to mingle the two forms of recreation will be to the disadvantage of both. If New York had prepared twenty-five years ago for a grand promenade from Madison Square to Central Park the trees would now have attained some maturity of stature and expression, and this parkway would already be famous as one of the striking features of the city and the object of its noblest pride. Twenty-five years hence as dense a population will have sprung up on the heights which overlook the river as that now found along the line of Fifth Avenue. One opportunity lost should be a warning. Riverside, as the true complement of Central Park, should be made ready to welcome the expanding city as it sweeps by to the north.

SINCE the foregoing description of Riverside and its possibilities was written an element of the most serious significance has been introduced by the selection of Claremont Heights for the Grant mausoleum. A structure fitly commemorative of the high achievement and patriotic devotion of the nation's foremost soldier might well consist with the spirit and purpose of the park; but the actual sepulture of the hero at this key-point necessitates some compromise with the prevalent idea of festal assemblage. A certain isolation must be granted to the tomb in deference to the sentiment of reverence, and yet in view of the limitations of the ground at this point of focal and culminating interest it is not desirable that the surrounding space should be considerably encroached upon. The adjustment of conflicting claims of this sort is one phase of the complex problem presented, and obviously a satisfactory result can only be reached after the closest study and the most judicious treatment. On the other hand it should be remembered that Riverside would possess no monument to Grant if his dust were not laid to rest beneath it, and that this presence will add an impressiveness to the monument which belongs to none of the memorial works reared elsewhere. The spot will henceforth be invested with a national and historic interest which will lend new consequence and dignity to the park. [This increased importance will encourage such maintenance as the work merits and help to preserve it from being turned over to traffic or perverted to alien use.] Riverside, until yesterday unheard of, is already a familiar word the world over. It was the solemnities at Claremont that first introduced thousands of people who live within the city limits to a public ground of whose existence they had been hardly aware. But a few months ago one might traverse the drive from end to end without encountering more people than would be met in the same distance on a lonely country road. The memorial grounds have even now proved helpful to the park, and the interest kindled will not fail. The Heights of Claremont offer many artistic advantages as the site of an imposing structure, and these advantages will remain. The idea of mortality suggested by the tomb is not congenial with the motive of the recreation ground, but this idea will gradually fade out as years roll on, and the man of heroic stature assumes his rightful place in history among the world's leaders who live for evermore.

William A. Stiles.

THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT.

ON Christmas Eve, 1883, General Grant seemed to himself and to the world a healthy and prosperous man. He was sixty-one years of age, full of mental vigor, and physically as strong, if not as active, as he had ever been. He was engaged in business that brought him in an ample income, and he told his intimate friends that he was worth a million of dollars. He passed that evening at the house of an acquaintance and went home in a cab about midnight. As he alighted he turned to hand the driver a fare, and in doing this his foot slipped on the ice, for the weather was cold and wet, and the rain froze on the pavement. He fell to the ground and was unable to rise. The driver got down from the box to assist him, but the General was suffering acutely, and the man was obliged to call for help from within doors. A servant came out, and General Grant was carried up the steps into his house, which he was never to leave again a well man.

The family at the time consisted only of Mrs. Grant and a young niece, with the servants. Mrs. Grant was naturally very much alarmed, but the General declared that the injury was not serious, and although he was almost senseless from pain he refused to allow a medical man to be summoned. In the morning his son Ulysses, who lived near, was brought, and he at once sent for Dr. Fordyce Barker, the family physician, who pronounced the case one that required surgical treatment, and called in Dr. Lewis A. Stimson. The injury was thought to be the rupture of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh, and although after the first few days the suffering was less, any quick or sudden movement of the limb was so painful that the General was unable to move in his bed without assistance; he did not leave it for weeks. A few days after the fall he suffered an attack of pleurisy, which also at first occasioned excruciating pain, but was not absolutely dangerous.

The effects of this accident detained General Grant in the house many weeks, but after a while he was able to hobble about on crutches, and in March he went, by the advice of his physicians, to Washington and Fortress Monroe. By this time his general health was greatly improved, but the weakness in his leg and hip continued, and the unusual confinement somewhat affected his spirits, though not his temper or his intellect. He was the most patient of sufferers, the most equable of prisoners. Hosts of friends among the most distinguished people of the country gathered around him wherever he went, and their society, always one of his greatest delights, now cheered the tedium and allayed the suffering of the invalid. In April he returned to New York and was able to drive his own horse and to attend army reunions. He went, however, to no private entertainments. His affairs seemed still very prosperous, and he hoped soon to recover entirely from the effects of his fall.

I had been absent from the country during the winter, but returned late in April, and at once saw much of my old chief. I found him cheerful and uncomplaining, going to his office daily on business, interested in politics and affairs. The Presidential election was approaching, and although he never spoke of such a possibility, many of his political friends thought the prospect of his nomination very bright. Every day revealed apparently irreconcilable differences among the adherents of other candidates, and the party and the country, not a few believed, were turning again to him who had twice been the head of the State. He, however, responded to no such intimations, and never said even to his family that he desired or expected a return to public station. Any expression that ever fell from him on the subject was to repress or repel the suggestion. He was resting from national cares, and in the unwonted enjoyment of a private competence. He told me that in December for the first time in his life he had a bank account from which he could draw as freely as he desired. He was generous in gifts to his children, but never luxurious in his personal habits. He had only two expenses of his own,—his horses and his cigars.

When General Grant returned from Europe in 1879 his entire fortune amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, and the income of this sum just paid his expenses at the hotel where he and Mrs. Grant occupied two rooms. He kept no carriage. Finding that he could not live in New York suitably to his position, he began to consider what other residence he should select or what means of support. His son Ulysses was engaged in the banking business with Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish, and supposed he had accumulated four hundred thousand dollars. He offered to receive his father as a partner in his profits. General Grant would not consent to this, but

proposed to invest his hundred thousand dollars in the business and become an actual partner. Ward and Fish concurred, and in 1880 General Grant was admitted as a special partner in the firm of "Grant and Ward."

He was never, however, actively engaged in its affairs. His name was used and he gave his money, but others did the business. Ward in reality acted for the firm, made the investments, drew the cheques, received the deposits, and disposed of them. General Grant was assured that the investments were proper, and, utterly unaccustomed as he was to business, he inquired little further. Once or twice he thought he had reason to say that the firm must have no dealings in Government contracts, and he said so promptly. He declared that his position as ex-President made it improper and impossible for a firm of which he was a member to have such dealings; and Ward assured him that there were none. The apparent returns from the business were enormous, but General Grant knew that scores of bankers and brokers around him had made as rapid fortunes as he, and was not surprised. He put all his available capital into the bank, and many of his friends and relatives invested or deposited with it. One of his sons was a partner, another had become an agent of the firm, and their father had all confidence in their integrity and capacity.

But suddenly out of the clear sky came the thunderbolt. On Tuesday morning, the 6th of May, 1884, General Grant went from his house in Sixty-sixth street, supposing himself a millionaire. When he arrived at his place of business in Wall street he found he was ruined. As he entered his office he was met by his son Ulysses, who said at once: "Father, you had better go home. The bank has failed"; but the General went in and waited awhile. I happened to visit him that day about noon, and found him alone. After a moment he said to me gravely enough, but calmly: "We are all ruined here." I was astounded at the news, and he continued: "The bank has failed. Mr. Ward cannot be found. The securities are locked up in the safe, and he has the key. No one knows where he is."

He could not at that time have known the event more than half an hour. In a few moments he got into a carriage and was driven home. He never returned to Wall street.

The world knows that he gave up all that was his. The story of the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt into which he was inveigled is pitiful. Ferdinand Ward had come to him on Sunday the 4th of May and represented that the Marine Bank, where Grant and Ward had large deposits, was in danger, but that speedy assistance would enable it to overcome the difficulty. The assistance, however, must be immediate if they would save themselves. He urged General Grant to obtain at once a loan of $150,000 for this purpose; and Sunday though it was, the old warrior sallied out at the instance of the partner, who knew at that moment that all the fortunes of General Grant had been lost through his means. He went first to Mr. Victor Newcomb, who was not at home, and then to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who at once agreed to let General Grant have his cheque for $150,000 without security. He said that he had never done such a thing before, but he would do it for General Grant. The General expected to return the money immediately; he wanted it only to enable the Marine Bank to find time to collect its loans. Ward had assured him, and he repeated to Mr. Vanderbilt, that there were securities for more than a million of dollars in the vaults of Grant and Ward.

The first thing General Grant did when the failure was known was to make over all his individual property to Mr. Vanderbilt. In this act Mrs. Grant afterwards joined, waiving her right of dower. The house in which they lived belonged to Mrs. Grant. Three years before a hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed to purchase her a home, and the building in Sixty-sixth street was selected; but there was a mortgage on the property which the holders refused to cancel. It was a good investment, and they preferred to retain it. The price of the house was $98,000, and the mortgage was for $50,000; so $48,000 only was paid, and the remainder of the sum subscribed was deposited with Grant and Ward, to be applied to the purchase of bonds. Ward, as the active member of the firm, was commissioned to make the purchase. He reported having done so, received the money, and the interest was regularly paid. But after the failure it was discovered that the purchase had never been made. There was therefore a mortgage on the property which could not be redeemed. The library and the rare contents of the house were, however, made over to Mr. Vanderbilt.

But this was not all. The Trust Fund of $250,000 raised for General Grant, the interest of which was devoted to his benefit, had been invested in the bonds of a company which at this juncture suspended payment. The fund was guaranteed by the E. D. Morgan estate, but from some technicality of the law the guarantors could not pay the deficient interest until the company had been six months in default; this

resource therefore failed entirely for the time. The last payment had been deposited with Grant and Ward, and of course was lost.

General Grant was as brave, however, as under all circumstances, and though regretting the loss of fortune for himself and his sons, as well as for those who had suffered through their means, he was as yet free from any acute humiliation. He himself was ruined; one son was a partner in the wreck and the liabilities; another, the agent of the firm, was bankrupt for half a million; his youngest son on the 3d of May had deposited all his means, about $80,000, in the bank of his father and brother, and the bank suspended payment on the 6th; his daughter had made a little investment of $12,000 with the firm; one sister had put in $5,000, another $25,000; a nephew had invested a few thousands, the savings of a clerkship; and other personal friends invested more largely. It was painful and mortifying that all these should lose in this way, but still there was no thought of personal disgrace.

But after a day or two came out the shameful story of craft and guile in all its horrible proportions, and it was seen that his honored name had been used to entice and decoy hosts of friends and acquaintances, to their own injury and General Grant's discredit. Imputations were even cast on the fame that belonged to the country; and this blow was the most terrible that General Grant ever endured. The shock of battle was less tremendous, the mortal agony was less acute.

There seemed, too, under the circumstances, to be nothing to do, nothing to say. He was indeed through life always able to remain silent, but the task was harder now than amid the abuse directed against him during the war, or the detraction and calumnies of political campaigns. His own fair fame, his honor as a man, the honor of his children,—all were assailed; all discussed, doubted, defiled by the tongues of a careless and censorious world. The glory which had been likened to that of Washington was obscured. He never spoke of this even to those closest and dearest, but none the less they knew that the wound was eating into his soul. This sorrow was a cancer indeed.

After a time the clouds were lifted a little, and the world seemed satisfied, at least in part, that his honor was untarnished. He breathed freer now; but still the accusations were hurled against his children; and for him, for whom the family relations were absolutely the profoundest and most intimate of his nature, this was anguish intolerable.

His bodily health was soon affected, though not yet conspicuously. He did not grow openly worse, but he ceased to grow better. His lameness did not mend. His strength did not increase. He was not morose, but hardly so cheerful as was his wont, although too brave to be willing to seem cast down. But he was indignant to the core at those who had injured him and his fame and his sons.

At first he was distressed even for money for household expenses. Eighty dollars in his pocket-book and one hundred and thirty dollars in cash belonging to Mrs. Grant were all he had to live on. If two friends, one a man he had never seen and the other a foreigner, had not come to his relief, General Grant must have suffered actual want for a while. The very cheques paid out to tradesmen a few days before the failure were dishonored. He was penniless in the house that was crowded with his trophies.

But, four days after the 6th of May an unknown countryman, Mr. Charles Wood, of Lansingburg, New York, wrote to General Grant and offered to lend him $1000 on his note for twelve months, without interest, with the option of renewal at the same rate. He inclosed a cheque for $500, "on account," he said, "of my share for services ending April, 1865," and General Grant gratefully accepted the offer.

About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, who had been a valued friend from the period when the French were driven from Mexico, came on from Washington, and insisted on lending him $1000. At first the General declined the offer, but Mr. Romero suddenly quitted the room, leaving his cheque for $1000 on the table. But for these succors the man who had dined with half the kings of the earth would have wanted money to buy bread for himself and his children.

For it was not only himself and Mrs. Grant who were to be supported, but two of his sons and their families. Ulysses went to live with his father-in-law, the Hon. J. B. Chaffee, who was a man of means; but General Grant must maintain the others, for, until released by their creditors, they could not even go into business. Mrs. Grant, however, owned two little houses in Washington, and she wrote at once to Mr. W. McLean, of Cincinnati, who she knew was buying property at the capital. Mr. McLean was a stanch personal friend of General Grant, although a political opponent, and Mrs. Grant asked him at this crisis to purchase her houses, telling him that she needed money for the absolute living expenses of the family. Mr. McLean at once directed his agent to purchase the houses, whether they were needed or not, and to pay the market price. This timely act relieved the

family from their immediate anxieties. The generous loan of Mr. Romero was repaid; the dishonored cheques for household expenses were redeemed, and enough was left to live on during the summer.

As early as December, 1883, the editors of THE CENTURY magazine had inquired of me whether General Grant could not be induced to write about one or two of his battles for their series of papers on the war, mentioning Shiloh and the Wilderness. I laid the matter before him, but he was disinclined to attempt the unfamiliar task. The editors, however, renewed their solicitations. After the failure of Grant and Ward they addressed me a letter, saying: "The country looks with so much regret and sympathy upon General Grant's misfortune that it would gladly welcome the announcement and especially the publication of material relating to him or by him, concerning a part of his honored career in which every one takes pride. It would be glad," they said, "to have its attention diverted from his present troubles, and no doubt such diversion of his own mind would be welcome to him."

He was touched by the tone of the communication, but shrank at first from presenting himself to the public at this juncture, preferring absolute withdrawal and retirement. When I conveyed his reply, I spoke of the complete financial ruin that had overtaken him. The editors at once inquired whether a pecuniary inducement might not have weight, and made an offer to him for two articles on any of his battles which he might select. His necessities decided him. The modern Belisarius did not mean to beg.

In June he went to Long Branch for the summer, and soon afterwards sent for me and showed me a few pages he had written, and called an article. The fragment was terse and clear, of course, like almost everything he wrote, but too laconic and compact, I knew, to suit the editorial purpose; it would not have filled three pages of the magazine. I urged him to expand it.

"But why write more?" he asked. "I have told the story. What more is there to say?"

I begged him to go into detail, to explain his purposes and movements, to describe the commanders, to give pictures of the country; and he seized the idea, and developed the sketch into a more protracted effort. It was copied by his eldest son, who carried it to the editors, one of whom at once came to see him, and asked him to still further extend his article by including topics covered by him in the interview. He consented again, and the paper became the elaborate one — elaborate for its author — which appeared in THE CENTURY for February, 1885. This was General Grant's first attempt at anything like literary or historical composition.

He at once became interested in the work. The occupation had, indeed, distracted him from the contemplation of his misfortunes, and the thoughts of his old companions and campaigns brought back pleasanter recollections. He agreed to prepare still another article. His first theme had been the battle of Shiloh; the second was the Vicksburg Campaign and Siege. If he had been too concise at the start, he was now inclined to be more than full, and covered two hundred pages of manuscript in a few weeks. As soon as it became known that he had begun to write, the story spread that he was preparing his memoirs, and half the prominent publishers in the country made him offers. Again he sent for me, and said he felt inclined to write a book; but that as my own history of his campaigns had been composed with his concurrence, and with the expectation that it would take the place of all he would have to say on the subject, he thought it right to consult me. He wanted also to employ the material I had collected and arranged in it, and to use the work as authority for figures and for such facts as his own memory would not supply. Besides this, he wanted my assistance in various ways; all of which was arranged. In October I went to live at his house.

At this time he seemed in very fair health. He was crippled and unable to move without crutches, but he walked out alone, and he had driven me once or twice at Long Branch behind his own horse. He gave up driving, however, after his return to town. But he was cheerful; his children and grandchildren were a great solace to him; many friends came in to see him and to testify their undiminished respect. His evenings were spent in their society at his own house, for he never visited again; and his days were devoted to his literary labor. He worked often five and six, and sometimes even seven hours a day, and he was a man not inclined to sedentary occupation. The four papers which he had promised to THE CENTURY, he intended to incorporate afterwards, with some modifications, into his memoirs. To this the editors agreed. Thus General Grant's book grew out of his articles for THE CENTURY.

In October he complained constantly of pains in his throat. He had suffered during the summer from the same cause, but paid no attention to the symptoms until towards the end of his stay at Long Branch, when Dr. De Costa, of Philadelphia, who was paying him a call, examined his throat. That gentle-

man urged General Grant to consult the most eminent physicians immediately on his return to New York. But General Grant never nursed himself, and it was nearly a month before he acted on this advice. His pains finally became so frequent and so acute that Mrs. Grant persuaded him to see Dr. Fordyce Barker, who instantly said if the case were his own or that of one of his family, he should consult Dr. J. H. Douglas; and General Grant went the same day to Dr. Douglas. This was on the 22d of October.

When he returned he said the physician had told him that his throat was affected by a complaint with a cancerous tendency. He seemed serious but not alarmed, though it was afterwards learned that he had pressed Dr. Douglas for close information, and had detected a greater apprehension on the part of the physician than the family at first discovered. Still there was disquietude and even alarm,— the terrible word cancer was itself almost a knell.

It was now November, and all through this month he went regularly to the physician's house, about two miles from his own, taking the street-car. At first he went alone, but after a while he was persuaded to take a man-servant with him. One or two of the family called on Dr. Douglas to make further inquiry, and the response awakened further solicitude. The pains did not decrease, and the extraction of four teeth greatly aggravated the nervous condition. He went to a dentist to have one tooth taken out, but his fortitude was such that the operator was doubtless deceived, and proposed the extraction of three others, and the shock to the General's system was one from which he did not recover for weeks.

As the weather became colder the disease was further aggravated by the exposure to which he was subjected in the street-car; yet for a long time he refused to go by the carriage. It required much urging to induce him to take this precaution, but he was finally persuaded. In December his pains became still more excruciating; he could not swallow without torture, and his sufferings at table were intense. He was obliged to use liquid food and to avoid acids altogether. I shall always recall his figure as he sat at the head of the table, his head bowed over his plate, his mouth set grimly, his features clinched in the endeavor to conceal the expression of pain, especially from Mrs. Grant, who sat at the other end. He no longer carved or helped the family, and at last was often obliged to leave before the meal was over, pacing the hall or the adjoining library in his agony.

At this time he said to me that he had no desire to live if he was not to recover. He preferred death at once to lingering, hopeless disease. He made the same remark to several of his family. For a while he seemed to lose, not courage, yet a little of his hope, almost of his grip on life. He did not care to write, nor even to talk; he made little physical effort, and often sat for hours propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future; not alarmed, but solemn, at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end. It was like a man gazing into his open grave. He was in no way dismayed, but the sight was to me the most appalling I have ever witnessed: the conqueror looking at his inevitable conqueror; the stern soldier, to whom armies had surrendered, watching the approach of that enemy to whom even he must yield.

But the apathy was not long-lived; the indifference to his book was soon over. Before long he went to work with renewed vigor. He enjoyed his labors now, and quite got the literary fever for a while. He liked to have his pages read aloud to the family in the evening, so that he might hear how they sounded and receive their comments. He worked, however, for the most part from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until two or three in the afternoon, and sometimes again later in the day. Once in a while General Tower, a comrade in the Mexican War, came in and discussed the chapters describing the capture of Vera Cruz or the march on Mexico. Sometimes Mr. Chaffee listened to the political passages, and begged the General not to emasculate them, but to say all he thought without fear or favor.

Daily about one o'clock he was interrupted by his grandchildren, who stopped as they passed to their lunch, and looked in at the open door, not entering till he saw them and summoned them. Their prattle and kisses were always welcome, and made me think that the very misfortune which brought them to his house had its compensations. He took a positive pleasure in their society, and when at one time it was thought that they disturbed his labors, and they were told not to visit him, he was distressed at the omission and revoked the order. They came, indeed, like a burst of light into the sick man's study, three of them, dancing, gamboling, laughing — as pretty a brood of merry, graceful grandchildren as ever a conqueror claimed for descendants, or looked upon to perpetuate his name. Those were happy months, at times, despite the anxiety, until the anxiety became despair. For although the doctors had warned the family, there was yet hope of arresting, if not of curing, the disease, and a possibility of arresting it for years. His constitution was good; he

came of a long-lived stock; his nerve and will were what all the world knows. So there was hope; not with so much foundation as could have been desired, but still there was hope.

I shall never forget the frolic with the little ones on Christmas Day. They all came to dinner, and the two youngest sat one on each side of him. He was comparatively free from pain at that time; indeed, for a month or more the excruciating tortures came only at intervals; and on this day he took his own place at the head of the table. The babies were allowed to talk as much as they pleased, and they pleased a great deal. They monopolized the conversation, and when their mammas endeavored to check them, the General interposed and declared that this was their day. So they prattled across their grandpapa, and made preposterous attempts at jokes in their broken English, at which everybody laughed, and no one more heartily than the great warrior, their progenitor. It was a delicious morsel of sweet in the midst of so much bitter care, a gleam of satisfaction in the gloom of that sad winter, with its fears, and certainties and sorrows.

No one, indeed, can understand the character of General Grant who does not know the strength of his regard for his children. It was like the passion of a wild beast for its cubs, or the love of a mother for her sucking child,—instinctive, unreasoning, overweening; yet, what everyone can comprehend and appreciate, natural, and in this grim veteran touching in the extreme. He not only thought his sons able, wise, and pure; he had a trust in them that was absolute and child-like; his affection even clouded his judgment and turned appreciation into admiration. For them he would have sacrificed fortune, or ease, or even *his* fame; for them he did endure criticism and censure, and underwent physical fatigue and pain. He rose from his deathbed to work for them, and when he thought he was dying his utterances were about his "boys." This feeling, lavished on his own children, reached over to theirs. No parent ever enveloped his entire progeny in a more comprehensive or closer regard; none ever felt them more absolutely a part of himself, his own offspring, the issue of his reins.

By the last of the year the editors of THE CENTURY had received three of his papers for their magazine and announced all four articles for publication. The announcement of the series had been followed by a large increase in their sales. The editors, thinking at least a part of this due to his name, sent him in December a cheque for one thousand dollars more than they had stipulated. General Grant at first intended to divide this sum between his two daughters-in-law living in the house with him, as a Christmas present. The amount would have been very acceptable to those ladies, but almost immediately he remembered his debt to Mr. Wood, his benefactor of the 10th of May, and inclosed his cheque for the thousand dollars to that gentleman, stating that the money was the result of his first earnings in literature. Still later General Grant received from the CENTURY another thousand dollars in addition to the sum stipulated for the fourth article. This cheque was the last he ever indorsed, and the payment, beyond his expectations, gave him in the last week of his life the satisfaction of knowing that his literary efforts had a high market value.

About Christmas the pecuniary troubles became more complicated. There was a possibility of some small creditors of Grant and Ward attempting to levy on the famous swords and presents he had received from Congress and the States and foreign potentates and cities. In order to save them Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to enforce his prior claim. Talk of this got abroad and was misunderstood.

At this juncture General Sherman was in New York, and of course visited his old chief and comrade. I went to call on him the next day, and he asked me about the possibility of any annoyance to General Grant on this score. He was extremely anxious, and declared: "Grant must not be allowed to suffer this new disgrace." He would share his own income rather. I did not feel at liberty to say what I knew, even to him, and General Sherman's talk in New York, Philadelphia and Washington excited a great and general sympathy. The result was that a number of General Grant's friends, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field at their head, began to raise a fund to save the hero from this last indignity. A hundred thousand dollars were to be subscribed to pay off the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, who it was supposed would compromise his claim for that amount.

But General Grant was weary of the repeated efforts to aid him. Congress had failed to place him on the retired list. A bill for this purpose had indeed passed the Senate at the preceding session, but President Arthur, it was known, would veto it, in order to preserve his consistency, having vetoed another intended to restore General Fitz John Porter to the army. He forgot, apparently, that the cases were different. General Grant himself said, "I have not been court-martialed." Mr. Arthur proposed, it is true, a pension, but this General Grant indignantly declined to receive. He disliked to appear to apply for public or private charity, and wrote now to Mr. Vanderbilt, informing him of the well-meant efforts

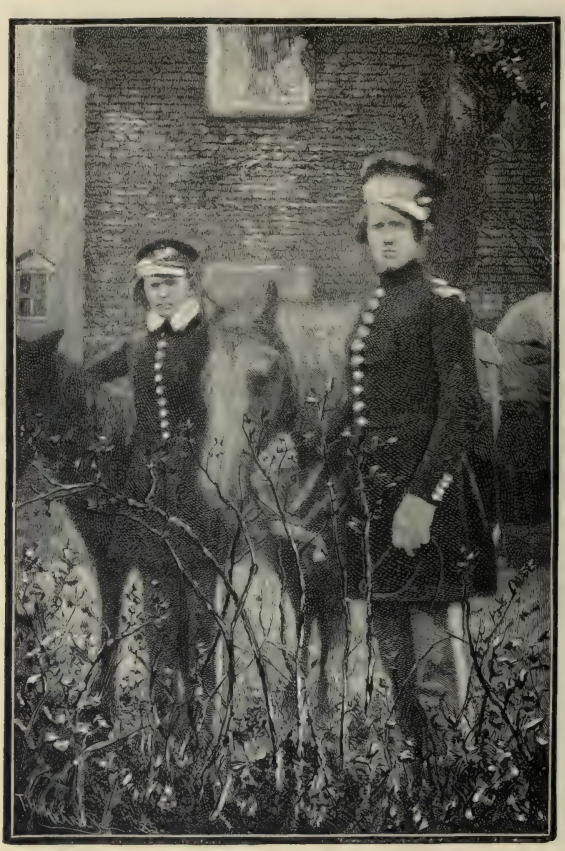
in his behalf, but declaring that he preferred not to avail himself of them. He requested Mr. Vanderbilt to exercise his legal rights and offer for sale the whole of General Grant's property in his hands, including the presents and trophies of peace and war. He did not feel at liberty to thwart the intentions of his other friends without the sanction of Mr. Vanderbilt, as their efforts would enable him to cancel his debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, but he preferred that the debt should be paid by the sale of the property, not by a new subscription.

Then came the correspondence which has been given to the world: first the munificent offer of Mr. Vanderbilt to make over all the property to Mrs. Grant, only providing that the presents should be held in trust during her life and that of the General, to be afterwards transferred to the Government, as souvenirs of the glory which is national; then the letter from General Grant, accepting the offer so far as it concerned the disposition of the presents, but declining to receive the return of the property; the persistent pressure of the great millionaire; the acceptance of General Grant under this pressure; Mrs. Grant's letter of an hour afterwards recalling the acceptance, written, of course, with General Grant's sanction, but signed by Mrs. Grant to save the General from the appearance of discourtesy; and the final abandonment of every particle of property he had in the world to satisfy a debt incurred at the instance and through the outrageous falsity and guile of a monster in craft, who selected the people's hero as his victim and his decoy; the abandonment of the property, and the surrender — harder still — of those monuments to his fame which his deeds had won; surrendered, it is true, to the nation, which will guard them sacredly, as it will the fame of which they are the symbol and the seal.

All this wore on the frame torn by disease and the spirit racked by imputations, thrown off, it is true, but some of which still rankled, like poisoned arrows, that wound though they are extracted; all this told on that body which had endured so many sleepless nights and prolonged marches, which had suffered fatigue and hunger and watchings, and that soul which had withstood cares and responsibilities and torturing anxieties such as have fallen to the lot of no other man in our time; for no other bore on his single shoulders the weight of the destiny of a great nation at the very crisis of its history; no other stood before the enemy and the country and the world as the incarnation of the hopes and fears and efforts of a people waiting to be saved. These labors, endured long before, told now, and made him less able to withstand the shocks of fortune and of nature, and he gradually succumbed.

When the extent of General Grant's humiliation became a common story, when it was disclosed to the world that the house in which he lived was no longer his own, that his books and furniture were held on sufferance, that he was stripped even of the insignia of his

GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO. (1885.) THE HOUSE LOOKS UPON THE OHIO RIVER.



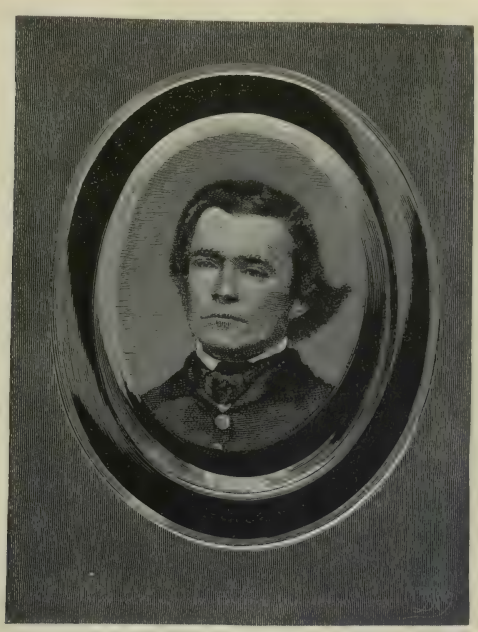
LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.)

fame, while he seemed neglected and forgotten in his adversity by the nation he had done so much to save, then even his stout heart gave way. All his symptoms were aggravated; his pains increased, the appalling depression of spirit returned, and more than all, the exhaustion of his strength—far greater than the disease alone could at that stage have produced—occasioned the physicians as well as the family the most painful solicitude. Dr. Barker and Dr. Douglas had as yet retained the case exclusively in their own hands. They had never deceived the family, but said from the beginning that the disease was epithelial cancer; that it might be arrested, but they had never known it cured. Neither Mrs. Grant nor the General had been told so much, although both of course knew that the case was critical, and both were undoubtedly anxious. What General Grant in his heart feared or expected he said to no human being; not his wife nor his children penetrated to the inner sanctuary where his soul contemplated its fate and balanced the chances of life and death alone. But the gravity of his manner and the dejection of his nevertheless intrepid spirit indicated too plainly that he felt how great was his danger.

In January he ceased to visit his physician. Dr. Douglas now came to the patient daily, and after a while twice in the twenty-four hours. The visits of Dr. Barker were twice a week. The physicians had always agreed perfectly as to the nature of the malady and its treatment, and now were agreed in their alarm at its progress. In fact the earlier stages were past. The phases followed each other with ominous rapidity. The pains in the throat had become lancinating and sharp, the infiltration extended further and further, the cancer was eating into the delicate and vital tissues, and the end seemed in sight. This relapse could be traced directly to its cause,—it was the fresh revelation of his misfortunes, the loss of his honors, the publicity of his humiliation that kindled anew the fatal fires of the disease.

At this juncture the physicians determined to call in other eminent men in their profession. Dr. H. B. Sands and Dr. T. M. Markoe were requested to make a minute examination with the others, after which a general consultation was held. The conclusion was not immediately communicated to the family, but enough was said to confirm their gravest apprehensions, and no announcement whatever was made either to the General or to Mrs. Grant. At the same time a piece of the affected tissue was submitted to Dr. G. R. Elliott, an expert with the microscope, who, after careful preparation and examination, not knowing the name of the patient on whose case he was to pronounce, declared, as all the others had done, that the indications of the fatal disease were unmistakable. The verdict of science was that a malignant cancer had seized on the system and was hopelessly ravaging the strength and vitality of the sufferer. General Grant was doomed. All that could be done was, not to stay the progress of the destroyer, but to alleviate the tortures that were imminent. This apprehension of approaching and inevitable agony was keener with the physicians than they were willing to betray; but their gloomy manner and guarded words told in spite of them what they were anxious to conceal.

Immediately after this consultation a state-



CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT.
FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE (ONE-FOURTH OF THE ABOVE SIZE) GIVEN BY HIM TO MRS. GRANT, AND WORN BY HER ON A WRISTLET.

ment was made in a medical journal, apparently by authority, that General Grant was improving, that the disease was not unquestionably cancer, and that care and good fortune might even yet bring about recovery. Mrs. Grant first saw this statement, and naturally supposed it to be the official report of the consultation. She read it to the General, who, like herself, was greatly relieved. The effect upon his spirits was immediate and evident. He spoke of the report to the family as if it was decisive, and even mentioned it to the physicians. But this publication was a version of what had been said long before, at a time when a peculiar phase of the complaint gave ground for favorable vaticinations, and when it was thought wise not to alarm the public mind for fear of the reaction upon the patient. The delusion was cruel, for it was destined to be dissipated. No utterances of the press, even appearing to emanate from his immediate medical attendants, could conceal from General Grant for more than a day or two the fact that he was rapidly failing. His own sufferings, his extreme prostration, the redoubled care and attention of his physicians,— all combined to disclose to him the reality.

Immediately after this publication a second announcement was made in the newspapers, this one divulging the exact truth, which the family had not yet communicated in its fullness to their most intimate friends, or hardly admitted in words to themselves. How this statement became public was not discovered, but it mattered little now, for the bitter verity could no longer be withheld. When friends and reporters came instantly to inquire, the sons admitted the danger of their father, as well as the anxieties and distress of the family. These utterances were at once published, and were read by General Grant. He doubtless then for the first time became convinced of his condition, and of the extent of the solicitude of his children. Mrs. Grant also at this time first realized what were the fears of the family. Her disappointment was sharp, coming after the elation of the last few hours, and General Grant himself, it was evident, felt the shock profoundly. No one spoke to him on the subject, nor did he mention it to any one, but he acted like a condemned man. He had no thought before, I believe, that he might not live years, although ill, and with a terrible shadow hanging over him. That his days were numbered was an intimation for which he was not prepared.

He was, I am sure, unwilling to die covered with the cloud of misfortune. On this subject also he was silent to every human being, but the thought added bitterness to his agony. I know it, as well as if he had told me. It could not indeed but be hard for him who had led the armies of his country to repeated victory, who had received more surrenders than any

other conqueror in history, who for eight years had sat in the chair of Washington, and whose greatness had been sealed by the verdict of the world, to leave his children bankrupt, their faith questioned, their name, which was

GENERAL GRANT'S CABIN, FORMERLY HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT; REMOVED IN 1865 TO EAST PARK, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE IT NOW STANDS.

his, tarnished — that name which must live forever. The blur on his reputation, even with the taint of dishonor entirely removed, the wreck of his fortune, the neglect of the Government, the humiliations of his poverty,— these stern images hovered around his couch by night and day, and goaded and galled him till the moment when physical torture crowded out even mental pain.

The country received the news of his condition with grief and consternation. Whatever had been said or thought injurious to him was instantly ignored, revoked, stamped out of mind; under the black shadow of Death the memory of his great services became vivid once more, like writing in sympathetic ink before a fire. All the admiration and love of the days immediately after the war returned. The house was thronged with visitors, old friends, army comrades, former cabinet ministers, senators, generals, diplomatists, on errands of inquiry or commiseration. A hundred letters and telegrams arrived each day, with pity and affection in every line. The soldiers all over the country were conspicuous in their manifestations of sympathy — Southerners as well as Northerners. Army clubs and loyal leagues sent messages incessantly. Meetings of former Confederates were held to signify their sorrow. The sons of Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston were among the first to proffer good wishes to him whom their fathers had fought. Political opponents were as outspoken as partisan friends, and the bitterest enemies of General Grant in the daily press were generous and constant in the expression of their interest. Rivals in the army like Buell and Rosecrans made known that the calamity which impended over the nation was a sorrow for them, because they were Americans. Mr. Jefferson Davis more than once uttered kind words which were conveyed to the sufferer. The new Secretary of War of the Democratic administration called in person; the new Secretary of State sent remedies and good wishes. The new President dispatched the Marshal of the District of Columbia from Washington to make inquiries. Ex-President Hayes and

GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND MASTER JESSE AT HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY.)

ex-Secretary Lincoln had called long before. State legislatures voted their commiseration; the Queen of England telegraphed her condolences, and little children from all parts of the country sent constant messages of affection and tributes of flowers.

But no sympathy could check the progress of the pale rider who bears his summons with impartial footsteps to the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the great. The malady made incessant advance. The terrible darting pains increased in intensity. Another medical attendant, Dr. G. F. Shrady, was called in to assist and relieve Dr. Douglas. The great fear of the physicians now was of the horrible cancerous pains. They said repeatedly that a speedy termination of the disease was to be desired. If pneumonia or some other quick-ending complaint could carry off the patient in a week, it would be

cause for gratitude. This sickening apprehension of coming physical torment aggravated the expectation of bereavement and left nothing lacking to the intensity of the calamity.

Yet it seemed to me after the first shock that General Grant still had not given up. His unconquerable nature rebounded. He looked at the physicians with an anxiety that could not have been so acute unless the possibility of hope had been mingled. He submitted to every operation, he carefully attended to every injunction, and sustained the long siege of disease with the same determination and tenacity he had displayed in other sieges and campaigns with other enemies. But now he was on the defensive,— it was the first time.

Meanwhile his article on Shiloh had appeared in THE CENTURY Magazine, and the influx of letters and criticisms from friends and opponents excited his interest for a while. The greeting offered to his first contribution to written history showed that the world stood ready to receive his story from himself, but even this thought could not arrest the rapid concentration of his attention on bodily ailings and failing powers. The strifes of battle and the contests of history sounded distant and dull to ears that were deadened with the ever present sense of pain, and even the imposing fabric of his fame looked shadowy and unsubstantial to eyes about to close forever on the glories and honors of this world.

As soon as General Grant's condition became known an attempt was made in Congress to revive the measure for restoring him to the army. Since the bill which had already passed the Senate and was actually before the House of Representatives would be vetoed, Senator Edmunds introduced another, with the view of obviating Mr. Arthur's objections. This was rapidly passed by the Senate and sent to the other House. There it was taken up by Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader, who in conjunction with General Grant's personal and political friends, and many Democrats and Southern soldiers, made every effort to secure its success. Most of the Democrats, however, opposed it. They were anxious to pass the earlier bill, and thus force the President either to reverse his previous action in the Porter case or to veto the bill in favor of General Grant. The President allowed it to be known that he would not recede from his position; Congress must pass the bill that he wished, for he would veto the other.

On Sunday morning, the 15th of February, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who had been incessant in his efforts in the press and in private to secure the passage of the bill, came to General Grant's house and asked for me. He said if a determined effort were made by General Grant's friends, he thought the bill might be passed the next day; and asked me to go to see whoever I thought would have influence. I told the General of the visit. He was gratified at the interest of his friends, but would give me no advice, and I sallied out and spent the day in his service. I found Mr. Hamilton Fish, General Grant's old Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who had just been elected Senator, and General Horace Porter, my former comrade on General Grant's staff. All were willing and earnest; all wrote letters at once to reach members of Congress the next day, and General Porter went with me to visit others who we thought might help us. But Monday came and the bill was called up and lost.

General Grant felt the rebuff acutely. Though he had made no demonstration of anxiety in advance, those who saw most of him and had learned to interpret the few and faint indications he ever gave of his personal preferences and desires, knew how eagerly he had hoped, how cruelly he was disappointed. He had indeed looked to this bill as in some sort a reparation of the injury his reputation had sustained; as an official vindication, an intimation that the country still believed in him and regarded his fame, had not forgotten his services. When the reparation was withheld he suffered proportionally.

But he refused to reveal his emotion. A day or two before the decision he declared that he did not expect the passage of the bill; and when the defeat was announced he made no remark. That evening he played cards with his family and displayed unusual spirit and gayety; but all saw through the mask. All joined, however, in the deception that deceived no one. None spoke of the disappointment; and a grim interest in whist apparently absorbed the party that was heart-broken for him who permitted neither wife nor child to come beneath the cloak that concealed his wound. All he said was that the bill had failed on the 16th of February, the anniversary of the fall of Fort Donelson.

The next day he was worse, and in a week the gravest fears seemed near realization. He himself appeared conscious of the approach of the end. He had all winter been considering and discussing the choice of a publisher for his book, but had made no decision. Now he came to a conclusion, and in the first week in March the agreement was signed with his present publishers, Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co.

At the same time the family thought they could no longer withhold from his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, the knowledge of her father's condition. She was in England, and they had, of course, notified her of his illness, but, in the hope of amelioration or respite, had deferred

the announcement of its critical character. But at last they wrote and urged her to hasten to him. After his second relapse they telegraphed, and she started for his bedside. They were still unwilling to inform General Grant that she had been summoned, lest he should be depressed by the certainty that they believed the end to be near; they only told him she had written to say that she was coming; but the amiable concealment hardly deceived him. Though his spirit was broken, his exhaustion extreme, his mind depressed, and certainly at this time weakened, he knew too well why she was coming; but he asked nothing and said nothing.

The decay of his energy was to me more distressing than any other symptom. For the inroads extended beyond physical strength; they reached at last mental power, and even that nerve and force which made the great character that the world has recognized. To one who had studied him for half a lifetime, it was acute pain to watch his strength give way, the light of his intellect flicker and fade, the great qualities all apparently crumble. To see General Grant listless, incapable of effort, indifferent to work, absorbed in physical needs and pains,—a sick man in soul as well as in body,—was hardest of all.

The interest of the country still followed him, and, as the disease proceeded, became still more intense. The physicians now sent out daily bulletins, and crowds of people watched the boards where these were published. His friends determined that still another effort should be made in Congress to pass some bill for his retirement; but he felt little interest in the measure now,—the languor had reached his heart.

For many weeks he had been unable to go downstairs to his meals, or to receive a friend, and had spent his days in the room which, before his illness became so acute, he had used as a study. Here his papers still remained, and once in a great while he even yet attempted to write a page; but alas! it was not like what he had once been able to write. Sometimes I tried to catch an idea and took it down from his lips, reading it afterwards to him to verify it. But these opportunities became rarer and rarer; he had no longer strength for the effort, no longer interest in his work, and at last abandoned all idea of being able to finish it.

Then his sleeping-room was changed. Mrs. Grant gave up hers at the front of the house to him, and took that which he had occupied at the rear, so that his bedchamber might be next to his sitting-room. At first he objected to the change, but soon his strength was so far gone that he recognized the need. The two great chairs in which for months he had sat, leaning back in one with his feet in the other, were taken into that room, in which all now thought he would die. Still, he walked almost daily into the apartment where he had spent so many hours during the winter.

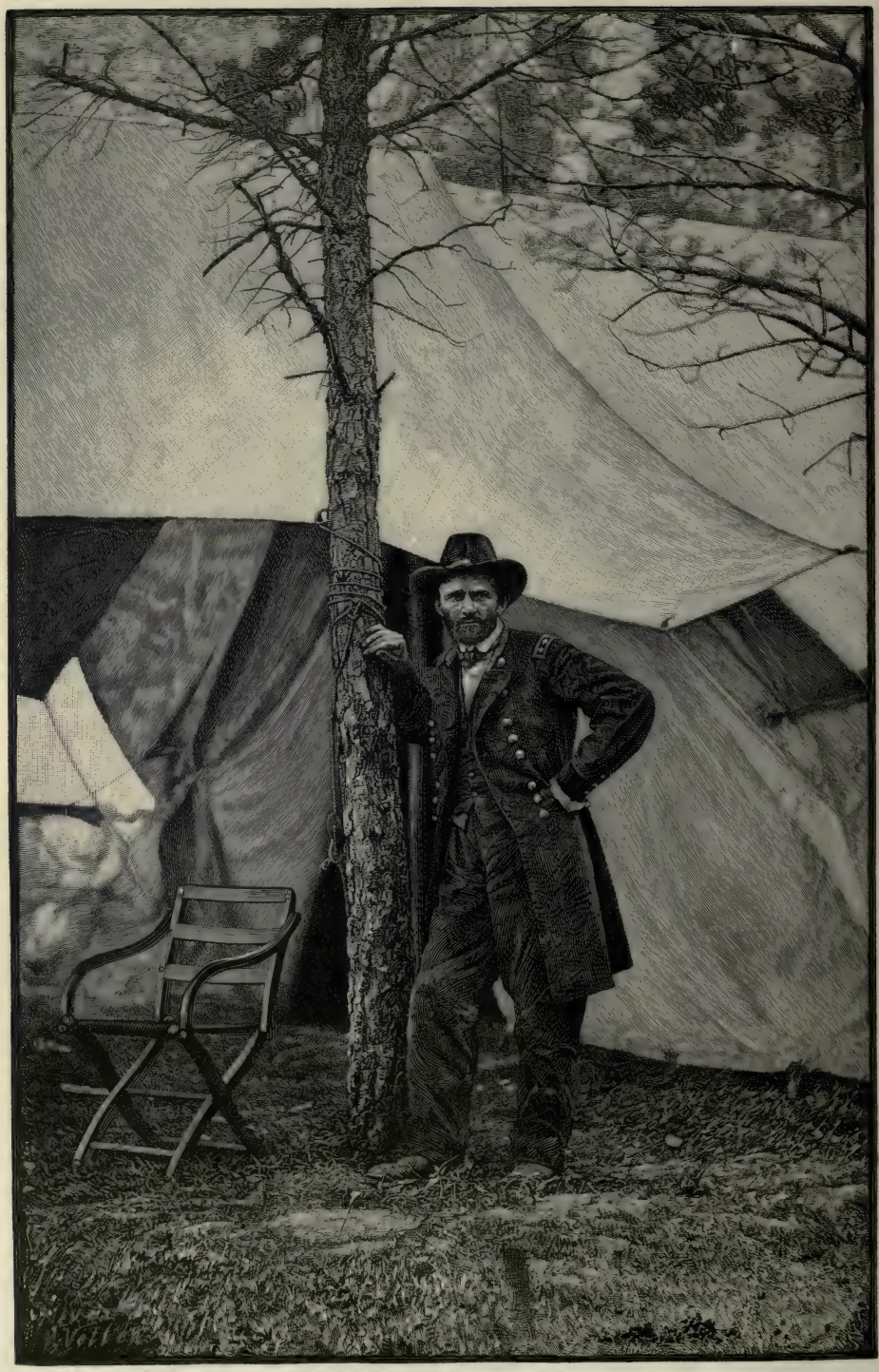
Meanwhile the efforts to pass the bill for his retirement continued. This one Mr. Arthur would sign. It had passed the Senate, and Mr. Randall, General Slocum, and other prominent Democrats wrote to General Grant's family and friends that the final result would be favorable. Mr. Randall had greater power in the matter than any one else, his party being in the majority, and no one was more earnest than he. But General Grant remained indifferent, and this time his indifference was real. He was absorbed in his sufferings, and believed the bill would be of no use to him now. His family, too, cared little for success, save as it might soothe or possibly brighten his last hours. The doctors thought it might possibly revive his spirits and prolong his days; but why, some thought, prolong his sufferings?

Finally, on the morning of the 4th of March, almost in the last moments of the expiring Congress, the bill was taken up by unanimous consent in the House of Representatives, and passed at once amid great cheering. The President, as usual at the close of the session, was in a chamber at the Capitol, waiting to sign such bills as had been left to the last moment, and must fail unless they instantly received his signature. He signed the bill. A nomination had been made out in advance and was sent at once to the Senate. There lacked but a few moments of the hour when Congress would cease to exist; but Senator Edmunds, the presiding officer, announced a message from the President; all other business was suspended, and the nomination was confirmed amid tumultuous applause from the galleries.

President Cleveland signed the commission; it was the second act of his administration.* The news was telegraphed to General Grant by numerous friends, and the same day the adjutant-general of the army notified him officially of his appointment. General Grant wrote the telegram of acceptance in his own hand. He was again in the army which he had so often led to victory. It did seem preposterous that any difficulty should have been made about admitting him to that army of which he had been the most illustrious member.

But the recognition came too late. He was gratified and cheered, but the hand of fate had fallen, and could not be removed. There was no revival of his strength, no reaction

* The nomination of the Cabinet was the first.—EDITOR.



GENERAL GRANT AT HEADQUARTERS DURING THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

from his depression, no cessation of his pain. The exhaustion went on.

Nevertheless his restoration to the army, though it could neither bring back his health nor prolong his days, made a deeper impression on him than he was willing to betray. When the end of the month came this was apparent. All officers of the army are required to make a monthly report of their post-office address to the adjutant-general. I do not remember that this report was ever made by him as general-in-chief, after his headquarters were removed from the field; but now he was extremely anxious to make it, and filled out the form himself, though with extreme difficulty. It was a question at the time whether he would live through the day, and it was strange to read the language required by the regulations: "My post-office address for the ensuing month will be"— 3 East Sixty-sixth street, New York.

He was still more eager to draw his pay. It seemed as if he looked upon these two circumstances as the seal of his return to the army. No young lieutenant expecting his stipend for the first time could have been more anxious. He sent for his pay-accounts before the time, and when signed they were forwarded to the paymaster, so that on the day when the first month's pay was due the cheque was handed him. At first he insisted that one of his sons should go at once to the bank to have the cheque cashed; he wanted to handle the money. But at this juncture his sons were unwilling to leave the house even for an hour, and he finally consented that Mr. Chaffee should draw the money. When it was handed him he divided it among Mrs. Grant and his children; saying it was all he had to leave them. This was on the 31st of March, when he was expecting to die within forty-eight hours.

During the month of March his daughter arrived, and although, of course, her coming was a solace, yet he knew too well by this time that she had come to see him die. The gathering of other friends also had significance. He ceased now to leave his room, except at rarest intervals. One physician always slept in the house.

His suffering at last grew so acute that anodynes, the use of which had long been postponed, became indispensable. The pain was not of that violent character which had been so sorely dreaded, and which the progress of the disease did not even yet induce; it was rather an intolerable nervousness, as unlike as possible the ordinary phlegmatic calm of General Grant,—a physical excitement and an excessive sleeplessness, combined with a weakness that was spasmodic. These sensations were the cause of a consuming wretchedness, but they were not cancerous pains. The physicians constantly declared that although the cancer was making irresistible advance, it was not the cancer that produced the exhaustion and the nervousness, which, unless arrested, would bring about death very soon. It was only too plain that the mental, moral disease was killing General Grant,— it was the blow which had struck him to the dust and humiliated him before the world from which he could not recover. He who was thought so stolid, so strong, so undemonstrative, was dying for a sentiment— because of the injury to his fame, the aspersions on his honor.

This, now, every one recognized. Every one now admitted his purity, contended for his honor, which it was said was the country's. If the universal affection and regard which were showered on him could have salved his wounds he might have been cured, but the recognition and reparation were in vain. He who had passed unscathed through Shiloh and the Wilderness was stricken by a weapon more fatal than the rebels ever wielded; he who had recovered from the attacks of political assailants and resisted the calumnies of partisan campaigns was succumbing under the result of the machinations of one man.

Still, the sympathy soothed his mortal anguish and cast a gleam of consolation into his dying chamber. It seemed to change and soften his spirit. His indignation at former enemies was mollified by their protestations of pity; the bitterness he had once felt for them was converted into gratitude for their compassionate utterings. The very fire of his nature seemed quenched by the cold shadows of impending dissolution. Now, also, an unfamiliar tenderness appeared, which had been long concealed. The depths of his affection were disclosed; he was willing to express more of his intimate feeling than ever before. It was a new man, a new Grant in these matters that was revealed, as if the husks were torn aside and the sweet kernel given to those from whom it had been so long withheld. All who approached him intimately at this time recognized this uncloaking of certain parts of his nature which hitherto had been so carefully veiled.

But one more struggle, one more fierce battle remained. He had yet to justify himself, to say in person what he had never yet said to the world, of his relations with "Grant and Ward," to tell himself the story of the deceit which had brought him low. James D. Fish, one of the partners in the firm, was on trial, and General Grant's testimony was desirable. He was now so feeble that it was almost dangerous

to subject him to the ordeal of an examination; but yet to vindicate his fame, to allow him in his dying moments to utter his own defense, it was worth while incurring whatever danger. His sons, especially, were anxious that he should say what no one else could ever say for him, and for them; and although in his weak condition he did not appear to share their anxiety, he consented for their sake to make the effort.

The examination was held in his bedchamber. The lawyers and the stenographer and one or two others were present. The ceremony of an oath was waived, with the consent of the opposing counsel, and the dying man answered all questions and told how he had been betrayed. As the inquiry went on the old spirit of battle revived; he felt all the importance of the occasion, roused himself for the effort, and made a definite declaration, damning in its evidence of the guilt of one man's action, absolute in the assertion of the purity of his own.

In his testimony he spared neither Fish nor Ward; he felt that this was his last blow, and he dealt it hard. If he had died then, as it was almost feared he might, it would have been, not only like the old warrior of story, standing, but fighting to the last. He never relented in his bitterness to these two men. The harshest words I ever heard him speak were his frequent utterances, after he knew that he was doomed, in regard to them who had been the cause of his ruin, and, as he doubtless felt, of his end.

The examination lasted nearly an hour. When it was over he did not at first appear more than usually exhausted. He never showed immediately the effects of any intense physical or mental strain. Not after his great disappointment in February did his strength or spirit at once give way; so now for a day or two he seemed no weaker than before.

But in forty-eight hours he began to fail. He recognized himself the decrease of vital force, and believed it was the beginning of the end. The physicians shared the belief. Two now remained constantly in the house. Anodynes were doubled, to control the excessive nervousness and to prevent the occurrence of the anticipated agonies. One of his sons was in his room continuously and the family were summoned more than once when he seemed in mortal peril.

At this time General Grant had not lain in his bed for more than a few moments at a time in months; a sensation of choking invariably attacked him in that position, and although the physicians assured him that there was no danger of suffocation, the symptoms were so distressing that he could not be persuaded to take to his bed. He sat in one great chair, with his feet in another, propped up by pillows, usually wearing a dressing-gown, and his legs swathed in blankets.

Very early in April I was obliged to give up my room; after Mrs. Sartoris arrived, there was no other where the faithful medical attendants could rest in the intervals of their watchings. I still spent my days at the house, and often remained for the night, lying where I could, or snatching sleep in a chair, with Mr. Chaffee or other intimate friends.

One morning General Grant himself thought he was dying. The family were all summoned. He kissed each of them in turn, and when Mrs. Grant asked him to bless her he replied: "I bless you. I bless you all!" After this he went lower and nearer death than ever before. The pulse was flickering like a candle, and the physicians said: "He is going." But there had been an injection of brandy prepared some days before, for just such emergencies, and one physician whispered to the other: "Now! the brandy." "Where is it?" "On the table." "Shall we use it? Is it worth while to bring him back to pain?" "Yes." And Dr. Shrady administered the brandy, which Dr. Douglas had prepared. It stimulated the nerves, it produced another pulsation. The throbbings went on, and General Grant returned to the world he had almost quitted forever.

Another morning I was at my hotel, having left the house after midnight. At about four o'clock I was wakened, and a note was handed me from Colonel Grant. It contained only the word, "Come." I knew too well what this must mean, and hurried to the house. A hemorrhage had occurred. This was one of the contingencies that had always been foreseen, and it was supposed certainly would be fatal. Every one had been summoned. "What shall I say?" asked Colonel Grant, as he wrote the notes. "It makes no difference," said the doctor; "all will be over before they get here." But General Grant walked to the basin and helped to wash his throat, and the hemorrhage proved favorable instead of fatal. It was caused by the loosening of a slough that had formed over a part of the throat, and the slough in a day or two came entirely away, after which the cancer itself was eased, and indeed for a while arrested. The weakness, for some cause or by some means which I have never been able to understand, was to a certain extent overcome. The anodynes were lessened in quantity, and their injurious effects passed away. For several days General Grant seemed to hover between life and death, and then came a marvelous change. To the amazement of all, his strength returned and

his spirits revived. At first he disbelieved in the amelioration. He had perhaps for one moment a glimmer of hope, but then the conviction overwhelmed him that recovery was impossible.

At this crisis he did not wish to live. "The doctors are responsible three times," he said, "for my being alive, and — unless they can cure me — I don't thank them." He had no desire to go through the agony again. For, he had suffered death; he had parted with his family; he had undergone every physical pang that could have come had he died before the brandy was administered.

It seemed to me then cruel to bring him back only to renew his torture; for I had no idea, nor had any one else, that he would live more than a week, if so long. He had said more than once: "I have no regrets, except for leaving my family." But he was recalled, and from that time the apparent improvement went on.

He still, however, for a few days remained unwilling to live — in pain; though always eager to be cured. He was never afraid to die. Having disposed of his book and his affairs, these matters he considered settled; just as in battle, after giving an order, he never doubted, or wished to recall it. But the fighting spirit, the unconquerable nature, made him struggle still. The dejection which marks the disease, and which had been so appalling in January and February, did not return. In its stead a new phase came on. He was battling again, and this time harder than before, for the enemy was closer. He fairly grappled and wrestled now with Death. The terrible calm of the fight was exactly like the determination in the Wilderness or before Richmond, where I once heard him say: "I feel as sure of taking Richmond as I do of dying." There was no excitement, no hysterical grief or fear, but a steady effort of vital power, an impossibility for his spirit to be subdued. He was not resigned; neither was he hopeful. He simply, because he could not help himself, made every effort to conquer. After every paroxysm of mortal faintness the indomitable soul revived, and aroused the physical part.

I may not be thought to lift too far the veil from a dying chamber if I mention one circumstance which had for me a peculiar interest. During all of General Grant's illness, down to the hour when his partial recovery began, Mrs. Grant never could bring herself to believe that she was about to lose him. A woman with many of those singular premonitions and presentiments that amount almost to superstition, but which yet affect some of the strongest minds, and from which General Grant himself was certainly not entirely free, she declared always, even at the moment which every one else thought would prove the last, that she could not realize the imminence of the end. Her behavior was a mystery and a wonder to those who knew the depth of the tenderness and the abundance of the affection that she lavished on her great husband. Her calmness and self-control almost seemed coldness, only we knew that this was impossible. I did not presume, of course, to comment on this apparent stoicism, but once or twice she told me she could not despair; that there was a feeling constantly that this was not to be the last; and even when she wept at the gifts and the words that were thought to be farewells, she was putting up prayers that were full of confidence, and after which the wonderful and unexpected recuperation occurred.

All this while, the public interest was painful. So much of it penetrated into that house under the shadow of Death, that it seemed to us within as if the whole world were partaking of our sorrow. All day through the half-closed shutters we could see the crowds waiting silently and solemnly for news of the beloved sufferer. Every one who left the house was instantly accosted, not only by professional reporters, but by earnest and often weeping men and women, who had never known General Grant personally, but shared the feeling of the country in his behalf.

To me there chanced to come peculiar indications of this feeling. Known to be an inmate of the house, and yet not so near as the nearest relatives, I could be approached by others on subjects which they shrank from broaching to the sons. General Grant belonged to the country as well as to his family, and the country would insist on doing him every honor when the final occasion came. Many public men endeavored to ascertain through me what would be the wishes of the family in regard to the disposition of the great dead; and letters were sent to me to present at the fitting time, offering worthy sepulture. The people of the District of Columbia, through their representatives, declared their desire that the revered ashes should rest at the Capital of the country, and the general-in-chief of the army, the friend and follower of General Grant, sent proffers of a place for him at the Soldiers' Home, — a fitting name for the last habitation of a soldier. The President of the United States sent a messenger from Washington to say that he would attend in person the august obsequies, and I was to communicate in time the probabilities and arrangements. All these sad secrets were to me especial signs of the universal grief that

kept pace with the still more sacred sorrow which I saw; but I was requested not to intrude prematurely upon the family the preparations for what seemed then inevitably at hand, and I bore about with me for weeks the knowledge, undisclosed, that armies and Presidents were waiting to pay General Grant those honors which to himself would be forever unknown.

On Easter Sunday he seemed a little easier, though there was still no hope. I went into his room and found him able to listen and even to utter a few words without too much effort. I had been greatly struck by the universal watching of a nation, almost of a world, at his bedside, and especially by the sympathy from former rivals and political and even personal adversaries; and I recounted to him instances of this magnanimous forgetfulness of old-time enmities. When I told him of the utterances of General Rosecrans and Jefferson Davis he replied: "I am very glad to hear this. I would much rather have their good-will than their ill-will. I would rather have the good-will of any man than his ill-will."

On the 3d of April several newspapers which had followed General Grant with a persistent animosity down to the very beginning of his illness, recalled in touching and even eloquent words that twenty years before he had captured Richmond on that day. I told this to my chief, for I had been with him on that other 3d of April. I said the nation was looking on now, watching his battle as it did then, and that his fight with disease was as good a one as that he had made with the rebels twenty years before. "Ah," he answered, "twenty years ago I had more to say. I was in command then." "But even then," I replied, "it took a year to win; perhaps you may win still." He brightened up at this and told the physicians the story of General Ingalls's dog. Ingalls was the chief quartermaster of the armies operating against Richmond, and had been a classmate with General Grant at West Point; they were always on intimate terms. He had a peculiar dog that often came about the camp-fire at headquarters. One day during the long siege General Grant said, "Ingalls, do you mean to take that dog into Richmond?" "I think I shall," said Ingalls; "he belongs to a long-lived breed."

After this Dr. Shrady sat down to write the bulletin for the morning.

"What shall I say, General?" he asked. "How shall I tell them you are this morning?"

"More comfortable," replied the General.

And the doctor wrote a line about the physical condition of his patient, and read it to General Grant, who approved. I was still greatly impressed by the public emotion, and I interrupted:

"General, why not say something about the sympathy of all the world, something to thank the people?"

"Yes," he exclaimed willingly, and dictated these words: "I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends, and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Towards the last he stammered and hesitated, evidently unwilling at this moment to call any one an enemy; and finally made use of the circumlocution, "Those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Dr. Shrady wrote out the bulletin, and read it aloud, when the General added: "I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not."

I urged the Doctor to stop just there, to say nothing about physical details, but give this Easter message from General Grant to the world in his own language. Mrs. Grant, however, wished the word "prayerful" to be used before sympathy, and General Grant consented to the change.

Another morning, only a day or two after his improvement began, he said to me, evidently with a purpose, that it was strange how undisturbed a man could be when so near death. He supposed he had been as near the other world as one could be and survive. His feeling had been at the time that every moment might be his last; but he had not suffered one particle of apprehension, or fear, or even discomposure. He evidently wished me to know this, for we had once or twice in the winter talked of religious beliefs. "Yet," he said, "at such a time it hurt no one to have lived a good life." He had been undisturbed,—he repeated this emphatically,—but he believed any one would be more comfortable at such a moment with a conscience that could not reproach him. A good life would certainly contribute to composure at the end.

The 9th of April came, the anniversary of Appomattox, and recovery was still not assured. One of the sons had a presentiment that his father would not survive that day, but it would have been hard to have General Grant surrender on the anniversary of his greatest victory. Then came another jubilee. His birthday was the 27th of April, and by this time he was so far restored as to be able to join the family for a while at dinner. There were sixty-three lighted candles on the table to celebrate the sixty-three years, which a month before no one had hoped would ever

be completed, and the house was crowded with flowers, the gifts of thankful friends. By the 1st of May he was so well that he sent for a stenographer and began to dictate matter for his book.

His strength, however, was intermittent, and the cancer soon began to make progress again. Nevertheless, one crisis was past. A new chapter in the disease was begun. He was able now to drive out, and dictated, and sometimes wrote, at intervals during the month of May and the earlier days of June. His interest in his work seemed keener than ever. It doubtless gave him strength to make a new fight—a hopeless one, he felt before long, so far as recovery was concerned. Still there was a respite, and this period, with his usual determination, he employed in the effort to complete his memoirs.

The secret of this partial recovery is not far to find. It was after the great expression of public sympathy that General Grant began to improve, after his place in the affections of the people was restored or resumed that his whole nature, moral and physical, became inspired and renovated. For this it was almost worth while to have suffered—to have the world recognize his sensitiveness, and to receive himself its appreciation in return. Few men indeed have known in advance so nearly the verdict of posthumous fame. No deathbed was ever so illumined by the light of universal affection and admiration. Garfield had not the same claims on his countrymen, and the feeling for him was pity and indignant grief rather than gratitude or lofty enthusiasm; Lincoln knew nothing of the shock that went round the world at his assassination; Washington lived before the telegraph; and no European monarch or patriot was ever so universally recognized in his last moments as a savior and hero as Grant. All this was borne in to him as he sat struggling with Death, and like the giant of old he received new strength from his contact with earth. The consciousness of a world for spectators might indeed nerve any combatant, and when he found that the attacks on his fame were parried, the reproaches forgotten, his very mistakes lost sight of in the halo that enveloped him, he gathered himself up for a further contest. The physicians, doubtless, did their part, and nothing that science or devotion could suggest was withheld; but neither science nor devotion expected or produced the resurrection and return of him whose very tomb had been prepared. It was the sense of humiliation that had stricken him, and had more to do with his prostration than disease; and when this was removed, he rose from the embrace of the King of Terrors, and flung himself for a while into new toils and battles, and though wounded and bleeding, refused to die.

On the 9th of June he was removed to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where a cottage had been offered him by its owner, Mr. Joseph W. Drexel. His strength had so far lapsed that the physicians afterwards declared he could not have lived a week longer in the heats and sultriness of New York. When the fatigues of the journey were over, however, and there was time for the fresh and reviving air of his new situation to affect him, his spirits rallied, and he resumed his literary labor with extraordinary energy for a man in his condition.

I was not with him at Mount McGregor, but I know that his effort there must have been prodigious. He dictated or composed more matter in the eight weeks after the 1st of May than in any other eight weeks of his life; while in the eight weeks immediately preceding that date he did not compose as many pages. But the dying General seemed to summon back his receding powers; and expression, memory, will, all revived and returned at his command. His voice failed him, however, after a while, and he was obliged to desist from dictation and to use a pencil, not only in composition, but even in communicating with his family and friends. This was doubtless a hardship at the moment, but was fortunate in the end for his fame; for the sentences jotted down from time to time were preserved exactly as they were written, and many of them are significant. They especially indicate his recognition of the magnanimous sympathy offered him by Southerners. This recognition was manifest in a score of instances. He had determined in the winter to dedicate his book to the American Volunteers,— in both armies,— and now he repeated and emphasized the declaration. He was visited at Mount McGregor by General Buckner, the Confederate commander who had surrendered to him at Fort Donelson, and he declared to his former foe: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war — harmony and good feeling between the sections." To Dr. Douglas he expressed the same sentiment in nearly the same words: "I am thankful for the providential extension of my time, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict." These utterances were not left to a fading or faulty memory to gather up, but remain legible in the handwriting of their author. They form a fitting sequel to the acts of Donelson and Vicksburg and Appomattox. Certainly it never hap-

pened to a conqueror before to reap such a harvest of appreciation and even affection from the men that he subdued; to accomplish in his death more of the aim of his life than even the victories of his life had achieved.

He saw few friends at this time, and did little besides write, and obey the directions of his physicians, or submit to the attentions of his family and nurses. His suffering, fortunately, was not greater than that of a patient in any ordinary lingering illness; it proceeded principally from weakness, for the opiates always controlled the excruciating pains. These he was spared to the last. He perhaps once or twice had a glimmer of hope, but the rays were faint, and quickly faded back into the obscurity of despair. He felt that he was working only to finish his self-appointed task.

For he had an intense desire to complete his memoirs. It was upon the sale of his book that he counted for the future fortune of his family. It was indeed for his family, not for his fame, that he was laboring now; his fame he felt was secure. But at his death his army pay would cease. There would remain to Mrs. Grant and his children, it is true, the Trust Fund, the income of which he had authority to dispose of by will; but besides this and the mortgaged house in Sixty-sixth street, and one or two inconsiderable properties elsewhere, there was nothing; and three families depended on him. His "Personal Memoirs," it was hoped, would bring in half a million of dollars; but when he had ceased work in the winter, this was little more than half completed, and the monetary value of the book would be greatly depreciated, if it must be concluded by any hand but his own. This was the consideration that strengthened the sinking soldier, that gave him courage to contend with fate and despair, and, stricken as he was by one of the most terrible of maladies, to check the advance of Death himself, while he made his preparations under the very shadow of the wing and the glare of the scythe of the Destroyer, to secure a competence for his family after he himself should have left this world. The spectacle of the hero who had earned and worn the highest earthly honors, working amid the miseries of a sick-chamber to glean the gains that he knew he could never enjoy,— the fainting warrior propped up on that mountain-top to stammer out utterances to sell for the benefit of his children,— is a picture to which history in all her annals can find no parallel.

Indeed, this simple, plain, and undramatic man, who never strove for effect, and disliked the demonstration of feeling as much as the parade of circumstance and power, was performing the most dramatic part before the world. His whole life had been a drama, in spite of him, full of surprises and startling results and violent contrasts, but nothing in it all was more unexpected than this last scene, this eager haste, not in business nor in battle, but in literary labor: this race with Death, this effort to finish a book in order to secure a fortune for his family.

But there was a key to the mystery, a solution of the riddle, and it is the explanation of every apparent mystery in the character of General Grant. His character at bottom was like that of other men. He loved and hated; he suffered and enjoyed; he appreciated what was done for and against him; he relished his fame and his elevation, he felt his disappointments and his downfall; his susceptibilities were keen, his passions strong; but he had the great faculty of concealing them so that those closest and acutest could seldom detect their existence. I sometimes wondered whether he was conscious of his own emotions, they were so completely under control; but they were all there, all alive, all active, only enveloped in a cloak of obstinate reserve and majestic silence which only at the rarest intervals was torn aside by misfortune or lifted for a moment to a friend.

And now he may himself have been but half aware of the sentiment that inspired him; but since he had discovered that his personal honor was as clean, and his military fame as brilliant in the eyes of men as they had ever been, he determined that his reputation for worldly sense and shrewdness should also be redeemed. He would not die without regaining a fortune equal to that which had been wrung from him by fraud. No man should say that after all General Grant left his children penniless. Away down in the depths of his nature where neither affection nor friendship ever penetrated, except by the intuitions of a life-long intimacy,— this was the incentive that poured oil on the flames which the disease was quenching, this was the fuel that kept the worn-out machine still in motion, to the amazement of a world.

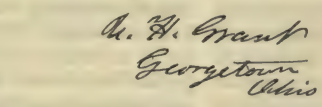
When the work was over, the energy expired; when the motive was withdrawn, the effort ceased; when the influence that was the impetus of the machine was exhausted, will and strength alike failed. Immediately after the end of the book was reached, the other end was seen to be at hand. One or two spasmodic bursts of life flared up, like gusts of an expiring fire, but they probably deceived not even himself, and certainly no one besides. His former indifference to life returned as soon as his task was accomplished.

The country too had no wish that he should linger on in agony. If he could have been re-

stored to health and strength, nothing that the nation could have done to secure that end would have been lacking, or been thought too costly; but now that he could never be more than a sufferer, prostrate and hopeless, there was no desire to retain him. Reverent sorrow and sympathy had long ascended from every quarter of the land towards the cottage on that mountain-top, but there were no prayers uttered for protracted days.

The final crisis was neither long nor painful. On the 21st of July the country was informed that he was failing again. For two days his symptoms indicated increasing depression and exhaustion, and on the 23d came the end. There was no renewed struggle, no distinct consciousness on his part that his feet were wet with the waters of that river which we all must cross; he made no formal parting again with his family; he endured no pangs of dissolution, but passed away quietly without a groan or a shudder, with nb one but his wife and children and his medical attendants by his side. He had done most of the great things of his life with calmness and composure, and in the same way he entered the long procession in which Alexander and Cæsar and Wellington and Napoleon had preceded him.

Adam Badeau.



AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT WRITTEN WHILE AT WEST POINT, IN THE ALBUM OF A CLASSMATE.

[General Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses, and is said to have reversed the initials to avoid the humorous conjunction of them. In his commission as cadet the name was by mistake written Ulysses S., and as it could not be changed officially, he afterward adopted it, taking Simpson, a family name, for the second initial.— EDITOR.]

LINCOLN AND GRANT.

THE names of Lincoln and Grant will always be inseparably associated in connection with the events of the War of the Rebellion. At first thought they present two characters in American history entirely dissimilar. Their careers seem in striking contrast. One led the life of a civilian, and made his reputation as a statesman; the other was essentially a soldier, and is naturally classed amongst the great military captains of history. But upon a closer study of their lives, it will be found that the two men had many traits in common, and that there were many points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to struggle with adverse fortune, and learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affection. Each remembered that though clothed in the robes of a master he was still the servant of the people. Both entered the public service from the same State, rose in life without the help of wealthy or influential friends, and owed every success to individual merit. Each might have said, to any who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin, what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who snubbed him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." Each was conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all the virtues — common sense. Both despised the arts of the demagogue, shrank from attitudinizing in public or posing before the world for effect, and looked upon the exercise of mawkish sentimentality and the indulgence in mock heroics with a righteous contempt. With them there was none of the puppyism which is bred by power, and none of that dogmatism which has been well described as puppyism grown to maturity. Each was endowed with talents especially bestowed upon him by Providence to meet the trying emergencies in which he was placed; each bore a patriot's part in securing the integrity of the Union; and each received from the people a second election to the highest office in their gift. Each had qualities which commanded the respect and admiration of the other, and where their characteristics were unlike, they only served to supplement each other, and to add to the strength which their combined powers exercised in the great cause in which they labored.

The acquaintance between the two men began by official correspondence, which afterwards became more personal in its tone, and when they finally met an intimacy sprang up between them which soon ripened into a genuine friendship. The writer of this article witnessed much of their intercourse; was often a listener to the estimates which each placed upon the other, and could not help being profoundly impressed with the extent to which these two historic characters became attached to each other.

They did not meet till March, 1864, and previous to that time had had but little personal correspondence. Most of the communications which the General received from the President had been in the form of executive orders sent through the War Department. Lincoln had early formed a high opinion of the Western general, in consequence of his victories at Donelson and Shiloh, and because he did not spend his time in calling for troops, but made the best use of those that were sent him. In other words, he was a man who asked for nothing, and gave the executive no trouble.

Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant: "After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing. So one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog. 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that 's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled:

"'"What 's up! Anything busted?"'

"'There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over he said, '"Well, I guess he 'll never be much account again — as a dog."' And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again — as an army.'

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

About nine days after Vicksburg had fallen the President sent the following letter to General Grant, who was deeply touched by its frank and manly character, and the sincerity of its tone:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

A. LINCOLN.

The first time the two men saw each other was about one o'clock on the 9th of March, 1864, when General Grant called upon the President at the White House to receive the commission constituting him lieutenant-general of the armies. The General had arrived in Washington from the West the day before, and was on his way to establish his headquarters in Virginia. The interview took place in the Cabinet room. There were present, besides the members of the Cabinet, General Halleck, a member of Congress, two of General Grant's staff-officers, his eldest son,

Frederick D. Grant, and the President's private secretary. Lincoln, in handing the General his commission, read with much feeling a few words which he had written for the occasion, ending with the remark, "As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence." The General took the commission very much as a graduate steps up and takes his diploma from the president of his college. He had written a brief reply on a sheet of paper, which he drew from his pocket and read. It closed as follows: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

In a subsequent conference the President talked very freely to General Grant about the conduct of the armies in the field. He said he did not pretend to know anything about the art of war, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders, but he did know that celerity was absolutely necessary, that while armies were sitting down, waiting for opportunities which might perhaps be more favorable from a military point of view, the Government was spending millions of dollars every day, that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and there would come a time when the spirits and the resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations must be taken into account, as well as the purely military questions, and he adopted the plan of issuing his executive orders, principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals. He said nothing pleased him more than the fact that the grade of lieutenant-general had been revived by Congress, and that a general-in-chief of the armies had been put at their head, who he felt would appreciate the value of minutes. He told the General he was not going to interfere in any way with his movements, and all he had to do was to call on him for whatever he required, and it would be supplied if the resources of the nation could furnish it.

General Grant soon after entered upon the Wilderness campaign. Cheering messages were frequently sent him by the President, and a number of suggestions were made, but no orders were given for the movement of troops. Many characteristic telegrams were received from the President while the armies were in front of Richmond and Petersburg. One of them afforded Grant great amusement. It closed with the words, "Hold on with a bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. A. Lincoln."

Each tried to anticipate the desires of the other even in matters somewhat out of his particular sphere of action. At the first meeting they had in the field after actual operations had commenced in Virginia, Lincoln said to the General that there was a man who had got a permit at Washington to visit the armies and had abused his privilege by going around using seditious language and trying to stir up trouble among the loyal Virginians in that section of country. He asked the General whether he had heard of the fellow, saying he would have arrested him if he had known just where to catch him. The General replied that he had not heard of him; that if he had he should have arrested him and sent him to Fort Monroe without troubling the President with the matter or letting him know anything about it.

"I see," said the President, "you would have served me like the Irishman wanted the doctor to serve him. The doctor told him he would have to take a quinine tonic. The Irishman asked whether he would let him put some whisky in it, and the doctor said, not a drop; if he expected to be cured he must give up the use of whisky entirely. The Irishman thought a minute, and then remarked to the doctor in a sort of confidential way, 'I say, dochtor, when ye git yer medicine all ready couldn't ye jist put in a little whesky unbeknownce to me?' So when you got your man all ready I suppose you would have put him into Fort Monroe 'unbeknownce' to me."

The nearest Mr. Lincoln ever came to giving General Grant an order for the movement of troops was during Early's raid upon Washington. On July 10, 1864, the President telegraphed a long dispatch from Washington, which contained the following language: "What I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to defeat the enemy's force in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think — upon your suggestion, and is not an order." Grant replied that on reflection he thought it would have a bad effect for him to leave City Point, then his headquarters, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and the President was satisfied with the dispositions which the General made for the repulse of Early without taking command against him in person.

It will be seen that the President did not call for assistance to protect Washington, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. The President was

undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers. There is not an instance in which he seemed to take counsel of his fears. He was always more anxious to have the troops around Washington sent to the field than kept in the fortifications about the capital. He sent a remarkable dispatch to the General on August 4, 1862, which shows his eagerness to have the troops in his vicinity placed "south of the enemy" instead of being kept between the enemy and Washington. It referred to an order which General Grant had sent to General Halleck, chief of staff at Washington, and was as follows:

"I have seen your dispatch in which you say, 'I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.' This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of 'following him to the death' in any direction. I repeat to you it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour and force it.

"A. LINCOLN."

This is the language of a man of courage, who felt a consciousness that he was bolder than those who counseled him at Washington, and wanted a man of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting, and send the troops about the capital after Early to get south of him, and follow him to the death, even if the capital had to go without defense.

On the 23d of November, when matters looked a little quiet along the lines, Grant visited the President in Washington, and spent most of the day with him and the Secretary of War conferring upon the military situation and the carrying out of some recommendations which the General had made regarding the armies in the field. His principal demand was to have eight useless major-generals and thirty brigadiers mustered out of the service to make room for the promotion of men who had won their spurs in the field. The President pointed to a number of names on the list and remarked that they were the General's own personal friends; but Grant urged the matter still more strenuously, saying that the emergency was too great to stop to consider personal feelings, and that those whose services could not be made available must give way to the rising men at the front. He succeeded in securing many vacancies in the list of generals, and the promotions which followed for meritorious services in the field did much for the *morale* of the armies.

On March 20, 1864, the General invited the President to visit him at City Point. The invitation was accepted the next day, and the President arrived at the headquarters of the armies on the 22d, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son "Tad." They had come down the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay and up the James River on the *River Queen*, a comfortable little side-wheel steam-boat, which was convoyed by the United States gun-boat *Bat*, acting as an escort. This vessel had been a blockade-runner and had been captured by the navy and fitted up as a gun-boat. It was commanded by Captain J. S. Barnes, U. S. N. Upon the arrival of the steam-boat at the wharf at City Point General Grant and several members of his staff went aboard to welcome the presidential party. The President gave each one a hearty greeting, and in his frank and cordial way said many complimentary things about the hard work that had been done during the long winter's siege, and how fully the country appreciated it. When asked how he was he said,

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for sea-sickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

The party had gathered in the after-cabin of the steam-boat, and in the course of the conversation the President said: "This cabin is the one in which I met the peace commissioners from Richmond,— Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter,— when they came down to Hampton Roads." The meeting referred to had occurred the month before. Alexander H. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. He will be remembered as being a mite of a man in stature and having a complexion as yellow as an ear of ripe corn. Mr. Lincoln went on to say: "Stephens sat where I am sitting now, Hunter sat over there, and Campbell lolled on the sofa to the right. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbin I ever laid eyes on.'"

During his stay the President spent much of his time riding about with Grant among the

troops during the day, and sitting around the camp-fire at headquarters in the evening. The fire always had a fresh pile of dry rails thrown upon it, in his honor, and as he sat in a camp-chair with his long legs doubled up in grotesque attitudes, and the smoke of the fire curling around him, he looked the picture of comfort and good-nature. He always seemed to feel how much happier were the men who had only to meet Lee's troops in Virginia, and were never compelled to encounter that more formidable army of office-seekers in Washington. The stories he told on these occasions will never be forgotten, and the kindly face of the Chief Magistrate, with its varying expressions of mirth and sadness, will never be effaced from the memory of the men who watched it in those trying times. In the way of story-telling, those City Point nights gave promise of becoming as famous as the Arabian Nights.

Lincoln's stories were not mere anecdotes, they were illustrations. No one ever heard him relate anything simply for the amusement afforded by the story; it was always to illustrate the subject under discussion, or to give point to his statement. Whether he had treasured up in his memory an inexhaustible supply of stories to draw from, or whether he invented them as he went along, to illustrate his views, no one could tell. Perhaps both methods were employed. However this may be, there was hardly a remark made or an object shown to him which did not call to mind some story so pertinent to the subject that the dullest never failed to see the point of it. Nothing appeared to escape his recollection. A soldier once struck the idea when he said of him: "He's got a mighty fine memory, but an awful poor forgetery."

One evening the writer showed him a specimen of the new powder made for the fifteen-inch gun. The piece was about the size of an English walnut.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A grain of mammoth powder, the kind they are using in the fifteen-inch gun at Fort Monroe," was the reply.

"Well," said he, turning it over in his hand, "it is rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. This reminds me of what once occurred in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country store-keepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shop-keepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods.

"One evening a man rose up in the meeting and said:

"'Brethren, let me take occasion to say while we're a-waitin' that I have just received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the nakid eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jes like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the cross-roads, and examine that powder for yourselves.'

"When he had got about this far a rival powder merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, rose up and said:

"'Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word, brethren, that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile, and any one of you, brethren, in your future state could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurious flames of the world below without the least danger of an explosion.'"

We thought that grain of powder had served a better purpose in drawing out this story than it could ever serve in being fired from a fifteen-inch gun.

On the 27th Sherman arrived at City Point, fresh from his triumphant march to the sea. Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet, and had contributed so largely to the success of the operations by his brilliant services at Fort Fisher, was sent for, and he, with Grant and Sherman, went to pay their respects to the President on board his steamer. The meeting presented a historical scene which is one of the most memorable of the whole war. It was not a council of war, or even a formal military conference. It was an interchange of views between the four great representative men who at that moment seemed to hold the destinies of the republic in their hands. All were eager to hear more details of his march from the man who had cut so broad a swath through the heart of the Confederacy. Sherman's recital of the event was told with all his vividness of style and crispness of expression. The subject was a grand one and the narrative was a whole epic in itself. The President made no particular suggestions as to the campaign, but at the breaking up of the conference said good-bye to the distinguished company, with buoyant hopes of the future and renewed confidence in his commanders. He was always

willing that they should reap all the glory of the victories in the field. He was like the workmen employed upon the Gobelin tapestries who stand behind the cloth, and are content to work there, knowing they are contributing their full share to the beauties of the front.

General Grant now confided to the President his determination to move against Lee as soon as the roads were dry enough, and to make what he intended should be the final campaign. The President resolved to remain at headquarters until the army moved, and seemed glad of the opportunity of continuing some days longer the pleasant intercourse with the General-in-chief. Sitting by the campfire one evening he spoke very feelingly of the hopes and fears he had experienced at different times during the rebellion. The patriotism of the people, the devotion of the loyal North, the courage and superb fighting qualities of the troops on the one hand; on the other, the financial difficulties, the terrible losses in men, the disloyal element in the rear, and the threatening attitude of England and France. When asked if he ever doubted the final success of the cause, he said, "Never for a moment." Mr. Seward, he told us, had often said that there was always just enough virtue in this republic to save it; sometimes none to spare, but still enough to meet the emergency, and he agreed with Mr. Seward in this view. He said the capture of Mason and Slidell on board the English vessel, and the complications with Great Britain, which resulted at so critical a period of the war, had given him great uneasiness. When asked whether it was not a great trial to surrender them he said:

"Yes, that was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we should be so powerful that we could call England to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence on him first. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses', that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and said, 'But see here, Brown, if I *should* happen to get well, mind that old grudge stands!' So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

As Mr. Lincoln abstained from interfering in purely military matters, so General Grant refrained from taking any action in political affairs. On the 2d of March, 1865, Lee wrote a very significant letter to Grant. From some remarks made in an interview which had occurred between General Longstreet and General Ord under a flag of truce, Lee conceived the idea that a military convention might be made the means of a satisfactory adjustment of the existing difficulties. He wrote General Grant a note in which the following language occurs:

"Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned."

General Grant looked upon this as referring to a subject entirely outside of his province, and forwarded it to the President. After some correspondence with him regarding it the General replied to Lee as follows:

"In regard to meeting you on the 6th inst. I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as is purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges, which has been intrusted to me."

So the interview never took place. General Grant's spirit of subordination was such that nothing ever led him into an act which might be construed as transcending his powers as a purely military officer. If the General had not had implicit confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the President he might not have restrained himself so easily from endeavoring to impress his views upon the Government in questions of general policy, but he had an abiding faith in the prudence and sagacity of the executive.

General Grant used to say of Lincoln, "I regard him as one of the greatest of men. He is unquestionably the greatest man I have ever encountered. The more I see of him

and exchange views with him, the more he impresses me. I admire his courage, and respect the firmness he always displays. Many think from the gentleness of his character that he has a yielding nature; but while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman. His quickness of perception often astonishes me. Long before the statement of a complicated question is finished his mind will grasp the main points, and he will seem to comprehend the whole subject better than the person who is stating it. He will take rank in history alongside of Washington."

Lincoln made many visits with Grant to the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. On such occasions he usually rode one of the General's fine bay horses, called "Cincinnati." He was a good horseman, and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depth of their hearts. He always had a pleasant salute or a friendly word for the men in the ranks. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, had joined the General's staff some time before, with the rank of captain and aide-de-camp, and was doing good service at headquarters, where he made an excellent record. The practical experience acquired at that time in the field was of important service to him in after years in administering the affairs of the War Department.

One evening, upon return to camp after a ride among the soldiers, Mr. Lincoln said:

"General, you don't seem to have your horse decked out in as gay trappings as some of our generals, or to give yourself any particular trouble about the elegance of your uniform."

"No," said the General; "I once learned a lesson on that subject when I was serving under General Taylor in Mexico. He used to wear about the same kind of clothes and shoes as those issued to the privates, and generally rode a horse that looked as if it had just come off a farm. On the march he often rested himself by sitting woman-fashion on his saddle with both feet on the same side, and no one in the army gave less thought to his style of dress. One day, while in camp near Corpus Christi, he received a very formal note from the commodore in command of the naval squadron in the Gulf, saying he would go ashore the next day for the purpose of paying his respects in person to the commander of the army. General Taylor had a conviction that naval officers were great sticklers for etiquette, and on occasions of ceremony always looked as fine as if they had just come out of a band-box; and not willing to be outdone by his web-footed visitor, the general set his servant at work to overhaul his wardrobe and burnish up his full-dress uniform, which had probably not been out of his chest since the war began.

"The commodore, it appeared, was a man who had as great a contempt for fine dressing as Taylor, but he had an idea that the commanding general of the army would expect a commodore of the navy to display no end of style in paying a visit of ceremony, and he was determined to exhibit a proper degree of respect in this regard, no matter what it cost in the way of inconvenience; so he ransacked the bottom of his locker for his best toggery, and the next day appeared on shore resplendent in white gloves, blue cloth, and gold lace. There was a broiling Southern sun pouring down, and by the time the commodore had walked from the landing to the general's quarters he was reeking with perspiration and looking as red as a boiled lobster. He found the general sitting in his tent, buttoned up to the chin in a well-wrinkled uniform coat, mopping his head with a handkerchief and swinging a big palm-leaf fan to help catch a breath of air. After these distinguished representatives of the sister services had indulged in profound bows, shaken hands, and exchanged compliments in a very formal and dignified manner, they sat down on opposite sides of a table, looked at each other for some minutes, and then a smile began to steal over their faces, which soon widened into a broad grin, and showed that they were both beginning to take in the absurdity of the situation.

"'Oh! this is all nonsense!' said Taylor, pulling off his coat and throwing it to the other side of the tent.

"'Infernal nonsense!' cried the commodore, jerking off everything but his shirt and trousers. Then they lighted a couple of pipes and had a good sensible talk over the military situation."

Mr. Lincoln was as good at listening as he was at story-telling; and as he gradually took in the absurdity of the scene described he became so convulsed with laughter that his sides fairly shook.

The President remained at headquarters till the armies moved out on the Appomattox campaign. General Grant and staff started about nine o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1865. They went by the military railroad as far as its terminus south of Petersburg and there took their horses. As the party mounted the car the President went through a cordial hand-shaking with each one, speaking many words of cheer and good wishes. As the train was about to move the party collected on the rear platform of the car and respectfully raised

their hats. The President waved a farewell with his long right arm and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Good-bye, gentlemen. God bless you all. Remember your success is my success."

A few days after, when the lines around Petersburg had been carried and we were closing in about the city, the General telegraphed to City Point:

". . . The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery. . . All seems well with us and everything quiet just now. I think the President might come out and pay us a visit to-morrow."

Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply:

"Allow me to tender to you and all with you the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion I think I will meet you to-morrow."

The next day Petersburg had fallen, and about noon the President, accompanied by his son "Tad," joined General Grant in the city. They sat together for nearly two hours upon the porch of a comfortable little house with a small yard in front, and crowds of citizens soon gathered at the fence to gaze upon these remarkable men of whom they had heard so much. The President's heart was filled with joy, for he felt that this was "the beginning of the end." He revealed to the General many of his plans for the rehabilitation of the South, and it could easily be seen that a spirit of magnanimity was uppermost in his heart. They were anxiously awaiting dispatches from General Weitzel, in the hopes that he had already captured Richmond, but General Grant had to take up his march with the columns that had started in pursuit of Lee, before getting the much-coveted news. He had ridden only a short distance when he received a dispatch from Weitzel saying that Richmond had been taken several hours before.

Immediately after the surrender at Appomattox Court House General Grant hurried to Washington, not even stopping to visit Richmond. His first thought was to take prompt measures for disbanding the armies and saving expenses. He arrived at the capital on the morning of the 13th of April. During that day he spent much of his time with the President, and took a drive through the city with Mrs. Lincoln. The people were wild with enthusiasm, and wherever the General appeared he was greeted with cheers, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of delight. The next day Lincoln invited the General to accompany him to Ford's Theater in the evening, and take a seat in his box to see the play of "Our American Cousin." The General begged to be excused, saying Mrs. Grant was anxious to have him go to Burlington, New Jersey, where their children were at school, and he wanted to start as soon as possible. The President was somewhat urgent, and said the people would expect to see the General at the theater, and would be so much delighted to get a sight of him. While they were talking a note came from Mrs. Grant giving reasons for wanting to start that afternoon, and this afforded the General an excuse for declining the invitation to the play. When he bade the President good-bye, he little thought it would be the last time that he would ever see him alive. At lunch at Willard's Hotel, the General noticed a man who sat near him at table, and was apparently trying to overhear his conversation. As he drove to the railway station in the afternoon a man on horseback followed the carriage, and seemed to be the same person who had attracted his attention at lunch. This man was unquestionably John Wilkes Booth. Some time afterwards the General received an anonymous letter from a person who said he had been selected to kill him, and had boarded the train and ridden as far as the Delaware River with the intention of carrying out his purpose, but the car-door was locked, so he could not get in. He expressed himself as very thankful he had failed. The General had a special car, and it is a fact that the conductor locked it, so that there was this much to corroborate the man's story. Besides, it was shown upon the trial of the assassins that General Grant was one of the men marked for assassination. At the Walnut street wharf in Philadelphia, just as he was about to go on board the ferry-boat, he was handed a telegram conveying the appalling announcement that the chief he so much honored, the friend for whom he had conceived so warm an affection, had fallen, the victim of an assassin's bullet. The General returned at once to Washington. He often said that this was the saddest day of his whole life.

Twenty years later when he too had reached the full measure of his greatness his own death plunged the country again into a profound grief, the nation was called upon to put on the mourning it had worn for Lincoln, and the people suffered another loss which was felt by every one in the land with a sense of personal bereavement. The ashes of these two great central figures of the war now lie entombed in the soil their efforts saved; their names have passed into history.

Their devoted loyalty, steadfast courage, pure patriotism, and manly personal virtues will forever command the admiration of all who make a study of their lives. Between them the jealousy which springs from narrow minds

was absent; the rivalry which is born of selfishness had no place in their souls. They taught the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk abreast. With them the safety of the nation was above all personal aims; and like the men in the Roman phalanx of old they stood shoulder to shoulder, and linked their shields against a common foe. It was a priceless blessing to the Republic that the era of the Rebellion did not breed a Marius and a Sulla, a Cæsar and a Pompey, or a Charles the First and a Cromwell, but that the power to which its destinies were intrusted was wielded by a Lincoln and a Grant.

Horace Porter.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

I WAS with General Sherman the night before he began his march to the sea, in camp near Gaylesville, in the north-eastern corner of Alabama, to which point he had followed Hood from Atlanta in his counter movement towards Tennessee. I had recently arrived from the Valley of Virginia, whence I had been sent by General Grant to reorganize and command the Western cavalry. After disposing of the business of the day we spent the evening, indeed most of the night, in front of a comfortable camp-fire, chatting about the incidents of the recent campaigns and considering the details of those yet to come. One by one the staff-officers had withdrawn to their tents, for Sherman was "an owl" always ready to make a night of it, and they saw that he was well under way towards it upon that occasion. A dark and solemn forest surrounded us, and a dead silence had fallen upon the sleeping army; not a sound except that of the measured tread of the sentinel in front of the general's tent disturbed the quiet of the night. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, and one o'clock was at hand, when there came a pause in the conversation; then a moment of reflection on the part of Sherman, whose deeply lined face and brilliant, sleepless eyes I see now as plainly as I did then, turned towards and lighted up by the red glare of the blazing logs, and bright with intelligent and energetic life. Then came a quick, nervous upward glance at me, and then the following remark: "Wilson, I am a great deal smarter man than Grant; I see things more quickly than he does. I know more about law, and history, and war, and nearly everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a d—— for what he can't see the enemy doing, and it scares me like h——!" And this vigorous and graphic speech is the best description of the fundamental characteristics and differences of the two men I have ever heard. It shows not only a profound self-knowledge on the part of Sherman, but a profound, comprehensive, and discriminating estimate of the personal peculiarities of General Grant; for it is true that the latter was never scared by what the enemy might be doing beyond his sight. He gave his best attention to learning the position, strength, and probable plans of his adversary, and then made his own plans as best he might to foil or overthrow him, modifying or changing them only after it became clearly necessary to do so, but never lying awake of nights trying to make plans for the enemy as well as for himself; never countermanding his orders, never countermarching his troops, and never annoying or harassing his subordinate commanders by orders evolved from his imagination. He never worried over what he could not help, but was always cool, level-headed, and reasonable, never in the least excitable or imaginative. He always had the nerve to play his game through calmly and without any external exhibition of uneasiness or anxiety; and this was constitutional with him, not the result of training nor altogether of reflection. It was his nature, and he could not help it. The sanguine and nervous elements were so happily modified, blended, and held in check by the lymphatic element of his temperament that he could do nothing in a hurry or a heat, and, above all, it was impossible for him to borrow trouble from what he did not know to be certain, or could not change. While this equable temper guided him smoothly through many dangers, it also kept him out of many difficulties of a personal as well as of an official nature. It made it easy for him to command an army of discordant elements, filled with jealousies, and led by generals mostly from civil life, quite ready to quarrel with each other, or with any one else, for that matter, excepting himself, while another commander less happily organized would have been constantly in hot water. The value of such a temperament in war can scarcely be estimated by one not acquainted with the troubles which come from a vivid and excitable imagination. It was this temperament, together with a modest reasonableness and capability, an openness to

good counsels, and a freedom from offensive obstinacy of opinion, in reference to what should be done in a campaign, which caused so many experienced and judicious officers to say, as they frequently did, that they would rather take their chances in a great war or in a desperate campaign with Grant, even in his old age, than with any of his great subordinates.

But Grant had another noticeable characteristic, in a measure flowing from his temperament, which was of immense value, and ultimately gave the greatest confidence to the armies commanded by him. I refer, of course, to his constancy or steadfastness,— that quality which was blood of his blood and bone of his bone, which came to him perhaps from generations of wild and warlike ancestry, and which caused him to fight all his campaigns and battles through to the end, whether it took three days, three weeks, "all summer," or a whole year. It was that quality which made it natural and easy for him to say at Belmont, when his little army was surrounded, "We must fight our way out as we fought our way in"; which made him exclaim, on seeing the well-filled haversack of a dead rebel at Donelson, "They are trying to escape; if we attack first and vigorously we shall win"; which made him try every possible way of reaching a solid footing for his army in the Vicksburg campaign, and finally run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communications, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads and sit down calmly and resolutely behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, resolved to take it by siege or starvation if not by assault. It was that quality which carried him through the perils and difficulties of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and which finally brought him the rank of lieutenant-general, and gave him command of all the loyal armies. And finally it was that quality which caused him to fight his way, inch by inch, through the Wilderness and to continue the fighting day after day, from the morning of May 5th till the evening of the 12th, holding on to all the ground he gained, never halting, never yielding, but inexorably pressing forward, no matter what the discouragements nor what the difficulties to be overcome. Such persistency was never before shown by an American general. The Army of the Potomac had never before been compelled to fight more than two days consecutively. Its commanders had always hesitated even in the full tide of victory, as at Antietam or Gettysburg, or had fallen back as at Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, after the second day's fighting, and before any decisive advantage had been gained by either side. It had never been compelled to fight its battles through before, but now all this was changed. And there is no sort of doubt that this change marked the final epoch of the war, inasmuch as it convinced both the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac, and indeed of all the Union armies, that there would be no more yielding, no more retreating, no more rest from fighting and marching till the national cause had everywhere triumphed over its enemies! Neither is there any sort of doubt that Lee and his valiant army also recognized the advent of Grant as the beginning of the end. They were from the first amazed at the unshakable steadiness and persistency with which he held his army to its work, and they saw at once the doom of the Confederacy and the end of all their hopes. This is plainly shown by the defensive attitude which they maintained thenceforth to the end of the war. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was on the evening of the second day's fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels by a happy stroke turned the right flank of the Sixth Corps and threw it into great confusion. There is reason for supposing, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, that Grant's nerves were severely shaken by this unexpected and untoward reverse. He was in a strange army, surrounded almost entirely by strangers, and naturally enough for a short time amidst the darkness and confusion felt uncertain as to the purposes of the enemy, the extent of the disaster, and the capacity of his own army to recover from it. In all that host there were only three general officers who had served with him in the West,—Rawlins, his able and courageous chief-of-staff, Sheridan, and myself. Meade, whose headquarters were near by, and all the infantry corps and division commanders, were comparatively unknown to him, and what is worse, precedent, so far as there was any precedent, in that army, seemed to require them under such circumstances to retire, and not advance. I was with Sheridan and Forsyth, his chief-of-staff, that night, near Old Chancellorsville. Forsyth and I lay till dawn listening to what seemed to us to be the roar of distant musketry; orders had been received during the night by the cavalry "to cover the trains," and from our position, and what we knew of the precedents, as well as of the temper of the army, we feared that the next day would find us on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of on the road to Richmond. Sheridan shared this apprehension. Before dawn he gave me orders to move as soon as I could see with my division towards Germanna Ford, and ascertain if the enemy, after

turning the right flank of the Sixth Corps, had interposed between the army and the river or penetrated towards the rear. By sunrise I had covered the whole region in the direction indicated, and having ascertained that the noise of the night before was the rumbling of the trains on the Fredericksburg turnpike, and that the enemy had withdrawn without discovering the magnitude of his advantage, I rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters, for the two-fold purpose of reporting the result of my reconnoissance and of ascertaining how the General had stood the alarm and trials of the night and day before. I felt that the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten and that it would be fatal for it to withdraw at that stage of the campaign, and yet I feared that the pressure upon General Grant might be so great as to induce him to yield to it. I found him at his camp on a knoll covered with scrub pine, where he had spent the day and night, just ready to mount and move out. I dismounted at the foot of the knoll, and throwing my bridle to my orderly, started rapidly towards the General, who not only saw me coming, but saw also the look of anxious inquiry in my face, and, without waiting to receive my report or to question or be questioned, called out in cheerful and reassuring tones: "It's all right, Wilson; the army is already on the move for Richmond! It is not going back, but forward, until we beat Lee or he beats us." I saw at a glance that, however severely tried, Grant had recovered his equilibrium, and that his courage was steadfast and unshaken. My anxieties were relieved, and after expressing my gratification at the orders he had given, and saying what I could in support of the policy announced, I remounted my horse and galloped back to my division. I imparted the result of my reconnoissance and of my interview with General Grant promptly to Forsyth and Sheridan, both of whom received it with unmistakable delight and satisfaction. It is not too much to say that a great load was lifted from our minds. We saw that the gravest crisis of Grant's life was safely past, and we felt that our success was now solely a question of pluck and persistency on the part of the army. We knew that the commanding general would do his duty to the bitter end, and we could not doubt what the end would be.

Grant has been severely criticised for the rude and disjointed battles fought by the Army of the Potomac during this memorable campaign, and much of this criticism is well founded, though not so well directed. If Grant had been a great tactician, which he was not, or had more closely supervised the carrying out of his own orders, instead of depending upon Meade and his corps and division commanders for all the details and their execution, it is probable that many valuable lives would have been spared; but it must not be forgotten, after all, that whenever everything else fails and the resources of strategy and tactics are exhausted, the fundamental fact remains that that army or that nation generally prevails, or has the greatest capacity for war, which stands killing best. In the words of the rebel General Forrest, "War means fight, and fight means kill." Lee and his army of veterans had to be taught that there was nothing left for them but to fight it out; that no matter how many Union soldiers they killed, their places would be promptly filled; that no matter how many assaults they might repulse, new assaults would follow, until finally there would be no safety left for their steadily decreasing numbers except in flight or surrender. And this was the result which followed! Even the unsuccessful and unnecessary assaults at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg contributed to this result, for they taught the rebels to beware of meeting in the open field soldiers who could make such assaults and withstand such bloody repulses without being disgraced or seriously discouraged thereby.

But General Grant's temperament gave him other good qualities besides the one so graphically described by Sherman. It made him modest, patient and slow to anger, and these virtues contributed to his earlier successes almost as much as the rapid and sturdy blows which he dealt the enemy confronting him. They kept him from putting on airs, assuming superiority, or otherwise offending the sensibilities and self-respect of either the officers or men who constituted the rank and file of the army, and while these were negative virtues, they were unfortunately not possessed by all the regular army officers who found themselves in command of volunteers at the outbreak of the rebellion. Notwithstanding Grant's extraordinary success at Donelson and his excellent behavior at Shiloh, there was a great outcry against him not only in the army, but throughout the North-west. He was charged with leaving his command without authority, neglect of duty, and incompetence, and there is no doubt that the Administration not only lent ear to these charges, but authorized Halleck to supersede Grant in the field, and assured General McClernand that he should have command of an expedition for the purpose of opening the Mississippi River.

I joined the staff of General Grant as an officer of engineers, in October, 1862, and found him just starting on the Tallahatchee or Gren-

ada (Mississippi) campaign. Before leaving Washington I became satisfied that the chief honors of his command would be given to McClernand, if the President and Secretary of War could manage it without a public scandal; and I lost no time, after returning from a short tour of duty with McPherson, then commanding the left wing of Grant's army, in making known to Major Rawlins the information upon which I had reached my conclusion. Grant had gone to Memphis, but Rawlins and I followed him shortly, and when fitting opportunity presented itself the former laid my information before the General, and considered it with him. At that time Vicksburg had come to be regarded as the great strategic point in the Western theater of war, and consequently its capture was looked upon as of the first importance to the Union cause. It also became abundantly evident that McClernand had not only been promised the command of the expedition for that purpose, but there was reason for believing that he and his friends were using all the means in their power to foster and spread the discontent with Grant, and if possible to relegate him to a subordinate position. Grant's conduct at this juncture was cautious and prudent. Rawlins and others urged him to make short work of it, and relieve McClernand, or at least to assert his own authority, and rebuke the pretensions of his lieutenant in a manner which could not be misunderstood, but he declined, contenting himself with modestly asking General Halleck if there was any reason why he should not himself go in chief command of that part of the army to be employed in the movement against Vicksburg. Later on, when McClernand showed his resentment and bad temper, and indirectly claimed independence of Grant's control, Rawlins again urged a decided rebuke of his insubordination, but Grant still declined, saying, quietly but firmly: "I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I have to command." McClernand, it will be remembered, was a politician of influence and distinction, had been a leading and influential member of Congress, was a townsman of Mr. Lincoln, a war Democrat of pronounced and ardent loyalty to the Government, and above all he had shown himself to be a brave, energetic, and fairly skillful division commander, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary vanity and captiousness, was of entirely too much consideration to admit of being relieved for any light or trivial or uncertain cause; and so Grant bore with him modestly and patiently till, in his estimation, forbearance was no longer possible. In this I encouraged him whenever occasion offered, and appreciating my motives, it was his custom to intrust me with nearly all of the orders and instructions for McClernand's corps. At the battle near Port Gibson, where the enemy was first met after our passage of the Mississippi, McClernand behaved with his accustomed gallantry and sound judgment, and as I had been near him throughout the action, I thought I saw an opportunity in it for bringing about a better understanding between him and General Grant. Accordingly, when the latter arrived upon the field I explained the situation to him, and suggested that he should congratulate and thank McClernand in person for his good management and success. But much to my surprise he declined to do this, merely remarking that McClernand had done no more than his duty, and that it would be time enough to thank and congratulate him when the action was over and good conduct and subordination had become habitual with him. From that day forward the breach between them widened, notwithstanding the bravery of McClernand's corps at the battle of Champion's Hill, and of Lawler's brigade of the same corps at Big Black. McClernand's temper seemed to grow worse and worse. He alienated the only friends he had at headquarters by violent language and threatened insubordination. Finally, "for falsely reporting the capture of the enemy's works in his front," for the publication of a bombastic order of congratulation to his corps, and for failing to send a copy of the same to army headquarters, Grant relieved him from command, while in the trenches before Vicksburg, and ordered him to proceed to such point in Illinois as he might select, reporting thence to the War Department for orders. I mention this circumstance with no intention of passing censure upon McClernand, nor even of judging between him and his commanding general, but merely for the purpose of illustrating Grant's patience and forbearance, and calling attention to the fact that when he was ready to act, his action was vigorous and effective; and that notwithstanding his patience he was inexorable and unrelenting towards one who he thought had intended to do him official and personal injury. In this he was not unlike the most of mankind so far as the feeling of resentment was concerned, but it will be observed that he acted even in this case with caution and prudence, inasmuch as he took no action and raised no questions to be settled by the President or Secretary of War till substantial success had so strengthened him in the popular mind that his position was unassailable. And so it was throughout his military career. He never quarreled with those he had to command, but bore with their shortcomings long and patiently. Such as

proved themselves incompetent or inefficient from any cause were quietly but surely eliminated, while those who were so imprudent as to criticise him or his generalship in such a way as to attract his notice were more summarily and promptly disposed of as his power increased and as his own supremacy became assured. In reference to all official matters he was a man of but few words, either in speech or writing, hence whatever he did in this direction was done decently and in order, and apparently upon the theory that "He who offends by silence offends wisely; by speech rashly." While it is certainly true, as a general rule, that Grant was impatient of even friendly criticism from subordinates, and did not like unfriendly criticism from any quarter, it would give an entirely erroneous impression of him and his peculiarities, if the foregoing statement were not qualified by a brief explanation of his relations with Rawlins, Sherman, and McPherson.

When I reported at his headquarters at Grand Junction, I found Major (afterwards Major-General) John A. Rawlins in charge as assistant adjutant-general. He received me warmly and cordially, explained frankly but impressively the character of General Grant, including its defects as well as its strong array of virtues, described the staff by whom he was surrounded, and gave me a brief account of the army and its subordinate commanders, concluding the conversation by proposing that we should form an "alliance offensive and defensive" in the performance of our duties towards General Grant and the cause in which we were all engaged. We soon became fast friends, with no reserve or concealments of any kind between us. Shortly afterwards the forces serving in that region were organized into "the Army of the Tennessee," and divided into corps; whereupon Rawlins was designated as adjutant-general and I as inspector-general of the army, each with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The duties of these positions brought us still more closely together, and if possible established our relations on a still firmer footing with each other and with General Grant. I mention this fact merely to show that I was in a position to know all that took place at headquarters, and especially to learn the characteristics and influence of the men by whom Grant was surrounded and with whom I was thrown in daily contact.

Rawlins was a man of extraordinary ability and force of character, entirely self-made and self-educated. When he was twenty-three years of age he was burning charcoal for a living. By the meager gains from this humble calling he had paid his way through the Academy, where he had acquired most of his education. He had studied and practiced law, rising rapidly in his profession and acquiring a solid reputation for ability as a pleader and as a public speaker. He had come to be a leader of the Douglas wing of the Democratic party, and was a candidate for the Electoral College on that ticket in 1860, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Immediately after the rebels fired upon Sumter, he made an impassioned and eloquent speech at Galena, in which he declared for the doctrine of coercion, and closed with the following stirring peroration: "I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply union or disunion, country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise, but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left for us. We will stand by the flag of our country and appeal to the God of Battles!" Amongst the audience was Ulysses S. Grant, late captain Fourth United States Infantry, but then a clerk in his father's Galena leather store. He was not a politician, still less a partisan, but he had hitherto called himself a Democrat, and had cast his only presidential vote four years before for James Buchanan. He had listened attentively to Rawlins's speech, and had been deeply impressed by it and by the manly bearing of the orator, with whom he had already formed an acquaintance, and that night on his way home he declared himself in favor of the doctrine of coercion, telling a friend that he should at once offer his services to the Government through the adjutant-general of the army. The story of his fruitless efforts to secure recognition at first, and of his final success in getting into the volunteer army through Governor Yates, who appointed him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and also of his appointment to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers through the recommendation of the Hon. E. B. Washburne and his colleagues of the Illinois delegation in Congress, is well known, and needs no repetition here; but it is not so well known that the very first day after Grant's assignment by seniority to the command of a brigade, he wrote to Mr. Rawlins and offered him the place of aide-de-camp on his staff, or that with equal promptitude after receiving notice, only a few days later, of his appointment as brigadier-general, he wrote again to Rawlins, offering him the position of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain. When it is remembered that Rawlins was at that time not only entirely ignorant of everything pertaining to military affairs, but had never even seen a company of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, it will be admitted at once that he must have had other very marked qualities to commend

him so strongly to a professional soldier, and this was indeed the case. Having been a politician himself, he knew many of the leading public men from Illinois and the northwest; being a lawyer, he had carefully studied the relations between the States and the General Government, and had arrived at clear and decided notions in reference to the duties of the citizen towards both. He was a man of the most ardent patriotism, with prodigious energy of both mind and body, of severe, upright conduct, rigid morals, and most correct principles. He was not long in learning either the duties of his own station or the general principles of army organizations; and what is still more important, he also learned, with the promptitude of one having a true genius for war, the essential rules of the military art, so that he became from the start an important factor in all matters concerning his chief, whether personal or official, and was recognized as such by Grant, as well as by all the leading officers in the army with which he was connected. He did not hesitate when occasion seemed to call for it to express his opinion upon all questions concerning Grant, the army he was commanding, or the public welfare; and this he did in language so forcible and with arguments so sound that he never failed to command attention and respect, and rarely ever failed in the end to see his views adopted. It cannot be said that Grant was accustomed to taking formal counsel with Rawlins, but owing to circumstances of a personal nature, and to the fearless and independent character of the latter, this made but little difference to him. Grant himself was a stickler neither for etiquette nor ceremony, while Rawlins never permitted either to stand between him and the performance of what he conceived to be a duty. Grant was always willing to listen, and even if he had not been he could not well have failed to hear the stentorian tones in which Rawlins occasionally thought it necessary to impart his views to a staff or general officer, so that all within ear-shot might profit thereby. I never knew Grant to resent the liberties taken by Rawlins, and they were many, but to the contrary their personal intimacy, although strained at times and perhaps finally in some degree irksome to Grant, remained unbroken to the end of the war, and indeed up to the date of Rawlins's death, in 1869. When the history of the Great Rebellion shall have been fully written, it will appear that this friendship was alike creditable to both and beneficial to the country, and that Rawlins was, as stated by Grant himself, "more nearly indispensable to him than any other man in the army." Indeed nothing is more certain than that he was altogether indispensable; and that he was a constant and most important factor in all that concerned Grant, either personally or officially, and contributed more to his success at every stage of his military career than any or all other officers or influences combined.

Both Sherman and McPherson were very intimate with Grant, and were held in the highest estimation by him; both were fully trusted, and both acted towards him with the most perfect loyalty; and yet neither of them, although both were men of extraordinary brilliancy, ever exerted a tithe of the influence that was exerted by Rawlins. Sherman was especially open and outspoken in giving his views, whether asked for or not; but having once freed his mind, verbally, or by letter, as in the case of the Vicksburg campaign in opposition to the turning movement as it was finally made, he dropped his contention there, and loyally and cheerfully, without hesitation or delay, and equally without grumbling or criticism, set vigorously about performing the duty assigned to him. It is but fair to add that Sherman always had decided views. He was then, as now, a man of great abilities and great attainments, not only in the art of war, but in nearly everything else. In short, to use his own words, he was "a great deal smarter man than Grant," and knew it, and perhaps Grant knew it also, and yet there was never any rivalry or jealousy between them. In view of all this, and especially in view of the marked differences and idiosyncrasies of the two men, it must be admitted that there is nothing in the life of either which reflects more honor upon him than his friendship for and confidence in the other.

McPherson, who was also serving with Grant when I joined him, and enjoyed his confidence and affectionate regard, was also an officer of rare merit. Like Sherman, he was a graduate of the Military Academy, and was justly noted for the brilliancy of his intellect and his high standing and attainments in the military profession. He was much younger than Sherman, but, unlike him, had never been in civil life since his original entry into the service at West Point. He was cheerful, modest and unassuming, but vigorous and active in the performance of every duty, and while he was justly regarded by all as a general of excellent judgment and great promise, and while it is also certain that he enjoyed Grant's confidence and esteem to the highest degree, it is equally certain that Grant rarely if ever consulted him on questions of policy, or even as to the details of the movements or dispositions of the army. It is still more certain that McPherson

did not, during the Vicksburg campaign nor at any time subsequent, volunteer his opinions. He neither furnished brains nor plans, as was at one time so commonly supposed in army circles to be the case, but confined himself strictly to the duty of commanding his corps, and doing cheerfully and ably whatever he was ordered to do by those in authority over him. He made no protests, wrote no letters of advice, and indulged in no criticisms whatever. He was an ideal subordinate, with a commanding figure and a lofty and patriotic character, and endeared himself, by his frank and open nature and his chivalric bearing and behavior, to his superiors and equals as well as to his subordinates. Grant loved him as a brother, and lost no opportunity to secure his promotion or to advance his fortunes, but never leant upon him for either advice or plans. He sent orders as occasion required, never doubting that they would be understood, and loyally and intelligently carried out according to the requirements of the case and the best interests of the service.

As a rule these orders were general in their terms, and specially designed to leave McPherson free to regulate and arrange the details according to his own judgment. So perfectly in accord were Grant and McPherson, so well placed was Grant's confidence in his admirable lieutenant, that there was never a shade of disappointment or ill feeling on the part of either towards the other. It is almost needless to add that Grant and Rawlins were of one mind in reference to both Sherman and McPherson, and indeed in reference to nearly everybody else. They judged from the same standpoint and from the same facts, knowledge of which necessarily in many cases reached Rawlins first, producing a profound impression on his vigorous and alert mind, and with gathered force upon that of his chief. It is proper to add that I never knew an army which was so little affected by jealousies, ill feeling, and heart-burnings as was the Army of the Tennessee under Grant; and I cannot imagine an army headquarters or administration where prejudice had so little influence or where the public business was conducted on higher principles than at those of General Grant. Merit and success were the sole tests by which subordinate commanders were judged. I say merit and success, but I wish to emphasize the statement that merit even without success was sure to receive the recognition it deserved. In this respect Grant's conduct was a model which cannot be too highly commended. His patience and deliberation caused him to judge fairly of every action before meting out praise or blame. With the former he was lavish and generous; with the latter no one could be more sparing. If the circumstances did not justify success, or if the orders given were misunderstood, or if contingencies were not properly provided for, he would always say: "It was my fault, not his; I ought to have known better," or "I should have foreseen the difficulty," or "I should have sent so and so," or "I should have given him a larger force." It is not to be wondered at that, with such consideration for his subordinate commanders, Grant should have become exceedingly popular with them, from the highest to the lowest. And yet it should not be forgotten that he was free from and above all claptrap, and utterly despised the cheap arts of advertisement and popularity so easily mastered by the military charlatan. He was at that period of his life the embodiment of modesty and simplicity, and showed it not only in his relations with those above and below him, but in his retinue and equipage, whether in camp or on the march. This is well illustrated by the fact that he crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, without a horse, and with no baggage whatever except a toothbrush and a paper collar. He rode forward to the battle near Port Gibson on an orderly's horse, and knocked about the field and country like any private soldier till his own horse and camp equipage, which did not cross till after the main body of the army, had rejoined him. Throughout this wonderful campaign he shared every hardship and every peril, and what is more, never for a moment forgot the comfort or hardships of those about him.

Having been engaged the second night in rebuilding the bridges over the north fork of the Bayou Pierre, in order that the army might not be delayed in following up its advantages, after completing my task, and seeing the advanced division well started on the march, I went to the little log-cabin by the roadside where the General and staff had bivouacked. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and after reporting to the General, as he always desired should be done under such circumstances, that the bridge was completed and the column moving, I turned in for sleep and rest, and was soon unconscious of everything around me. Breakfast was ready and eaten before daylight, and Grant and the rest of the staff moved out as soon as they could see the road and the marching soldiers; but as it was my second night without sleep he would not permit me to be disturbed, but directed the cook to put up my breakfast, and left an orderly to keep it for me, and to show me the road he and the staff had taken. I rejoined him, after a rapid ride of fifteen miles, about noon that day, shortly after which, hearing that Grand Gulf had been abandoned and

was in Admiral Porter's possession, he started with Rawlins, myself, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and a few orderlies, to that place. Arriving after dark he went at once on board the admiral's flag-ship, where he kept us all busily engaged writing dispatches and orders till eleven o'clock. We then went ashore, remounted our horses, and rode rapidly through the dark by a strange and circuitous road to Hankinson's ferry, to which point the army had been directed. The distance covered that night was between twenty and twenty-five miles, and for the day between forty-five and fifty. We rejoined the army at a double log plantation house about a mile from the ferry, just as dawn began to appear. Hastily unsaddling our horses, we threw ourselves flat upon the porch, using our saddles for pillows and our horse-blankets for covering. General Grant did not even take time to select a soft plank, but lay down at the end of the porch so as to leave room for the rest of us as we came up. In an incredibly short space of time we were all asleep, and yet he and the rest were up and about their respective duties shortly after sunrise. The army was rapidly concentrated, provisions were brought forward, and in a few days operations were again renewed and the country was electrified by the series of brilliant victories which followed. Grant's conduct throughout the campaign was characterized by the same vigor, activity, and untiring and unsleeping energy that he displayed during the two days which I have just described. It is difficult, I should say impossible, to imagine wherein his personal or official conduct from the beginning of the turning movement by Bruinsburg, till the army had sat down behind Vicksburg, could have been more admirable or more worthy of praise. His combinations, movements, and battles were models which may well challenge comparison with those of Napoleon during his best days. Withal he was still modest, considerate, and approachable. Victory brought with it neither pride nor presumption. Fame, so dear to every honorable and patriotic soldier, had now come to him, and his praise resounded throughout the North. Cavil and complaint were silenced. His shortcomings ceased to be matters for public condemnation; and when Vicksburg and the army defending it also fell before his well-directed blows, no name in all the land brought so much pleasure to the minds of the loyal and patriotic people as did that of Ulysses S. Grant. President Lincoln hastened to write him a cordial and magnanimous letter, saying in regard to the forecast of the campaign, "I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I wrong." It is worthy of remark that whatever were Lincoln's opinions during the campaign he kept them to himself, and, so far as General Grant then knew, did not in any way try to influence him or his movements. It is also worthy of remark that notwithstanding the heartiness and magnanimity of the letter just referred to, a new source of anxiety had arisen in Lincoln's mind in regard to General Grant, and the nature and extent of this anxiety will best appear from the following anecdote.

Amongst the most sagacious and prudent of General Grant's friends was J. Russel Jones, Esq., formerly of Galena, at that time United States Marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and also a warm and trusted friend of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in General Grant, and having many friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day of its final triumph. Lincoln, hearing this, and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him, shortly after his return to Chicago, to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately and traveled night and day. On his arrival at the railway station at Washington he was met by the President's servants and carriage, taken directly to the White House, and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure that they were entirely alone addressed him as follows:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

Mr. Jones, although somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once:

"No, Mr. President."

"Are you sure?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you reëlected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the country."

"Ah, Mr. Jones," said Lincoln, "you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you, my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

James Harrison Wilson.

"TAPS."*

August 8, 1885.

BRAVE heart, good-night! the evening shadows fall;
Silenced the tramping feet, the wailing dirge,
The cannons' roar; faint dies the bugle call,
"Lights out!"—the sentry's tread scarce wakes the hush,
Good-night.

Swift flows the river, murmuring as it flows,—
Soft slumber-giving airs invite to rest;
Pain's hours of anguish fled—tired eyelids close—
Love wishes thee, as oft and oft before,
Good-night.

The stars look down upon thy calm repose
As once on tented field, on battle eve;
No clash of arms, sad heralder of woes,
Now rudely breaks the sleep God's peace enfolds,—
Good-night.

Thy silence speaks, and tells of honor, truth,
Of faithful service,—generous victory,—
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps,—
Clasps hands again, through tears! Our Leader sleeps!
Good-night.

F. M. Newton.

THE DEAD COMRADE.*

COME, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,—
There is nought to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier;—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee.
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed,—
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day!

R. W. G.

* The burial service at the funeral of General Grant closed impressively with the sound of "Taps" (Lights out).

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Contradicted "Famous Saying."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Sir: About two weeks after the battle of Shiloh there appeared in some newspaper that was shown to me a report of a conversation assumed to have taken place between General Grant and myself soon after the battle, in which I was represented as rallying him upon the narrowness of his escape, and saying that he had not transports enough to carry off ten thousand men; to which he was reported as replying, in substance, that when it came to retreating transportation would not have been required for more than ten thousand.

The story had been colored for popular effect, but was traceable to a conversation in a vein of pleasantry that occurred at my camp among a party of officers, in which I had taken but little part.

Some time afterward it took on a modification which suited the alleged conversation to my meeting with General Grant on my arrival at Pittsburg Landing during the battle. This changed materially the character of the report, but I continued to treat it with the indifference which I thought it deserved, though the story has been freely circulated. I never knew until within a few months past, through the publication of the "War Records," that in its modified form it had the indorsement of an official authorship.

From that publication it appears that a year after the battle General Grant called upon three of his staff-officers to make reports concerning the movements of General Lew Wallace's division on the day of the battle, in answer to a complaint of the latter officer that injustice had been done him in General Grant's reports. Two of the officers, namely, General McPherson and Captain Rowley, in their replies confined themselves to that subject. The third, Colonel Rawlins, on the other hand, made it the occasion of a specific defense, or explanation, or commendation, or whatever it may be called, of General Grant's relation to the battle. Among other things that have since been more or less disputed, he said:

"General Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio reached Savannah on the afternoon of the 5th of April, but General Buell himself did not arrive. . . . You [General Grant] then rode back to the house near the river that had been designated for headquarters, to learn what word if any had been received from General Nelson, whose division you expected soon to arrive at the landing on the opposite side of the river; and you there met Maj.-Gen. D. C. Buell, who had arrived at Savannah and taken a steamer and come up to see you, and learn how the battle was progressing in advance of his force. Among his first inquiries was: 'What preparations have you made for retreating?' To which you replied, 'I have not yet despaired of whipping them, general'; and went on to state to him your momentary expectation of the arrival of General Wallace, to whom orders had been timely and repeatedly sent, and that General Nelson's division might soon be expected by the wagon-road from Savannah," etc.

This statement, ridiculous and absurd in its principal feature, is incorrect in every particular.

It is well known that I arrived at Savannah on the 5th of April; General Grant did not, as might be inferred, find me at the landing at Pittsburg — I found him there; we did not meet at "the house near the river," but on his headquarters steamer.

I mention these points only to show the tendency of the statement to error, and I aver that no such conversation as is described ever occurred, and that the contingency of a retreat was not brought forward by General Grant or by me.

My attention has within a few days been called to the fact that an article, in a recent number of THE CENTURY, has given fresh circulation to the story, and has combined the official and the original phraseology of it. I have regarded it as a trivial question, of little moment to either General Grant or myself; but perhaps the value attached to it by others makes it proper for me to give it an attention which I have not heretofore chosen to bestow upon it.

AIRDRIE, July 10, 1885. *D. C. Buell.*

General Heintzelman in the Peninsula Campaign.

IN THE CENTURY for May General McClellan has an article, "The Peninsular Campaign," in which there are one or two misstatements in regard to the Third Corps, commanded by General Heintzelman. Fortunately my father's papers, which are in my possession, contain replies to both allegations,— one in the handwriting of General Heintzelman's adjutant-general, and the other the rough draft of a letter addressed to General L. Thomas, then Adjutant-General of the Army.

On page 147 General McClellan states:

"All the corps commanders on the south side were on the 26th directed to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare in support of Porter on the next day. All of them thought the enemy so strong in their respective fronts as to require all their force to hold their positions."

Upon the demand for troops General Heintzelman replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 3D CORPS, 4 P. M., June 26, 1862.
GENERAL MARCY, Chief of Staff: I think I can hold the intrenchments with four brigades for twenty-four hours; that would leave two (2) brigades available for service on the other side of the river, but the men are so tired and worn out that I fear they would not be in a condition to fight after making a march of any distance. . . .
S. P. HEINTZELMAN, Brigadier-General.

This is far from being a statement that all his forces were required to hold his own lines.

Then, on page 148, General McClellan says:

"Meanwhile, through a misunderstanding of his orders and being convinced that the troops of Sumner and Franklin at Savage's Station were ample for the purpose in view, Heintzelman withdrew his troops during the afternoon, crossed the swamp at Brackett's Ford, and reached the Charles City road with the rear of his column at 10 P. M."

When the same statement was first made in 1863 General Heintzelman wrote the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEFENCES OF WASHINGTON,
April 11, 1863.
GENERAL L. THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. A., WASHINGTON.
GENERAL: I find in the "New York Tribune" of the 8th of April a "Preliminary Report of the Operations

of the Army of the Potomac, since June 25, 1862," made by General G. B. McClellan. . . .

In a paragraph commencing "On the 28th Porter's corps was also moved across the White Oak Swamp," etc., is the following:

"They were ordered to hold this position until dark, then to fall back across the swamp and rejoin the rest of the army. This order was not fully carried out, nor was the exact position I designated occupied by the different divisions concerned."

I was furnished with a map marked in red with the positions we should occupy.

As I had the fortified lines thrown up some time before by the troops in my command I had no difficulty in knowing where to go, and I did occupy these lines. General Sumner's were more indefinite and he occupied a position in advance of the one designated. This left a space of half a mile unoccupied, between his right and Franklin's left. In the morning I was informed that some rebels were already at or near Dr. Trent's house, where General McClellan's headquarters had been; I sent and found this to be the case. General Franklin had also called at my headquarters and told me that the enemy were repairing the bridges of the Chickahominy and would soon cross in force. About 1 P. M. I saw some of our troops filing into the fields between Dr. Trent's house and Savage's Station, and a few moments later Generals Franklin and W. F. Smith came to me and reported the enemy approaching and urged me to ride to General Sumner and get him to fall back and close this gap. I rode briskly to the front, and on the Williamsburg road, where it passed between my two divisions, met General Sumner's troops falling back. He wished me to turn back with him to arrange for ulterior operations, but as my right flank was entirely uncovered by these movements, I declined until after I had seen my division commanders and given them orders how to fall back. On my return there was some difficulty in finding General Sumner, and when found he informed me he had made his arrangements. I returned to my command, and on the way found the ground filled with troops, more than could be used to any advantage, and if the enemy planted a few batteries of artillery on the opposite side of the railroad, they would have been cut in pieces.

An aide to General McClellan having reported to me the day before to point out to me a road across the White Oak Swamp, opening from the left flank of my position of the fortified lines, I did not hesitate to retreat by that road, and left at 3 P. M. General Smith, of Franklin's corps, having sent to the rear all his batteries earlier in the day, I, at his request, let him have two of mine (Osborn's and Bramhall's), and they did good service that afternoon in checking and defeating the rebel attack.

My remaining would have been no aid to General Sumner, as he already had more troops than he could defile through the narrow road in his rear, and the road I took covered his left flank.

Before dark the advance of my corps was across the swamp, and by 10 P. M. the rear was over, with but little molestation from the enemy. I immediately sought General McClellan, and reported to him what I had done, and this is the first intimation I have had tha my conduct was not entirely satisfactory.

To hold my position till dark, by which time I was to receive orders, would have been impossible. After Generals Franklin and Sumner had fallen back, my right flank and rear were uncovered, and by a road which passed entirely in my rear; and beyond my right flank my only line of retreat would have been cut off, and I would have lost my entire corps. I did not know where General McClellan was, and it was therefore impossible to report to him for orders.

When General Birney reached Fisher's Ford, the enemy were there, but not in force; they soon arrived in force, and he had to take another road more to our left. Had we been a little later they would have been in possession, and our retreat by this road cut off.

S. P. HEINTZELMAN.

I trust that you will be able to find space for these letters.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Mary L. Heintzelman.*

National Memorials of the Civil War.

VIEWS OF GENERAL GRANT AND SENATOR SUMNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In General Badeau's article on General Grant, published in your current (May, 1885) number, page 160, occurs the following passage:

"Soon after the close of the war I was present when a Committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him [General Grant] to propose that a picture should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers."

Will you allow me to submit the reasons why I think General Badeau is mistaken in affirming that Charles Sumner headed the committee which called on General Grant for the purpose specified? I thought it was generally known that Mr. Sumner stood almost alone in our Congressional annals, among statesmen identified with the Union side in the Civil War, as advocating the policy of not allowing victories of fellow-citizens over each other to be perpetuated by national memorials, but as the statement referred to seems to have passed unchallenged by the press, I think it now incumbent on me to give the evidence as to Mr. Sumner's position on this question, drawn entirely from the proceedings of the United States Senate.

As early as May, 1862, the question arose upon a dispatch of General McClellan, where, after announcing the capture of Williamsburg, he inquired whether he was authorized to follow the example of other generals and direct the names of battles to be placed on the colors of regiments. This being communicated to the Senate, Mr. Sumner, May 8, 1862, moved the following resolution: *Resolved*, That in the efforts now making for the restoration of the Union and the establishment of peace throughout the country, *it is inexpedient that the names of victories obtained over our fellow-citizens* should be placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

February 27, 1865, more than a month before the surrender of Lee, the Senate having under consideration an appropriation for a picture in the National Capitol, Mr. Sumner moved as an amendment, "That in the National Capitol, dedicated to the National Union, *there shall be no picture of a victory in battle with our fellow-citizens.*"

On December 2, 1872, Mr. Sumner introduced in the Senate the following bill: *A Bill to regulate the Army Register and the Regimental Colors of the United States.*

WHEREAS, The National Unity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war. Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate, etc., that the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

This bill was the cause of a hasty and ill-considered resolution of censure passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, which did much to embitter the last years of Mr. Sumner's life. Happily the resolution was rescinded the winter before his death. But it was neverthe-

less true that he *suffered* for this, as he had suffered for his advocacy of the cause of the slave.

I know that it is exceedingly difficult to prove a negative, but if the recorded acts and opinions of a man exceedingly tenacious of his views when once adopted *can* prove anything, it seems to me that I have shown that Charles Sumner could not have proposed to General Grant to have a picture of the Surrender of Lee placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol. I am inclined to think that General Badeau may, in this instance, have confounded the action of Senator Wilson with that of Senator Sumner. Senator Wilson was at that time Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and, as the Senate proceedings show, held opposite opinions from his colleague in regard to the policy of perpetuating the memorials of civil war. To find Mr. Sumner represented as acting in behalf of such a policy is as surprising to one familiar with his record as it would be to encounter a statement that Cobden had advocated the Corn Laws or Garrison the Slave Trade.

I will only add that on careful investigation it appears that neither Mr. Sumner's motions nor his bill was ever enacted into written law. The idea contained in them, however, has become part of the *unwritten law* of the Republic. No picture or other representation of a victory in battle with fellow-citizens has ever been placed in the National Capitol, and it is safe to say that none will be. The names of the battles of the Civil War were placed on the regimental colors, and in the Army Register, by an order of General McClellan in 1862. In 1878 the names of the battles were stricken from the Army Register by order of the Secretary of War, and when new sets of colors are furnished to the regiments of the regular army the names of the battles are no longer inscribed thereon.

Charles W. Eldridge.

General Grant's Premonition.

GENERAL GRANT'S reticence in talking about himself has always been one of his marked characteristics. The only occasion known to many well-informed persons when General Grant was ever heard to express an opinion of his own qualifications was at a dinner he gave at the White House in March, 1874. There were but few guests, among them Roscoe Conkling, Simon Cameron, and Senator J. M. Johnston of Virginia. The last-named gentleman sat next to General Grant at the table. The talk turned on the war, and while the others were discussing it Senator Johnston turned to General Grant and said to him:

"Mr. President, will you permit me to ask you a question which has always been of great interest to me? Did you, at the beginning of the war, have any premonition that you were to be the man of the struggle?"

"I had not the least idea of it," replied General Grant. "I saw a lot of very ordinary fellows pitching in and getting commissions. I knew I could do as well and better than they could, so I applied for a commission and got it."

"Then," asked Senator Johnston, "when did you know that you were the man of destiny?"

General Grant looked straight ahead of him, with an expression on his inscrutable face that Senator Johnston had never seen there before.

"After the fall of Vicksburg," he said, after a pause. "When Vicksburg capitulated, I knew then that I was to be the man of the war; that I should command the armies of the United States and bring the war to a close."

"But," said Senator Johnston, "you had had great and notable successes before the days of Vicksburg. You had fought Shiloh and captured Fort Donelson."

"That is true," responded General Grant; "but while they gave me confidence in myself, I could not see what was before me until Vicksburg fell. Then I saw it as plainly as I now do. I knew I should be commander in chief and end the war."

At the same White House dinner Simon Cameron described the scene when General Joseph E. Johnston resigned his commission in the United States army. Mr. Cameron said he was sitting one morning in his room at the War Department, he being Secretary of War, when General Johnston entered, deeply agitated, and carrying in his hand a paper, which Secretary Cameron suspected was General Johnston's resignation. He handed it to the secretary without saying a word. The secretary glanced at it, saw what it was, and said:

"I regret to see this, General; I understand what it means. You are going South. This is not what you should do."

General Johnston replied under great emotion:

"I feel it my duty to resign, and I ask that my resignation be accepted at once."

"It shall be," said the secretary; "but you are mistaken as to your duty."

General Johnston bowed and said:

"I think it my duty," and, without another word, the two men bowed low to each other and General Johnston hurried from the room.

M. E. Seawell.

BIGOTRY.

EACH morn the tire-maids come to robe their queen,
  Who rises feeble, tottering, faded, gray.
Her dress must be of silver blent with green;
  At the least change her court would shriek dismay.

Each noon the wrinkled nobles, one by one,
  Group round her throne and low obeisance give.
Then all, in melancholy unison,
  Advise her by antique prerogative.

Reading the realm's laws, while they so advise,
From scripts whose yellowed parchments crack with age,
They bend the misty glimmer of bleared eyes
To trace the text of many a crumbling page.

The poor tired queen, in token of assent,
At solemn intervals will smile or bow;
She learned how vain was royal argument,
Back in her maidenhood, long years from now.

Each evening, clad in samite faced with gold,
The queen upon her tarnished throne must wait,
While through her moldering doorways, gaunt and old,
Troop haggard-visaged crones, her dames of state.

She hears them while they mumble that or this,
In courtly compliment, exact and prim;
With shriveled lips her shriveled hand they kiss;
They peer in her dim eyes with eyes more dim.

Each night the tire-maids lull her to repose
With warped and rusty lutes whose charms are fled,
Till softly round her withered shape they close
The dingy draperies of her spectral bed.

And so she wears the mockery of her crown
With sad compliance, futile discontent,
And knows her people like herself crushed down
By dreary tyrannies of precedent.

But sometimes, wakening out of nightmare's thrall,
With clammy brow and limbs from terror weak,
Through the dense dark her voice will faintly call
A name the laws have made it death to speak.

The name of one her girlish heart loved well,
A strong, grand youth who felt her soul's deep needs,
Who strove to snap her fetters and dispel
The stagnant apathy of senseless creeds. . . .

Again from her steep towers, on that far morn,
She marks him urge his followers to the fight;
She notes with silent pride what fiery scorn
Leaps from his good blade, battling for the right.

She sees him dare his foes that swarm like bees,
Brave, beautiful, a rebel, girt with hates. . . .
And now, in lurid memory, last she sees
His bare skull whitening at her city gates!

Edgar Fawcett.

ZWEIBAK: BEING NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.

I HAVE come on here from Switzerland, where it has been hot. I stayed with H—— at his villa on the lake of Geneva. H——'s house is suited to hot weather. The lawn comes down to the edge of the lake, with the colors of which the large basins of carnations make a pleasant contrast. The dining-room is upon a level with the lawn and opens directly on it. Its floor is an inlaid one and the porphyry pillars match well with the blue water. It is the kind of house a Roman gentleman should have had on the banks of Como. H—— let me breakfast in a small room on the upper floor, which has no porphyry pillars, it is true, but which had some books, and which looked out on the lake, with whose pervading azure the room seemed to be filled. I sat in the midst of this azure and read and had an unusually good breakfast of cutlets and red wine. There were no women about, nothing to affect the shade, the silence, and the liberty of the house, except the voice of Gustave when he said: "Monsieur est servi."

On the day I left I said to H——, "My dear fellow, I have been very well treated here. You have given me a horse to ride over these hills in the morning, and a boat to sail on the lake in the afternoon. How I have enjoyed this breakfast-room! This permeating azure has taken possession of my being. I have been allowed as much of my own society as I liked. With the exception of giving me your soothing company at dinner, you have kept yourself out of the way. And all this for the twenty francs which I shall give to Gustave. It is the cheapest and best thing I have seen in Europe."

H——'s dinners were excellent. There were two or three snow-peaks in sight. I don't admire Swiss scenery profoundly, but I agree that these peaks are good things to have over your shoulder if you are dining rather well. They have the effect of a pretty label on a bottle of German wine. But I have no respect for them,— not the slightest.

The fact that Switzerland is such a place for holiday-makers has given its scenery a kind of frivolity. It was a lovely day when I came in the steamer through the lake of Thun. The boat was crowded with sight-seers, and Switzerland was determined they should not be disappointed, for there on our right were the white peaks decorating the blue heavens and glistening for the entertainment of the lakes.

I often come to Zweibak, and I have always liked it. I have a feeling of hope and exhilaration as the train moves into the little station. At the same time I am always on each successive visit afraid I shall not enjoy it as I have done before. But it has never failed to amuse me, and I have always left it with regret.

Of course I don't know how it will be this time, but it promises well. The tradespeople on the main street recognize me. That is one of the good points of the place. I find myself among old friends. I like knowing the people who give me my letters at the post-office and the young woman at the barber's shop. When I alighted at the station the porter of my hotel recognized me with a shout of welcome which seemed to be sincere, and actually shook me by the hand. The hotel to which I go is not one of those with English names, but an honest German place, which is cheaper and better than the smart ones. At the door I received from the landlady that welcome which is proverbially warm. I don't at all think less of kindness from landlords and landladies because I know I am to pay for my entertainment.

The town is full of English and Americans, although there are of course a great many Germans. I am here to see the Americans. Being an exile by profession, a few weeks with my compatriots who are here is almost like a visit home. Some of them are old friends whom I meet after a separation of years; others, again, I shall meet for the first time; and there are still others whom I may not have a chance of meeting at all, but whom I may at any rate look at from a distance. There are but few men among them. They are almost all of the other sex, and I am delighted to see how much they look like women.

... There are two faults I have to find with American women. One is this, that they are apt to be deficient in a positive female character. This is certainly true of many New England women. I do not mean that they are in the least masculine. On the contrary they are often people of a delicate and refined sort; but they appear to be neuters. Their womanly character is rather negative than positive. Now I think that the feminine nature should be as distinct and positive as the male. The female mind should be as strong after its kind as the male should be after its kind. The fault I refer to appears, by the way, to be a quality of well-born and well-educated women. Another fault I have to find with our women is

perhaps the quality of women of inferior education. Many of our women, and particularly our young girls, seem to be wanting in courtesy. Our girls are often rude. A crabbed bachelor of my acquaintance who lives in Paris ascribes this rudeness to the fact that American women find it easier to get husbands than the women of other countries, and therefore do not think it worth their while to be civil to men. Whatever the cause may be, there can be no doubt of the fact. I say that these girls are of inferior education in whom this rudeness appears. Well-bred women are often rude, but their rudeness is of the thought rather than of the speech or behavior. It is perhaps nearly as unpleasant to the recipient as the more outspoken sort, but of course it is more consistent with ladylike pretensions. The rudeness of some girls that one sees seems almost to be an expression of a consciousness of vulgarity.

But it is not enough that women should be civil in speech and bearing while their minds are proud and contemptuous. There is an ideal courtesy in women which is a quality of the soul; it is one of the most beautiful of female attributes. It was this quality in his Beatrice which first struck the delicate and reverential mind of the youthful Dante. I have myself so high an estimate of this quality that I hesitate to say that our girls are wanting in it.

Certainly this generalization led me wrong the other night. It was at the dance on Thursday at the Kursaal. I noticed an interesting figure of a girl standing in one of the groups of a square dance. She was slight, rather small, neatly dressed, and had a pretty face. But what was particularly captivating about her was the modesty of her look. There was a demure sinking of the eye, a patient holding of the shoulders, and her entire figure had an air of exquisite deference.

"I wonder who that is," said an English lady; "I find her quite charming. I think she is one of your compatriots."

I said I feared not. She seemed to me too courteous. Besides, there was a fullness of the features which I thought might have been Austrian.

The lady said, "Either German or American; certainly not English."

We asked the Kurmaster who that fraulein was. He inquired and came and told us that it was "Miss Diggs, of Utica."

. . . I find that the great superiority of our women is in the fact that they are themselves. I do not say that they are superior in individuality to English women, although I am inclined to think that they are, for the reason that the repression of individuality which English women are compelled to practice must in some degree affect the strength of the quality itself. But the truth is, I fancy, that the people of one country are about as individual as those of another, and that most people are more individual than we suppose. If you go to live in any family or to work in any office, you will find that people whom at first you take to be commonplace become, after you have known them a little while, more and more individual. I have never yet lived in any community which I did not find to contain a good many of what are called "characters." I would not say, therefore, that our women are so much superior in individuality. Their superiority is that they express their individuality. It is for this reason that they please to such a degree. Other women, no doubt, exhibit their individuality in their own families, to their husbands and brothers. Our women exhibit their individuality in society, where we all get the benefit of it. The charm of girlhood and womanhood is freely expressed among us. The difference between European girlhood and our own is that between game in regions hunted by man and the animal life of some virgin island of the sea. In the first instance the game is very wild, but the island bird will settle on your shoulder. The downcast eye, flushed cheek, and low voice are charming; but I am not sure whether I prefer them to the bright confidence of a Yankee maiden. I am not proof against that refined timidity of a nursery-bred young lady of the Old World; but is the charm she communicates quite so lively as that of her American sister?

The repression of the individuality of English women is, of course, due to the necessity they are under of conforming to a standard of manners which they appear always to have before their eyes. The more I see of English women here, the more sure I am that this is true. I observe it not only on comparing them with the women of our own country, but on comparing them with those of other countries. Perhaps to this cause is due the fact — I am sure it is a fact — that English women cannot smile with the force of French women. Yet there is often something admirable about this very repression. Take, for instance, some neat matron or some still comely maiden lady young enough to wish to be handsome,— a class in which that country abounds,— who has her tea-table opinions upon politics and what not, and whose accents, gestures, and sentiments even are modish,— one is often pleased, beneath the bonds which confine her mind, to notice an elastic, vigorous, and charming nature. Indeed I think that a fault of our women is that they are too much expressed; they are too tense. This may be due

in some slight degree to the education which some of them receive in high schools and colleges. I went once to the commencement of an American female college. I did not like what I saw,—the young ladies looked to me so wound up. The life they led seemed unnatural and unreasonable. Why should they be made to read essays to a thousand people in a great hall? This practice is of course borrowed from that of the male colleges. The custom began, I suppose, with the notion that the ability to make a speech was the peculiar ability of a public man, that he was the highest kind of a man, and that colleges were intended for the education of public men. The graduate got up on commencement day and showed what his college education had done for him. This notion has been very much modified, but perhaps it is even yet a good custom to be pursued by male colleges. There will come times in the life of almost any man when it will be necessary for him to make a speech; and he will present a very poor appearance if he cannot do it. But on what occasion is it necessary for a woman to make a speech? Is it when she is engaged or when she is married; is it when she becomes a mother or a grandmother?

At this commencement the young ladies all read essays, and I must admit that they were not so much frightened as they should have been. Then, apart from any objection to their appearing at all, I objected to the character of the appearance they made. I was shocked at the conventional pertness which they seemed to have cultivated. They had adopted in their essays a silly fashion of joking. Now I am always interested in the humorous perceptions of my compatriots. It is often a source of surprise to me when at home to find how many people there are who have a humorous way of looking at things. But the jokes of these young ladies were not good. They consisted of commonplaces, put into long Latin words. The recipe appeared to be this, that that which in Saxon English is a mere plain statement becomes very witty when turned into Latinized English. They kept this up incessantly, the only relief being when some serious allusion to their approaching separation would recall them to their proper employment of shedding tears.

There was one of these essayists, a young lady who really seemed to have some natural humor, who awakened my keen commiseration. Her tense mind seemed altogether too much for her slight body. I wanted to tell her to go and sit at her grandmother's window, near the shadow of the lilac bushes, to immure her mind and thin hands in deep dishes of pumpkin batter, to stay a whole summer in some still village with only a little poetry to read, and away from all stimulating society.

I have said that American vulgarity exhibits itself in rudeness. English vulgarity, on the other hand, generally appears under the form of undue conformity. I cannot describe to you how strong my sense is of the prevalence of this quality among many of the English people that I see here. There is a rather underdone young Englishman here, a very good-natured fellow, in whom this conformity has settled downwards to the very soles of his boots; you see it in the things he says, in the tones of his voice, his gestures, and attitudes. Want of breeding, by the way, is much more easily discernible in men than in women. Among young women rosy cheeks and a pair of bright eyes and the feminine adaptability cover up this quality very much. But you will see the imitation in them also, if you look closely.

I went this afternoon to take tea with some English people who are at the hotel opposite. There was an amiable, fresh-looking girl who poured out the tea. She was an exceedingly nice girl. If manners must be imitative, I don't think any could be better than hers. But it was true that you could see by her way of sitting, by her way of holding her shoulders, and by the manner of her references to the accidents of English fashionable life, as if they were, and as if they were not, quite her own, that her mind was sat upon by some standard of behavior to which she felt herself obliged to conform. Perhaps this imitation might become tiresome if one lived in England, but with people who have such good nature and such good looks as this family one does not mind a little of it.

. . . I see I have written above rather slightingly about the manners of certain English women. I admire them greatly, however. The qualities of the British nature are such as are particularly suitable to women. Those qualities,— benevolence, sense, dignity, decency, rectitude,— when combined with feminine softness, make up a character which is like balsam to the mind. The mental dullness proper to the nation is also to some degree refined away in them. When these qualities are united with beauty, with high breeding, and, as is sometimes the case, with majesty of form and countenance, you have indeed a fine object. The English women here are almost altogether of the middle and upper classes; but what strikes you when you visit England is the high average of female beauty. You see there exceedingly fine persons among the lower classes. One of the most beautiful women I ever saw there was a lodging-house keeper. The last time I was in England I went to

look for lodgings in Queen street. The door was opened by a large woman of thirty-five, fair and rather full in figure, whose mild beauty of countenance and aspect astonished me. For the moment I thought I had before me one of the grand illusions of Rubens. She seemed to me a figure such as the joyful humor of some great painter might have perpetuated from one of those times and places of happy repose which the centuries conceal. Her beauty was one which preferred to flourish in the shade. This good man's house, which no doubt did as well as any, she had selected for her sojourn. She was content here to be cutting bread and butter, glad to be shielded from the eyes of the world. A peculiarity of this woman was that she had an air of habitual perturbation. She was one of that class of women who find their beauty a burden and lament the necessity they are under of having to carry it about with them. The lodgings were extremely nice, and I thought how pleasant it would be to take them and give tea parties at which she should bring in the things; but I found this was out of the question. She asked five guineas for the rooms, with three and sixpence for the kitchen fire and linen, bath, lights, and boots extra.

. . . I have said that English women cannot smile. If they cannot smile they can frown, which I like nearly as well. There is a lady whom I often meet with her children in the streets and at church. I cannot conceive of her smiling. Her face — a dark oval one — and her carriage express the utmost decision, and at service she prays with such resolution! And there is a young girl here of something the same character. Her concentrated gravity and earnestness of expression mask or reveal an honest mind. She has this expression always. When she dances even it is with a serious and energetic face, her shoulders back,— revolving like a soldier on drill.

. . . I am always surprised at the amount of good poetry in the American magazines and newspapers. I came across the other day in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper," a poem written by some girl of about twenty-three (I suppose) who thought herself very old. The poem was addressed to a young man with whom she appeared to have had a flirtation, we will say at the age of twenty. She tells him that the love they threw away so lightly was not a thing to be met with every day and was worth keeping. The title, I think, was "Rags." At any rate the thought was that this love had now become rags. It had gone into the old rag-bag, the Past; "Time" she said, was the "old Rag-man." Isn't it good? You can fancy the poetess to be some rather high-pressure Yankee girl, clever, perhaps satirical, a little romantic, and what you would call intense, with a brow of premature thought, a sallow cheek (such is my notion), and a face and figure in which is ill concealed the energy of her disposition. What particularly strikes you is that the young lady is evidently her own mistress. There is no chaperon or a suspicion of one anywhere about. I I may here say that I think this independence necessary to a thoroughly interesting female character. Do not all the heroines of poetry and romance have it? The Homeric Nausicaa, the Chloes and Phillises of pastoral poetry, and in later times Shakspere's Rosalind and the Angelina of Goldsmith's ballad, are much like American girls. Any really fine young woman of modern society should have the same independence. She should be like the princess of a small kingdom. She should have ministers and a standing army and should have at her command the sinews of war. She should be able to form treaties of amity and friendship with the surrounding princes. She should have power to make war or, if love is to be made, it should be from the same high vantage-ground. The interesting women one knows at home have been much in this position. I cannot imagine them with chaperons. This liberty is an essential element of their superiority.

Take the fine women I know. There is the gentle and profound Mildred, and there is M. L. The last was the daughter of a Quaker family whose farm-house overlooks Long Island Sound. They see at noon the cheerful blue of its glittering wave and the white rim of the distant shore. She was extremely pretty. She talked incessantly. But it did not seem like talking; conversation, or rather monologue, was her normal state of existence. It was only another sort of silence. I say that she was a Quaker. As a matter of fact I believe that her family had separated from the Quaker faith, but she was sufficiently near the Quaker character and mode of life. Her eloquence must have been derived from generations of preachers of that denomination. Her language, although truthful, was full and fluent. She read you with introvertive eye from the tablets of her mind numbers of thoughts, which seemed to my bewitched ears beautiful and original, upon poetry, art, books, people, etc. She repeated these in a voice the most charming I have ever listened to; poetical quotations sounded so very fine when she uttered them, as she did now and then, in her simple way. She even imparted a certain natural magic to the flinty meters of that pedant W——. She admired widely, and you yourself came in for a share of the lively in-

terest with which she regarded creation. The air of wonder with which she listened to what you said excited your self-love to the highest pitch. I visited their farm-house twice. I remember an orchard near at hand which stretched along the crest of a broken hill. I saw this once when the spring had sent a quick wave of bright verdure over the sod cropped short by the cows. The orchard was cut into three or four small patches, but there was a break in each of the separating fences, so that from room to room you could walk the orchard floors. I went again later, one hot midsummer morning, when our path led to a wood through a blazing wheat-field, in which I stopped to pull a branch of wild roses. We came soon to a deep break on an abrupt hillside, where, shut in by masses of dense and brilliantly painted greenery, moving incessantly with the forest zephyrs, and not far from a white dog-wood tree, we rested from the heat. I began to cut away the thorns from the branch of wild roses, an action which I was half conscious was mistaken. I had better have let her prick her fingers, for she said: "You can't care for wild roses if you cut away the thorns."

Another recollection I have,— of walking along a country road-side in that twilight which is almost dark. The daughter of the Quakers wore a blue silk cape with long fringes. She was talking her "thees" and "thous" to a half-grown lad, her cousin, as if she were no better than other women. The tall white daisies, thickly sown by the road-side, wheeled and swam in ghostly silence. It seemed that the slight figure that stepped briskly before me had a cosmic might and force residing among and descended from those stars and planets which had begun to strew the black heavens.

The family to which this girl belonged seemed to me to be people who practiced a very high order of civilization. She was the most obedient and dutiful of daughters; but for all that she seemed to dominate the whole connection, and the landscape too, I should say. Her liberty was so a part of herself that I could not imagine her without it.

. . . I usually go to a Catholic church here because some friends of mine are Catholics and always go there. What an advantage it must be to belong to a church which you always find wherever you go, however different from your own may be the language and manners of the new country. The English churches abroad are not interesting; the clergymen are apt to be second rate. But I rather like the young man they have here; he is so completely and necessarily a clergyman. He is just as much a parson on the street as in church — in his face, I mean; his clothes have nothing to do with it. I find it agreeable to meet with a type so distinct, to see a fellow-creature in a place so evidently meant for him; but one cannot help wondering by what methods of breeding and education such results were produced. What kind of a boy was he, and especially what kind of a baby? I venture to say that he had not been five minutes in existence before he began with — "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places."

. . . The poor Germans get very little good of their royalties, of whom there are several staying here. The English capture them. They stalk them daily on the promenade and at the springs. I was present this morning at a kind of a still hunt. I was at the Kurhaus, and found a number of English waiting at the door. They told me that the Grand Duke was having his luncheon. A throng of twenty or thirty people, most of whom could boast some kind of acquaintance with His Royal Highness, were there in the hope that he would speak to them. Two nice women, who were old friends of mine, said in their frank way: "We shall feel very badly if he does not speak to us." Old Jones produced a letter which he had just received from another eminent personage, saying: "I wonder how she knew my address." But the people did not talk much; they were silent and serious. Some of them would now and then try to push to the front, when there were black looks from behind. There was one lady, the wife of a general, I believe, who did not seem welcome among the more fashionable of the bystanders. She held her ground, however. Her pale and anxious face seemed to say, "Did we not entertain His Royal Highness at Aldershot; and did he not send to inquire after our daughter, who had the diphtheria? I think there is reason to hope he will speak to me." Presently the Grand Duke came out, walking fast and brushing his beard. He walked through the company, but did not speak to any of them.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

North and South.

THE war for the Union closed forever with the funeral of Grant. To be sure the armies of rebellion surrendered twenty years ago; but the solemn and memorable pageant at the tomb of the great Union soldier, where the leading generals of the living Union and of the dead Confederacy stood shoulder to shoulder, and mingled their tears in a common grief — this historical scene marked the virtual conclusion of sectional animosity in America — let us hope for all time to come.

The world is familiar with the fraternal sentiments uttered with so much pathos by the dying soldier, and it is not forgotten that these words were consistent with Grant's action at the close of the war, and with his frequently expressed views since then. The article on "The Siege of Vicksburg," printed in the September CENTURY, was written before he was aware of his fatal illness, and the same sentiments appear there also. In 1875 he said at Des Moines that we were not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war, yet: "We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves; on the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage."

As every unprejudiced observer is aware, the manner in which General Grant's sentiments of good-will were received and reciprocated in the South signifies much more than personal sympathy with a brave, chivalric, and suffering foe. The South believes no longer in slavery, no longer in secession. Some ex-rebels said not long ago: "We are glad we were whipped, and we are in to stay! Now let us see Massachusetts try to get out of the Union!" One of the leading men of the South lately told, in private conversation, a significant incident. He was complaining, he said, to one of the officials of his own State that the official salaries given were not large enough to attract ambitious young men powerfully and permanently to the State government; that their bright youths would be looking rather to the general government for a career, and would perhaps thereby lose the feeling of superior loyalty to their own individual State. "Well, why not?" was the official's reply. "We have given up all that idea; why should we want to cultivate State rather than national loyalty?" This incident and similar ones give color of reason to the theory, held by one of the most public-spirited of Northern Republicans, that the turning of the intense Southern loyalty of patriotism from the various State governments to the national government and flag may yet make the South the most enthusiastically loyal section of the whole country.

The more the South ponders on the past, admiring the heroism of Southern and Northern soldiers alike, and deprecating the unwisdom (and in some cases the treason and personal dishonor) of its own political leaders,— the more will dangers disappear from the Southern horizon. Indeed there may now, perhaps, be as much danger anticipated from the unthoughtful good-will of the North itself. We have on our desk a letter from a member of "The Grand Army of the Republic," who, while generously commending the spirit of our recent editorial on "Twenty Years after the War," goes on to propose that the general government should "establish and maintain homes for needy disabled ex-Confederate soldiers whose wounds were received at the hands of United States troops." There is a generous and pleasant sound to this proposition, and it honors the *heart*, at least, of the Union soldier who makes it. But is it in the interest of the nation, and of the South as a part of the nation, to act in behalf of Confederate, that is, of insurgent, soldiers, *as such?* If they are now good citizens, have renounced their position of enemies to the government, and wish in good faith to make themselves useful to the common weal — then give them office, if need be, for the country's good; but do not as a government, as a nation, make their very act of rebellion an occasion of bounty. Let private charity, in the North as well as in the South, do what it should for all who are in need.

The war might perhaps, have been averted; and yet it was, after all, the "irrepressible conflict" between liberty and slavery. Let the country join with General Grant in the noble spirit of the dedication of his "Memoirs" to the soldiers and sailors on both sides of the fateful struggle, and not withhold honor from those who fought conscientiously, bravely, and without stain upon either side. We can now all give thanks together to the Almighty that liberty was established and the nation saved, while we bury the last remnant of rancor in the tomb of the captain of the national armies. And if in the war of the Union the South took the mistaken and the unsuccessful side, it may remember that the very same Southern and slave State of Kentucky, which gave birth to the political leader of the slave Confederacy, gave birth also to the chief hero and martyr of the cause of Union and of freedom,—the brightest name produced by the great epoch of the civil war,—Abraham Lincoln.

Prejudice and Progress.

THE progress of the mechanical arts and the development of the physical sciences within the past half of the present century are commonplace topics; but if one should venture the statement that the movements in the intellectual realm have been quite as rapid, and the changes of opinion no less marvelous during the same period, the assertion would be received with incredulity. Yet there are facts which strongly support such a judgment. Some of these facts have lately been brought to light in these pages. It is doubtful whether the chemists or the electricians have any greater marvels to show than those which are visible

in the changed conditions of public sentiment with respect to the black race in this country. Moral changes of this nature are silent and gradual; they cannot be recorded and advertised like the invention of a new instrument or the discovery of a new process; nevertheless they are thorough and effectual. A generation passes, and the people suddenly discover that a revolution has occurred, and that the world they are living in is a wholly different world from the one in which they were living but a few years before.

The changes in the political condition of the negroes have not indeed taken place silently; but political changes are often effected when no corresponding moral change has prepared the way for them. Slavery was destroyed by the war, at the demand of military necessity. Whatever relation the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slaves may have had to the moral feeling of the North, it is evident that it must have greatly embittered the whites of the South toward the negro. When their former slaves were by force of arms set free, and by force of law made their political masters, as they were in many localities, it was inevitable that resentment and hostility toward the negroes should take the place of the humane and paternal feelings that had been cherished by many of the whites. It was a terrible strain to which the temper of the Southern people was thus subjected; the student of history will marvel that they endured it so patiently. Even if this retribution be considered the just penalty of insurrection, just retributions are not always quietly endured. At any rate it is clear that the revolutionary movements, by which their property was torn from them and a social régime utterly repugnant to their convictions and traditions was thrust upon them, could not have inspired the whites of the South with kindlier feelings toward the negroes.

It is evident that a change of popular sentiment, if it could take place, would be far more significant and far more beneficent than any possible political changes. Legal safeguards and constitutional guarantees are of little value save as they are rooted in the convictions of the people. The ballot may sometimes be used as a weapon of defense; it was given the negro with that end in view; but that is a sorry state of political society in which any class needs to use the ballot for purposes of defense. If the class thus armed be ignorant and poor its weapon will be an inadequate protection. Peace and security will only come with the advent of a better public sentiment, from which all thought of encroaching on the rights of the weak shall be put away. The steady growth of this better sentiment throughout the whole land, and especially at the South, furnishes the marvel to which we are pointing.

Doubtless it seems to many that there is need enough of a far more radical change than has yet taken place. The weaker race is yet lacking its full rights in parts of the land; but even a cursory comparison of existing conditions with those of fifty or twenty or even ten years ago will reassure every reasonable man. What have we seen in the pages of THE CENTURY? One of the most distinguished literary men of the South defending with manly eloquence "the Freedman's case in Equity" and the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky demanding, in the name of the Master whom he follows, that the manhood of the negro be fully recognized. No right-minded black man could ask for his race more than these two Southerners now strenuously advocate. The measure of justice and consideration that they demand is more than is readily yielded to the negro in some Northern communities. These men are not alone; they have behind them a great and growing constituency of the most enlightened and most enterprising Southern people—members of the class that shapes public opinion. They speak as men who know that their cause is just and who see that it is prevailing. And this discussion, in which they have taken a leading part, but in which they are supported by men of influence and reputation, is going on throughout the South, with some, but with comparatively little bad temper. Mr. Cable and Bishop Dudley find those who strenuously dispute their demands; but, as has been said, debate is proceeding for the most part on these "three quiet convictions: that recrimination and malignment of motives are the tactics of those who have no case; that the truth is worth more than any man's opinion; and that the domination of right is the end we are bound to seek."

Let it be noted, also, that the disputants almost unanimously agree that slavery was both economically and morally wrong and ought to have perished; and that the negro must be protected in the political rights with which the Constitution has invested him. That these rights are still abridged, by fraud or intimidation, in parts of the South cannot be denied; but the sentiment that condemns and denounces this action is steadily gathering strength. When one of the most influential Southern newspapers says: "We believe there is a general desire among the people of the South that the negro shall have all the rights which a citizen of the United States, whatever be the color of his skin, is entitled to," we perceive that the tide has turned. Keep it in mind that it is not with these political rights that the present discussion at the South is concerned, but rather with those civil rights which the national statute, lately annulled, undertook to protect. That the negro may vote and hold office, no one rises to deny; the question is what his rights shall be, not to be sure in private "society," but in the railway car, and the street car, and the hotel, and the theater. Mr. Cable and those who stand with him demand that he shall have the same rights that the white man has in these public places; that no ignominy shall be put upon a citizen in public places on account of his color.

Signs of juster views and actions are visible on every hand. Mr. Cable indignantly calls attention to the discrimination against colored persons in the cars, in portions of the South, but there are also large sections of the South in which well-dressed and well-behaved people of color occupy without protest the first-class cars. In Kentucky and Virginia no such distinction is visible on the railway cars. In South Carolina also *(ecce signum!)* according to the Charleston "News and Courier," quoted by Mr. Cable, "respectable colored persons who buy first-class tickets on any railroad ride in the first-class cars as a right, and their presence excites no comment on the part of their white fellow-passengers. It is a great deal pleasanter," this editor continues, "to travel with respectable and well-behaved colored people than with un-

mannerly and ruffianly white men." A radical champion of the rights of the negro, on his recent return from the Southern Exposition, testified that he saw during his journey no discrimination against negroes upon the railway cars.

Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge of Lexington, Kentucky, late of the Confederate army and recently elected to Congress, is a man strongly in sympathy with the Southern community and its way of thinking. But after the war this man, a busy and able lawyer, and a speaker in demand on important occasions, devoted something like a dozen years to the improvement of the colored schools in his neighborhood — working against a gradually disappearing local prejudice. Judge Beckner, of the same State, recently accepted an invitation to deliver an address at Berea, Kentucky, where it is claimed that local conditions make it advisable to try the double experiment of the co-education of the sexes and of the races. Judge Beckner is personally opposed to the theory of such mixed schools, but believing that the institution had accomplished good results, he did not refuse to attend, thinking, as he has since said, in reply to criticism on his conduct, that it would have been cowardly so to do. The fact that Judge Beckner, who is a stanch Democrat disapproved of the views held at Berea makes his general sentiments on the negro question all the more significant. Says the judge in a recent letter to "The Clarke County Democrat":

> "They, the colored people, cannot be put out of our sight by standing on the night's Plutonian shore and muttering the gibberish of a day that is done. . . . Every dictate of patriotism, humanity, and religion requires that we shall not only give them a chance, but that we shall assist them to rise from the state of degradation in which they were left by the abolition of slavery. They are citizens and voters, and will remain such as long as the Republic lasts. . . . I stand exactly in line with Lamar, Wade Hampton, Garland and other Southern Democrats."

This revolution in public sentiment has not been confined to the Southern States. In several Democratic States of the North, as Mr. Cable shows, laws for the protection of the civil rights of the negro have been enacted with substantial unanimity.

Contrast, now, with these indications of the public sentiment, a few typical facts taken from the recent history of this country. Twenty-five years ago the founder of Berea College was hunted like a wild beast through the region where now his name is spoken by men of all parties with reverence. It is only true to say that in eastern Kentucky to-day few men are held in greater respect than John G. Fee. Thirty or forty years ago large rewards were constantly offered at the South for the seizure of leading abolitionists at the North; and all such persons were warned that it would be unsafe for them to venture into that region. Prominent clergymen of the South joined in these threats of violence. Names that are illustrious in the ecclesiastical records of the great denominations are appended to the most sanguinary suggestions respecting the treatment of fellow-Christians whose only disagreement with themselves concerned the rightfulness of slavery. A leading newspaper of South Carolina uttered these words:

> "Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of slavery is not, and shall not be open to discussion — that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill."

This was a fair sample of Southern sentiment forty years ago. The feeling at the North was not much better. The story of Prudence Crandall, told in THE CENTURY for September, shows how a good woman was mobbed and boycotted fifty years ago by so-called Christians in Connecticut for the same deeds that are now done with applause throughout the Southern States; that the Legislature of Connecticut then forbade by statute, amidst great popular rejoicings, what the Legislatures of Georgia and Tennessee and Mississippi now encourage by appropriations,—the establishment of schools for the teaching of colored girls. Miss Crandall's school was not the only one that suffered. An academy in Canaan, New Hampshire, was opened two years later for the reception of pupils, without distinction of color. Immediately New Hampshire was on fire. After a cannonade of abuse and vituperation from the newspapers, the people of Canaan and the surrounding towns gathered, and with a hundred yoke of oxen dragged the school-house from its site and left it a heap in the highway. The mob was led by a member of the Congregational church, and it expressed the public sentiment of that period. It was about this time that Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his body; that Pennsylvania Hall, erected for the use of the abolitionists in Philadelphia, was burned by a mob, three days after its dedication, with the evident connivance of the authorities; that Lovejoy was murdered in Alton, Illinois; that the students in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, were forbidden by the trustees to discuss slavery; and that Marius Robinson, a man of gentle spirit and reverent lips, was hauled from his lodgings in Berlin, Ohio, and tarred and feathered simply because he had tried to prove that the Bible was opposed to slavery. In many of these mobs leading members of the churches were active participants, and the voices lifted up by press and pulpit to reprove their outrages were few and feeble.

Such reminiscences, which could easily be multiplied, show how great and how recent has been the change in public sentiment at the North respecting the colored people, and how much need there is of patience and tolerance in judging the movements of Southern opinion upon this question. It is clear that the cause of the negro may safely be left to such champions as those who have now risen up on Southern soil to defend his rights, and it is equally clear that the people of Connecticut, and New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, may well remember their own former attitude, while they are throwing stones at their neighbors across the Potomac and the Ohio.

Civic Rivers.

A FEW years ago a citizen of New York returned from his first visit to Europe with his memory full of the civic rivers of the Old World. He remembered the splendid sweep of the Arno at Pisa, which Mr. Howells has just described; the Thames embankment; the masterly use made of the Seine for the pleasure of Paris. Here in New York, he said to

himself, we have two great rivers, and we make little or no use of them for the decoration of our city; there is not one drive from which they are visible, and there are but two small parks from which they can be seen. The Riverside Drive and Park were then in their infancy, but a drive on the former soon showed him that the need had been partly supplied — that the splendid Hudson had been at last taken into the city and made a part of its pleasure-ground. And now that a portion of the park has been selected as the burial-place of General Grant, there is every prospect that the whole plan will be completed in a manner worthy of its natural associations and its new honor. Moreover, the attention which has been drawn to Riverside Park by that event has broadened the ideas of New Yorkers as to the adaptability of other waters about the island to the purposes of public recreation.

Of recent years, New York Harbor has been virtually added to the accessible attractions of the city by the numerous lines which have been opened to the adjacent sea-coast. Any one who has ever come by night from Bay Ridge or Staten Island must have been struck with the unique beauty of the view; and of late the panorama has taken on new impressiveness from the stately procession of electric lamps upon the Brooklyn Bridge, with which the great beacon of the Statue of Liberty bids fair to "compose" in a picture of rare and modern character. What foreign city presents in a noble natural outlook two artificial features better adapted to inspire the imagination? For a trifle, this scene is now within the reach of every visitor to the city. Moreover, during the past year a new delight has been discovered in the views of the Harbor, which have been made accessible from the high roofs in the lower part of the city,—views so unusual in point of view, so comprehensive in scope, and so animated, that it is difficult to speak of them with reticence. From the top of these ten-story buildings, it seems to old frequenters of the Battery as though the Harbor were now seen for the first time. Much can be done by municipal effort to preserve the impressiveness of these views. The elevated railway can and should be removed from Battery Park. The ugly buildings now devoted to public baths should not be allowed to disfigure the scene; if not feasible to place them elsewhere, they should be taken from the middle of the view, be made picturesque on the water side, and be concealed by trees from the land. Castle Garden should be rescued from its present use as a landing-place for immigrants and made to minister to the needs of residents and visitors. The memory of its former triumphs might well be restored by devoting the building to music of a high order. If any one doubt the response of the public to such a proposition, let him fancy Theodore Thomas at the baton and remember the crowds of ten years ago at the Central Park Garden.

A third, and, for the health and enjoyment of the city, a hardly less valuable addition to the city's water parks, lies *in posse* about the region known as Hell Gate. Here virtually is the meeting-place of four streams,— the two channels of the East River reuniting above Blackwell's Island, and the broad stretch from Harlem blending below Ward's Island with the inlet from the Sound. It is a waterscape of fine dimensions and of surroundings that may easily be made picturesque. On the east are the wooded slopes of Astoria, a beautiful town which is going to ruin through municipal mismanagement. On the New York side is a bluff half a mile long, partly wooded, and in the judgment of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted and Mr. Calvert Vaux, now our two most valued landscape architects, beautifully adapted to park purposes. This ground includes a part of the original rocky shore of Manhattan Island. It looks upon a river which possesses a most individual and interesting aspect, and to which the unusual force of the tides lends great changeableness,— making it now as smooth as glass, now as turbulent as the sea beyond the breakers. Through these gates to the city passes a variety of craft which lacks only the great ocean steamers to surpass that of any other waters.

Aside from the picturesqueness of the view, the absolute need of the establishment of such a breathing-place will be evident when it is seen that on the east shore of Manhattan Island (excepting a small part of this bluff, hardly of the extent of one city block) there is no public park reservation below Harlem, nor is there any whatever east of Central Park above Seventeenth street. With the success of the excavations at Hell Gate, this waterway will become for more and more people the portal of the city. It will be unfortunate indeed if some way is not found by the official authorities for the preservation of this eligible spot. Years from now New York will be tearing down buildings for the sake of providing facilities for popular pleasure which now lie at her doors.

What is here said of New York may well apply to other American cities. Every moment of delay in planning for the future pleasure and health of our municipal populations is a moment lost. We have the finest rivers and lakes of the world, and with a forethought equal to that which has made Washington City in this respect a source of national pride, we should not now have to be laboriously planning to save scraps and patches of our water-fronts. Of late years there has been a marked awakening on the general subject of city parks. In some instances, as in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and at Niagara, it has extended to the waterways. In the suburbs of many cities there are fashionable drives along rivers or lakes, but in no other city than New York could municipal effort bring the beauties of water scenery nearer to the large majority of the people.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Connecticut Training School for Nurses.*

[NEW HAVEN HOSPITAL.]

A NEW idea usually finds simultaneous development in several directions, and it is rare that one person alone is the discoverer. The common parent of American hospital schools is the Nightingale Memorial of St. Thomas's Hospital, London; but the plan for their organization here was common to several communities. For example, the New Haven School was developed, a small endowment raised, and the charter obtained, simultaneously with the Bellevue Hospital school — though chance prevented the reception of pupils in New Haven until six months later.

A school of the size of the New Haven School, adapted to the wants of a comparatively small hospital, stands in relation to similar organizations in large charity hospitals as the private select school does to the large public ones in the common-school system. In a hospital of only one hundred and sixty beds, there is no great mass of sick to care for; nurses have time to study the accomplishments of their profession, and lady visitors and managers are able to give personal attention and supervision to the classes. That the results are favorable is shown in the New Haven School by the number, in proportion to the graduate, who have been called to fill positions of trust in other hospitals, nearly one-fourth having been given the supervision of nursing in hospitals, in New Haven, New York City, Brooklyn, Pittsfield (Massachusetts), Boston, and the States of New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, Vermont, and Virginia. The growth of the school in public favor is shown by the constantly increasing demand for nurses for private families, two-thirds in excess of the provision, and also by the applications for admissions, which at the present moment are greatly in excess of the vacancies. Another proof of the favor with which the enterprise is regarded is found in the liberal way in which money has lately been contributed to build in the hospital inclosure a nurses' home, now finished and occupied, having accommodations for thirty,— a handsome, ample three-story brick building, with cheerful parlors, single bedrooms, bathrooms, piazzas, etc., well-warmed, ventilated, and lighted, which — it may be useful to those engaged in similar undertakings to know — has been substantially and satisfactorily completed at an outside cost of $11,800.

It might be supposed that the New Haven School, comparatively small as it is, would have a local reputation only; it is noticeable, however, that young women all over the country are increasingly interested in the new profession open to them, and anxious to collect information concerning all the schools. Thus far the following places have been represented in the New Haven School by accepted pupils: Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Washington, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Australia. Trained nurses have been sent on application to all the New England States, New York, Florida, and Virginia, and on graduation have scattered to all quarters, from Canada to California. For the benefit of those who may be desirous of connecting a nursing school with smaller hospitals than those found in our large cities, it may be useful to give the points of difference between the New Haven organization and similar undertakings in New York and Boston.

The New Haven School is in charge of a president, vice-presidents, general treasurer, and auditors, and a committee of twenty-one ladies and gentlemen, five being physicians, two of whom are connected with the hospital staff; this makes a connecting link between the ladies' committee and medical and other male boards of hospital management. The gentleman who is the general treasurer pays out to the sub-treasurer, who is a lady, the funds necessary for the current expense of the school, which she accounts for, making weekly payments to the nurses. The secretary, another member of the ladies' committee, conducts all the correspondence with applicants, accepts them if they answer the requirements, and notifies the lady superintendent when to expect new arrivals. The assumption by the ladies' committee of all these duties relieves the superintendent of much outside responsibility and gives her time for her legitimate duties as instructor of the pupils in the wards. That the pupils may be under the best teaching it is required that the superintendent of nursing and her assistant shall themselves be ladies of thorough hospital training, knowing the theory and practice of skillful nursing, and able to recognize at once bungling work on the part of the pupils and to set them right.

In a small hospital it is unnecessary that ward head-nurses should be employed, as in large institutions, at an increased expense. Here the senior nurse in each ward is in that position, at the ordinary payment. Each pupil, coming in turn to be senior nurse, gains greatly in self-possession and quick perception — faculties which are required in this responsible position.

The hospital contributes nothing towards the payment of the nurses; that is attended to by the society. The table for the school is, however, provided by the hospital; and the officers, relieved from the daily cares of housekeeping, give their whole time to the supervision of the nursing. Differing again from other schools, the course of instruction here is shortened to nineteen months,— thirteen spent in hospital and six at private nursing; this private nursing is required of all pupils.

In this way the school receives additions to its funds in payments from families, and the committee know from actual trial and report whether the nurse is entitled to her diploma. The exigencies of very large hospitals make it necessary often to decline to send nurses to private families. The New Haven School re-

* For a description of the interesting work of the Bellevue Hospital (New York) Training School for Nurses see THE CENTURY for November, 1882.— EDITOR.

quires that all should serve in this way for six months, their places in the hospital being taken by new pupils. In all these ways—in the absence of increased payments toward head-nurses, and of housekeeping cares, and in the requirement of nursing in private families — the school finds an advantage over other systems. One other difference is in the form of graduation papers. Each graduate receives with her diploma a printed statement of her standing in the school during her course of study, and the seal of the school is not affixed to the diploma until one year after graduation. At this time, the self-reliance of the nurse having been tested for this additional twelve months, a certain number of testimonials from physicians are required to be returned with the diploma for final action, and if a majority of the committee so decide the seal is affixed.

The course of instruction consists of careful teaching in the ward by the lady superintendent, recitations held daily from text-books, lectures, autopsies, attendance at surgical operations, and three weeks or more spent in the diet kitchen. Quarterly examinations are held and a prize is given for the best recitation. Examinations for diplomas are conducted by one of the physicians of the committee.

The school has published a hand-book of nursing, which is in use in the hospital schools of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Washington, and Orange, and in one of the large English hospital schools. It may be an encouragement to other schools in their beginning to see at the close of ten years how far a little candle throws its beams.

It is important to those about organizing a nursing school to lay special stress upon the need of strong health in their pupils. Only about one-third of all the accepted pupils of the New Haven School have finished their hospital course; and the cause of failure in a large majority of cases has been ill health. The work makes a drain upon the system mentally and physically, and it often happens that physicians who do not understand the wearing nature of hospital life will certify to the physical fitness of a young woman who in six months' time breaks down entirely, and the result is loss of health to her and loss of time and money to the school. Some applicants who bring clean bills of health from home are pronounced by our own physician unequal to the strain.

One other difference between this school and others is in the requirement that at the close of a year's hospital life the pupils shall take a month's vacation, to be spent away from the hospital. This is considered necessary, in order that pupils may go in a good physical condition to their nursing in private families.

The "sources of financial support" are a small endowment and payments made by families for the services of nurses.

There is no hospital too small to furnish useful training to at least three or four pupil nurses, and all over the country there is a demand for skilled services in illness.

The New Haven School began in a very small way a few years ago, with six pupils, and has now over forty under its control, with a graduate list of more than one hundred. What is a far better test of success, however, than mere numbers, is the wide reputation it has secured for faithful training; and this reputation can be obtained by even the smallest cottage hospital.

In the Chilcat Country.

ALASKA is a land of winter shadow and summer sun. Appointed by the Board of Presbyterian Home Missions to establish its farthest outpost in the country of the Chilcats, we left our old Middle State home in the early part of May, 1881, and sailed from San Francisco on the 21st. At that time there was no such thing as a "through steamer."

On reaching Sitka, June 11th, with the expectation of getting out almost immediately to our post, we heard that two powerful families of the Chilcats (the Crows and the Whales) were engaged in war, and that we would not be permitted to enter the field until there was some promise of peace. However, after a month's detention, we were allowed to proceed, and on the evening of July 18th the little trading vessel cast anchor. After plunging through the surf of Portage Bay, we set our feet upon the beautiful shore of Da-shu — the site of the mission village of Haines.

From Portage Bay west to the Chilcat River and southward to the point, lies the largest tract of arable land, so far as my knowledge goes, in south-eastern Alaska, while the climate does not differ greatly from that of Pennsylvania. Though the winters are longer and the snows deeper, the thermometer never falls as low as it does sometimes at home,—there are no such sudden and constant changes,—and the air is salt and clear as crystal. Our first snow fell on the 10th of October, and we never saw the ground again until May. In the month of February alone we had eighteen and three-fourths feet of snow-fall, and for months it lay from eight to twelve feet in depth. Here summer reaches perfection, never sultry, rarely chilling. During the winter months the sun lingers behind the eastern range till nearly noon; then, barely lifting his lazy head above the southern peak for two or three hours, sinks again into the sleepy west and leaves us a night of twenty-one hours.

But in May the world and the sun wake up together. In his new zeal we find old Sol up before us at 2:15 A. M., and he urges us on till 9:45 at night. Even then the light is only turned down,—for the darkest hour is light early summer twilight, not too dark for reading.

From our front door to the pebbly beach below, the wild sweet-pea runs rampant, while under, and in, and through it spring the luxuriant phlox, Indian rice, the white-blossomed "yun-ate," ferns, and wild roses which make redolent every breath from the bay. Passing out the back door, a few steps lead us into the dense pine woods, whose solitudes are peopled with great bears, and owls, and — Kling-get ghosts! while eagles and ravens soar without number. On one tree alone we counted thirty bald eagles. These trees are heavily draped with moss, hanging in rich festoons from every limb; and into the rich carpeting underneath one's foot may sink for inches. Here the ferns reach mammoth size, though many of fairy daintiness are found among the moss; and the devil's walking-stick stands in royal beauty at every turn, with its broad, graceful leaves and waxen red berries.

Out again into the sunshine and we discover meadows — of grass and clover, through which run bright little streams, grown over with willows just as at home. And here and there are clumps of trees, so like the peach and apple that a lump comes into your

throat. But you lift your eyes, and there beyond is the broad shining of the river, and above it the ever-present, dream-dispelling peaks of snow, with their blue ice sliding down and down.

The winter night display of Aurora Borealis is another feature of the north country scenery, where the stars seem twice as large as they do at home, and Polaris hangs the central light in the heavenly vault. The finest lights we have seen were in the north. First appears a glimmering, then a flashing light which gradually assumes the form of a solid arch of sheeny, scintillating whiteness; then a bright bow springs from and over it, and presently another, while from their base on either side are thrown, clear into the zenith, great flashing streamers of red and white and green. When there is much of this lightning crimson the Indians are troubled, as to them it indicates that war is engaging the spirit world's inhabitants, and forebodes the same for them.

The Chilcat people long ago gained for themselves the reputation of being the most fierce and warlike tribe in the Archipelago. Certain it is that, between themselves and southern Hy-dah, there is not another which can compare with them in strength, either as to numbers, intelligence, physical perfection, or wealth.

A diseased person among the Chilcats is rather the exception, and prostitution as defined by them is punishable with death. At first thought their marriage laws seem very elastic, but such is not the case. Though they do not bind tightly they bind strongly, and the limits which are fixed are fixed indeed. The children always belong to their mother and are of her to-tem. This to-temic relation is considered closer than that of blood. If the father's and mother's tribes be at war the children must take the maternal side, even if against their father. It is this law which makes illegal any marriage between members of the same tribe; though the contracting persons may be entire strangers, and unable to trace any blood relation. At the same time a man may marry his half-sister (one having a different mother) or a woman and her daughter — either at the same time or consecutively; for plural marriages are not uncommon, though they are by no means general. In very rare cases a woman has two husbands, oftener we find a man with two wives, even three; but more frequently met than either is the consecutive wife. One contract may be set aside by mutual consent, in favor of a new one. But in any case, while a contract exists, it must be lived up to; each must be faithful to the other.

The women are generally plump, healthy, and modest, and are always modestly clothed, some avoiding bright colors. I noticed one day at church a pretty young woman wrapped in a scarlet blanket, with a black silk handkerchief tied becomingly about her face; but her eyes were downcast; scarcely did she lift them during the service. Thinking that something troubled her, I made inquiry after we were dismissed, and found that it was the bright blanket. "I felt," she said, "that I was in everybody's eye. I wore it because my husband gave it to me last night; but I'll never wear it again," and she didn't. The men are large, straight, and muscular, with an air of natural dignity, and unconscious grace in pose, and in the manner of wearing their blanket or fur-robe, that one is reminded constantly of the ancient Roman and his toga. The head, too, is rather small and shapely; the eye well set, clear, and bright; the chin and mouth firm, but seldom heavy; while the nose — usually adorned with a ring — is well-developed, and somewhat of the Roman cast. But in some cases the physiognomy bears a striking resemblance to that of the Chinese, small, thin features, a sharp or turned-up nose, and small eyes set obliquely. They are, comparatively, a cleanly people, both as to their persons and houses. I have been in Indian houses where the floors were so scoured with wood ashes and sand that I had rather eat from them than from their oily dishes; and I have seen a boy and girl wash and wipe these wooden dishes and horn spoons after the family meal, as handily as ever I did it myself.

Since they have come to know of the Christian Sabbath they measure time by so many Sundays; before, it was kept by means of knots in a string or notches in a stick for *days*, as they do now outside of the mission village. Saturday is general cleaning-up day. Heads are carefully washed, and are dried by running the fingers through the hair in the sun or by the fire. Then all who possess or can borrow a comb use it to the best advantage, and the hair is then oiled and tightly braided from the "part" close about the face and joined in one plait at the back. On Sunday it is *smoothed down* and a "j'eue" or covering of bead-work tied over the braid, though this last is a mark of "high class," and I have heard of a slave having been killed for daring to wear one. Though slavery is almost a thing of the past, there are still some captives in the Chilcat country. They are mainly from the Far South "Flat Heads." The Chilcats wash their blankets by rubbing them on a flat board, then by swishing them back and forth in the surf. And in utter defiance of the old belief that cold water, and especially salt, would ruin wools, their white blankets are among the whitest, woolliest, and softest I have ever seen.

It is a general custom for the men and boys to take a morning bath in the river or bay, even when they have first to break the ice. Casting aside every garment, within doors, they walk leisurely down to the dipping place. After plunging about to their satisfaction they come out and roll awhile in the snow. Then taking up a short thick bunch of rods they switch themselves until a perfect reaction is secured. The babies are bathed indoors in a large native basket; but a new-born child is *never* washed. These baskets are closely woven from grasses and the inside bark of the yellow cedar. Some of them are very handsome. They are used for almost everything — from the bath-tub and water-bucket, to the dinner pot, in which their food is easily cooked by dropping into it stones first heated in the fire. It is in this way in their canoes that such immense quantities of salmon are cooked, in the manufacture of salmon oil. The canoe is half buried in earth, filled with red salmon and a little water; great heaps of stones about fist size are made red-hot and dropped into the great boiler. In a very short time the whole canoeful is boiling and hissing like a common dinner pot. The boiled fish is then pressed in coarse baskets, or trodden rather, for it is done with the feet. The juice is collected in a canoe and again heated. It then stands for a day, and the clear red oil is taken from the top. That made at Chilcoot is the

finest, and is in demand even as far south as Fort Simpson, British Columbia, as it is a choice and indispensable article of diet among Northern Indians.

The Chilcats are, comparatively, an industrious people. On the mainland we have none of the deer which so densely populate the islands, owing, it is said, to the presence of bears and wolves; but we have the White Mountain sheep, which while it is lamb is delicious meat. From its black horns the finest carved spoons are made, and its pelt when washed and combed forms a necessary part of the Indian's bedding and household furniture. The combings are made by the women into rolls similar to those made by machinery at home. Then with a great basket of these white rolls on one side, and a basket on the other to receive the yarn, a woman sits on the floor and, on her bared knee, with her palm, rolls it into cord. This they dye in most brilliant colors made of roots, grasses and moss, and of different kinds of bark.

It is of this yarn that the famous Chilcat dancing-blanket is made. This is done by the women with great nicety and care. The warp, all white, is hung from a handsomely carved upright frame. Into it the bright colors are wrought by means of ivory shuttles. The work is protected during the tedious course of its manufacture by a covering resembling oiled silk, made from the dressed intestines of the bear. Bright striped stockings of this yarn are also knitted, on little needles whittled from wood.

In sewing nearly every woman is an expert. Their moccasins and other leather garments are well fitted, and sewed with *tus*, a thread made from animal sinew. The leather and furs are tanned and dressed by the women. They use much of the unbleached muslin in their dress now, and the garments are, for the most part, torn out and fitted with gussets. The ravelings are rolled on the knee into thread and used in making all the different articles of cotton clothing; and they are all made with extreme neatness. I have seen an old-fashioned white shirt made by one of these women with all the pleats and bands stitched with such accuracy and delicacy that it could not have been told from the finest machine work. In addition to the work already mentioned, the women weave the nets and baskets, gather and cure the berries and sea moss, help to raise the potatoes and turnips and to prepare the winter's store of oil and salmon, and care for the house and children; though the men share the last-named duty, and that often in a tender way, especially if the child is sick.

The men bear the burdens, cut and drag the wood, tend the fires, take the fish, make canoes and dishes, carve spoons and decorations for almost everything, but their principal business is trading in furs.

Just over the mountain range, to the north and east, which marks the dividing line between American and British possessions, live the "Gun-un-uh" or Stick Indians (more freely translated, the Indians of the wood), who are the fur *takers*. For generations the Chilcats have been the middle-men between these trappers and the outside world, and in this way have gained their wealth. Having so intimidated the Sticks that they dare not come to the coast, about four trips annually are made to the interior by the Chilcats, who carry with them American goods for the purpose of buying up furs.

In our upper village on the Chilcat River, called by the Indians Clok-won, lives Shat-e-ritch, the highest chief of all the Chilcats, being head of the Cinnamon Bear family. Every honest white man visiting this country has found in him a cordial host and a trusty friend. We have now in this upper village (which is about twenty miles north of Portage Bay) a native teacher and wife, under the missionary's supervision, and Shateritch is their patron and protector.

Over the two lower villages, on the same river, is the Crow Chief, "Don-a-wok" (Silver-eye), our aid and friend. When it was thought best to establish the mission on Portage Bay, he and his larger village came over in a body and built what, together with our mission buildings and those of a trading company, constitutes the village Haines. We have had accessions also from the Chilcoot village, whose chief bears the name of "Hū-Kūph-hink-Kush-Kiwā." He made me a present of a carved pipe-bowl, which he assured me was a treasure he would not sell, as it had been from time unknown the property of Chilcoot chiefs, and so had descended to him. I thanked him, and afterward made for him a little bag, such as they prize very much for carrying trifles and treasures. He is a very large, handsome old man of about fifty, but almost blind; and, if the reason for the excitement had not been so trivial as to make it ludicrous, his reception of the gift would have been most impressive, not to say imposing. Staring at me a moment with the blankness of utter astonishment, of unspeakable surprise, and laying his hand upon his heart he bowed silently, again and again; then in a low, deep voice he said in his own language, "My sister, I thank you, I thank you, I thank you! My heart shakes so that I cannot speak to you, thank you, thank you, thank you. To every one I show my treasure, my treasure which my snow sister gave me. It shall go with me always till I die, then it must be laid over my heart." And seizing my hand he held and gently shook it in both of his own, while tears gathered in his eyes.

Mrs. Eugene S. Willard.

HAINES, CHILCAT COUNTRY, ALASKA.

Police Reform.

AS THE large cities of the United States grow larger, the control of the vicious and criminal classes by a police force deriving its authority from the local political influence grows more and more inefficient. Here in Boston we have taken the first step toward reform in this direction, and believing that the time is near when all the large cities will have to grapple with this problem, I have thought your readers might be interested in some account of what has been done here, and the reasons for the action that has been taken.

Previous to the amendment of the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1852 the sheriffs of the several counties were appointed by the Governor and Council, and they appointed their deputies and enforced the State laws. The rage for extreme democracy which went like a great rolling wave over Europe in the years immediately following 1848, had reached the United States in 1852 and exerted a great influence in our Constitutional Convention of that year. A determined effort was made to change the method of appointing

the judges of our courts to hold office during good behavior, and to make them elective by the people for short terms. To defeat this movement the convention made district attorneys and sheriffs elective for terms of three years. Upon this concession was founded the local system of police to enforce in the city the laws of the State.

From the beginning all laws which were strenuously opposed by strong factions of men with political influence have remained practically dead letters so far as they applied to the great city. The first public demonstration against this local system was made in 1860, when a mob had broken up the John Brown meeting. Those people believed they had a right to assemble peaceably for a legitimate purpose, and strongly resented the interference of the mob and the hostility or apathy of the police upon whom they felt they had a right to rely for protection. Then began the movement for a police deriving its authority directly from the State which has just now crystallized into a law.

During the quarter of a century of agitation upon this question the retail liquor dealers, the gamblers, and other lawless classes have been growing relatively stronger to the rest of the population, and for many years the laws placing restrictions upon the liquor traffic have had only a semblance of enforcement in the city of Boston. At last the political government of the city had fallen almost absolutely into the hands of these lawless classes. The greed of these would-be rulers of the people has, we hope, at last worked their own downfall, and we expect to see the liquor traffic in future obedient to the law.

The law just enacted directs the Governor, with the consent of his council, to appoint three commissioners, who shall be a Board of Police for the city of Boston. The appointments are for five years. The Board may remove any officer for cause, the reasons being stated in the order for removal, and all appointments are to be made under the civil-service rules. The active friends of the reform desired to have the commissioners appointed to hold office during good behavior, to the end that the force might be entirely removed from political influence; however, the system adopted is a great improvement over the system it overturned.

The representatives of the slums, backed by a powerful lobby, made a determined fight against this bill. Their real reason for opposition they could not state, and they fell back upon the statement reiterated by every opposition speaker in every speech, that it was an interference with local self-government. But a legislature which had just remodeled the city charter, limiting the rate of taxation, and in many ways changing the whole theory of municipal government, was not doubtful about its power in the premises. The sound argument upon which the reform rests is that the whole people of the State is the law-making power. Laws are made, not for localities, but for the commonwealth, and should be enforced in Boston as thoroughly as in the smallest town or village. The executive officers charged with the administration of law should derive their authority from the same source as the law-making power, to the end that there shall be harmony between legislation and administration.

The weakness of the position that a police force should be a local institution is shown when it is remembered that out of every sixty arrests made by the police of Boston last year, fifty-nine were for violation of State laws, and only one for infringing the ordinances of the city. Sixty-one per cent. of the taxes in Boston are paid by non-residents. The city is the capital of the State and the commercial metropolis of New England, and near a hundred thousand persons are brought into Boston daily by the transportation lines. The enforcement of the laws, then, concerns others besides the voters of Boston. The example of the city works good or ill to the remotest corners of the commonwealth.

This measure was not initiated by any political party nor from any partisan motives. The active members of the Citizens' Law and Order League, embracing men from all parties, brought it forward in the interest of good order, and for the peace, quietness, and good name of their city. The reform goes into operation here, and its results will be of general interest to the good people of all our large cities.

L. Edwin Dudley,
Secretary Citizens' Law and Order League.

BOSTON, MASS., June 19, 1885.

"Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat."

REFERRING to Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "instructive and entertaining article in the December number of THE CENTURY," Mr. B. G. Duval, of San Antonio, Texas, corrects the statement that the animal is not found below the forty-fifth parallel. He says he killed a Rocky Mountain goat in July, 1882, near the thirtieth parallel, in the Chenati Mountains, about sixty miles south of Fort Davis and not more than fifteen miles from the Rio Grande. Mexicans who were with him said the animal was seen occasionally in that range, and also in the mountains of Northern Mexico.

Mr. Frank P. Davis, of Washington, D. C., writes that the author of the article was in error in saying that the goat does not inhabit the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and that its haunts are entirely above the timber line. During two years' experience in the main range of the Rocky Mountains, between the eastern base and the Columbia River, and in the valley of the Kicking Horse River, he killed many goats, all of them being below the timber line.

"The Summer Haunts of American Artists."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: The sketch of my father's studio on page 845 of the October CENTURY, is a sketch of his first studio in Catskill village. It stands a little back of the house he occupied on the Athens road, on a ridge north of the village, and within ten minutes' walk of the main street. The building was originally a carriage house, and the right end shown in the sketch was used for that purpose while my father had his studio there. The part he used for a studio does not appear in the picture. It is needless to say that the building did not present such a dilapidated appearance in my father's time.

Yours truly,

SAUGERTIES, N. Y., August 13, 1885. *Thomas Cole.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Madrigal.

All the world is bright,
  All my heart is merry,
Violets and roses red,
    Sparkling in the dew:
Brow — the lily's white;
  Lip — the crimson berry;
Hark, I hear a lightsome tread,—
    Ah, my love, 'tis you!

Wing to me, birds, and sing to me;
  None so happy as I!
Only the merriest melodies bring to me
  When my beloved is by.

All the air is sweet,
  All my heart is quiet,
Fleecy clouds on breezes warm
    Floating far above:
Eye — where soft lights meet;
  Cheek — where roses riot;
Look, I see a gracious form,—
    Ah, 'tis you, my love!

Wing to her, birds, and sing to her;
  None so happy as she!
Only the merriest melodies bring to her,—
  Only this message from me!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Accepted.

How many years it's lain away,
  Unknown, unread, unseen,
The little song I sent one day
  To that great magazine!

For I was very young indeed,
  With hopes of rosy tint: —
I thought I e'en might live to see
  My little song in print.

But only now, when I am gray,
  And life is fleeting fast,
The longed-for — after long delay —
  "Accepted" comes at last.

And in the joy it brings to me
  There lurks a mournful doubt
If I shall ever live to see
  That little song "come out."

For magazines are fresh and strong,
  They grow not old and gray;
And though it's true that "Art is long,"
  'Tis not so long as they.

But we — *we* fade! With bitter pain
  I learn that well-worn truth.
Alas! I shall not live to gain
  The cherished hope of youth.

I shall not hear my little song
  By others read or sung;
I feel I cannot live so long —
  I am no longer young!

Robertson Trowbridge.

The Wood-sprite.

How black, how bleak, how cold, how wild!
Squirrels and mice don't know what's fun;
They skulk below in fur three-piled,
Nor show their nose till all is done;

How blows the snow, how branches bow,
Cut to and fro, lash high and low!
Till crack! alack, they snap and go.
O night of ruin, night of woe!
To-morrow, to the wood-folks' sorrow,
Many a fine tree, lying low
Will show with top-twigs in the snow.

But naught care I should pines fall, pat
I rise from 'neath them like the air;
Or, 'gainst the trunks blown, like a bat,
I eling and stay suspended there.
Or, should a spruce-bough scurry by,
With cones up-pointed, leaf-tufts trailed,
I board it, and away speed I,
The maddest voyage ever sailed.

I skip and skim, and bang and bump,
And bounce and jump, and thud and thump,
And chase ten devils round a stump;
Till rolled in snow, a frozen lump,
I tumble where some soul must stumble
Upon me — down he flounders plump
Like a lost soul at doomsday trump.

Last night, the deacon, hurrying past,
On good works bent, my form did find.
He picked me up and stood aghast,
But wrapped me from the bitter wind,
Then ran through banks and brakes and drifts,
And plunge he did, and slip, and slide,
And fall off rocks, and stick in rifts,
Before he reached his cold fire-side.

Then, while he plies the fire, and tries,
With puffing cheeks and smarting eyes,
His best to raise a flame — my cries
They drown the tempest, pierce the skies;
Hooting, calling, yelling, squalling,
Like everything that runs or flies,
To the good man's wild surprise.

Roger Riordan.

AT THE CAPITAL.

Visitor: "Can you tell me the name of the architect of this building?"
The Gardener: "Yes, sah. Dis yer building, and in fac' most ob de buildings yo' witness 'roun' dis yer place, am done, strickly speakin', in de architac ob de Modren French Rem'niscences. De *Modren French Rem'niscences,* Sah!"

My Rival.

How I hate to see him there,
With his haughty, well-bred air,
At her side,
Looking with a scornful eye
At poor me, as I walk by
While they ride.

Well I know he is not worth,
Spite of all his pride of birth,
Such a favor;
And I think, as I advance,
Of that calculating glance
That he gave her.

Lady dear, he cares for naught
But the things which may be bought
With your pelf;
In his thoughts you have no part,
And his cold and sluggish heart
Beats for self.

Yet how glad I'd be and gay
If you'd treat me in the way
You treat him.
'Twould with heaven itself surround me,
And the sad old world around me
Would grow dim.

Ah, my lady, fair and sweet,
Will you tell me when we meet
If it's true,
That your heart has grown so small,
There is no room there at all
For me too?

Did she answer no or yes?
She but gave *him* a caress,
Quite a hug,
And I staid to see him courted,
For he is her fine, imported,
English pug.

Bessie Chandler.

The Race.

"WE'LL run a race," quoth Thought to Heart,
"To find a just decree
If 'tis with you Love makes his home,
Or, Kardia, dear, with me.

"The goal, my sweet, shall be the mouth,
The eyes the signal give;
Sir Tongue shall then proclaim the seat
Where Love does really live."

That moment passed Diana fair;
Thought leapt the journey o'er!
Too late, too late; the throbbing Heart
Was at the goal before.

Charles G. Blanden.

Hobson's Choice.

A THIEF on his trial refused to be sworn.
"Of what use," queried he, "will my evidence be?
If I tell the whole truth, I shall get the Old Nick;
If I tell what's not true, the Old Nick will get *me*."

Francis E. Leupp.

Compensations.

DARS lots o' things in dis 'ere wul dat's better dan dey seem;
De weeds an' grass dat crowd de corn may fatten up de team;
De rain dat spiles de cotton-fiel' will he'p clean out de ditch,
An' de oberflow dat kills de crap will make de bottoms rich;
De nubbins in de pile o' corn will 'zactly suit de steers;
And de row across de new groun's may be shorter dan it 'pears;
De oak-tree flings a shadder in de hottest summer noon,
An' de dog dat miss de possum-track may stumble on de coon.

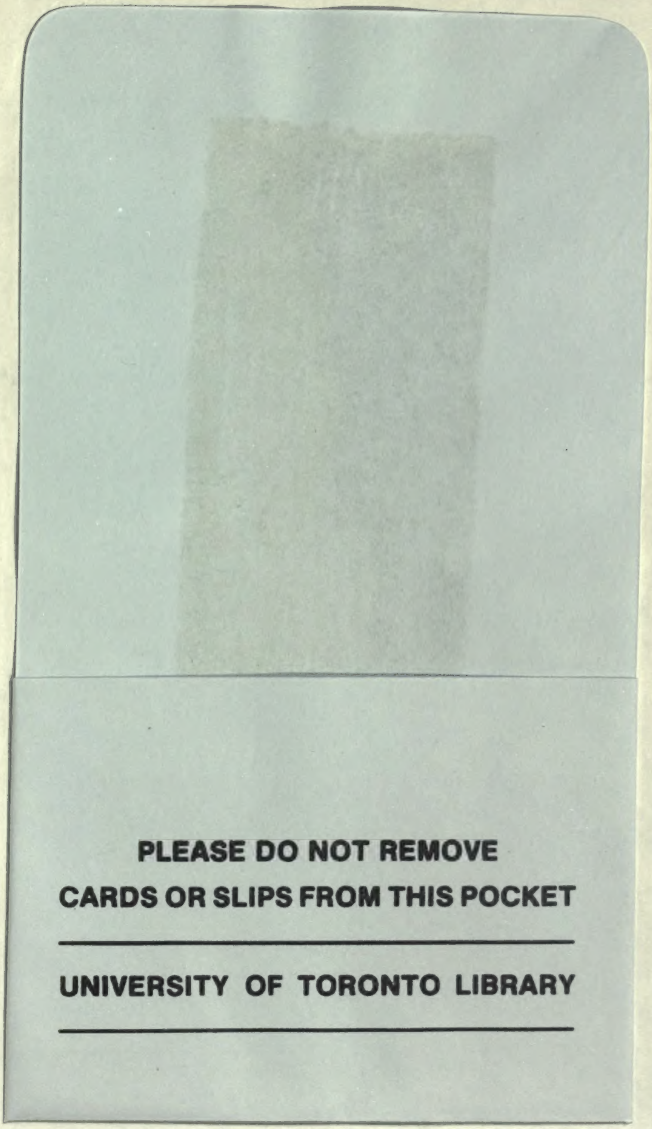
De stalks o' corn dat grow too thick is mighty apt to fail;
Too many coon-tracks in de paf will fling you orf de trail;
A swarm o' flies kin bus de web de cunnin' spider weaves,
An' de backer plant won't come to much dat spreads too many leaves;
To crowd in ebery sort o' truck may spile de Sunday pie,
An' a sermon wid too many p'ints will hardly clawe de sky.
A little sow wid lots o' pigs is in a sorry fix.
An' de old hen's got to scuffle hard dat feeds too many chicks;
So, de man dat's gittin' l'arnin' ought to stop wid jes' enough,
An' nebber cram his head too full wid diffunt kinds o' stuff.

A little horn kin make a' awful racket in de night;
A minner oftentimes kin sink de cork clean out o' sight;
A little grabble in your shoe may start your foot to risin',
An' a flea dat's got a' appetite kin stir up things surprisin';
A narrer creek may swell itse'f an' oberflow de lan;
A bent pin in a rockin'-cheer kin lif' a whoppin' man;
A little thread is strong enough to raise de cabin latch,
An' a ragged coat-tail's mighty good to hide a' ugly patch.

A might rusty-lookin' dog kin take de 'possum-track,
An' de ha'r on top a nigger's head may kiver up a fac'
Dat 'ill he'p you dodge a mud-hole as you push along de way,
Or lead you froo a thicket whar de safes' walkin' lay.
We put some mighty sorry things to hifalutin use;
Dars heaps o' fryin' chickens grabbed from orf a rotten roos';
You know much 'bout de pea befo' you bus' de hull,
An' some handy things may float aroun' inside a woolly skull,
A corn-cob pipe kin gib you smoke an' answer mighty well;
A fus'-class man may put up at a second-class hotel;
An' a mighty solid thought may sometimes run in out de rain
An' lodge for jes' a' ebenin in a common jackass' brain.

J. A. Macon.

OCT 27 1983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